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THE

Scottish Hymnal

(*APPENDIX INCORPORATED*)

WITH TUNES

FOR USE IN CHURCHES.

By Authority of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

London:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.
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1886.

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Preface.

THIS collection embraces the hymns contained in the former edition of the "Scottish Hymnal," together with those in the Appendix approved of by the General Assembly of 1884, incorporated for the sake of unity and completeness. In the numbering of the hymns, the smaller figures in parentheses show their numbers in the former edition, in the Appendix, and in the "Children's Hymnal."

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Miss WINKWORTH, 93, 141, 182, 216, 258, 313, 314.
Bishop CHR. WORDSWORTH, 127, 341.

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Alphabetical Index of First Lines.

The Italics show the Hymns for the Young.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
A few more years shall roll	248	*Horatius Bonar*	Chalvey; Leominster.
A little child the Saviour came	311	*W. Robertson*	Commandments.
A sure stronghold our God is He	182	*Luther:* tr. by *Cath. Winkworth*	Ein' feste Burg.
Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide	245	*Henry Francis Lyte*	Eventide; Troyte's Chant No. 1.
According to Thy gracious word	318	*James Montgomery*	Kilsyth; Caithness.
Again the morn of gladness	364	*John Ellerton*	Dresden.
All glory, laud, and honour	35	*Theodulph:* tr. by *J. Mason Neale*	S. Theodulph.
All hail the power of Jesus' name!	71	*Edward Perronet*	Crediton; S. George.
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	285	*Thomas Ken*	Evening Hymn.
All things bright and beautiful	410	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	All things bright.
Alleluia! sing to Jesus!	67	*William Chatterton Dix*	Adoration; Alleluia.
And now, belovèd Lord	45	*Eliza Sibbald Alderson*	Commendatio; Eirene.
And now the wants are told	351	*William Bright*	S. Columba or Erin; S. Bernard.
Another day begun!	282	*John Ellerton*	Swabia; Bethlehem.
Another year has fled; renew	306	*Arthur Tozer Russell*	S. Sulpice.
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	136	*John Newton*	Spohr.
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!	117	*William Shrubsole*	Stiastny; Truro.
Around the throne of God in heaven	436	*Anne Houlditch*	Glory.
Art thou weary, art thou languid	163	Tr. by *John Mason Neale*	Stephanos; S. Helen's.
As with gladness men of old	31	*William Chatterton Dix*	Dix.
At even, ere the sun was set	288	*Henry Twells*	Angelus.
At the cross her station keeping	41	Tr. by *Edward Caswall*	Stabat Mater. [Hymn.
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	278	*Thomas Ken*	Morning Hymn; Morning
Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side	212	*Hymns from the Land of Luther*	S. Helen.
Before Jehovah's awful throne	135	*Isaac Watts*	Old Hundredth; Mainzer.
Beyond the holy city wall	390	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	Crux Crudelis; Crucifixion.
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel	352	*Luke i. 67–79*	Chant by Goodenough.
Blessed Jesus, here we stand	313	*Schmolck:* tr. by *Cath. Winkworth*	Dessau.
Blessed Jesus, high in glory	380		Stuttgart.
Blest are the pure in heart	133	*John Keble*	Swabia.
Blest be the tie that binds	206	*John Fawcett*	Bethlehem; S. Olave.
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	188	*John Austin*	Eastnor; Christchurch.
Blest morning, whose first dawning rays	60	*Isaac Watts*	Lancaster.
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	204	*Charles Wesley*	S. John.
Bound upon the accursèd tree	51	*Henry Hart Milman*	Weimar.
Bowed low in supplication	337	*W. Walsham How*	S. Victor; Bremen.
Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed	324	*Josiah Conder*	Eilenburg.
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	323	*Reginald Heber*	Erlangen.
Brief life is here our portion	273	*Bernard of Morlaix:* tr. by *John Mason Neale*	S. Alphege; Wellesley.
Brightest and best of the sons	32	*Reginald Heber*	Springfield; The Three Kings.
Brightly gleams our banner	424	*T. J. Potter*	Vexillum.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored	321	*G. Rawson*	Memoria.
By cool Siloam's shady rill	430	*Reginald Heber*	Siloam.
Childhood's years are passing o'er us	420	*William Dickson*	Childhood's Years; Harwich.
Children of Jerusalem	371	*J. Henley*	Children of Jerusalem.
Children of the heavenly King	234	*John Cennick*	Lübeck; Culbach.
Christ is coming! let creation	83	*J. R. Macduff*	Magdeburg; Corinth.
Christ is made the sure foundation	328	*Old Latin:* tr. by *J. Mason Neale*	Oriel.
Christ is merciful and mild	401	*J. Buckworth*	Harwich.
Christ, of all my hopes the ground	200	*R. Wardlaw*	Lübeck.
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	53	*Charles Wesley*	Hart's.
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	280	*Charles Wesley*	Dix.
Christian! seek not yet repose	183	*Charlotte Elliott*	Vigilate.
Come, children, join to sing	372	*C. H. Bateman*	Madrid.
Come, Holy Ghost, and through each	98	Tr. by *Edward Caswall*	Rochester.
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come	93	*Old Latin:* tr. by *C. Winkworth*	Melcombe.
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire	101	*Charles Wesley*	Tallis's Ordinal.
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	91	*Old Latin:* tr. *Eng. Prayer Book*	Veni Creator.
Come, Holy Spirit, come	102	*Joseph Hart*	S. Olave.
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	103	*Simon Browne*	Soldau.
Come, let us join our friends above	250	*Charles Wesley*	S. Asaph.
Come, Lord, and tarry not	84	*Horatius Bonar*	Holyrood.
Come, O Thou traveller unknown	74	*Charles Wesley*	Giessen.
Come, praise your Lord and Saviour	379	*W. Walsham How*	Orlestrund.
Come, Thou Holy Paraclete	95	*King Robert II. of France:* tr. by *John Mason Neale*	S. Philip.
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	199	*Charles Wesley*	O Sanctissima.
Come, ye children, praise the Saviour	376		Margaretha; S. Baldred.
Come, ye thankful people, come	300	*Henry Alford*	S. George's, Windsor.
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	147	*Joseph Hart*	Feniton Court.
Courage, brother! do not stumble	233	*Norman Macleod*	Norman.
Creator Spirit! by whose aid	92	*Old Latin:* tr. by *J. Dryden*	Eaton.
Crown Him with many crowns	70	*Matthew Bridges*	Diademata.
Daily, daily sing the praises	435	*S. Baring-Gould*	Eden.
Day by day the little daisy	407	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	Day by Day; S. Oswald.
Day of wrath! O day of mourning!	89	*Thomas of Celano:* tr. by *Irons*	Dies Iræ.
Days and moments quickly flying	310	*Edward Caswall*	S. Sylvester.
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	195	*Anne Steele*	Bedford.
Do no sinful action	427	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	Warfare.
Earth to earth, and dust to dust	256	*J. H. Gurney*	Währing.
Eternal Beam of Light Divine	179	*Charles Wesley*	Kent; S. Bernard.
Eternal Father, strong to save	21	*William Whiting*	Melita.
Fair waved the golden corn	422	*J. H. Gurney*	Holyrood.
Far from my heavenly home	228	*Henry Francis Lyte*	Lyte.
Far from these narrow scenes of night	230	*Anne Steele*	Stockton.
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	207	*William Cowper*	Paston; French.
Father, I know that all my life	215	*A. L. Waring*	Nürnberg.
Father, let me dedicate	368	*Laurence Tuttiett*	S. Ignatius.
Father of heaven, whose love profound	6	*Ed. Cooper*	Mainzer; Commandments.
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	225	*Godfrey Thring*	S. Aëlred.
For all the saints, who from their labours	262	*W. Walsham How*	S. Philip; Troyte's Chant, No. 2.
For all Thy saints, O Lord	263	*R. Mant*	S. Helena.
For ever with the Lord!	252	*James Montgomery*	Franconia.
For the beauty of the earth	17	*F. Pierpont*	Cassel.
For thee, O dear, dear country!	274	*Bernard of Morlaix:* tr. by *John Mason Neale*	Chenies; Munich.
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	305	*Henry Downton*	S. Martin's.
Forgive them, O My Father	39	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	S. Margaret.
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	284	*Charles Wesley*	Commandments.
Forty days and forty nights	33	*G. H. Smyttan and Francis Pott*	Heinlein.
Forward! be our watchword	238	*Henry Alford*	Smart.
Fountain of good, to own Thy love	126	*Philip Doddridge*	Belmont; S. Fulbert.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
Fountain of mercy! God of love!	301	*Alice Flowerdew*	Lancaster
Friend after friend departs	249	*James Montgomery*	Lucca.
From depths of woe I raise to Thee	155	*Luther*: tr. by *R. Massie*	Stettin; Luther's Hymn.
From Greenland's icy mountains	108	*Reginald Heber*	Heber; Greenland.
From the eastern mountains	30	*Godfrey Thring*	Grosvenor.
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	416	*Charles Wesley*	Dijon.
Glorious things of Thee are spoken	331	*John Newton*	Batty or Turnau
Glory be to God on high	355	Tr.: *Old Latin*	Chants by Dupuis.
Glory to God in the highest	387	*W. F. Matson*	In Excelsis Gloria.
Go bury thy sorrow	224	*P. P. Bliss*	Sunshine.
Go sound the trump on India's shore	429	*James Gall*	Proclamation.
Go to dark Gethsemane	37	*James Montgomery*	Gethsemane; Immortality.
Go, labour on; spend and be spent	336	*Horatius Bonar*	Ludborough.
God eternal, Lord of all	4	*J. E. Millard*	Nina.
God intrusts to all	406	*James Edmeston*	Cui habet dabitur.
God is always near me	411	*P. P. Bliss*	Caswall; S. Cyril.
God moves in a mysterious way	24	*William Cowper*	Felix; Evan.
God of God, and Light of Light	327	*Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.*	Litany.
God of heaven, hear our singing	373	*Frances Ridley Havergal*	Frankfort; Randegger.
God of mercy, God of grace	134	*Henry Francis Lyte*	Zurich.
God, that madest earth and heaven	292	*Reginald Heber and Archbishop Whately*	Makerstoun; Temple; Nutfield.
Golden harps are sounding	393	*Frances Ridley Havergal*	Hermas.
Great God! and wilt Thou condescend	426	*Anne Taylor*	Holley.
Great King of nations, hear our prayer	145	*J. H. Gurney*	S. Silvester.
Great Ruler of the land and sea	22	*Horatius Bonar*	Atlantic.
Great Shepherd of the sheep	414	*Sabbath School Bell*	Good Shepherd.
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!	229	*William Williams*	Mannheim; Lusatia.
Hail, gladdening Light	290	*John Keble*	Sebaste.
Hail the day that sees Him rise	63	*Charles Wesley, Martin Madan*	Coburg.
Hail, thou bright and sacred morn	345	*J. A. Elliott*	Morning.
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	109	*James Montgomery*	S. Theodulph; Pearsall.
Hark! hark, my soul!	247	*Frederick William Faber*	Pilgrims; Angelic Songs.
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	161	*William Cowper*	Gibbons; S. Bees.
Hark! the herald-angels sing	27	*Charles Wesley*	Bethlehem.
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying	119	*Daniel March*	Sanctuary.
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee	320	*Horatius Bonar*	S. Agnes.
Here we suffer grief and pain	437	*Thomas Bilby*	Joyful.
His are the thousand sparkling rills	43	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	Assisi; Altona.
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness	97	*J. C. Jacobi and A. M. Toplady*	Coblentz.
Holy, holy, holy Lord	5	*James Montgomery*	S. George's, Windsor; Tichfield.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!	1	*Reginald Heber*	Nicæa; Trinity.
Holy Father, cheer our way	289	*R. Hayes Robinson*	Charity; Capetown.
Hosanna, loud hosanna	400	*J. Threlfall*	Ellacombe.
Hosanna to the living Lord!	139	*Reginald Heber*	Hosanna.
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!	18	*Joseph Addison*	Gräfenberg.
How gentle God's commands	217	*Philip Doddridge*	Alexandria; Hampton.
How loving is Jesus	397		Stella.
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	186	*John Newton*	S. Peter.
How welcome was the call	339	*Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.*	S. Olave.
Hushed was the evening hymn	413	*J. D. Burns*	Samuel.
I am not worthy, holy Lord	317	*Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.*	Leicester; Fingal.
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	214	*Adelaide Anne Procter*	Submission.
I give immortal praise	7	*Isaac Watts*	Beverley.
I have entered the valley of blessing	428	*Annie Wittenmeyer*	Valley of Blessing.
I heard the voice of Jesus say	197	*Horatius Bonar*	Vox Dilecti.
I lay my sins on Jesus	198	*Horatius Bonar*	Aurelia.
I love to hear the story	404	*Emily Huntingdon Miller*	Bowdler, No. 178.
I love to think of the heavenly land	434	*Golden Censer*	Heavenly Land.
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	131	*T. Dwight*	S. Audoën.
I think when I read that sweet story	396	*Jemima Luke*	Salamis.
I want to be like Jesus	418	*William M. Whittemore*	Aspiration.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
I would be like an angel	378	*J. P. Gill*	Angels.
I'm a little pilgrim	423	*John Curwen*	Infant Praises.
If I come to Jesus	412	*Mrs. Van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby)*	Hastings.
If thou but suffer God to guide thee	209	*Georg Neumark*	Neumark.
In the Name which earth and heaven	329	*John Ellerton*	Lux Eoi.
It came upon the midnight clear	29	*E. H. Sears*	Noel.
It is finished! Blessèd Jesus	46	*W. D. Maclagan*	Ad Inferos.
Jerusalem, my happy home	267	*Ecklington Collection*	Tiverton.
Jerusalem, my happy home!	268	*Francis Baker*	Southwell.
Jerusalem on high	269	*Samuel Crossman*	Beverley; S. John.
Jerusalem the golden	275	*Bernard of Morlaix*: tr. by *John Mason Neale*	Ewing.
Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult	144	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	S. Andrew; Gotha.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	54		Easter Hymn, No. 1; Easter Hymn, No. 2.
Jesus, from Thy throne on high	381	*T. B. Pollock*	Litany.
Jesus, high in glory	375	*American Sun. School Psalmist*	S. Saviour.
Jesus, I my cross have taken	185	*Henry Francis Lyte*	Batty or Turnau.
Jesus lives! no longer now	59	*C. F. Gellert*: tr. by *Frances E. Cox*	S. Albinus
Jesus, Lover of my soul	192	*Charles Wesley*	Hollingside.
Jesus loves me, this I know	405	*Anna Warner*	Jesus loves me.
Jesus, Master, whose I am	178	*Frances Ridley Havergal*	Heathlands; Rock of Ages.
Jesus! name of wondrous love!	25	*W. Walsham How*	Innocents; Redhead, No. 45.
Jesus, Saviour ever mild	382		Litany.
Jesus, Saviour, hear me call	374		Jesus Saviour.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	114	*Isaac Watts*	Warrington.
Jesus, still lead on	236	*Zinzendorf*: tr. by *H. L. L.*	Haarlem.
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	359	*Mary Lundie Duncan*	Mount Vernon; Beaufort.
Jesus, the very thought of Thee	170	*Bernard of Clairvaux*: tr. by *Edward Caswall*	S. Agnes, Durham; Metzler's Redhead, No. 66.
Jesus, these eyes have never seen	72	*Ray Palmer*	Bunyan.
Jesus, to Thy table led	325	*R. H. Baynes*	Berlin; Halle.
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts!	190	*Bernard of Clairvaux*: tr. by *Ray Palmer*	Rochester; S. Gregory.
Jesus, we are far away	167	*T. B. Pollock*	Litany, No. 1; Litany, No. 2.
Jesus, we love to meet	366	*Elizabeth Parsons*	Solitude.
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	343	*William Cowper*	S. Sepulchre.
Jesus, with Thy Church abide	333	*T. B. Pollock*	Litany.
Join all the glorious names	202	*Isaac Watts*	Waterstock.
Joy bells are sounding sweetly	369		Evangel.
Just as I am, without one plea	148	*Charlotte Elliott*	S. Crispin; Elliott.
Lead, kindly Light	246	*John Henry Newman*	Lux Benigna; Lux Beata.
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	8	*James Edmeston*	Corinth; Alla Trinita.
Let us, with a gladsome mind	15	*John Milton*	Hart's.
Light of the anxious heart	171	*John Henry Newman*	Grange; Brünn.
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart	113	*Sir Edward Denny*	Tiverton.
Little children, praise the Saviour	399		Edom.
Little children, wake and listen	388	*Children's Manual*	Little Children.
Little drops of water	408	*E. C. Brewer*	Rabenlei; Ave maris stella.
Little travellers Zionward	441	*James Edmeston*	Thanksgiving.
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending	82	*Martin Madan, Charles Wesley, John Cennick*	Holywood; Regent Square.
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious	68	*Thomas Kelly*	Magdeburg.
Lord, a little band and lowly	370	*M. E. Shelly*	Rousseau.
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	79	*J. H. Gurney*	S. Frances.
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	347	*Walter Shirley*	Holywood; Dismission.
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	100	*James Montgomery*	Franconia; Alexandria.
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping	112	*Henry Downton*	Deerhurst.
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	165	*Elizabeth Codner*	Even me.
Lord, I would own Thy tender care	402	*Ann Gilbert*	Immanuel.
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	169	*Isaac Williams*	Lacrymæ; S. Philip.
Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead	296	*John Keble*	Dunfermline.
Lord, it belongs not to my care	213	*Richard Baxter*	S. Frances.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant	354	*Luke ii. 28–32*	Chants by Monk and Jones.
Lord of mercy and of might	76	*Reginald Heber*	S. Ambrose or Treves; Waldheim.
Lord of the living harvest	335	*J. S. B. Monsell*	Pearsall; Kreuznach.
Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray	344	*Philip Doddridge*	Intercession; Nicomedia.
Lord of the worlds above	129	*Isaac Watts*	Darwall's 148th.
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high	332	*James Montgomery*	Breslau.
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	334	*Frances Ridley Havergal*	Ely.
Lord, this day Thy children meet	367	*W. Walsham How*	Ferrier.
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating	154	*A. N.*	S. Nicolas.
Lord, when Thy kingdom comes	40	*W. D. Maclagan*	Cry of Faith; Callcott
Lord, while for all mankind we pray	120	*John Reynell Wreford*	York.
Love divine, all loves excelling	191	*Charles Wesley*	Haydn's Hymn.
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep	415	*Jane E. Leeson*	Buckland; Battishill.
Mary at the Master's feet	417	*John Ellerton*	S. Lucy.
Much in sorrow, oft in woe	232	*Henry Kirke White and F. F. Maitland*	University College; Innocents.
My faith looks up to Thee	227	*Ray Palmer*	Braun; Olivet.
My God and Father, while I stray	221	*Charlotte Elliott*	Amberg; Resignation.
My God, and is Thy table spread?	319	*Philip Doddridge*	Communion or Rockingham.
My God, how wonderful Thou art	189	*F. W. Faber*	Tallis's Ordinal.
My God, I love Thee; not because	194	Tr. by *Edward Caswall*	S. Francis Xavier; S. Bernard.
My God! is any hour so sweet	277	*Charlotte Elliott*	Herbert; Amberg.
My life's a shade, my days	251	*Samuel Crossman*	Bevan; Gopsal.
My Saviour, be Thou near me	360	*J. A. Stowell*	Calwood.
My soul doth magnify the Lord	353	*Luke i. 46–55*	Chants by Dupuis and Russell.
Nearer, my God, to Thee	241	*Sarah Flower Adams*	Horbury; Goss; Nenthorn.
Not all the blood of beasts	152	*Isaac Watts*	Potsdam.
Not in anything we do	150	*Henry Alford*	S. Sebastian.
Now the day is over	361	*S. Baring-Gould*	Eudoxia.
Now to Him who loved us, gave us	348	*S. M. Waring*	Mannheim.
Now lay we calmly in the grave	258	*M. Weiss*: tr. by *C. Winkworth*	Herr Jesu.
Now thank we all our God	141	*M. Rinkart*: tr. by *C. Winkworth*	Nun danket.
Now that the daylight fills the sky	283	Tr. by *John Mason Neale*	Morning Hymn; S. Gregory.
Now the labourer's task is o'er	257	*John Ellerton*	Requiescat.
Now we must leave our fatherland	116		Dortmund.
O come, all ye faithful	28	*Bonaventura*: tr. by *F. Oakeley*	Adeste Fideles.
O come and mourn with me a while	38	*F. W. Faber*	S. Cross.
O come let us sing	377	*James Gall*	O come let us sing.
O day of rest and gladness	341	*Christopher Wordsworth*	Wordsworth; Day of Rest.
O Father all creating	340	*John Ellerton*	Eynsham.
O Father, Thou who hast created all	314	*German: Catherine Winkworth*	S. Francis.
O for a closer walk with God	231	*William Cowper*	Farrant.
O for a faith that will not shrink	210	*W. H. Bathurst*	S. Leonard.
O for a heart to praise my God	160	*Charles Wesley*	S. Peter.
O for a thousand tongues to sing	203	*Charles Wesley*	Winchester.
O God, our help in ages past	309	*Isaac Watts*	S. Anne.
O God! Thou art my God alone	196	*James Montgomery*	Wainwright.
O God, who metest in Thine hand	20		Commandments.
O happy band of pilgrims	237	*John Mason Neale*	Knecht.
O help us, Lord! each hour of need	218	*H. H. Milman*	Evan.
O holy Lord, content to fill	312	*W. Walsham How*	S. Lawrence.
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace	281	*Ambrose: John Chandler*	Renfrew.
O Jesus, I have promised	315	*J. E. Bode*	Day of Rest; Cœli enarrant.
O Jesus, Thou art standing	75	*W. Walsham How*	Lux Mundi.
O Lamb of God, once wounded	50	*Bernard of Clairvaux*	Bach's Passion Chorale.
O let him whose sorrow	208	*Oswald: Frances E. Cox*	S. John Baptist.
O Lord, be with us when we sail	19	*Edward Arthur Dayman*	London New.
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	127	*Christopher Wordsworth*	Almsgiving.
O Lord, turn not Thy face away	153	*John Mardley and Reginald Heber*	S. Ethelreda; S. Mary.
O Love divine, how sweet Thou art!	193	*Charles Wesley*	Innsbrück.
O Love how deep, how broad, how high!	77	Tr. by *John Mason Neale*	Eisenach; Kent.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
O Love that will not let me go	176	*G. Matheson*	S. Margaret.
O Paradise! O Paradise!	270	*F. W. Faber*	Paradise; Beatitude.
O perfect life of love!	44	*Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.*	Aber; Newland.
O quickly come, dread Judge of all	88	*Laurence Tuttiett*	Veni Cito.
O Saviour, bless us ere we go	350	*F. W. Faber*	S. Matthias.
O that the Lord's salvation	118	*Henry Francis Lyte*	Bremen; S. Benet.
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows!	219	*Thomas Haweis*	Caithness; S. Frances.
O Thou, who camest from above	162	*Charles Wesley*	Dortmund; Hereford.
O Thou through suffering perfect made	122	*W. Walsham How*	S. Sepulchre.
O timely happy, timely wise	279	*John Keble*	Melcombe.
O what, if we are Christ's	239	*Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.*	S. Michael.
O where shall rest be found	253	*James Montgomery*	Germania.
O wondrous type! O vision fair	34		Guilton; Ely.
O Word of God incarnate	140	*W. Walsham How*	S. Benet.
O worship the King all-glorious above!	16	*Sir Robert Grant*	Hanover; Houghton.
Object of my first desire	173	*Augustus M. Toplady*	Vienna or Ravenna; Theodora.
O'er those gloomy hills of darkness	111	*William Williams*	Triumph.
On wings of living light	392	*W. Walsham How*	S. Godric; S. John.
One is kind above all others	398	*Marianne Nunn*	Tenderness.
One there is, above all others	187	*John Newton*	Godesberg.
Once, in royal David's city	384	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	Irby.
Onward! Christian soldiers	142	*S. Baring-Gould*	S. Gertrude.
Oppressed with sin and woe	156	*Anne Brontë*	Franconia; Bethlehem.
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	96	*Harriet Auber*	S. Cuthbert.
Part in peace! Christ's life was peace	349	*Sarah Flower Adams*	Vienna or Ravenna; Tichfield.
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed	65	*J. Bakewell*	Borlan; All Saints.
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world	226	*E. H. Bickersteth*	Cœna Domini; Pax Tecum.
Pleasant are Thy courts above	128	*Henry Francis Lyte*	Maidstone.
Praise the Lord of heaven	10	*T. B. Browne*	Bohemia; Urswicke.
Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him	11	*John Kempthorne*	Stuttgart; All Saints.
Praise to the Holiest in the height	49	*John Henry Newman*	Gerontius.
Praise the Lord, sing Hallelujah!	56		Bethany.
Present with the two or three	137		Lacrymæ.
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	242	*John Newton*	Zurich.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying	146	*Mrs. Van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby)*	Rescue.
Return, and come to God	157		Newland; Holyrood.
Return, O wanderer, to thy home	158	*Thomas Hastings*	Invitation; Penitence.
Ride on, ride on in majesty!	36	*H. H. Milman*	Crasselius.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	149	*Augustus M. Toplady*	Petra; Rock of Ages.
Round the Lord in glory seated	14	*Bishop Mant*	Sharon.
Safe in the arms of Jesus	419	*Mrs. Van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby).*	Arms of Jesus.
Safely, safely gathered in	261	*H. O. Dobree*	Refuge.
Saviour, again to Thy dear name	293	*John Ellerton*	Pax Dei; Benediction.
Saviour, blessèd Saviour	66	*Godfrey Thring*	Edina; Princethorpe.
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	295	*James Edmeston*	Lugano; Vesper Hymn.
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	110	*A. C. Coxe*	Contemplation.
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	166	*Sir Robert Grant*	Miserere; Weimar.
See, in yonder manger low	383	*Edward Caswall*	Humility.
Shall we gather at the river?	440	*Robert Lowry*	Beautiful River.
Sleep thy last sleep	259	*Edward Arthur Dayman*	Requiem.
Soldiers of Christ! arise	181	*Charles Wesley*	S. Ethelwald.
Sometimes a light surprises	240	*William Cowper*	S. Theodulph; Bentley.
Son of God, to Thee I cry	78	*Bishop Mant*	Petra.
Songs of praise the angels sang	13	*James Montgomery*	Monkland.
Souls of men! why will ye scatter	159	*F. W. Faber*	Freiburg.
Sound aloud Jehovah's praises	2	*H. A. Martin*	Fides.
Sovereign Ruler of the skies	223	*John Ryland*	Vienna or Ravenna.
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them	115	*Thomas Kelly*	Oriel; Gerum.
Spirit blest, who art adored	106	*T. B. Pollock*	Evelyn.
Spirit Divine! attend our prayers	99	*Andrew Reed*	Farrant.
Spirit of God, that moved of old	94		Mainzer; Rochester.

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Still on the homeward journey	308	*Jane Borthwick*	Wellesley; Chenies.
Summer suns are glowing	299	*W. Walsham How*	Ruth.
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	291	*John Keble*	Abends; Pascal or Hursley.
Sweet is the solemn voice that calls	130	*Henry Francis Lyte*	Angels' Song; Warrington
Take my life, and let it be	177	*Frances Ridley Havergal*	Patmos.
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	184	*C. W. Everest*	Breslau.
Tell me the old, old story	174	*Kate Hankey*	Evangel.
Ten thousand times ten thousand	276	*Henry Alford*	Eastham; S. Catharine.
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	260	Tr. by *Catherine Winkworth*	Meinhold.
The Church's one foundation	330	*S. J. Stone*	Aurelia.
The darkness now is over	358		S. Victor.
The day is past and over	294	*Anatolius*: tr. by *John Mason Neale*	S. Anatolius; S. Anatolius.
The day is done, O God the Son	362	*Mrs. Dunsterville*	Freshwater; Infant's
The Day of Resurrection	55	Tr. by *John Mason Neale*	Lancashire. [Prayer.
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	346	*John Ellerton*	Radford.
The God of Abraham praise	235	*Thomas Olivers*	Leoni; Abraham.
Thee God we praise, Thee Lord confess	3	*W. Robertson*	Ely.
The golden gates are lifted up	394	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	Praetorius.
The Head that once was crowned	69	*Thomas Kelly*	S. Magnus.
The hour of my departure's come	254	*Michael Bruce*	Saxony.
The hours of day are over	363	*John Ellerton*	Chenies.
The Lord is King! lift up thy voice	205	*Josiah Conder*	Confidence.
The Lord is risen indeed	58	*Thomas Kelly*	S. Michael.
The Lord will come, the earth	81	*Reginald Heber*	Saxony.
The morning, bright with rosy light	357	*Thomas O. Summers*	Denfield.
The radiant morn hath passed away	286	*Godfrey Thring*	S. Gabriel; Wimbledon.
The sands of time are sinking	266	*A. R. Cousin*	Rutherford.
The Son of God goes forth to war	180	*Reginald Heber*	Fight of Faith.
The sower went forth sowing	302	*W. St. Hill Bourne*	S. Beatrice.
The spacious firmament on high	9	*Joseph Addison*	Göldel.
The Spirit breathes upon the word	104	*William Cowper*	Gräfenberg.
The spring-tide hour	296	*J. S. B. Monsell*	Winthorpe; Springtide.
The strife is o'er, the battle done	57	Tr. by *Francis Pott*	Victory; Magdala.
The sun is sinking fast	287	Tr. by *Edward Caswall*	S. Columba; Vespers.
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	338	*John Keble*	S. Alphege; Knecht.
The world is very evil	272	*Bernard of Morlaix*: tr. by *John Mason Neale*	Aurelia.
There came a little Child to earth	386	*E. E. S. Elliott*	Troyte's Chant, No. 2.
There is a better world they say	433	*John Lyth*	Better World.
There is a blessèd home	265	*Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.*	The Blessed Home; Harden.
There is a book, who runs may read	12	*John Keble*	S. Flavian.
There is a fire in Zion	172	*E. W. Eddis*	Milton; S. Benet.
There is a fountain filled with blood	151	*William Cowper*	Moravia; Peterborough.
There is a green hill far away	389	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	Green Hill.
There is a happy land	432	*Andrew Young*	Happy Land.
There is a land of pure delight	264	*Isaac Watts*	Moravia; S. Bernard.
There's a Friend for little children	403	*Albert Midlane*	Morning Light.
These are the crowns that we shall wear	438	*Horatius Bonar*	Edinburgh; Suavitas.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	124	*E. H. Plumptre*	S. Matthew; Old 81st.
Thine for ever! God of love	316	*Mary F. Maude*	Strattner; Evermore.
This is the day of light	342	*John Ellerton*	Fareham.
This is the day the light was made	365	Tr. by *John Chandler*	Ruthwell.
Those eternal bowers	271	Tr. by *John Mason Neale*	S. John Damascene.
Thou art coming, O my Saviour	87	*Frances Ridley Havergal*	Advent.
Thou art gone up on high	62	*Emma Toke*	Potsdam.
Thou art the Way; by Thee alone	201	*G. W. Doane*	Ruthwell; Aspurg.
Thou didst leave Thy throne	385	*E. E. S. Elliott*	Margaret.
Thou hidden love of God	175	*Tersteegen: Charles Wesley*	S. Petersburg.
Thou standest at the altar	322	*E. W. Eddis*	Argyle.
Thou to whom the sick and dying	123	*Godfrey Thring*	Requiem.
Thou who didst on Calvary bleed	52	*J. D. Burns*	S. Agatha.
Thou, who didst stoop below	64	*S. L. Miles*	Elvey; Brierley.
Thou whose almighty word	107	*John Marriott*	Moscow; Stobel.

FIRST LINE OF HYMN.	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE.	NAME OF TUNE.
Throned upon the awful tree	42	*John Ellerton*	Gethsemane.
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	143	*S. Baring-Gould*	S. Oswald.
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	222	*Horatius Bonar*	Arran; S. Cecilia.
Till He come—O let the words	326	*E. H. Bickersteth*	S. Sebastian.
'Tis a pleasant thing to see	138	*Henry Francis Lyte*	Meinau.
To the Name of our Salvation	26	Tr. by *John Mason Neale*	Oriel; Redemption
To Thee, O Comforter Divine	105	*Frances Ridley Havergal*	Sâles.
To Thee our God we fly	121	*W. Walsham How*	Bevan.
Wake, awake, for night is flying	86	*Philipp Nicolai*	Nicolai.
We are but little children weak	425	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	Alstone.
We give Thee but Thine own	125	*W. Walsham How*	S. Giles.
We plough the fields and scatter	297	*Claudius:* tr. by *J. M. Campbell*	Dresden.
We praise Thee, O God	356	*Te Deum Laudamus*	Chants by Goss, Peace, Crotch, and Croft.
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come	73	*J. H. Gurney*	Credo; Nazareth.
We sing the praise of Him who died	48	*Thomas Kelly*	S. Agnes; Linden.
Weary of earth and laden with my sin	168	*S. J. Stone*	Dalkeith; Penitentia.
Weary of wandering from my God	164	*Charles Wesley*	Giessen.
Whate'er my God ordains is right	216	*Rodigast:* tr. by *Cath. Winkworth*	Baden.
What our Father does is well	303	Tr. by *Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.*	Cassel; S. Bruno.
What though thy sons be sleeping	85	*Sarah Farmer*	Minto; Bremen.
When all Thy mercies, O my God!	23	*Joseph Addison*	Winchester.
When gathering clouds around I view	244	*Sir Robert Grant*	Mamre.
When God of old came down	90	*John Keble*	Newington.
When He cometh, when He cometh	442	*William O. Cushing*	When He cometh.
When, His salvation bringing	395	*Joshua King*	Tours.
When I survey life's varied scene	220	*Anne Steele*	Southwold.
When I survey the wondrous cross	47	*Isaac Watts*	Communion or Rockingham.
When Jesus came to earth of old	80	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	Jam Lucis.
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Dies Iræ	8 8 8	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	89.
Dijon	77 77	*German Volkslied*	416.
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Dismission	87 87 47	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	347.
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Dunfermline	C.M.	*Scotch Psalter, 1615*	298.
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Easter Hymn, No. 2.	77 77 & Hallelujah	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	54.
Eastham	76 86 D	*Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. D.*	276.
Eastnor	S.M.	*Alfred King, Mus. B.*	188.
Eaton	88 88 88	*Zerubbabel Wyvill. 1762–1837*	92.
Eden	87 87 & refrain	*Tyrolean Air*	435.
Edina	65 65 D	*Sir Herbert Oakeley, M.A., Mus. D.*	66.
Edinburgh	C.M.	*Henry Smart. 1812–1879*	438.
Edom	87 87 77	*A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*	61.
Edom	87 87 87	*A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*	399.
Eilenburg	77 77 77	*Johann Schop, 1641*	324.
Ein' feste Burg	87 87 66 66 7	*Martin Luther, 1529*	182.
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Eisenach	L.M	*Johann Hermann Schein, 1628. Originally a Funeral Hymn*	77.
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Eynsham	76 76 D	*E. H. Turpin*	340.
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Godesberg	87 87 77	*Heinrich Albert, 1643*	187.
Göldel	L.M.	*Johann Hermann Schein. 1586–1630*	9.
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Gopsal	66 66 88	*George Frideric Handel. 1685–1759. From the Fitzwilliam MSS.*	251.
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Gotha	87 87	*H.R.H. the late Prince Consort*	144.
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Grosvenor	65 65 D.	*Charles Steggall, Mus. D*	30.
Guilton	L.M.	*James Harrison*	34.
Haarlem	55 88 55	*Adam Drese. 1630–1718*	236.
Halle	7 7 7	*Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1714*	325.
Hampton	S.M.	*Harrison's Sacred Harmony, 1786*	217.
Hanover	10 10 11 11	*Wilkins's Psalmody, 1699*	16.
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Harwich	77 77	*Whitaker*	401.
Harwich	87 87	*Whitaker*	420.
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Litany	77 76	*Frederic Clay*	333.
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Lux Benigna	10 4 10 4 10 10	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1876*	246.
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Magdeburg	87 87 87	*Joachim Neander, Preacher at Bremen, 1680*	68, 83.
Maidstone	77 77 D.	*Walter B. Gilbert, Mus. B*	128.
Mainzer	L.M.	*Joseph Mainzer. 1801–1851*	6, 94, 135.
Makerstoun	84 84 88 84	*T. L. Hately. 1816–1867*	292.
Mamre	88 88 88	*George Frideric Handel. 1685–1759*	244.
Mannheim	87 87 87	*Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D., 1847. Vierstimmiges Choralbuch*	229, 348.
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Miserere	77 77 D.	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	166.
Monkland	77 77	*German. Harmonized by A. L. Peace, Mus. D*	13.
Moravia	C.M.	*Nicolaus Hermann. 1480–1561*	151, 264, 421.
Moredun	12 10 12 10	*Henry Smart. 1812–1879*	132.
Morning	77 77 77	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	345.
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Morning Light	86 76 76 76	*George James Webb*	403.

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Moscow	664 66 64	*Felice Giardini, 1769*	107.
Mount Vernon	87 87	*Lowell Mason, Mus. D. Ob. 1872*	359.
Munich	76 76 D	*Würtemberger Gesangbuch. Ascribed to Johann Hermann, 1620*	274.
Narenza	S.M.	*Old German Chorale. Kölner Gesangbuch*	211.
Nazareth	88 88 88	*C. Malan, D.D. Chants Chrétiens*	73.
Nenthorn	64 64 664	*T. L. Hately. 1816–1867*	241.
Neumark	98 98 88	*Georg Neumark, 1657*	209.
Newington	C.M.	*Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, 1789*	90.
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Nicæa	11 13 12 10	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	1.
Nicolai	898 D. 664 88	*Philipp Nicolai (Jacob Prætorius), 1590*	86.
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Nun danket	67 67 66 66	*Johann Crüger, 1649*	141.
Nürnberg	86 86 86	*Johann Crüger, 1649*	215.
Nutfield	84 84 88 84	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	292.
O come let us sing	57 57 66 56 and refrain	*Rev. James Gall*	377.
Old Hundredth	L.M.	*Guillaume Franc (?). Genevan Psalter, 1554*	135.
Old 81st	D.C.M.	*Daye's Psalter, 1563*	124.
Olivet	664 66 64	*Lowell Mason, Mus. D. Ob. 1872*	227.
Oriel	87 87 87	*Ancient "Tantum Ergo"*	26, 115, 328.
Orlestrund	76 76 D.	*Frederic Weber*	379.
O Sanctissima	87 87	*Sicilian Mariners' Hymn*	199.
Paradise	86 86 66 66	*Henry Smart. 1812–1879*	270.
Pascal or Hursley	L.M.	*German Chorale. Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792*	291.
Paston	C.M.	*Este's Psalter, 1592*	207.
Patmos	77 77	*Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., 1869*	177.
Pax Dei	10 10 10 10	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	293.
Pax Tecum	10 10	*G. T. Caldeck*	226.
Pearsall	76 76 D.	*S. Gall. "Katholisches Gesangbuch," 1863*	109, 335.
Penitence	86 86 4	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	158.
Penitentia	10 10 10 10	*Edward Dearle, Mus. D., 1873*	168.
Peterborough	C.M.	*Harrison's Sacred Harmony, 1790*	151.
Petra	77 77 77	*Richard Redhead*	78, 149.
Pilgrims	11 10 11 10 9 11	*Henry Smart. 1812–1879*	247.
Potsdam	S.M.	*Adapted from Johann Sebastian Bach. 1685–1750*	62, 152.
Prætorius	C.M.	*Mich. Prætorius' Musæ Sioniæ, 1609*	394.
Princethorpe	65 65 D.	*William Pitts*	66.
Proclamation	L.M. & refrain	*A. L. Peace, Mus. D*	429.
Rabenlei	65 65	*German*	408.
Radford	98 98	*Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D. 1810–1876*	346.
Randegger	87 87	*Alberto Randegger*	373.
Redemption	87 87 87	*Charles Gounod*	26.
Redhead, No. 45	77 77	*Old Melody. Arranged by Richard Redhead*	25.
Refuge	77 77 D.	*J. Summers, 1863*	261.
Regent Square	87 87 87	*Henry Smart. 1812–1879*	82.
Requiem	87 87 77	*Wilhelm Schulthes*	123.
Requiem	46 46 D.	*Joseph Barnby*	259.
Requiescat	77 77 88	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	257.
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Rousseau	87 87 D.	*French Air. J. J. Rousseau*	370.
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Rutherford	76 76 76 75	*Lausanne Psalter*	266.
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S. Aëlred	88 88	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	225.
S. Agatha	77 75	*Rev. Frederic Southgate*	52.
S. Agnes	L.M.	*A. A. Austen*	48.
S. Agnes	10 10 10 10	*James Langran, Mus. B., 1863*	320.
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S. Albinus	78 78 4	*H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 1806–1875*	59.
S. Alphege	76 76	*H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D., 1848*	273, 338.
S. Ambrose or Treves	77 75	*Ancient Church Melody*	76.
S. Anatolius	76 76 88	*Arthur Henry Brown*	294.
S. Anatolius	76 76 88	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	294.
S. Andrew	87 87	*E. H. Thorne*	144.
S. Anne	C.M.	*Old Melody. William Croft, Mus. D. (?)*	309.
S. Asaph	D.C.M.	*Giornivichi*	250.
S. Audoën	S.M.	*Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. D., 1873*	131.
S. Austin	77 77 D.	*Moravian Tune Book*	307.
S. Baldred	87 87 D.	*J. Montgomerie Bell, 1873*	376.
S. Beatrice	76 76, 12 lines	*J. F. Bridge, Mus. D.*	302.
S. Bees	77 77	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	161.
S. Benet	76 76	*Ancient Church Melody. Arranged by Dr. Gauntlett.*	118, 140, 172.
S. Bernard	L.M.	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	179.
S. Bernard	C.M.	*Merton Tune Book, 1863*	194, 264, 351.
S. Bruno	77 77 77	*John Hullah, LL.D. 1812–1884*	303.
S. Catharine	76 86 D.	*J. Montgomerie Bell*	276.
S. Cecilia	66 66	*Rev. Leighton George Hayne, Mus. D. 1836–1883*	222.
S. Columba	64 66	*H. S. Irons*	287.
S. Columba or Erin	C.M.	*Hymn of the Ancient Irish Church*	351.
S. Crispin	88 86	*Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D*	148.
S. Cross	L.M.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	38.
S. Cuthbert	86 84	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	96.
S. Cyril	65 75	*P. P. Bliss*	411.
S. Dunstan	77 77	*Richard Redhead*	255.
S. Ethelreda	C.M.	*Thomas Turton, Bishop of Ely. 1780–1864*	153.
S. Ethelwald	S.M.	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	181.
S. Flavian	C.M.	*Daye's Psalter, 1563*	12.
S. Frances	C.M.	*G. A. Löhr*	79, 213, 219.
S. Francis	10 6 10 6 88 4	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D*	314.
S. Francis Xavier	C.M.	*John Stainer, M.A., Mus. D.*	194.
S. Fulbert	C.M.	*H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 1806–1875*	126.
S. Gabriel	88 84	*Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. D*	286.
S. George	C.M.	*Nicolaus Hermann. 1480–1561*	71.
S. George's, Windsor	77 77 D.	*Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D*	5, 300.
S. Gertrude	65 65, 12 lines	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D*	142.
S. Giles	S.M.	*J. Montgomerie Bell, 1875*	125.
S. Godric	66 66 88	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	392.
S. Gregory	L.M.	*Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen. 1670–1739*	190, 283.
S. Helen	10 10 10 10 10 10	*Walter Hately, 1872*	212.
S. Helena	S.M.	*Anonymous*	263.
S. Helen's	85 83	*Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. D., 1874*	163.
S. Ignatius	75 75 D.	*Joseph Barnby*	368.
S. John	66 66 88	*Ancient Church Melody*	204, 269, 392.
S. John Baptist	65 65	*Rev. O. M. Feilden*	208.
S. John Damascene	65 65 D.	*Mrs. E. Barker*	271.
S. Lawrence	L.M.	*Rev. Leighton George Hayne, Mus. D. 1836–1883*	312.
S. Leonard	C.M.	*Henry Smart. 1813–1879*	210.
S. Lucy	77 77	*J.*	417.
S. Magnus	C.M.	*Jeremiah Clark, 1670–1707*	69.
S. Margaret	76 76	*Rev. William Statham*	39.
S. Margaret	88 887	*A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*	176.
S. Martin's	77 77	*A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*	305.
S. Mary	C.M.	*Playford's Psalter, 1677. Altered from Archdeacon Prys's Welsh Psalter, 1631*	153.

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S. Matthew	D.C.M.	*William Croft, Mus. D. 1677–1727*	124.
S. Matthias	88 88 88	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	350.
S. Michael	S.M.	*Daye's Psalter, 1563. Abridged from Genevan Psalter, 1543*	58, 239.
S. Nicolas	87 87	*Richard Redhead*	154.
S. Olave	S.M.	*H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 1806–1875*	102, 206, 339.
S. Oswald	87 87	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	143, 407.
S. Peter	C.M.	*Alexander Robert Reinagle, 1826*	160, 186.
S. Petersburg	88 88 88	*Dimitri Bortnianski. 1751–1825*	175.
S. Philip	7 7 7	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D*	95, 169.
S. Philip	10 10 10 4	*Joseph Barnby*	262.
S. Saviour	65 65	*J. Montgomerie Bell, 1876*	375.
S. Sebastian	77 77 77	*Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D. 1810–1876*	150, 326.
S. Sepulchre	L.M.	*George Cooper*	122, 343.
S. Silvester	D.C.M.	*Joseph Barnby, 1867*	145.
S. Sulpice	86 86 886	*Augustus G. Jamieson, 1872*	306.
S. Sylvester	87 87 and 88 88	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	310.
S. Theodulph	76 76 D.	*Melchior Teschner, 1613*	35, 109, 240.
S. Victor	76 76	*Richard Redhead*	337, 358.
Salamis	Irregular	*Greek Air*	396.
Sâles	8 8 6	*Frank Champneys, M.A., Mus. D.*	105.
Samuel	66 66 88	*Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D*	413.
Sanctuary	87 87 D.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	119.
Saxony	L.M.	*Old German Chorale (Lutheran)*	81, 254.
Sebaste	Irregular	*John Stainer, M.A., Mus. D.*	290.
Sharon	87 87	*William Boyce, Mus. D. 1710–1779*	14.
Siloam	C.M.	*A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*	430.
Smart	65 65, 12 lines	*Henry Smart. 1812–1879*	238.
Soldau	L.M.	*Pentecost Hymn of 13th Century. Arranged from Luther's Psalter, 1524*	103.
Solitude	66 66 D.	*H. A. Callow*	366.
Southwell	C.M.	*H. S. Irons*	268.
Southwold	C.M.	*H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 1806–1875*	220.
Spohr	C.M.	*Louis Spohr. 1784–1859*	136.
Springfield	11 10 11 10	*Rev. Peter Maurice, D.D.*	32.
Springtide	D.C.M.	*E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.*	296.
Stabat Mater	887 887	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	41.
Stella	11 11 11 11	*Adapted from Hemy's "Crown of Jesus Music"*	397.
Stephanos	85 83	*Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.*	168.
Stettin	87 87 887	*Melody of Old Latin "Gloria" by Nicolaus Decius, 1529*	155.
Stiastny	L.M.	*Stiastny. "Tristes erant Apostoli"*	117.
Stobel	664 66 64	*German. Müller's Choralbuch*	107.
Stockton	C.M.	*Thomas Wright*	230.
Strattner	77 77	*German Melody by Strattner, 1691. Arranged by Freylinghausen*	316.
Stuttgart	87 87	*Johann Georg Christian Störl, 1711. Also attributed to Hans Leo Hassler, 1601*	11, 330.
Submission	10 4 10 4	*George Lomas*	214.
Suavitas	C.M.	*G. H. Gregory, Mus. B.*	438.
Sunshine	65 65 D.	*P. P. Bliss*	224.
Swabia	S.M.	*Ancient German Melody*	133, 282.
Tallis's Ordinal	C.M.	*Thomas Tallis. Archbishop Parker's Psalter, 1561*	101, 189.
Temple	84 84 88 84	*E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.*	292.
Tenderness	84 84 88 84	*Popular Air*	398.
Thanksgiving	77 77 D.	*W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B*	441.
The Blessed Home	66 66 D.	*John Stainer, M.A., Mus. D.*	265.
Theodora	77 77	*Adapted from George Frideric Handel. 1685–1759*	173.
The Three Kings	11 10 11 10	*Frank Champneys, M.A., Mus. D*	32.
Tichfield	77 77 D.	*Hemy's "Crown of Jesus Music"*	5, 349.
Tiverton	C.M.	*Rev. Joseph Grigg. Ob. 1768*	113, 267.
Tours	76 76 D.	*Berthold Tours*	395.
Trinity	11 13 12 10	*Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D. 1810–1876*	1.
Triumph	87 87 77	*H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 1806–1875*	61.
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Troyte's Chant, No. 1	10 10 10 10 10	*A. H. D. Troyte. 1811–1857. Salisbury Hymn Book, 1857*	245.
Troyte's Chant, No. 2	10 10 10 4	*Wm. Hayes, Mus. D. Abridged by A. H. D. Troyte*	262.
Troyte's Chant, No. 2	Irregular	*Wm. Hayes, Mus. D. Abridged by A. H. D. Troyte*	386.
Truro	L.M.	*Charles Burney, Mus. D. 1726–1814*	117.
University College	77 77	*H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 1806–1875*	232.
Urswicke	11 11 11 11	*Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D*	10.
Valley of Blessing	11 8 11 8 and refrain	*W. G. Fischer*	428.
Veni Cito	88 88 88	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1876*	88.
Veni Creator	L.M. and coda	*Old Melody from Latin Church*	91.
Vesper Hymn	87 87 D.	*Russian Air (by Dimitri Bortnianski?). Arranged by Sir John A. Stevenson, Mus. D.*	295.
Vespers	64 66	*Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. D., 1873*	287.
Vexillum	65 65 D. and refrain	*Henry Smart. 1813–1879*	424.
Victory	8 8 8	*Palestrina. 1528–1594*	57.
Vienna or Ravenna	77 77	*Justin Heinrich Knecht. 1752–1817*	178, 223, 349.
Vigilate	77 73	*W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*	188.
Vox Dilecti	D.C.M.	*Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1823–1875*	197.
Wahring	77 77 77	*Samuel Webbe. 1740–1816*	256.
Wainwright	L.M.	*Richard Wainwright. 1758–1825*	196.
Waldheim	77 75	*Ancient Melody. Schicht's Choralbuch*	76.
Warfare	65 65	*L. J. Hutton*	427.
Warrington	L.M.	*Rev. Ralph Harrison. 1748–1810*	114, 130.
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Weimar	77 77 D.	*Melchior Vulpius. 1560–1616*	166.
Wellesley	76 76 D.	*Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D*	273, 308.
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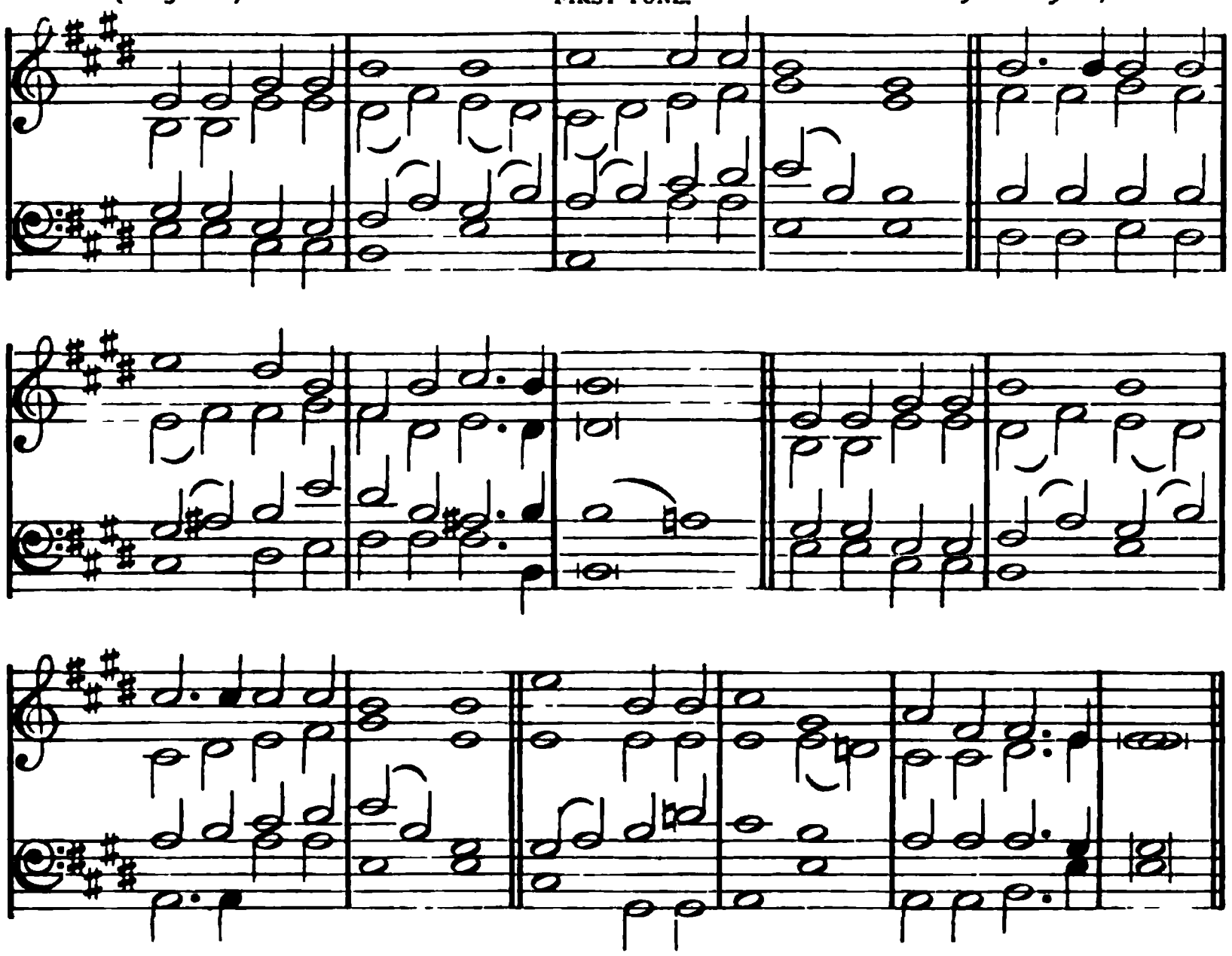
Hymn 1 (1)

NICÆA (11 13 12 10). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



" They rest not day and night saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! which was, and is, and is to come."

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

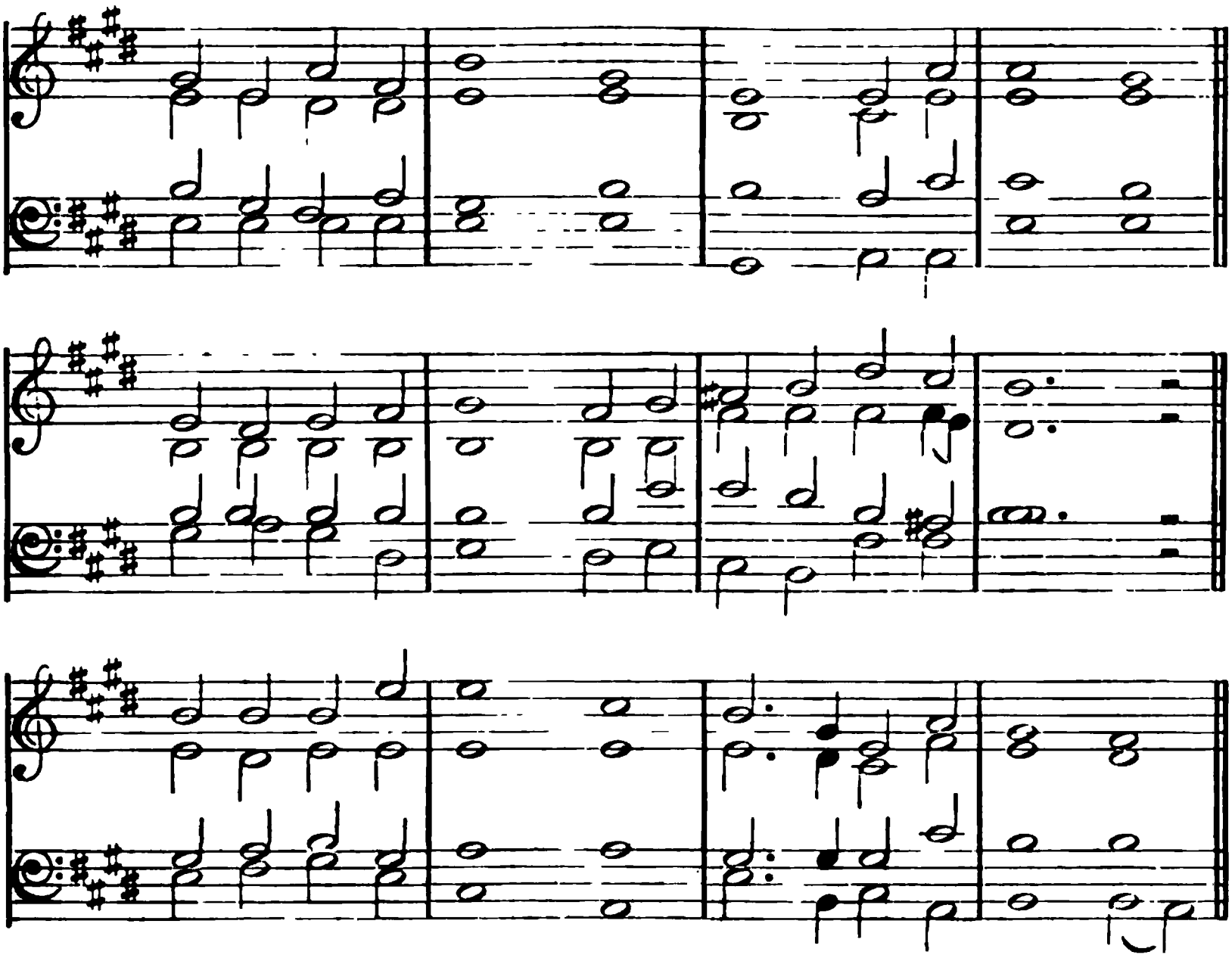
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

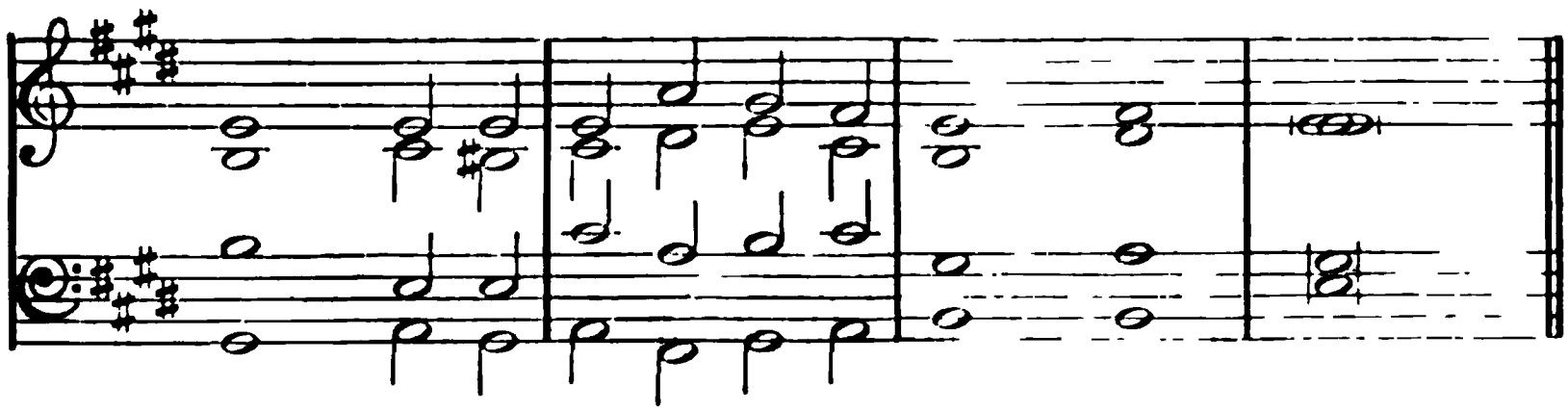
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity.

Hymn 1 (1)

TRINITY (11 13 12 10). SECOND TUNE. *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*





" They rest not day and night saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! which was, and is, and is to come."

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

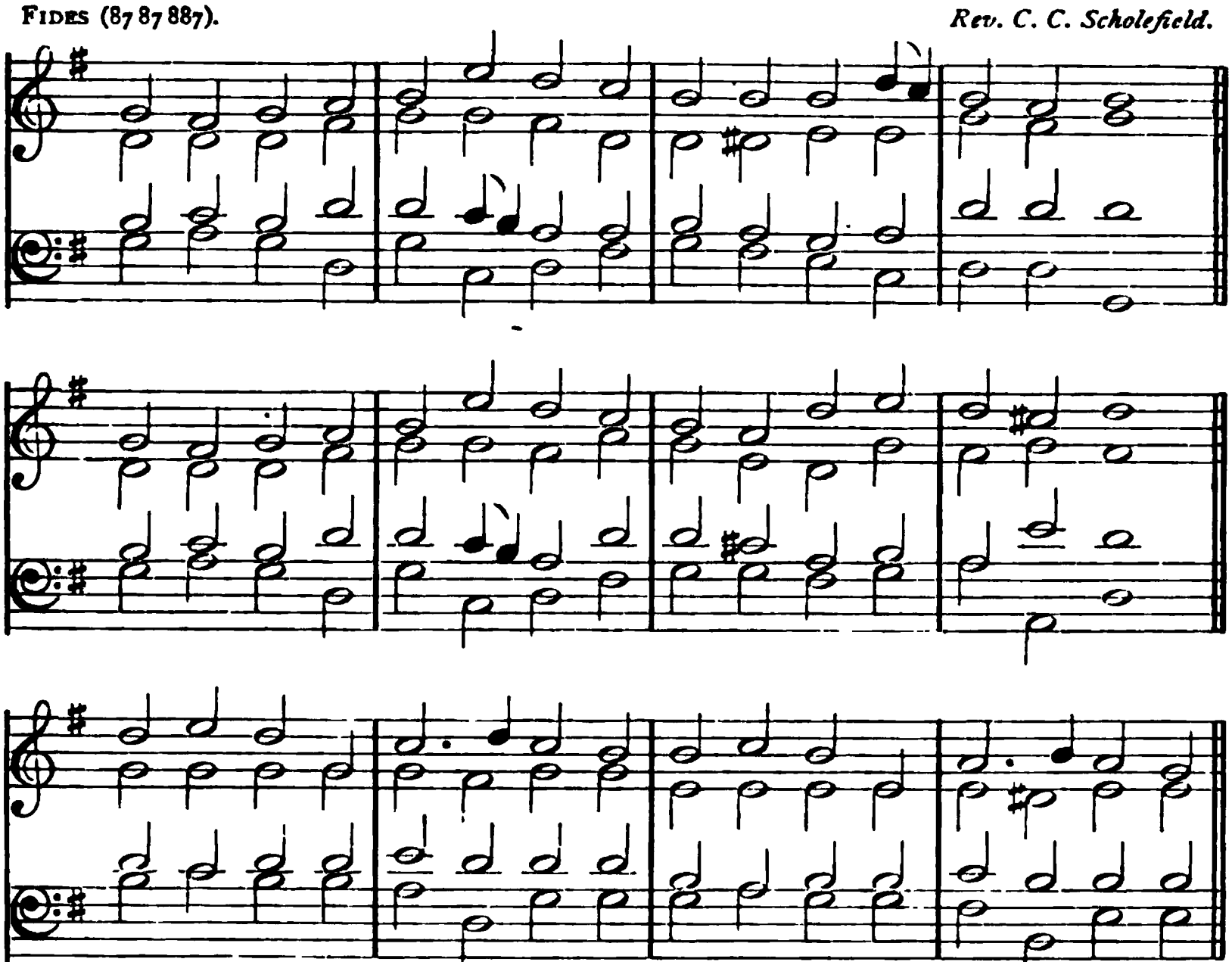
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

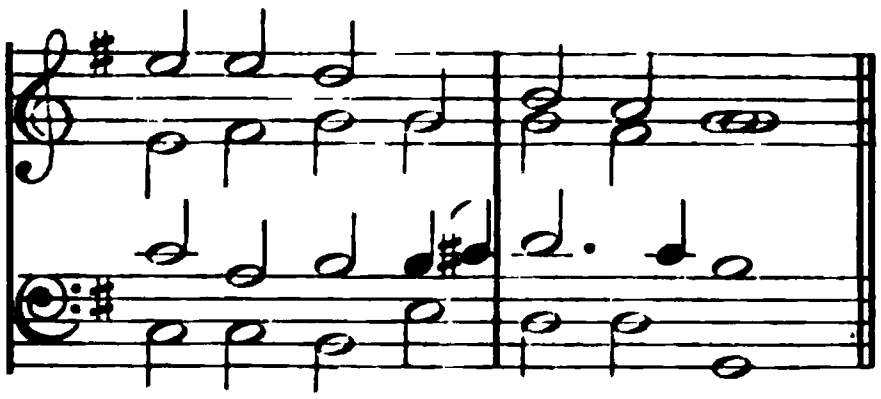
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity.

Hymn 2 (201)

FIDES (87 87 887). *Rev. C. C. Scholefield.*





"Hallowed be Thy Name."

1 SOUND aloud Jehovah's praises,
Tell abroad the awful name;
Heaven the ceaseless anthem raises,
Let the earth her God proclaim:
God, the hope of every nation,
God, the source of consolation,
Holy, blessèd Trinity!

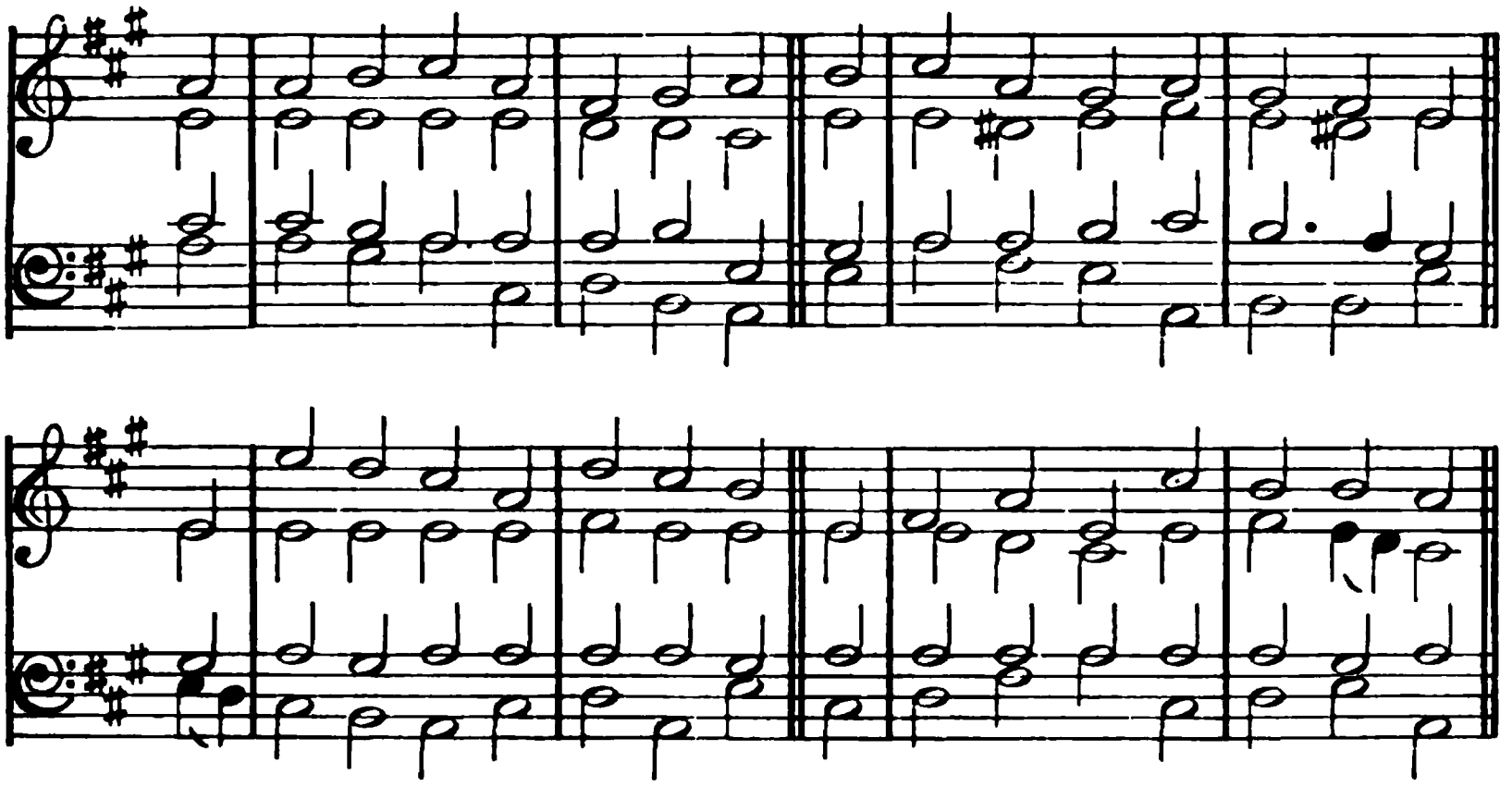
2 This the name from ancient ages
Hidden in its dazzling light;
This the name that kings and sages
Prayed and strove to know aright,
Through God's wondrous Incarnation
Now revealed the world's salvation,
Ever blessèd Trinity!

3 Into this great name and holy
We all tribes and tongues baptize;
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,
Homeward, heavenward bids them rise,
Gathers them from every nation,
Bids them join in adoration
Of the blessèd Trinity!

4 In this name the heart rejoices,
Pouring forth its secret prayer:
In this name we lift our voices,
And our common faith declare;
Offering humble supplication,
Thanks, and praise, and veneration
To the blessèd Trinity!

Hymn 3 (2)

ELY (L.M.) *Bishop Turton.*



"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

1 THEE God we praise, Thee Lord confess,
Thee Father everlasting bless;
The tribes of earth and air and sea
With wondrous voices worship Thee.

2 To Thee all angels ceaseless cry,
With all the princes of the sky;
The cherub and the seraph join,
And thus they hymn the praise divine:

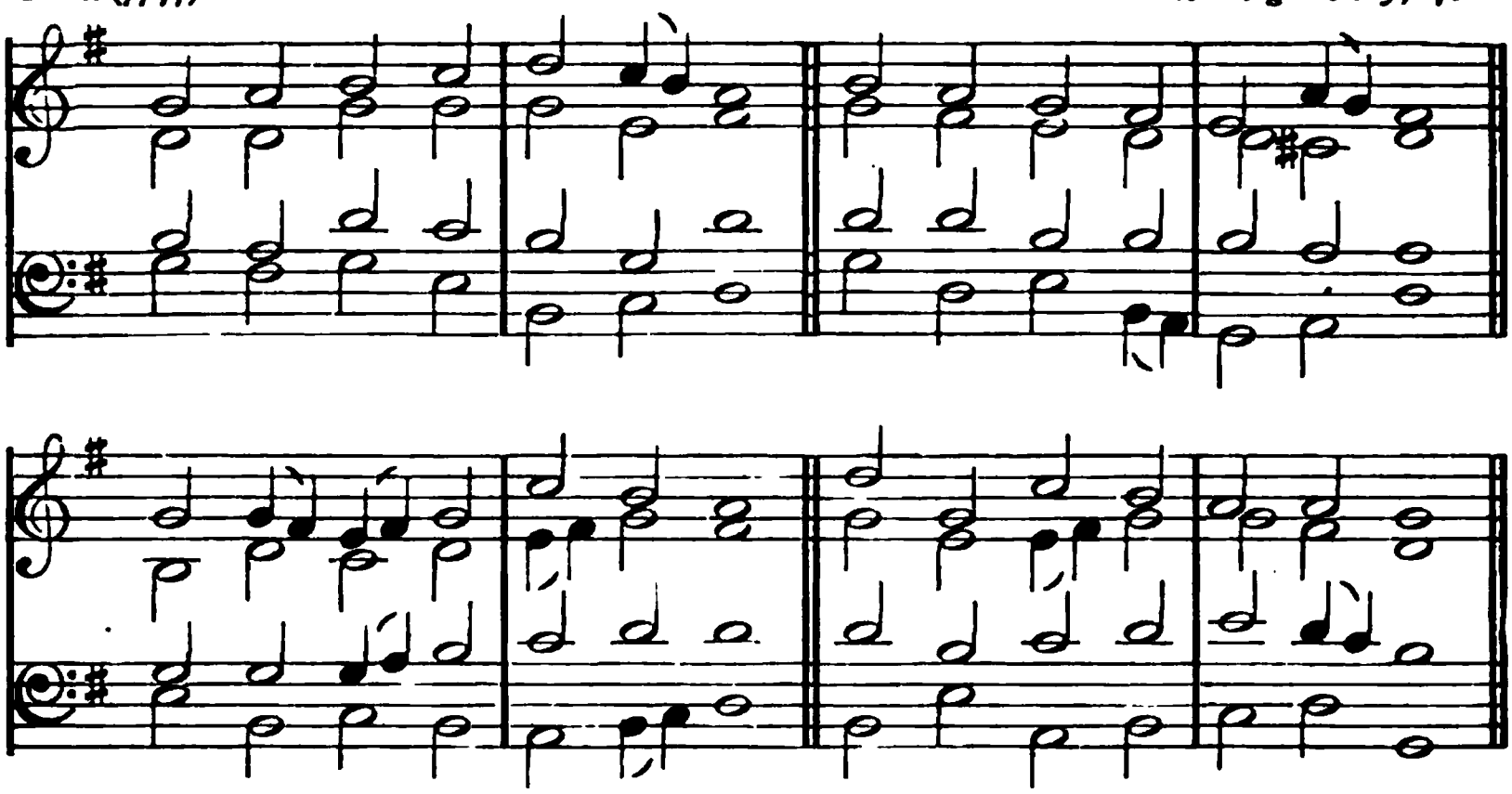
3 Thee holy, holy, holy King,
Lord of Sabaoth, Thee we sing;
Both heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Father of boundless majesty.

4 Thee the apostles' glorious choir,
Thee prophets with their tongues of fire,
Thee white-robed hosts of martyrs bright,
All serve and praise by day and night.

5 Thee through the earth Thy saints confess,
Thee, Father infinite, they bless,
Thee, true, divine, and only Son,
Thee, Holy Spirit, Three in One.

Hymn 4 (3)

NINA (77 77). *Würtemberg Melody, 1760.*



"And the four-and-twenty elders fell down and worshipped Him that liveth for ever and ever."

1 GOD eternal, Lord of all,
Lowly at Thy feet we fall;
All the earth doth worship Thee—
We amidst the throng would be.

2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified apostles raise
Night and day continued praise;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

4 With Thy prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of Thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
Early we Thy cross would bear.

6 All Thy Church in heaven and earth,
Jesus, hail Thy spotless birth;
Own the God, who all has made;
And the Spirit's soothing aid.

7 Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Slain, and victor o'er the tomb;
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among Thine own.

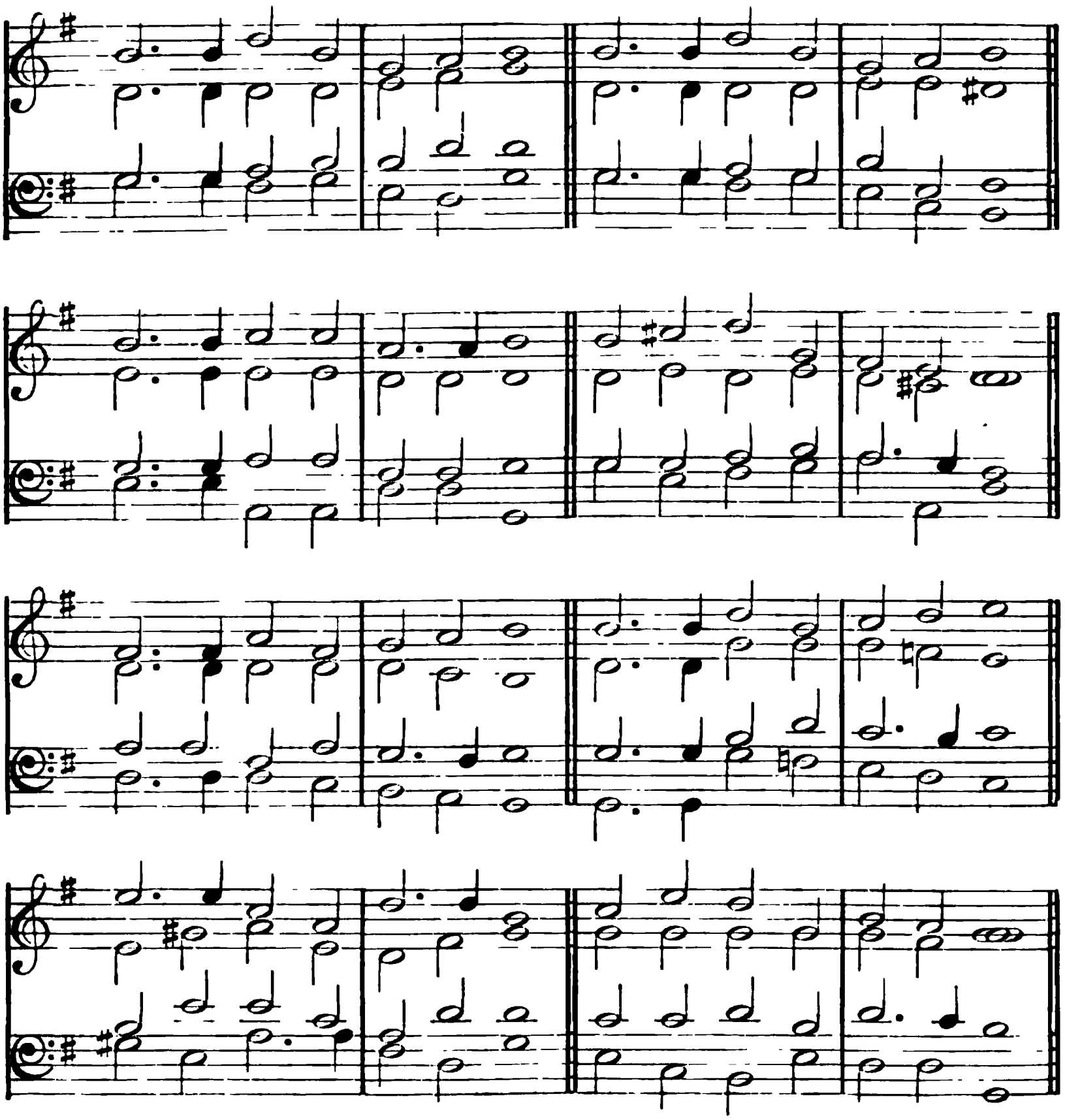
8 Day by day we magnify Thee,
And would evermore be nigh Thee:
Keep us from the Tempter's snare;
Spare Thy people, Jesus, spare!

Hymn 5 (4)

S. George's, Windsor (77 77 D.)

FIRST TUNE.

Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.



"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee."

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts! When heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with one accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

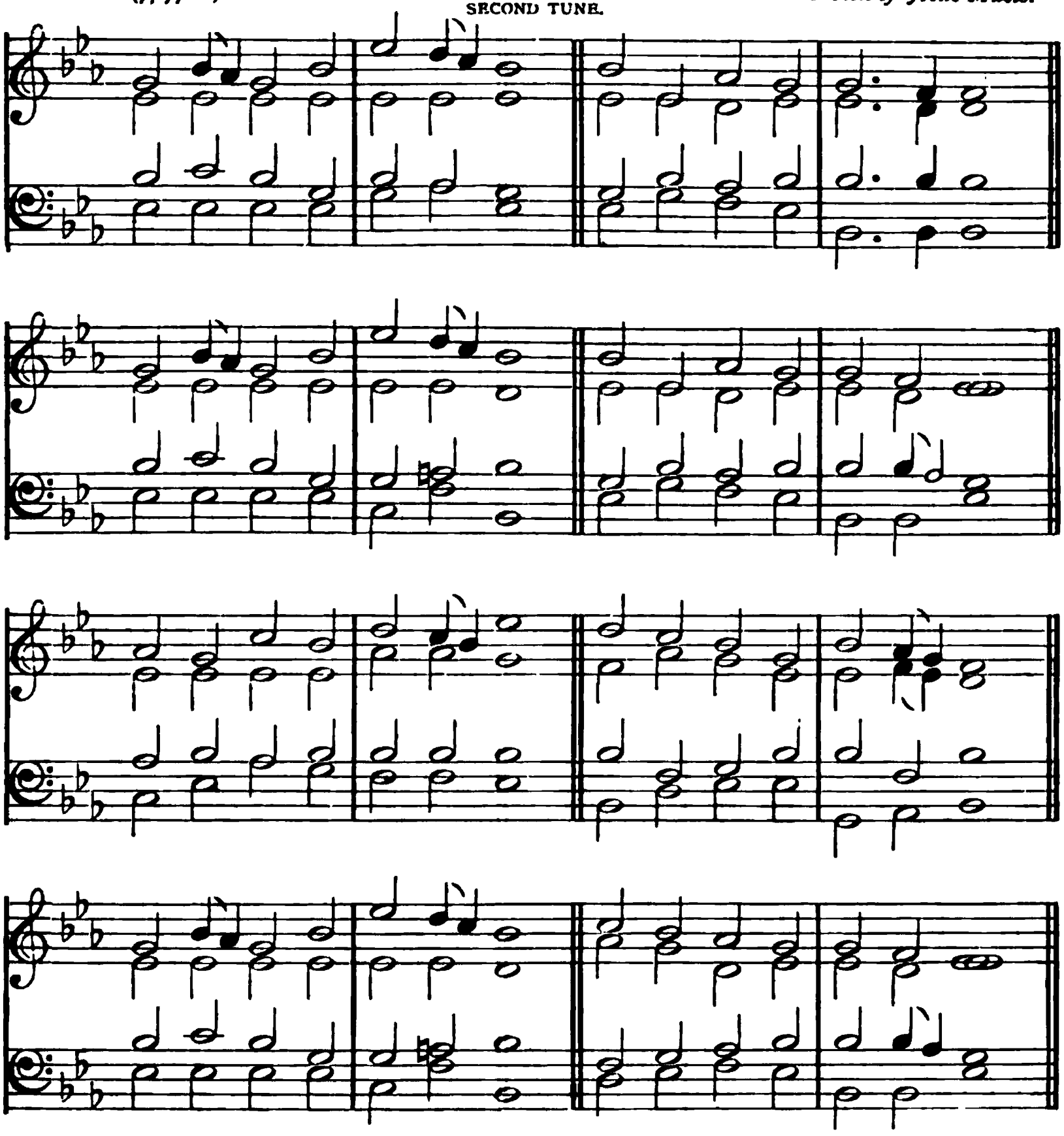
3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne, with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Hymn 5 (4)

TICHFIELD (77 77 D.)

SECOND TUNE.

"*Crown of Jesus Music.*"



"*All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.*"

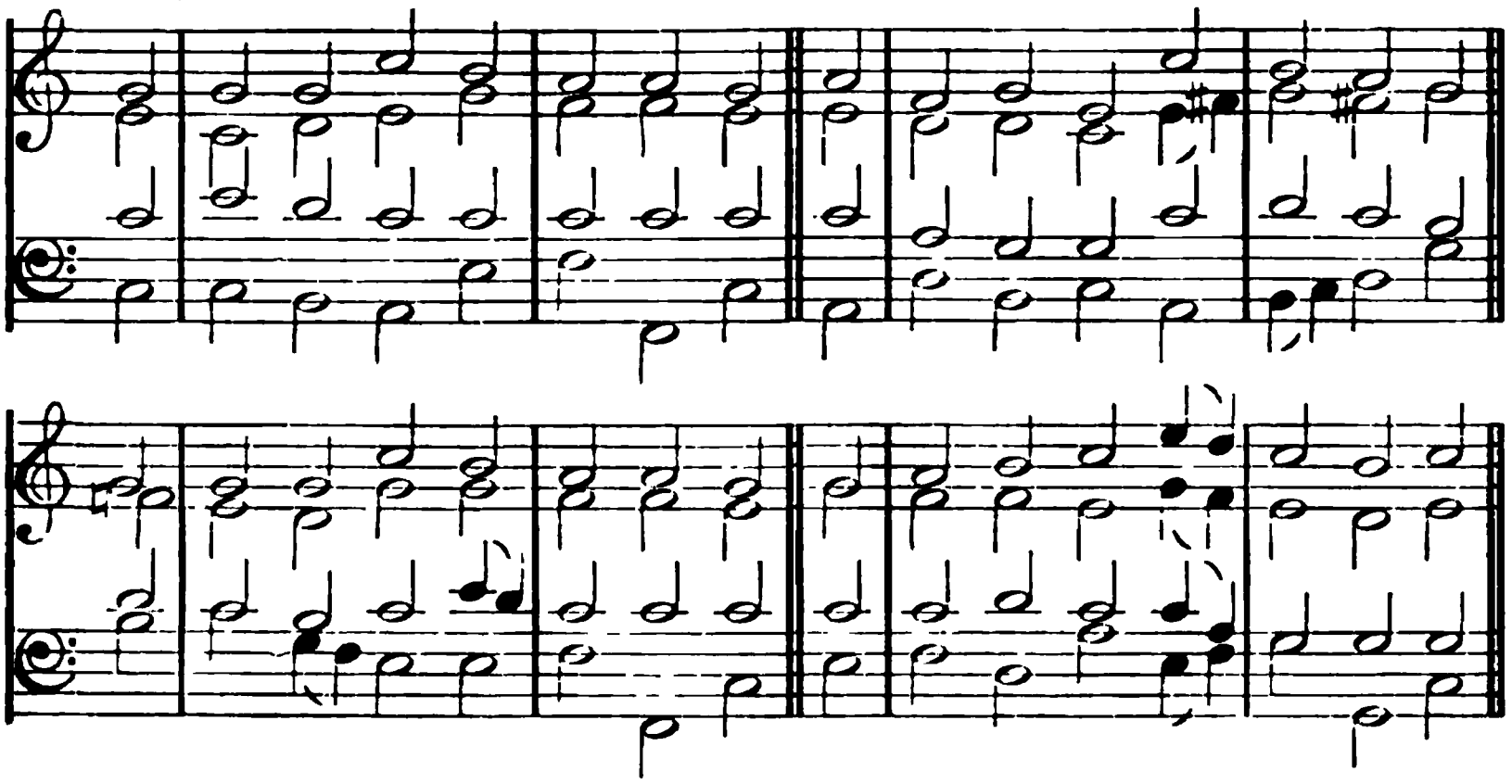
1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts! When heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with one accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

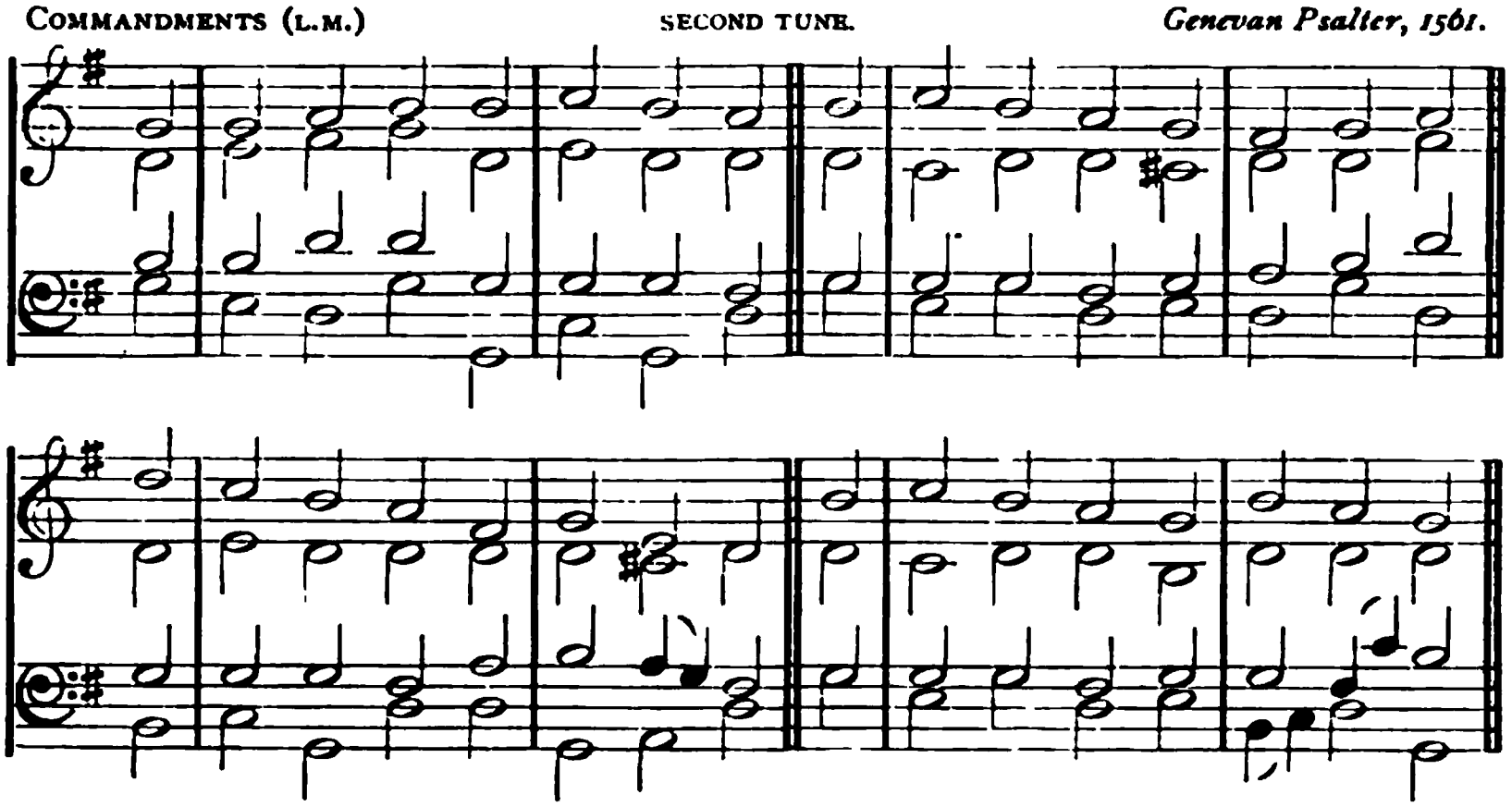
3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne, with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Hymn 6 (5)

MAINZER (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Joseph Mainzer.*



COMMANDMENTS (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Genevan Psalter, 1561.*



" Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

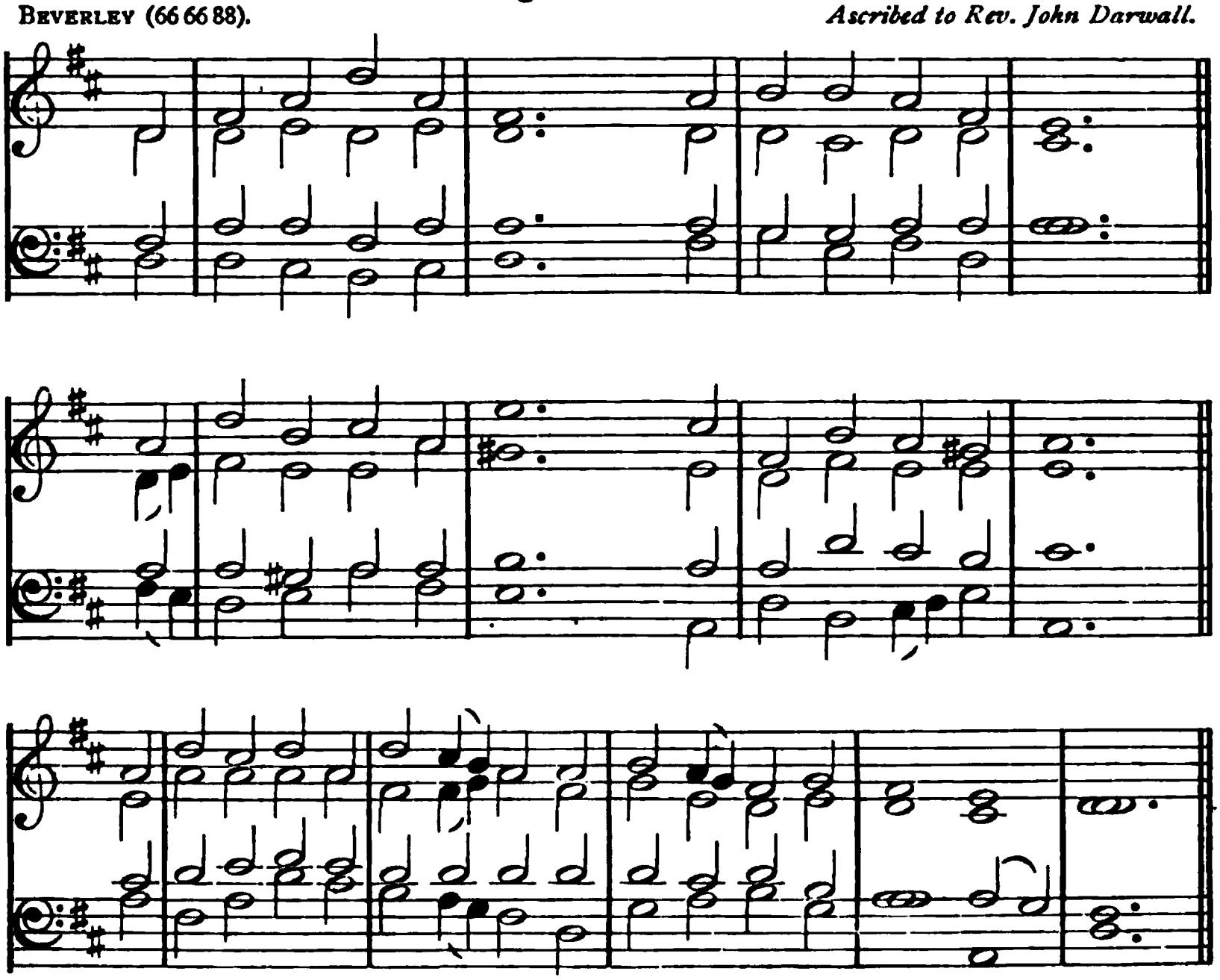
2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,- -Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !—
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

Hymn 7 (6)

BEVERLEY (66 66 88). *Ascribed to Rev. John Darwall.*



" The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost."

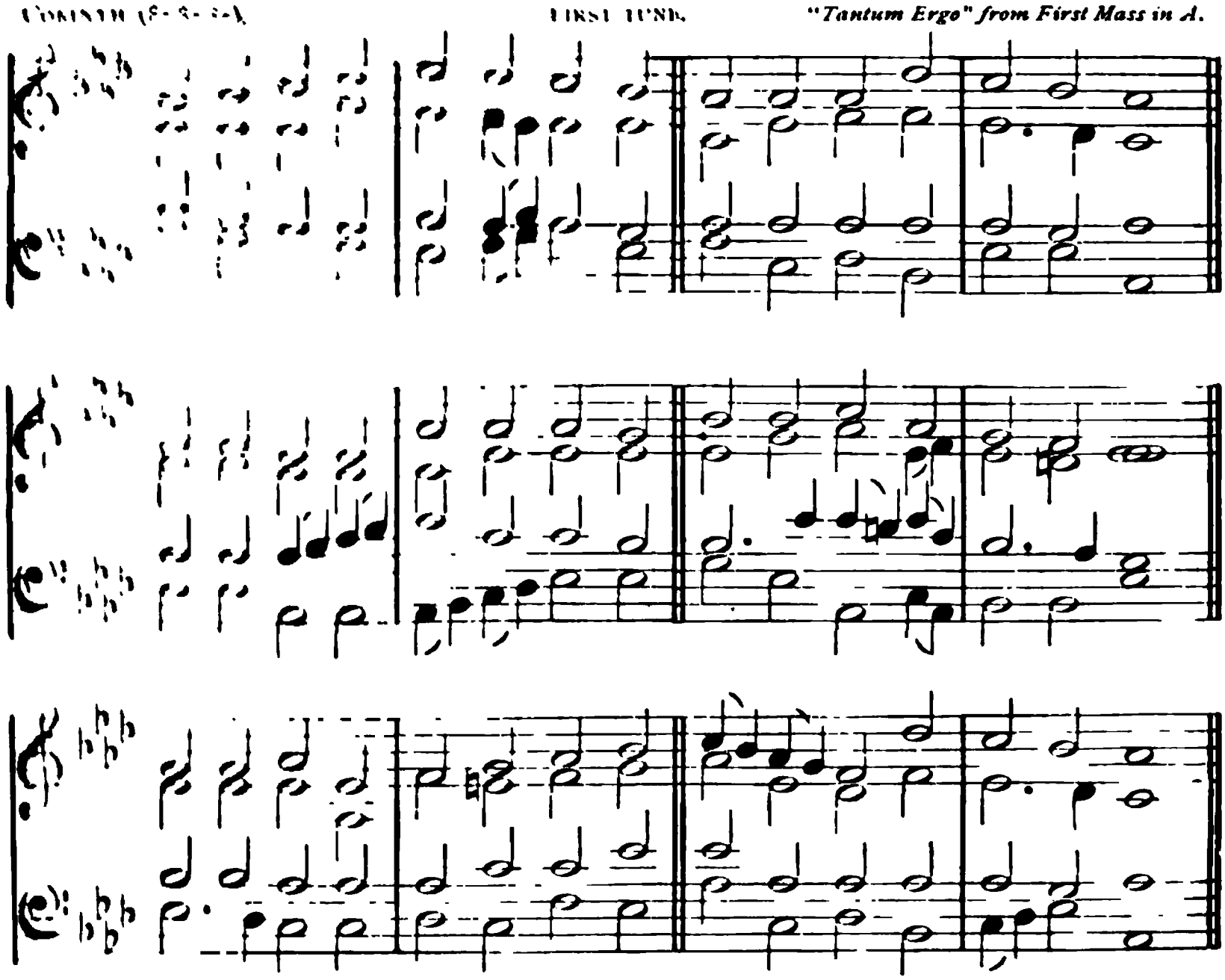
1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above ;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done ;
The undivided Three,
Yet the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Hymn 8 (7)



"God be merciful unto us."

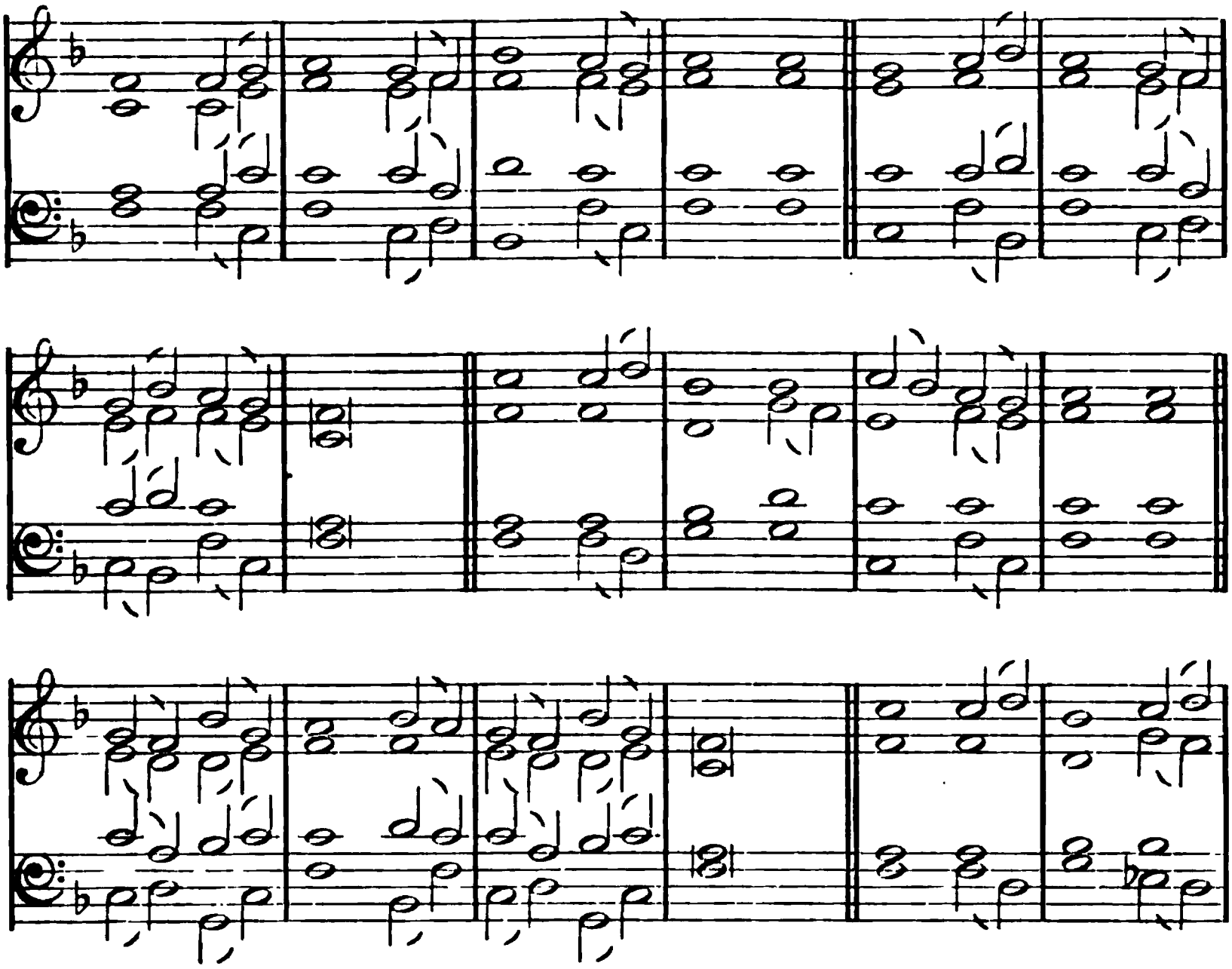
1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

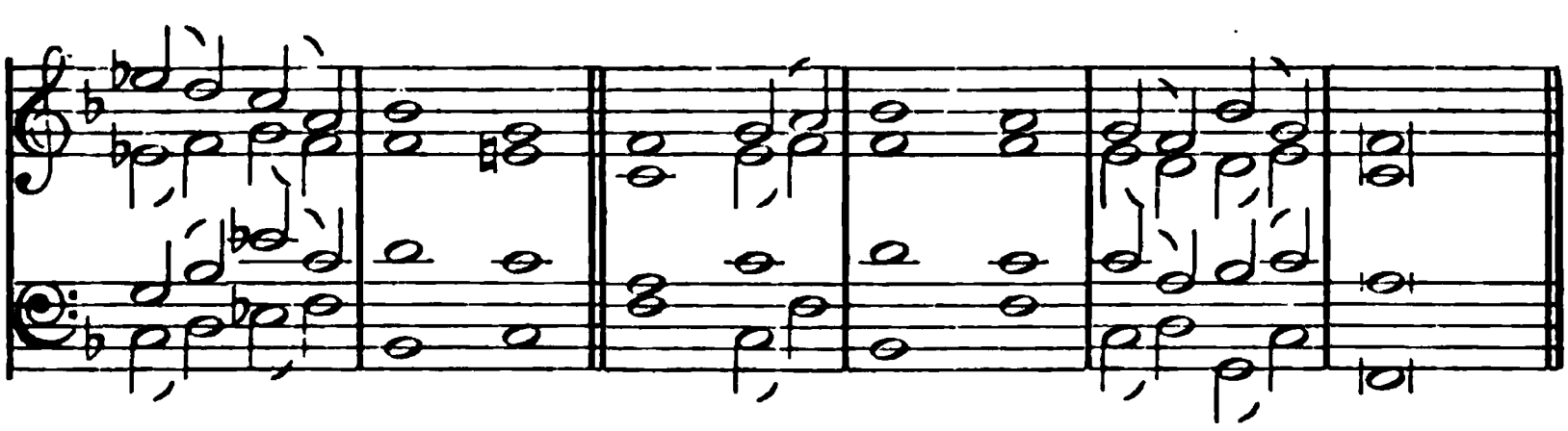
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

Hymn 8 (7)

ALLA TRINITA (87 87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Laudi Spirituali, 1585.*





"God be merciful unto us."

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

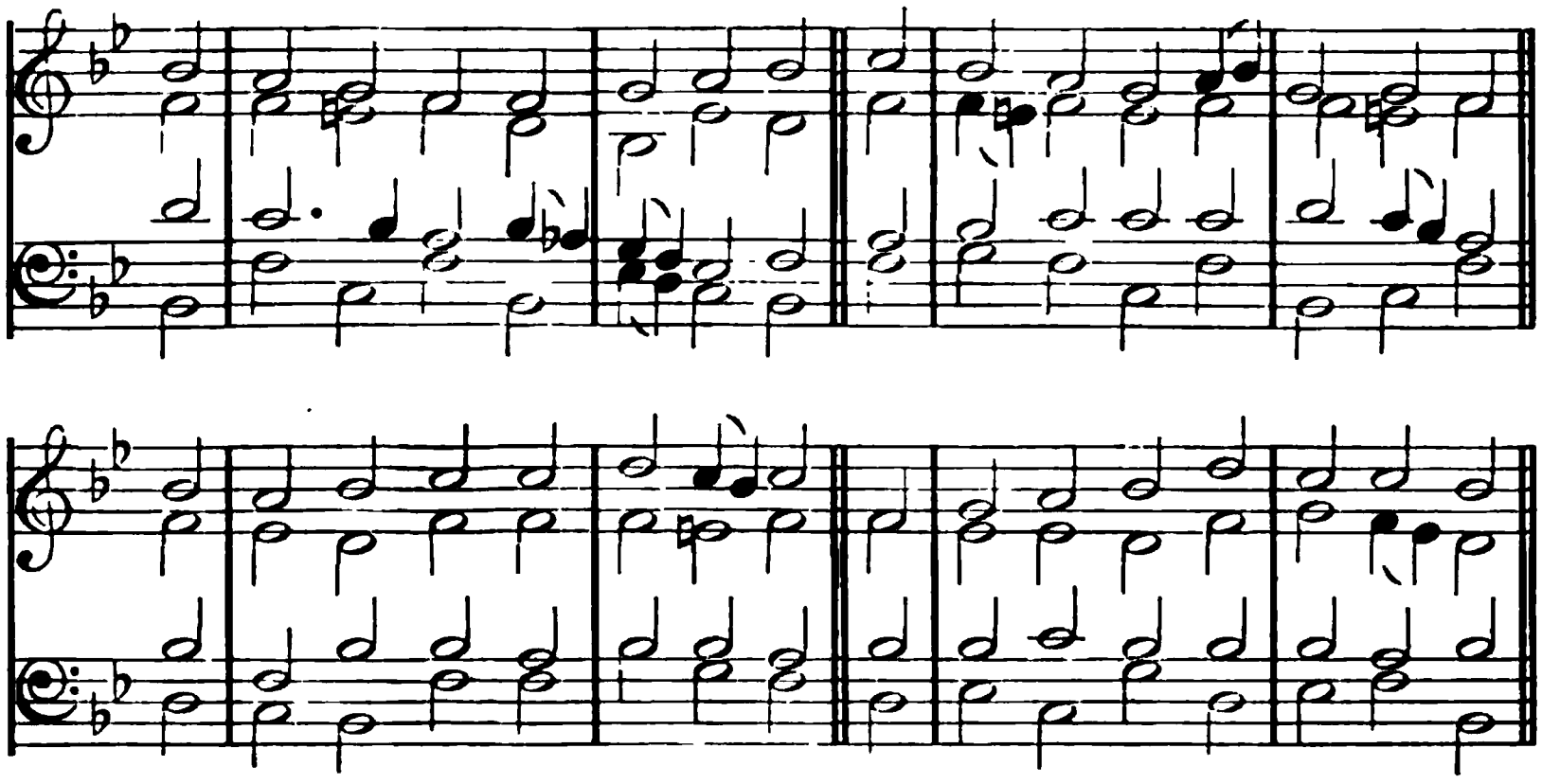
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

HYMNS OF CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

Hymn 9 (8)

GÖLDEL (L.M.) *Johann Hermann Schein.*



"The heavens declare the glory of God."

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

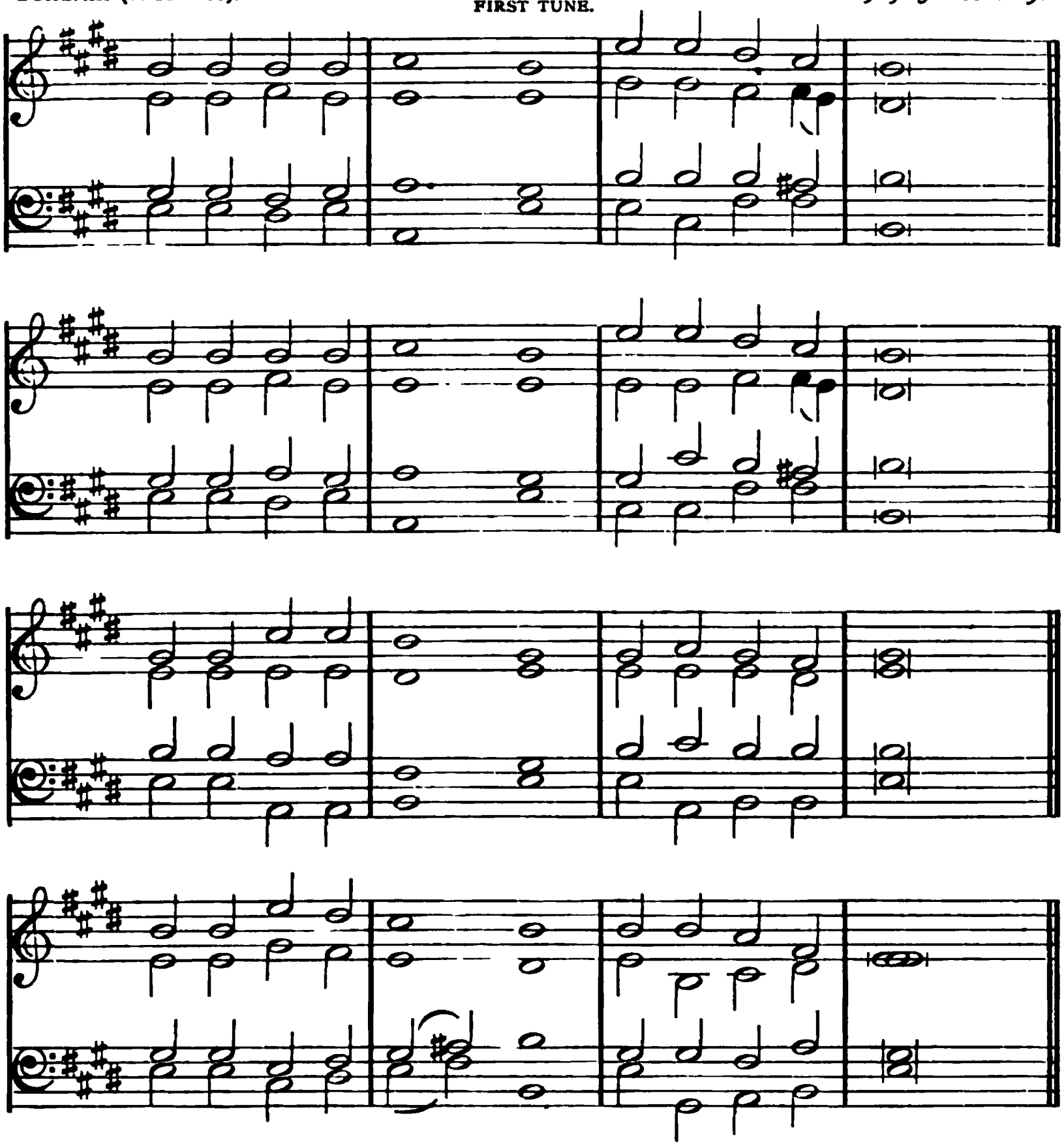
6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Hymn 10 (9)

BOHEMIA (11 11 11 11).

FIRST TUNE.

German Melody of 15th Century.



"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights."

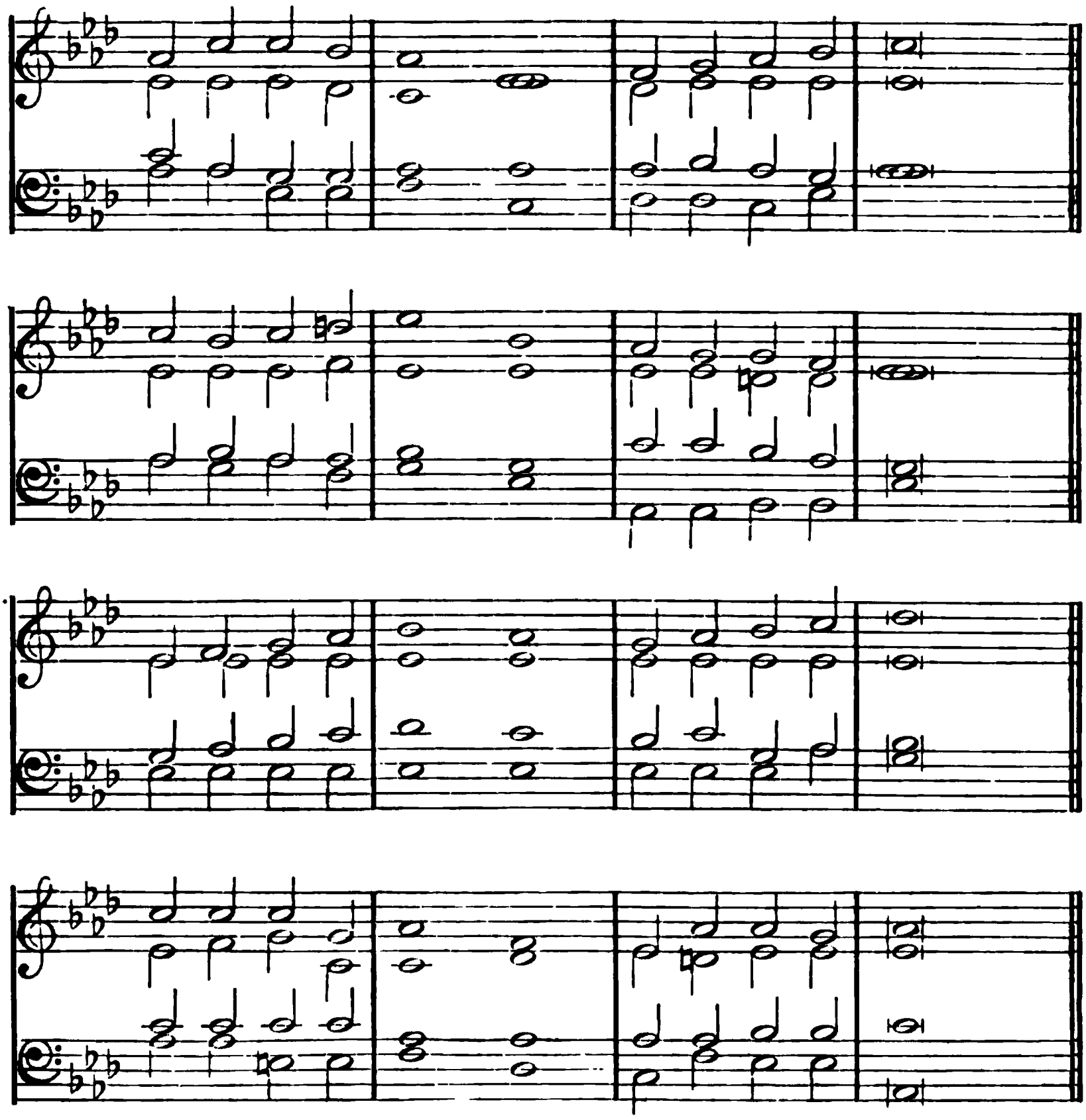
1 PRAISE the Lord of heavèn, praise Him in the height,
Praise Him, all ye angels, praise Him, stars and light;
Praise Him, skies, and waters, which above the skies,
When His word commanded, stablished did arise.

2 Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and all trees;
Praise Him, clouds and vapours, snow, and hail, and fire,
Stormy wind, fulfilling only His desire.

3 Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and all kings,
Praise Him, men and maidens, all created things;
For the name of God is excellent alone;
Over earth His footstool, over heaven His throne.

Hymn 10 (9)

URSWICKE (11 11 11 11). SECOND TUNE. *Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.*



"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights."

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When His word commanded, stablished did arise.

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Praise Him, men and maidens, all created things;
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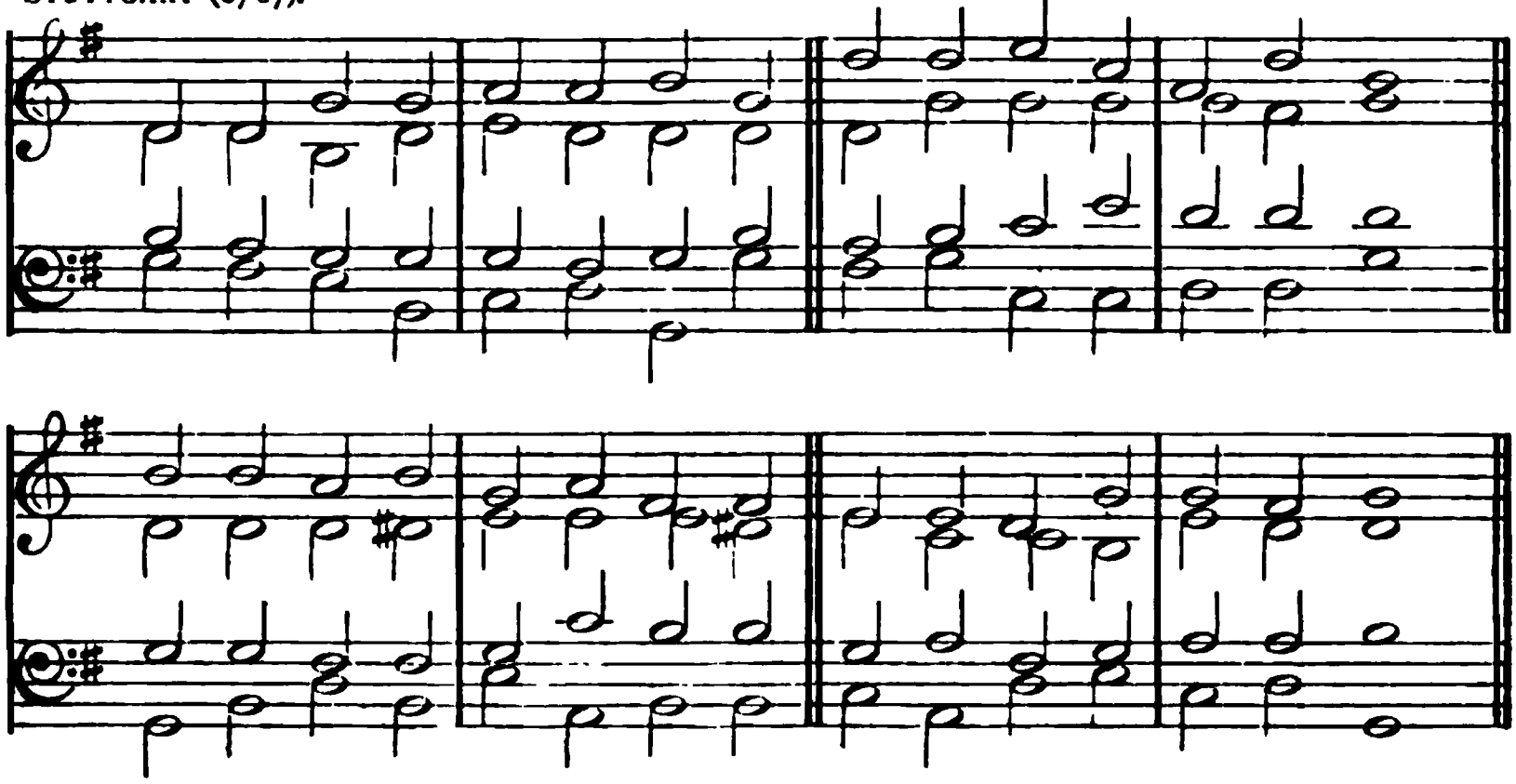
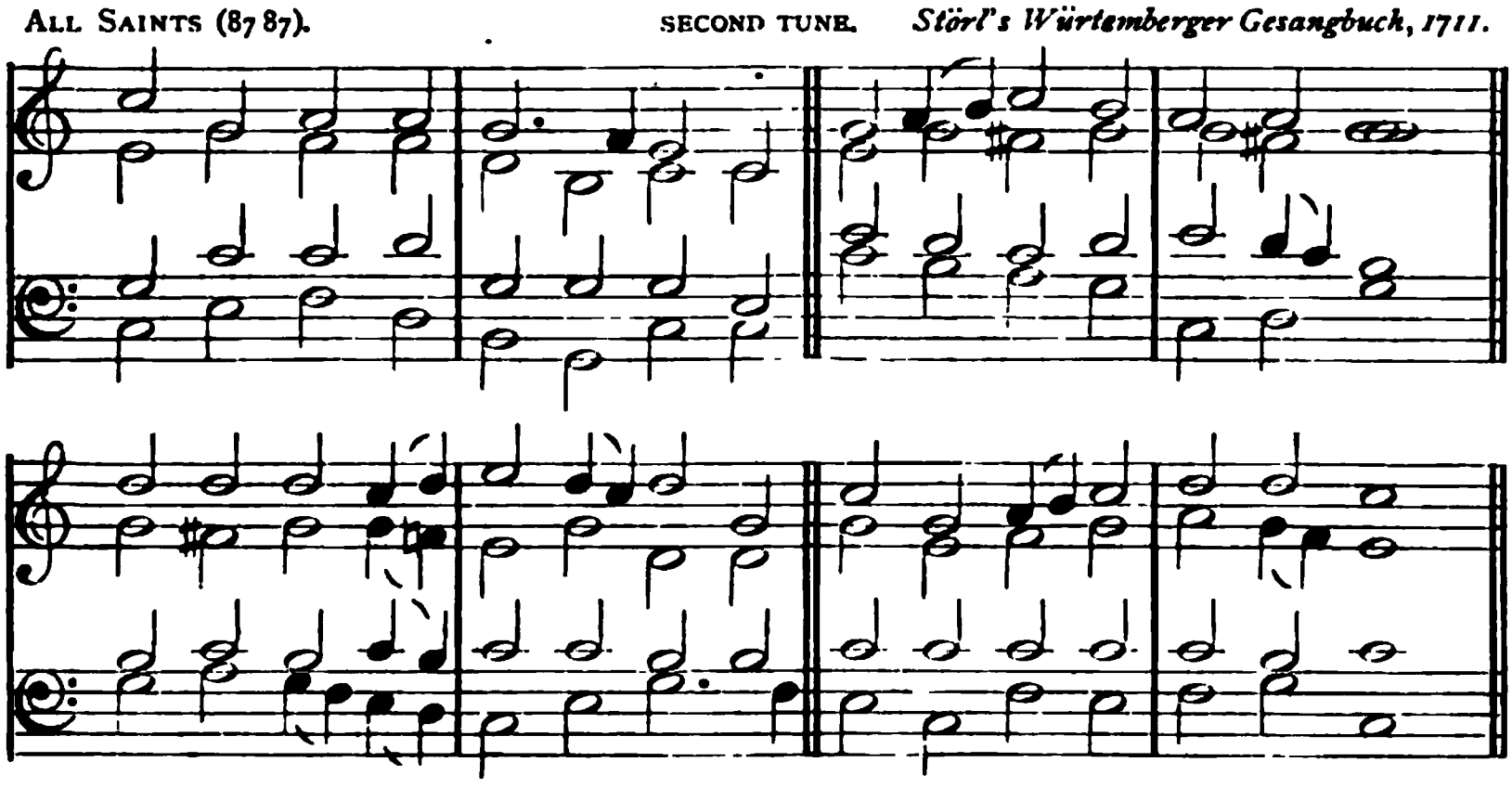
Over earth His footstool, over heaven His throne.

Hymn 11 (10)

STUTTGART (87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Johann Georg Christian Störl.*



ALL SAINTS (87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Störl's Würtemberger Gesangbuch, 1711.*



"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights."

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light:

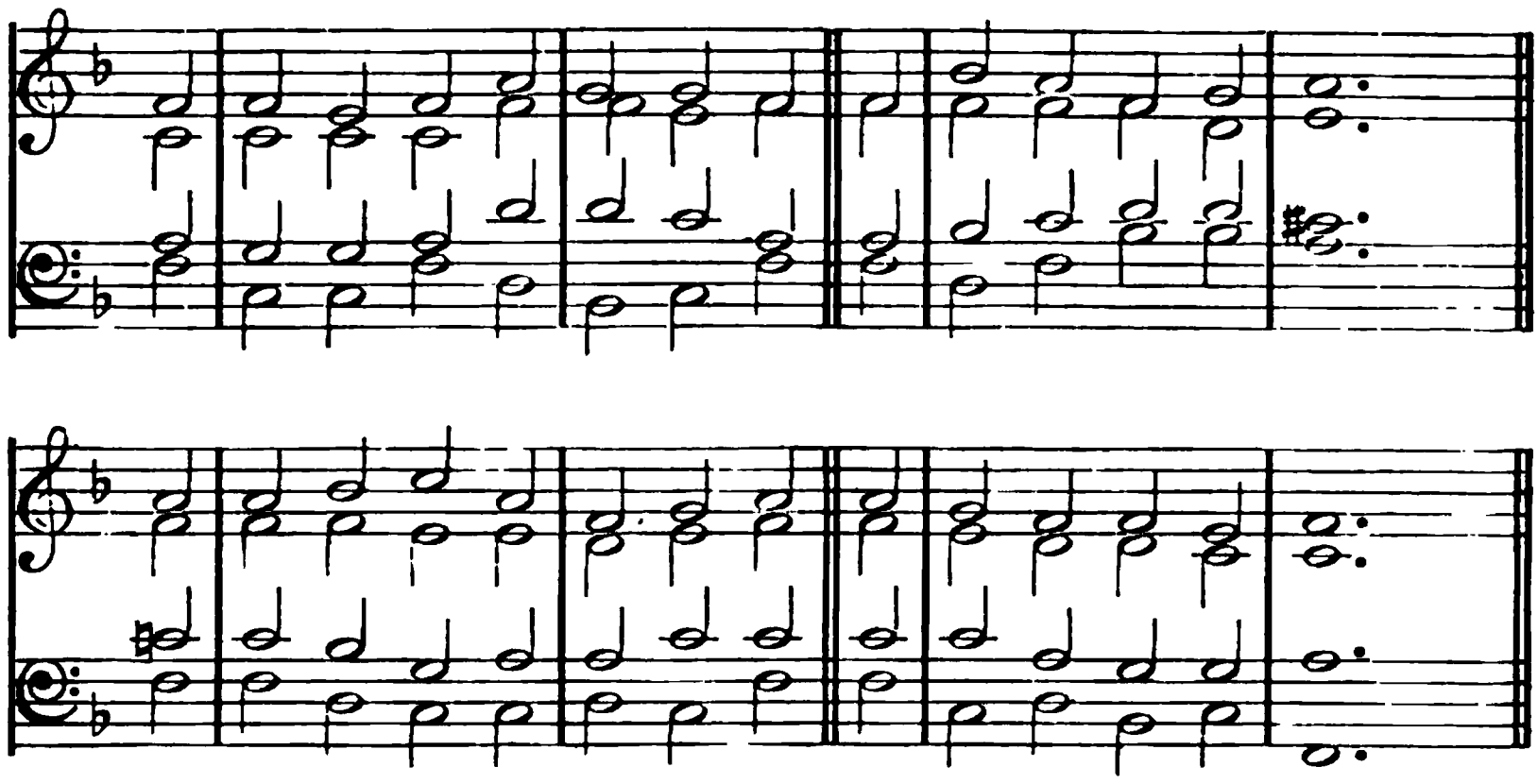
2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious!
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!

Hymn 12 (202)

S. Flavian (c.m.) *Daye's Psalter, 1563.*



"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

7 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

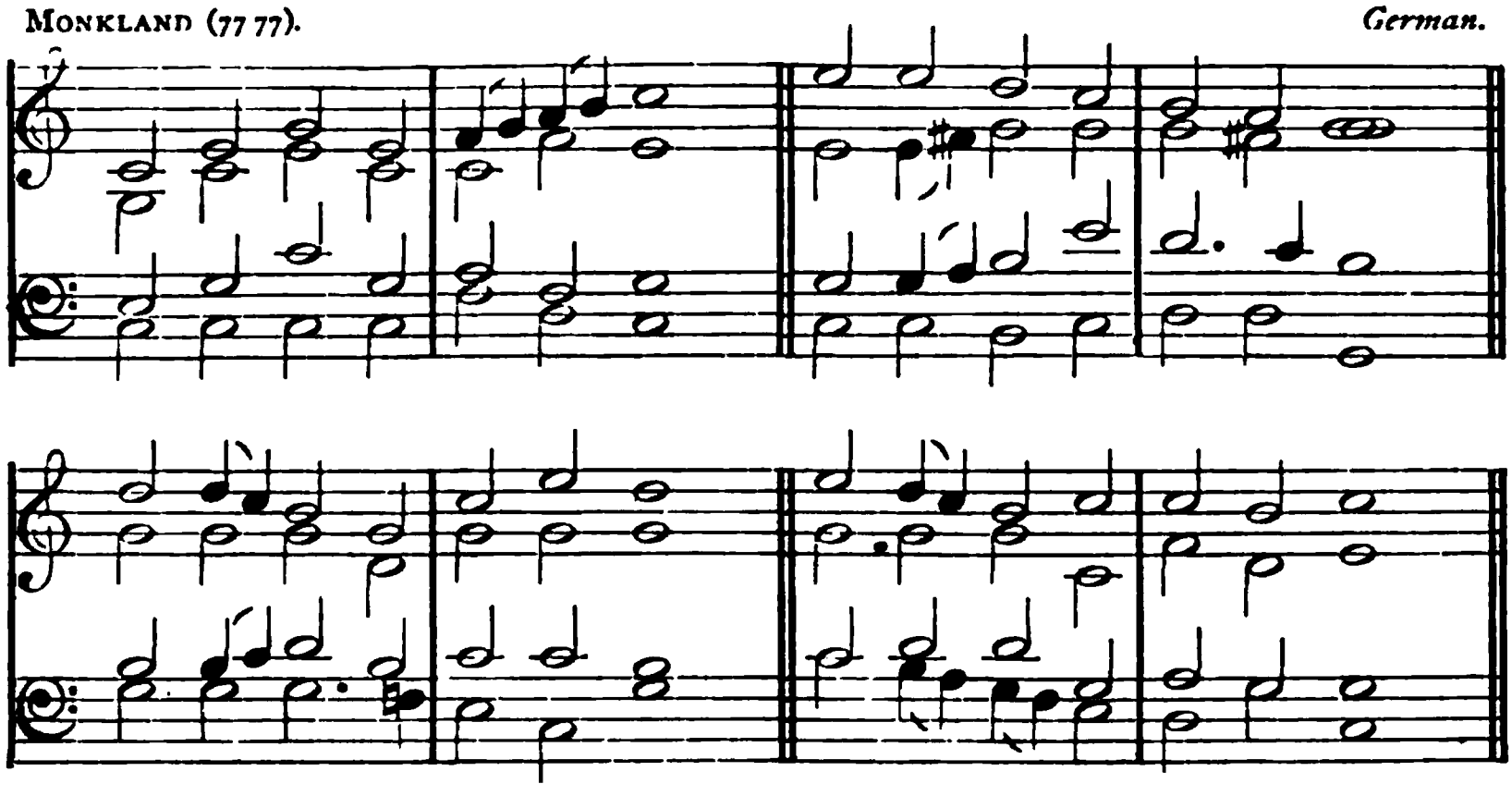
8 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

9 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

10 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere.

Hymn 13 (11)

MONKLAND (77 77). *German.*



"God is great, and greatly to be praised."

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

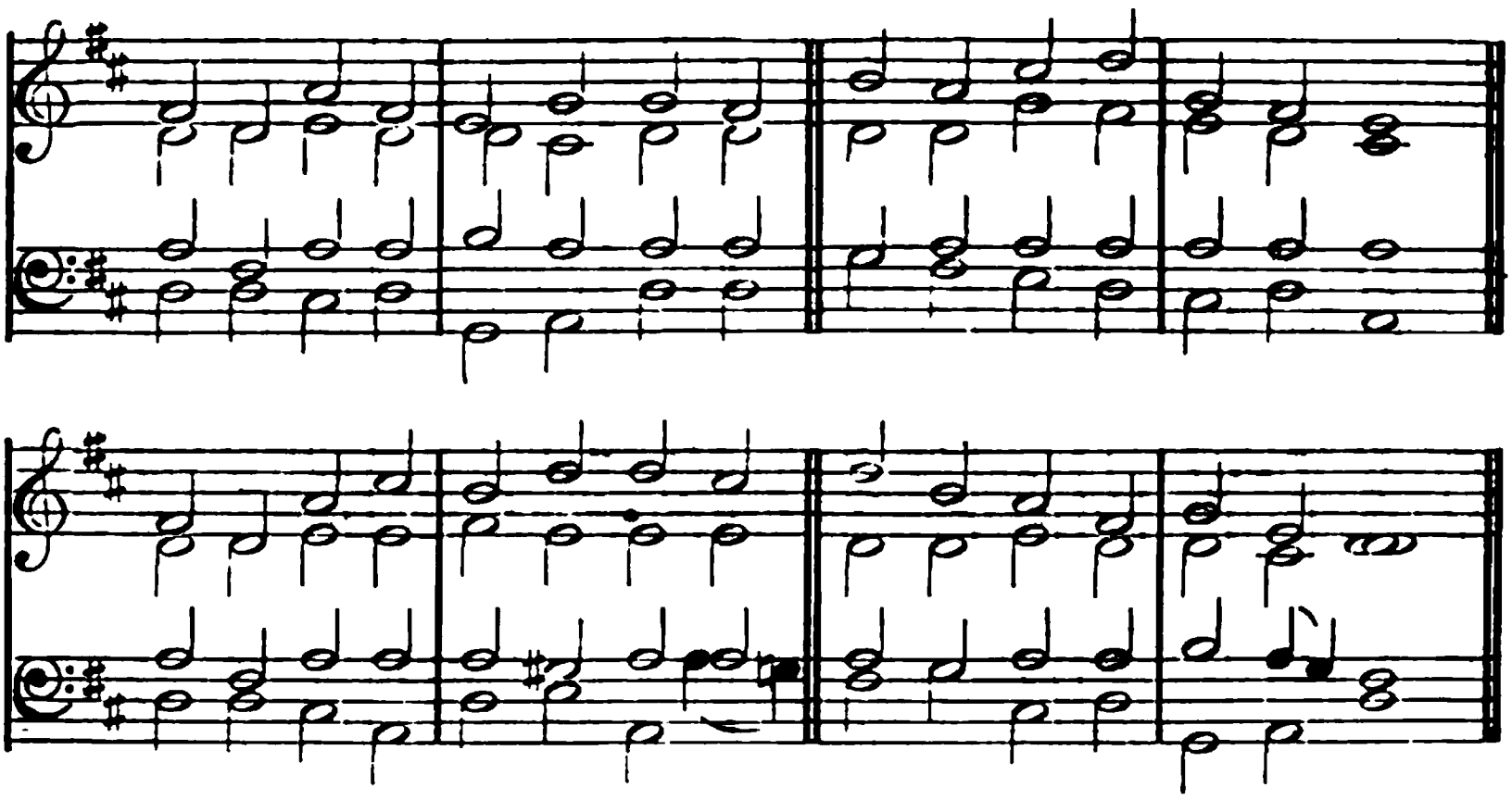
4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Hymn 14 (12)

SHARON (87 87). *William Boyce, Mus. D.*



"One cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory."

1 ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heavèn,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory givèn,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

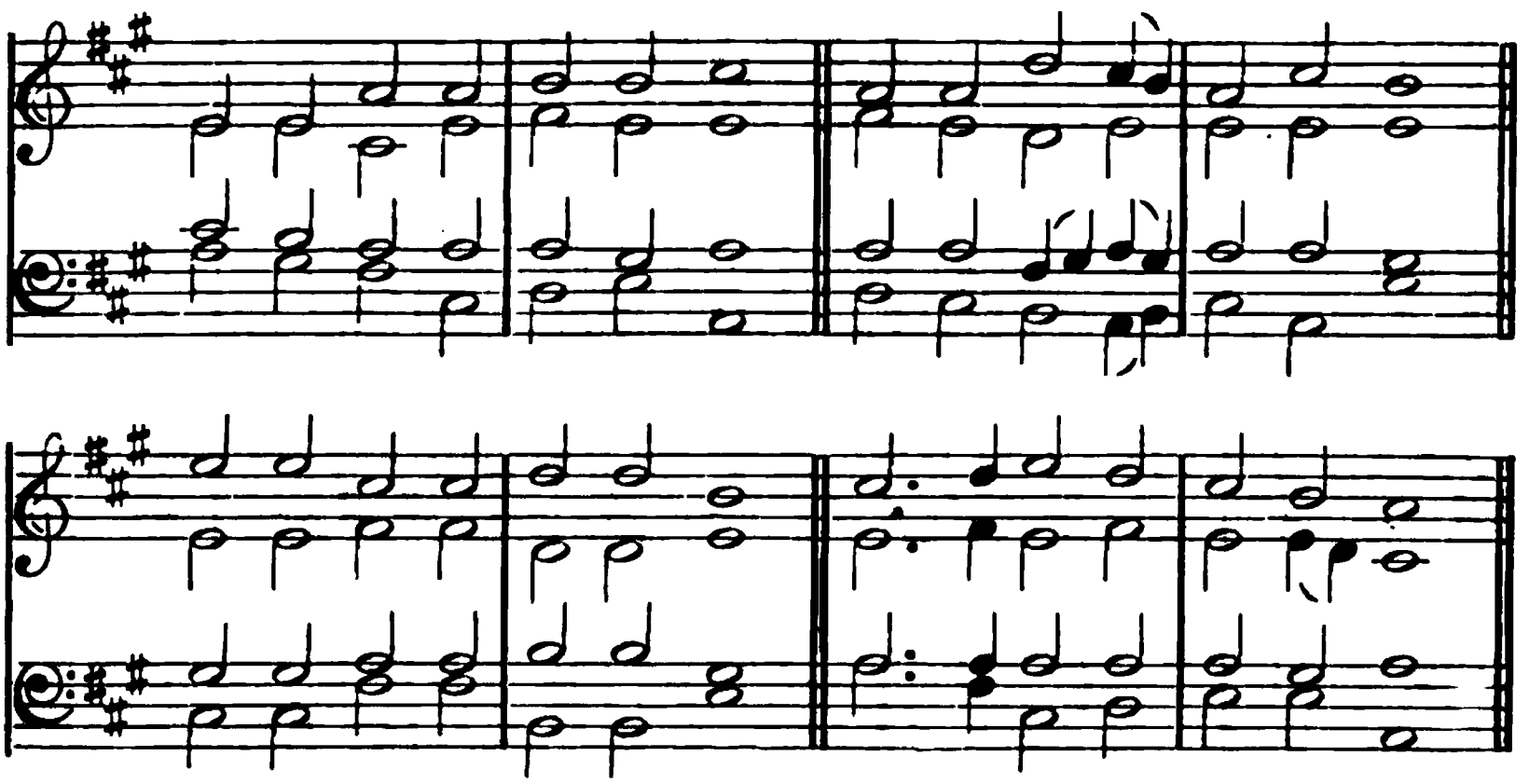
3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

4 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heavèn,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory givèn,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Hymn 15 (13)

HART'S (77 77). *Benjamin Milgrove.*



"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever."

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

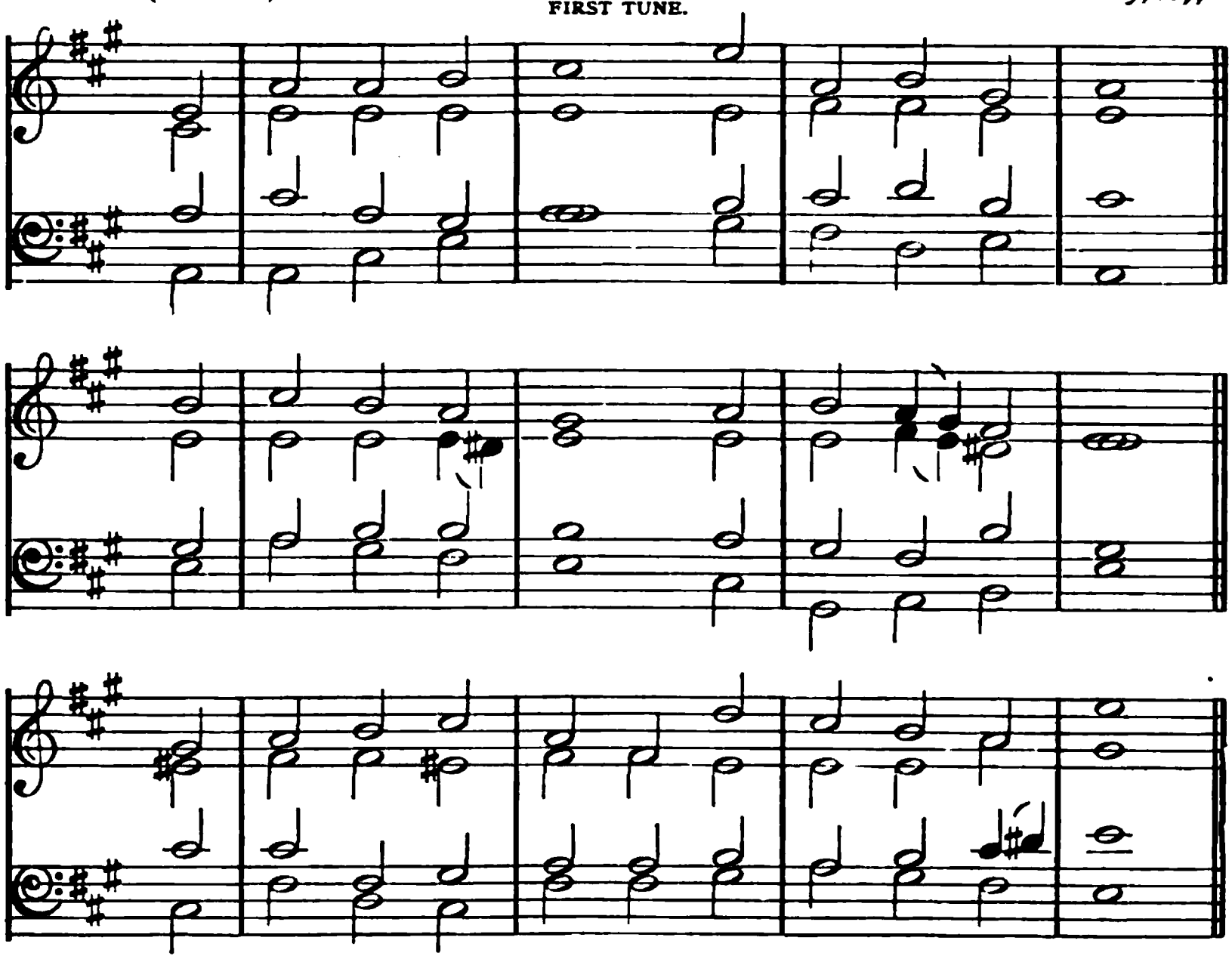
6 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

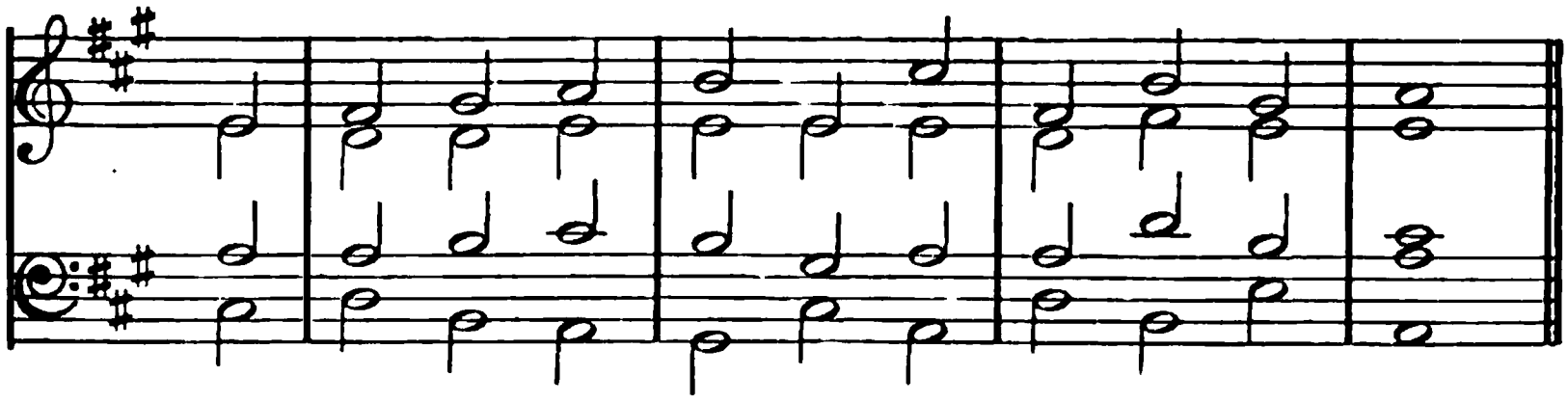
7 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hymn 16 (14)

HANOVER (10 10 11 11). *Wilkins's Psalmody, 1699.*

FIRST TUNE.





"Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty."

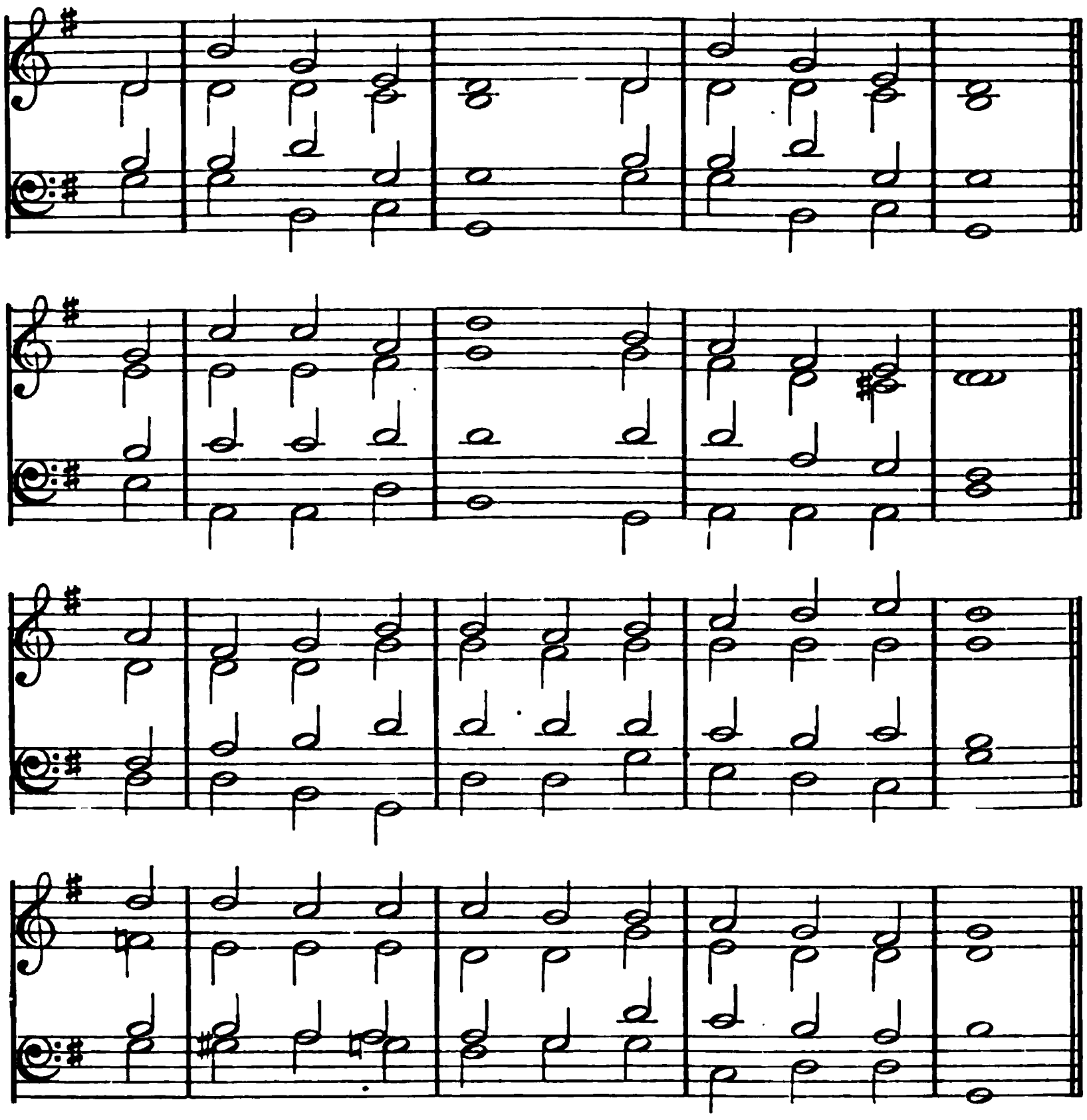
1 O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above!
O gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Hymn 16 (14)

HOUGHTON (10 10 11 11). SECOND TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

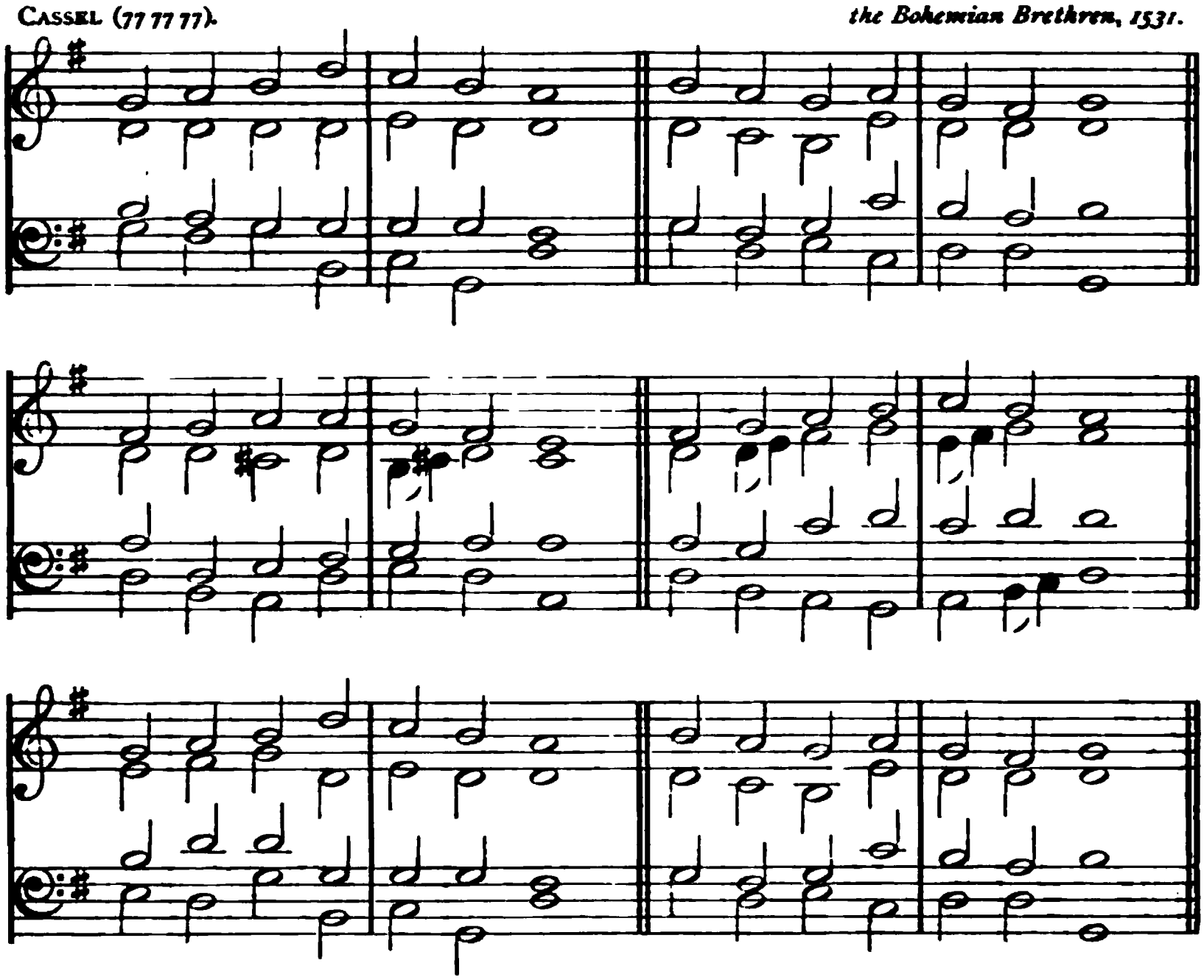
5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might! ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Hymn 17 (15)

CASSEL (77 77 77).

Choralbuch of the Bohemian Brethren, 1531.



"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above."

1 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

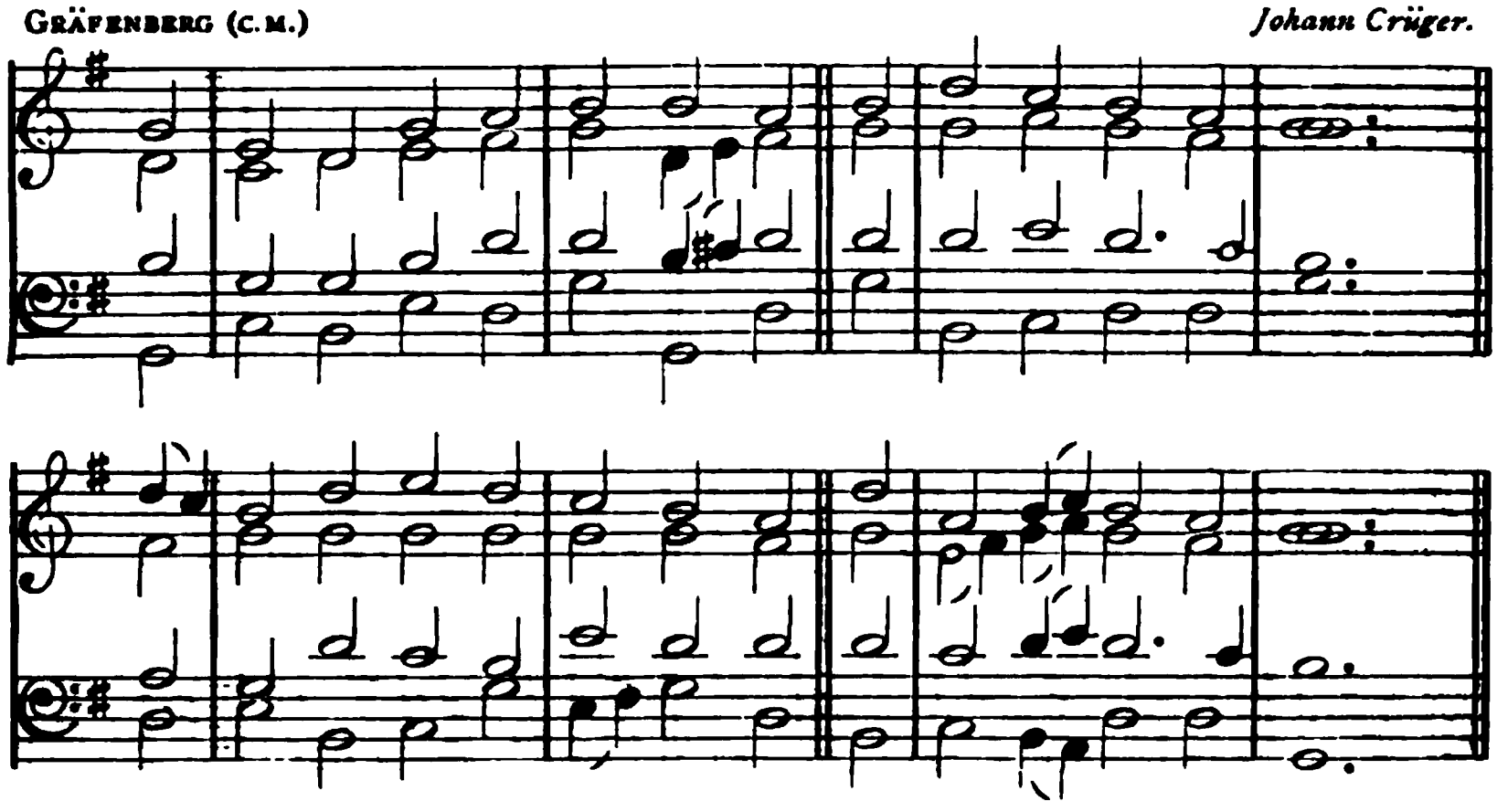
3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

Hymn 18 (16)

GRÄFENBERG (C.M.) *Johann Crüger.*



"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses."

1 HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on Thee.

4 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

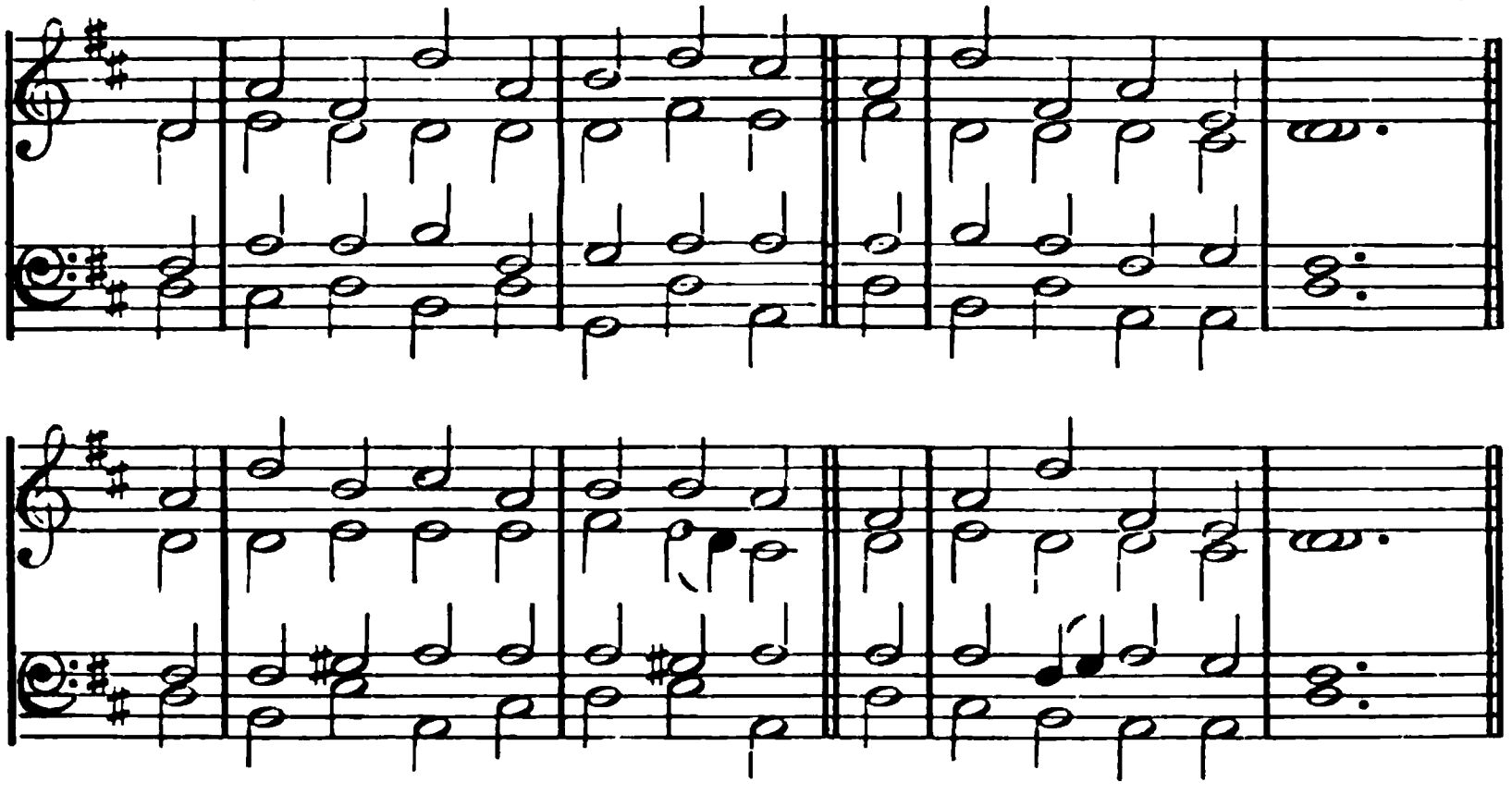
5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will!
The sea that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

7 Our life, while Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot
Shall join our souls to Thee.

Hymn 19 (204)

LONDON NEW (C.M.) *Scotch Psalter, 1635.*



"The winds and the sea obey Him."

1 O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The nightly watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

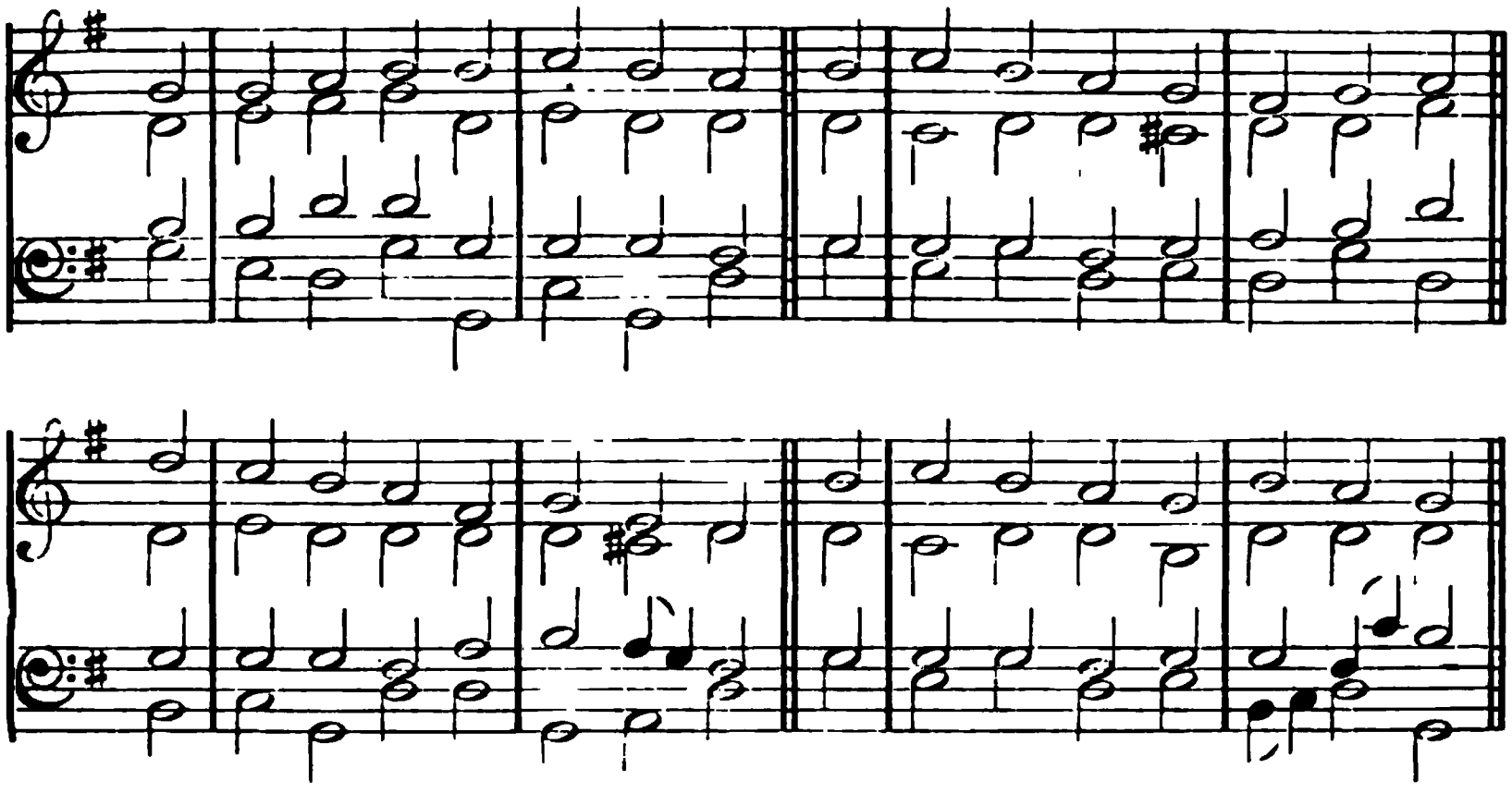
5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts,
To whisper, "Peace, be still!"

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

7 To Thee, the Father, Thee, the Son,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
Thee, Spirit moving on the deep,
Be praise for evermore!

Hymn 20 (17)

COMMANDMENTS (L.M.) *Genevan Psalter, 1561.*



"He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

1 O GOD, who metest in Thine hand
The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
By Thy perpetual decree ;

2 What time the floods lift up their voice,
And break in anger on the shore,
When deep to deep calls with the noise
Of waterspouts and billows' roar ;

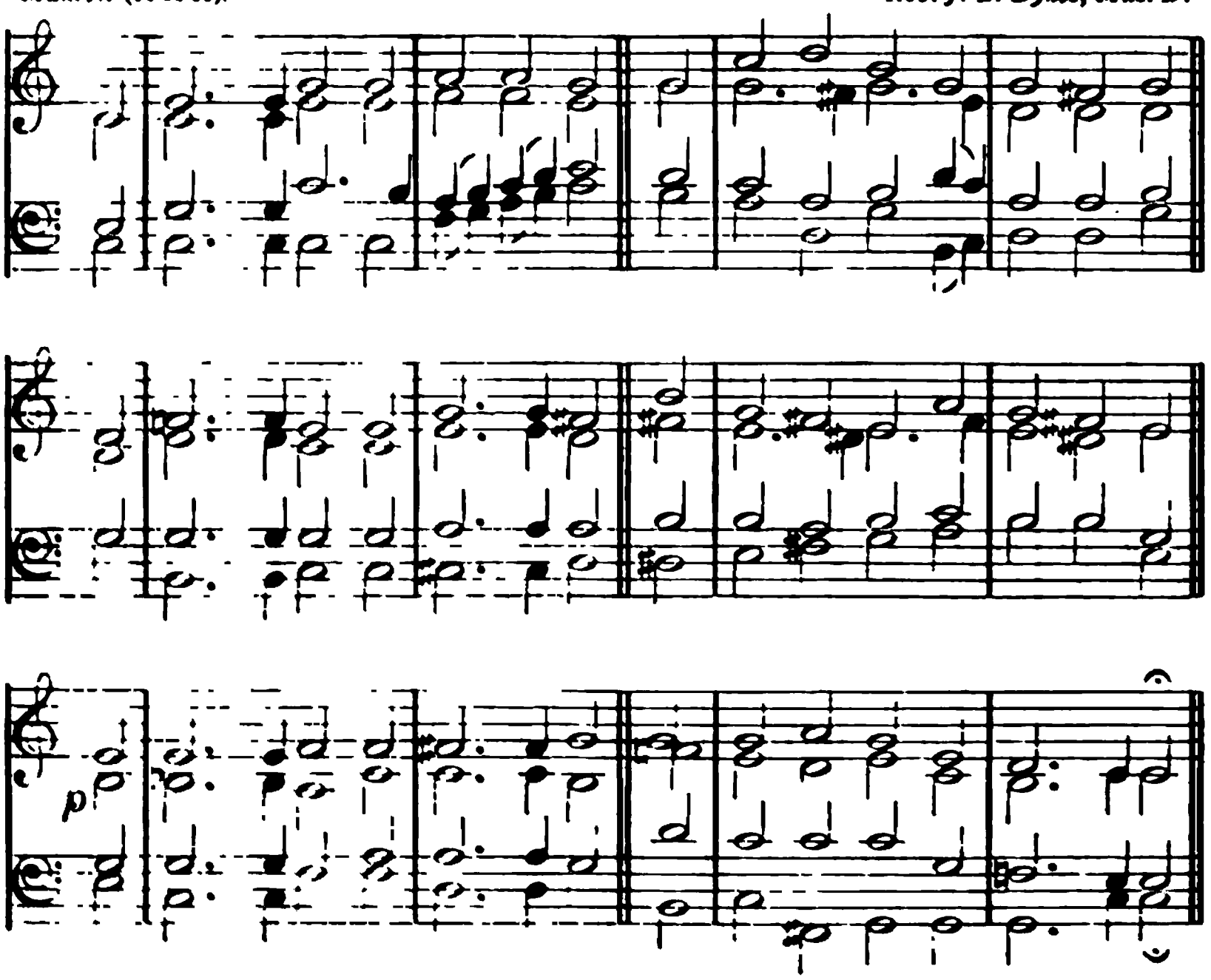
3 When they who to the sea go down,
And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge's crown,
And plunged where seething eddies boil ;—

4 Rule then, O Lord, the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will ;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, "Peace, be still!"

5 So with Thy mercies ever new
Thy servants set from peril free,
And bring them, Pilot wise and true,
Unto the port where they would be.

Hymn 21 (18)

MELITA (88 88 88). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

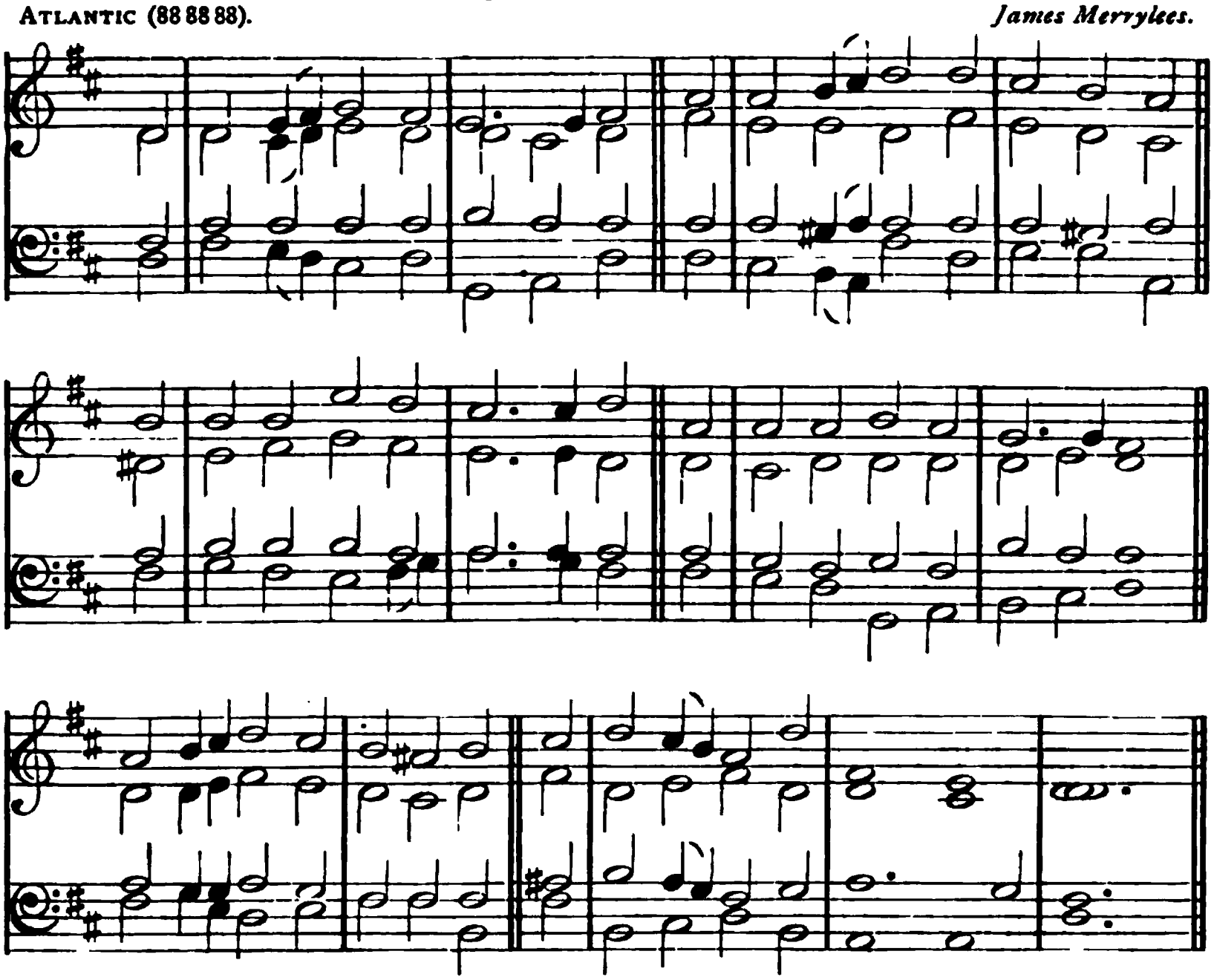
2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Hymn 22 (203)

ATLANTIC (88 88 88). *James Merrylees.*



" The confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."

1 GREAT Ruler of the land and sea,
Almighty God, we come to Thee,
Able to succour and to save
From perils of the wind and wave.
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

2 Speak to the shadows of the night,
And turn their darkness into light;
Smooth down the breaker's rising crest,
Say to the billow, " Be at rest!"
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

3 Soothe the rough ocean's troubled face,
And bid the hurricane give place
To the soft breeze that wafts the bark
Safely alike through light and dark.
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

4 In storm or battle, with Thine arm
Shield Thou the mariner from harm,—
From foes without, from ills within,
From deeds and words and thoughts of sin.
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

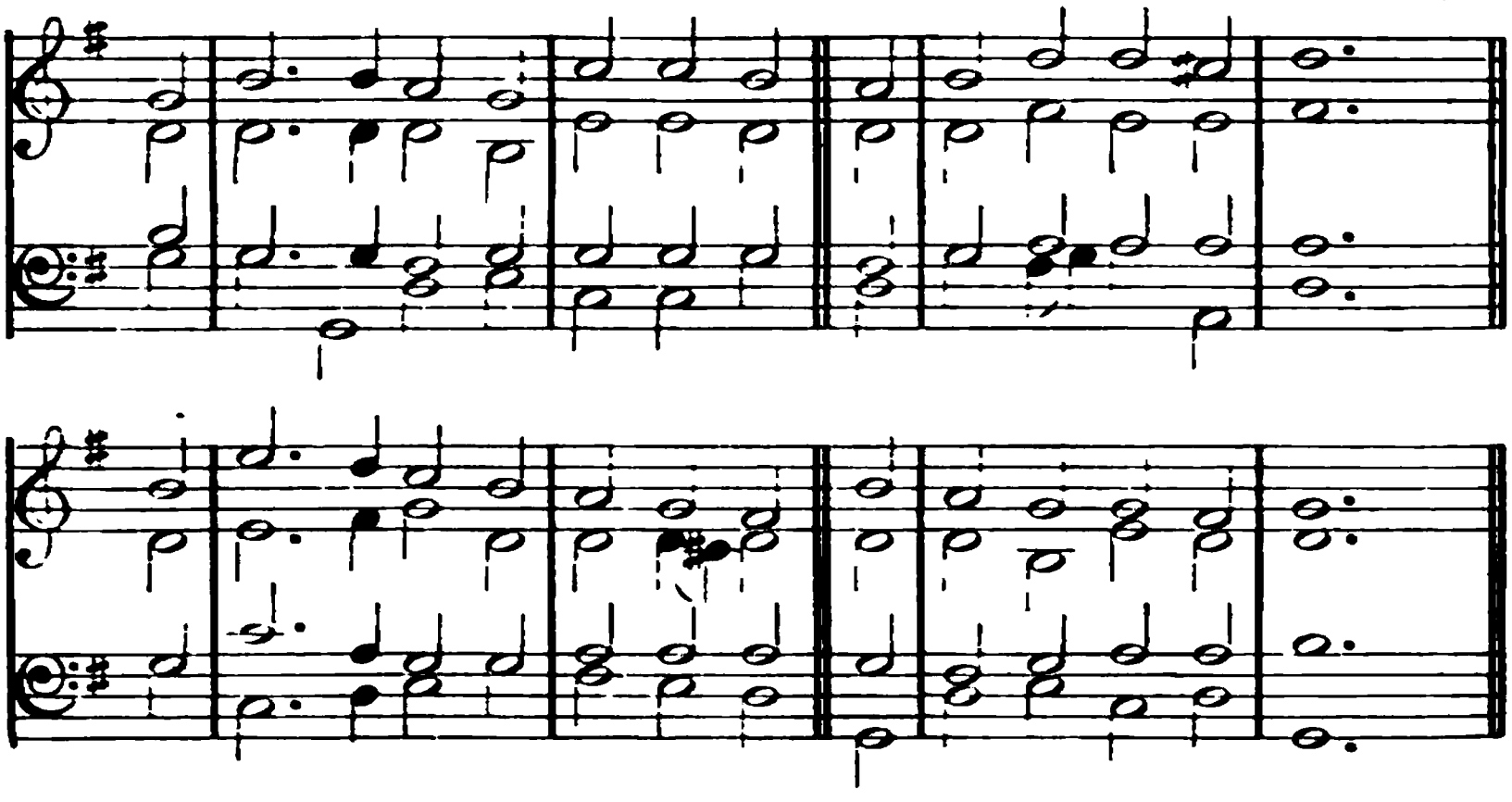
5 O Son of God, in days of ill,
Say to each sorrow, " Peace, be still;"
In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,
Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry.
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

6 Good Pilot of the awful main,
Let us not plead Thy love in vain;
Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,—
Say, " It is I, be not afraid."
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

Hymn 23 (19)

WINCHESTER (C.M.)

George Kirbye.
Este's Psalter, 1592.



"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!"

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy leant an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man:

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.

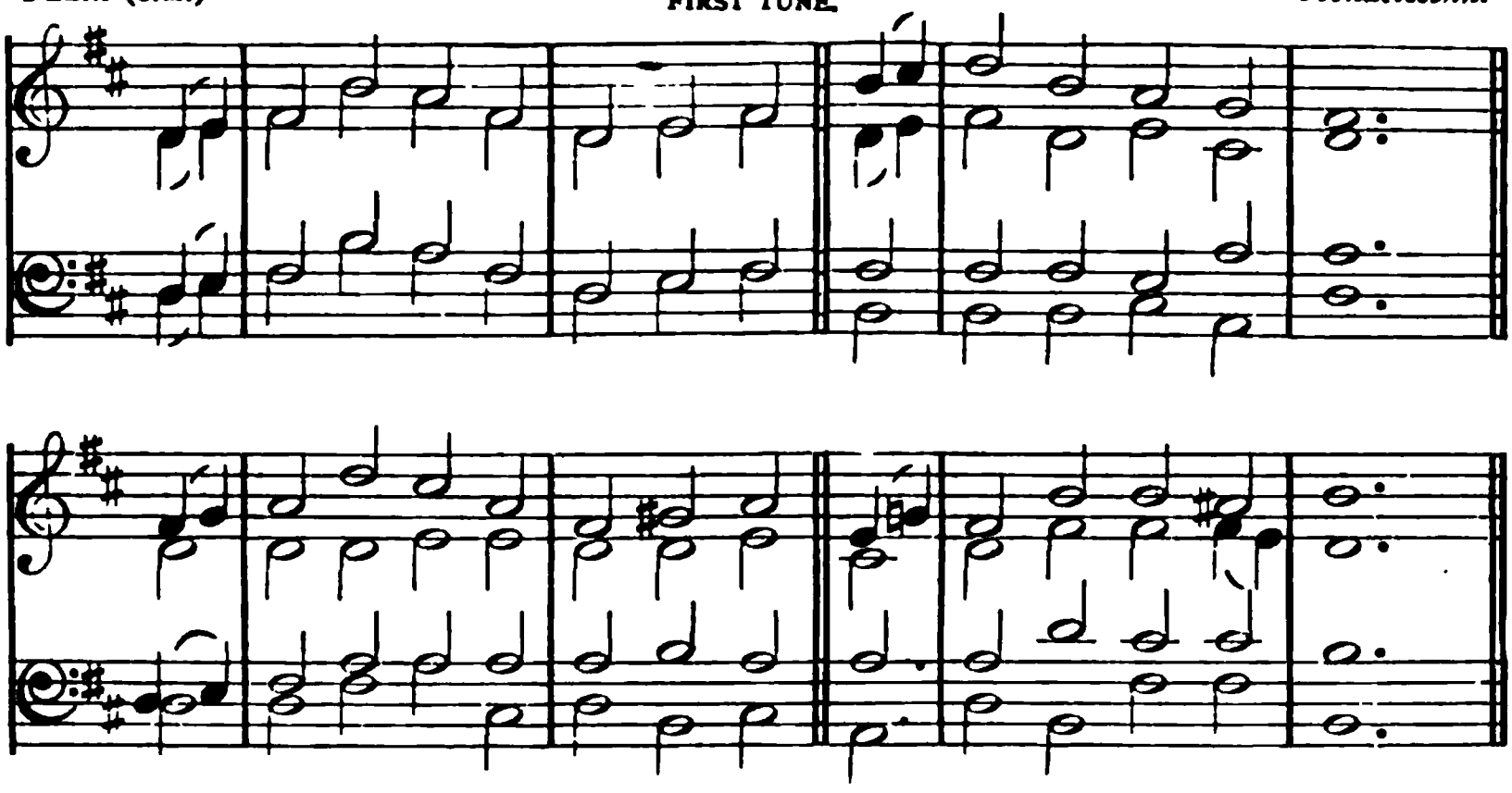
11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Hymn 24 (20)

FELIX (C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Mendelssohn.*



"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

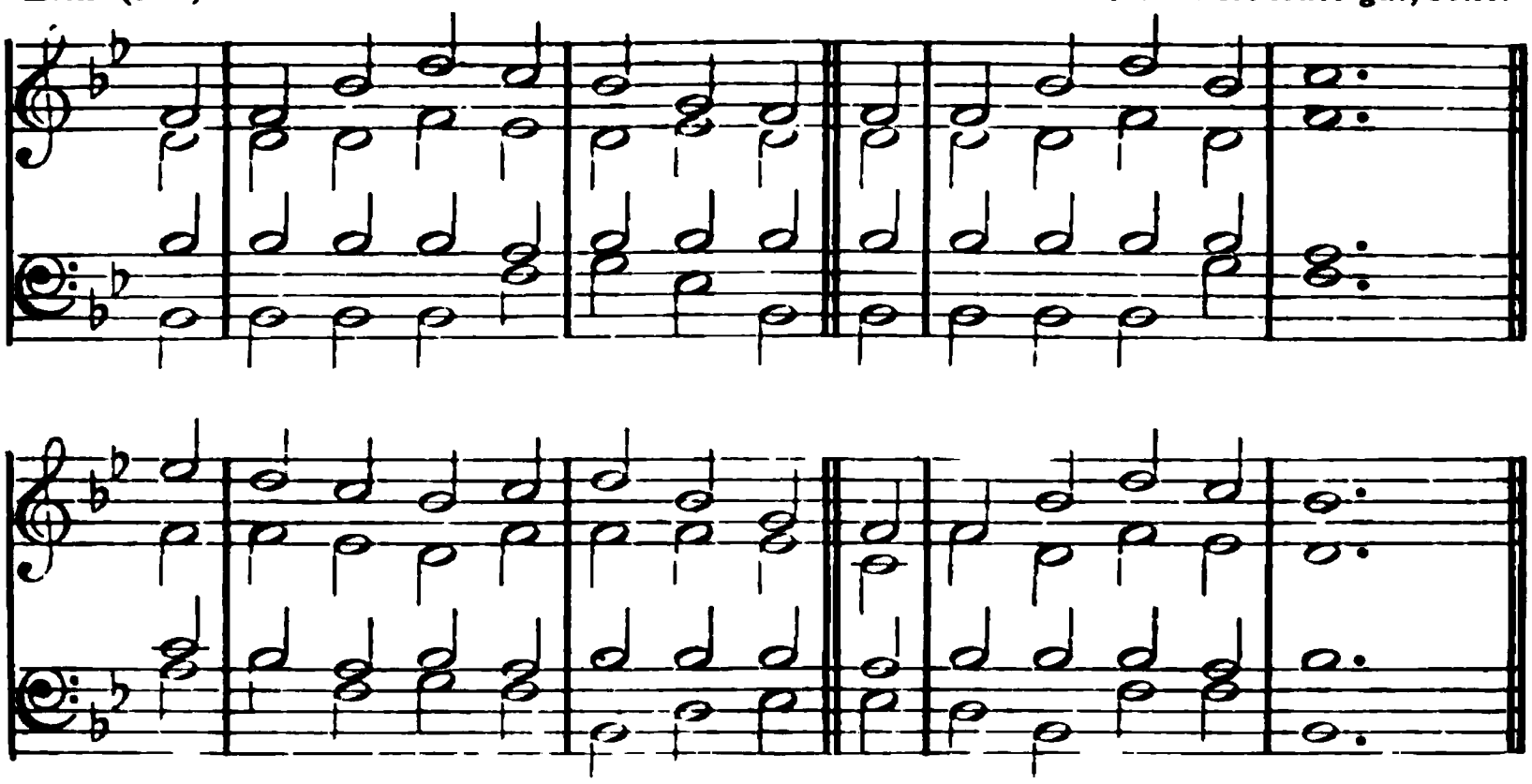
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Hymn 24 (20)

EVAN (C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A.*



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4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

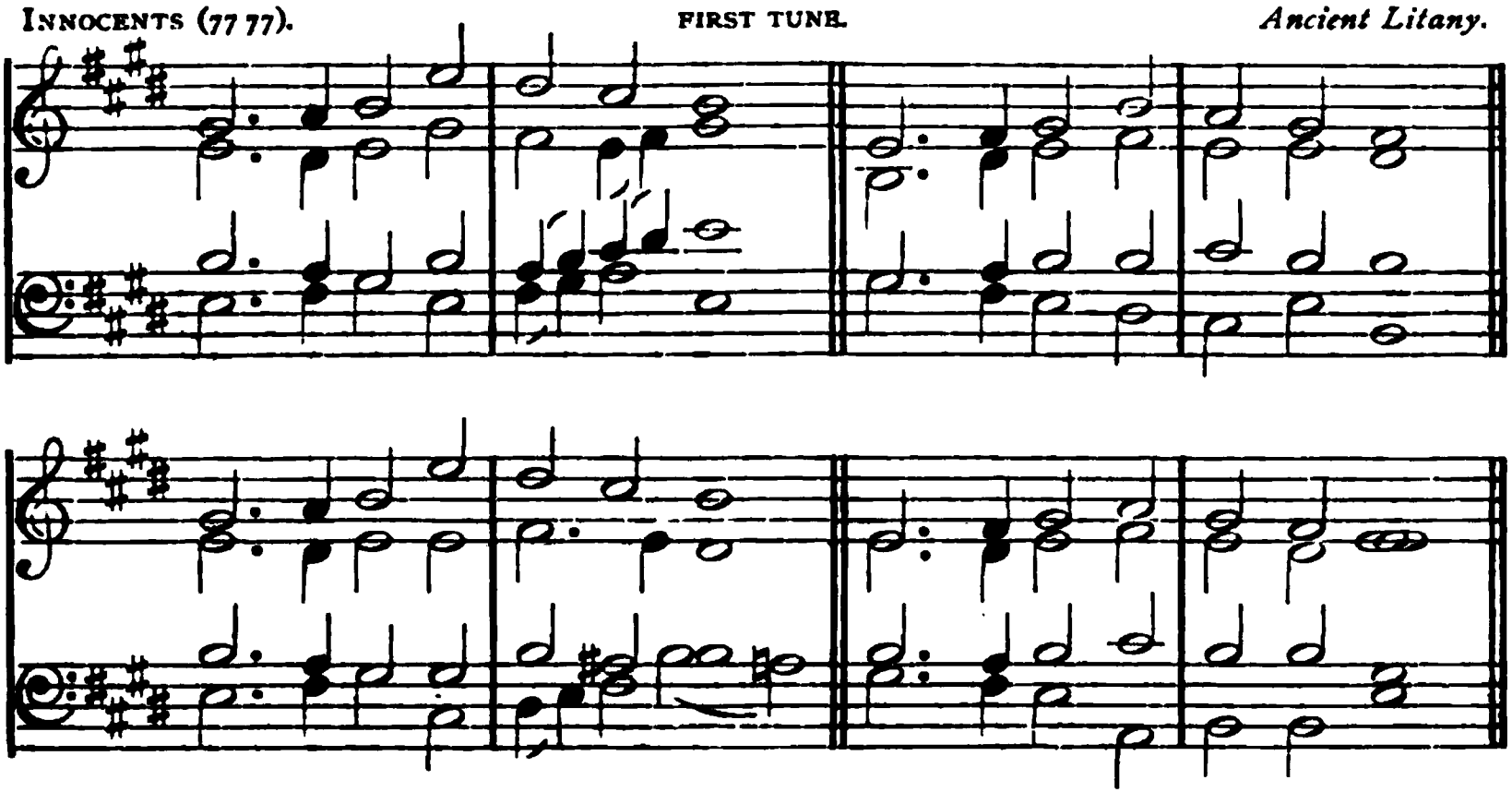
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain,
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

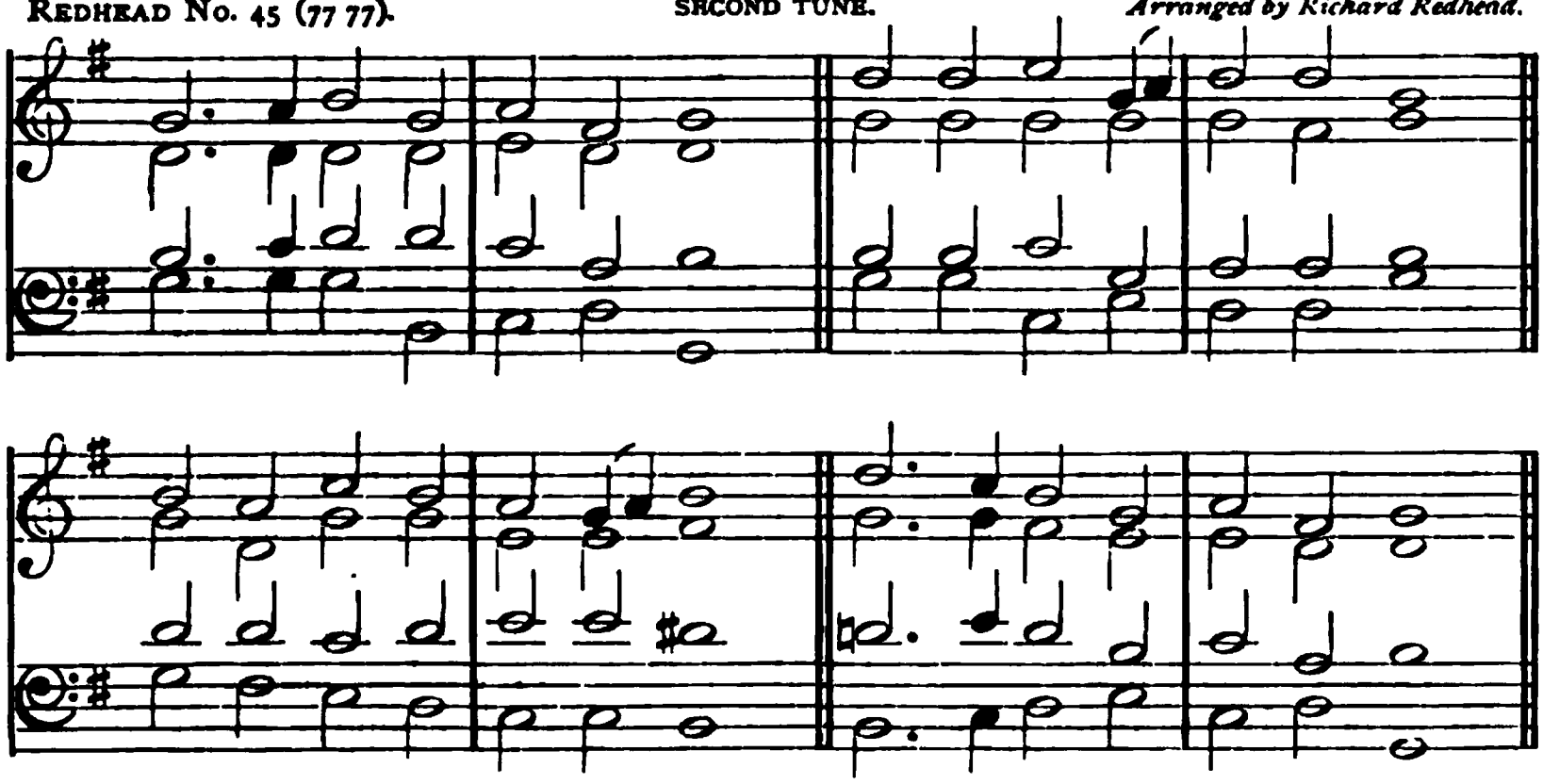
INCARNATION.

Hymn 25 (21)

INNOCENTS (77 77). FIRST TUNE. *Ancient Litany.*



REDHEAD No. 45 (77 77). SECOND TUNE. *Old Melody. Arranged by Richard Redhead.*



"Thou shalt call His name JESUS."

1 JESUS! name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall His people save."

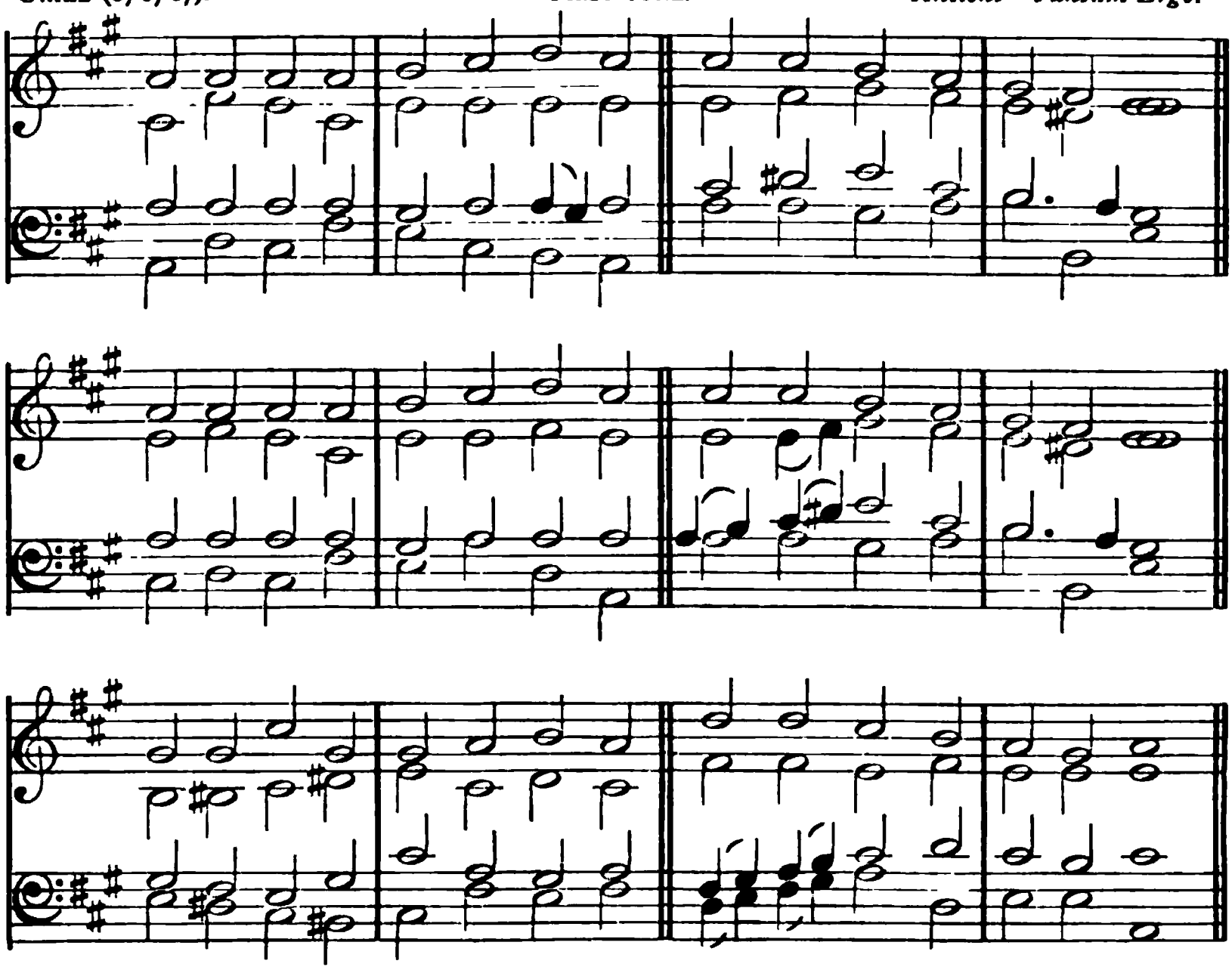
3 Jesus! name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

4 Jesus! only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above!
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Hymn 26 (205)

ORIEL (87 87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Ancient "Tantum Ergo."*



" There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

1 TO the Name of our Salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

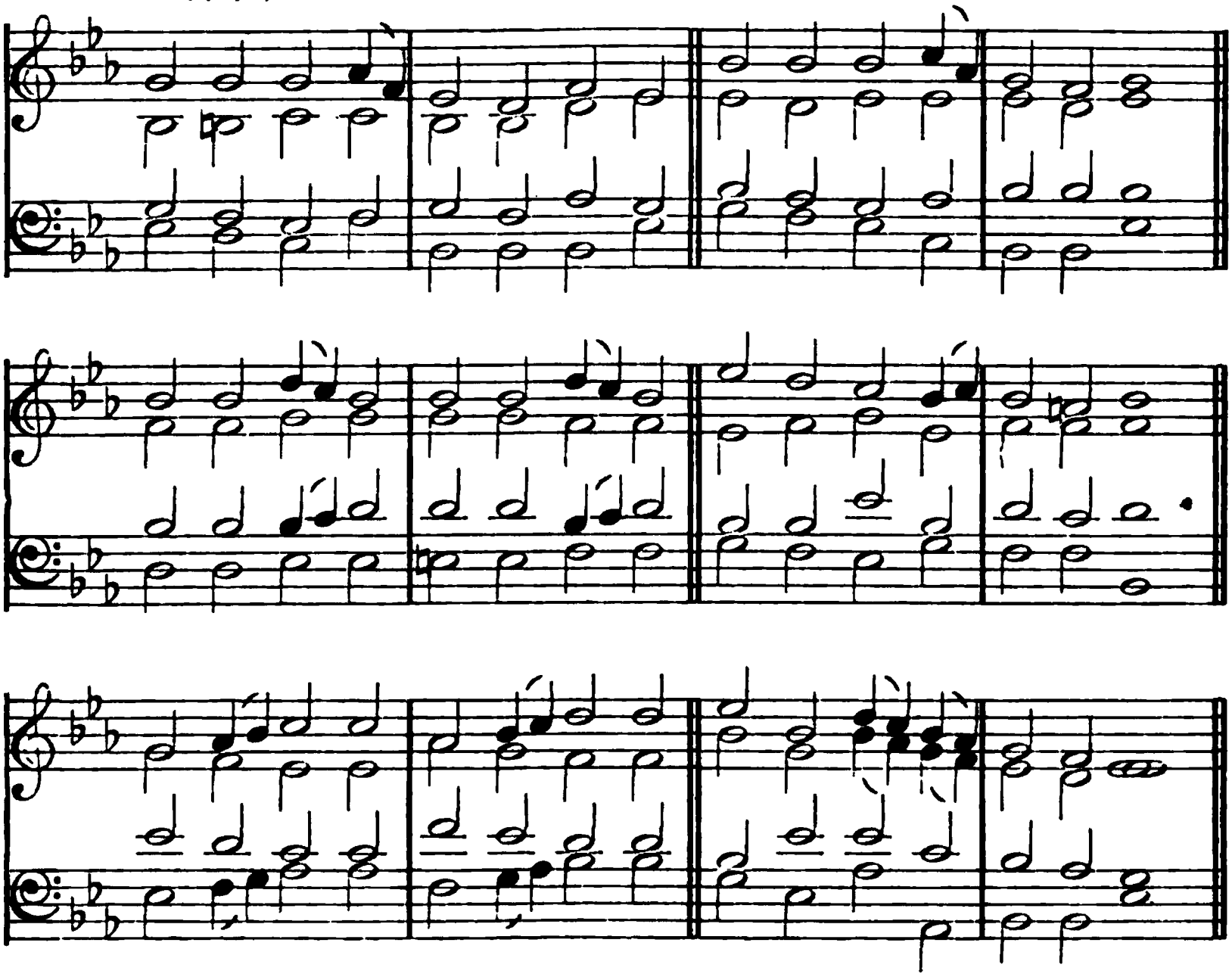
4 'Tis the name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessèd name revere,
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with angels there.

Hymn 26 (205)

REDEMPTION (87 87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Charles Gounod.*



" There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

1 TO the Name of our Salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

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In this vale of misery,
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By the citizens on high.

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Who in prayer this name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

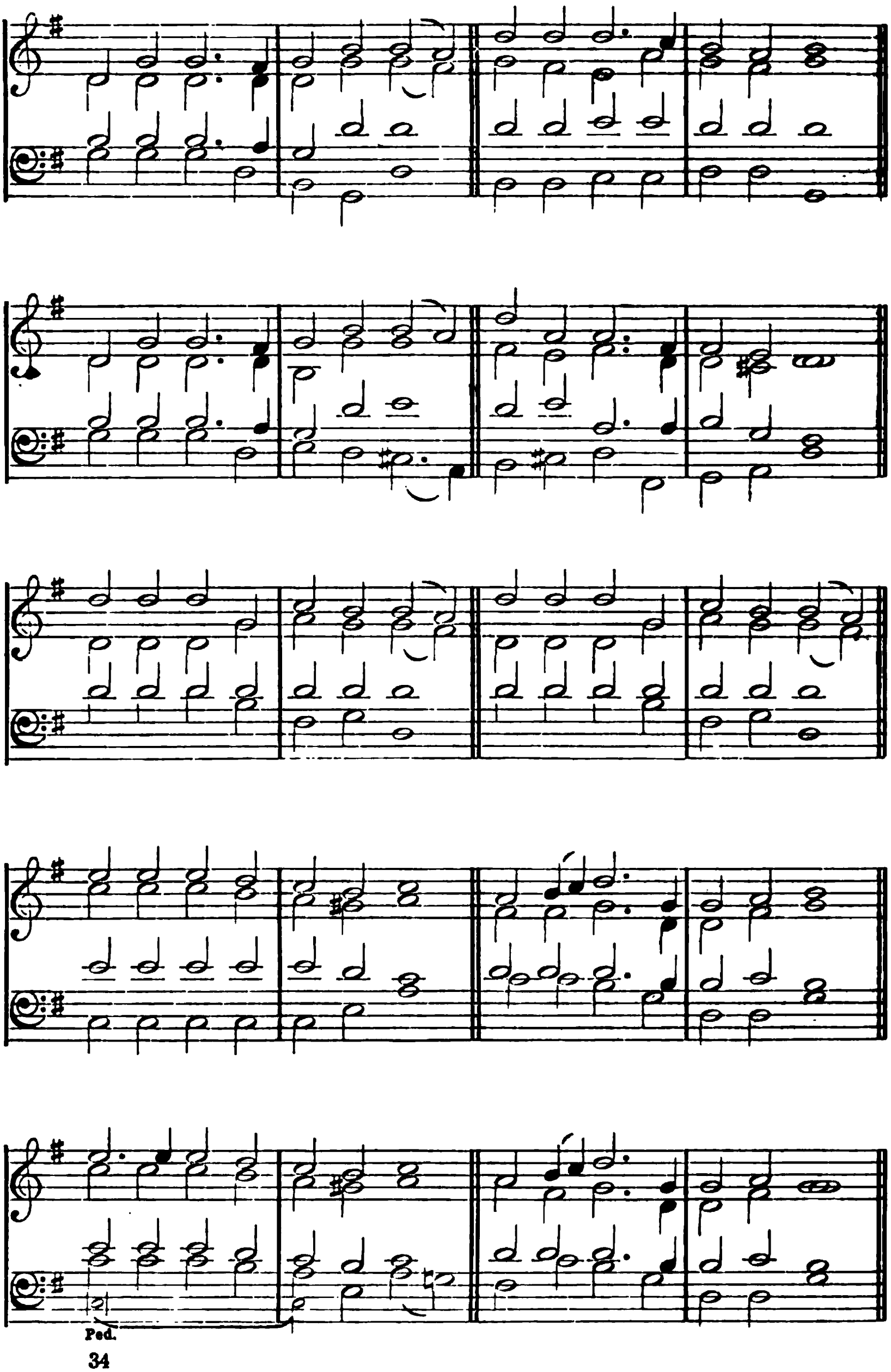
5 Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessèd name revere,
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with angels there.

Hymn 27 (22)

BETHLEHEM (77 77 7 D.

From Mendelssohn's Fest-Gesang.



Hymn 27 (22)

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hymn 28 (206)

ADESTE FIDELES (Irregular). *John Reading.*

Hymn 28 (206)

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels:

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created.

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Sing, choir of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all the citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest.

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

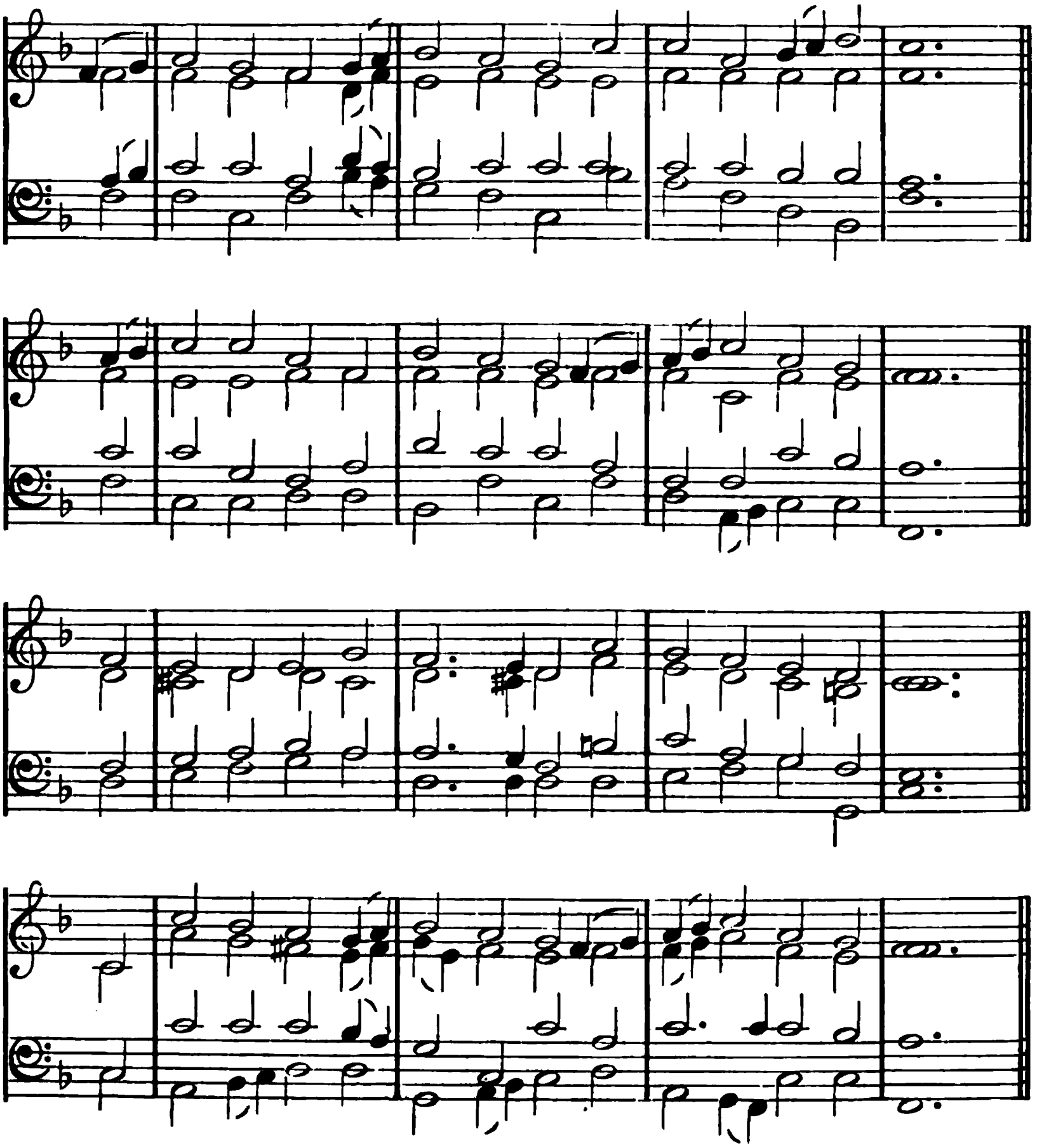
4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Hymn 29 (207)

NOEL (D.C.M.)

Traditional Air.
Re-arranged by Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.



"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Hymn 29 (207)

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

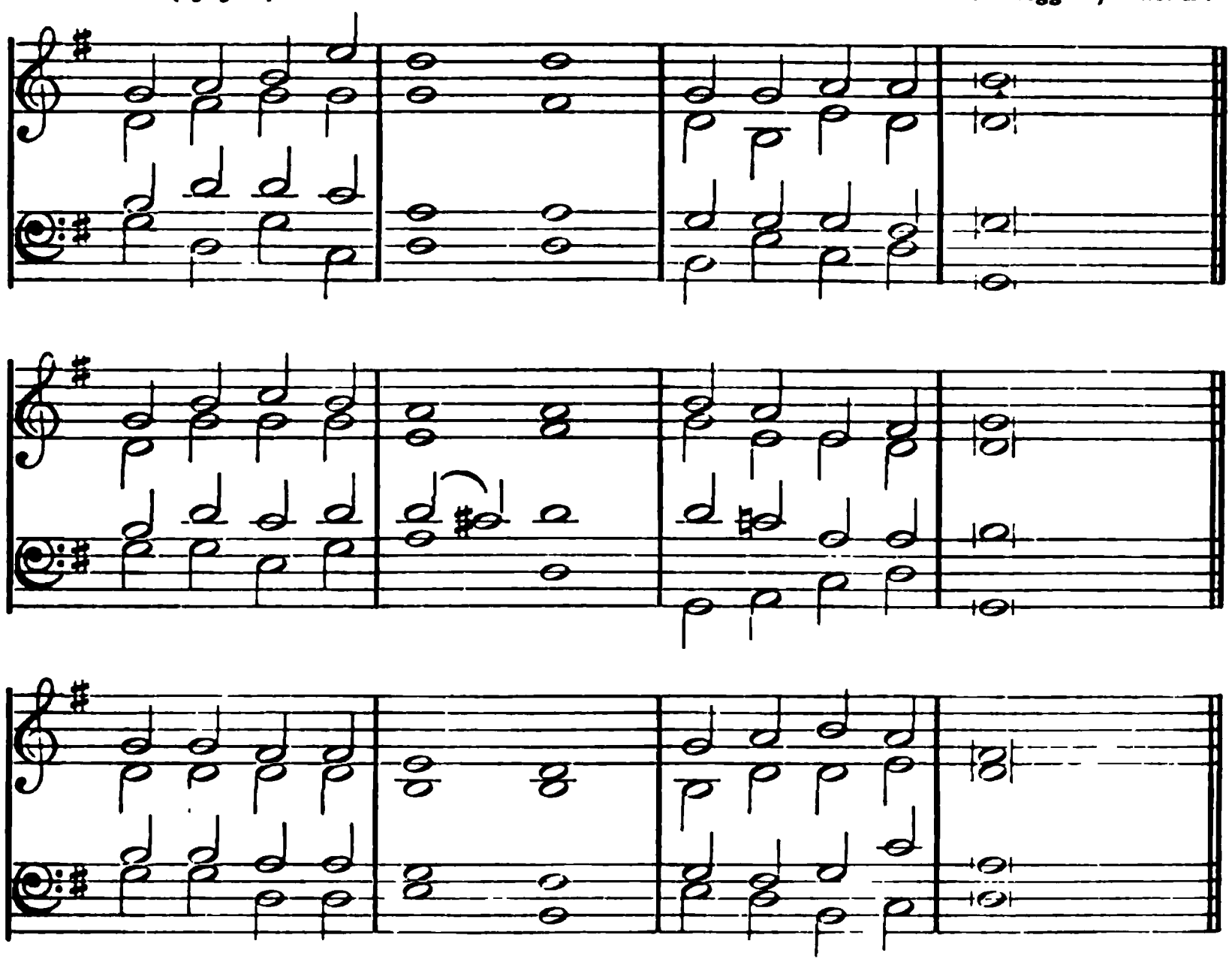
3 But with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The song of love they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

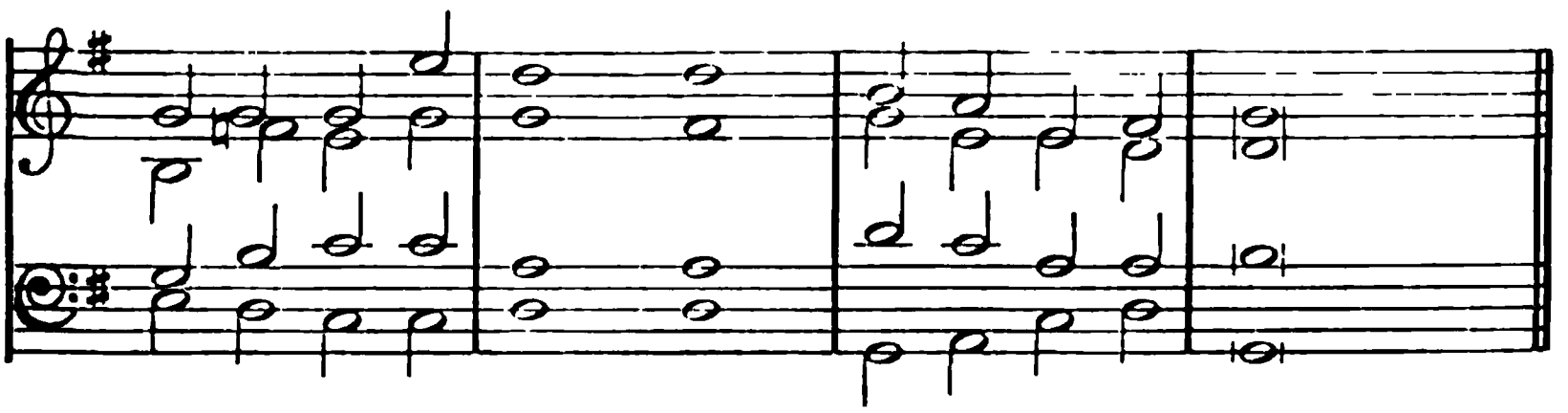
4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets sung of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,—
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Hymn 30 (208)

GROSVENOR (6565 D.) *Charles Steggall, Mus. D.*





"A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."

1 FROM the eastern mountains, pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom, to His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion, hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward, guided by a star.

2 There their Lord and Saviour meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them onward on their way;
Ever now to lighten nations from afar,
As they journey homeward by that guiding star.

3 Thou who in a manger once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory o'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen, who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness of Thy guiding star.

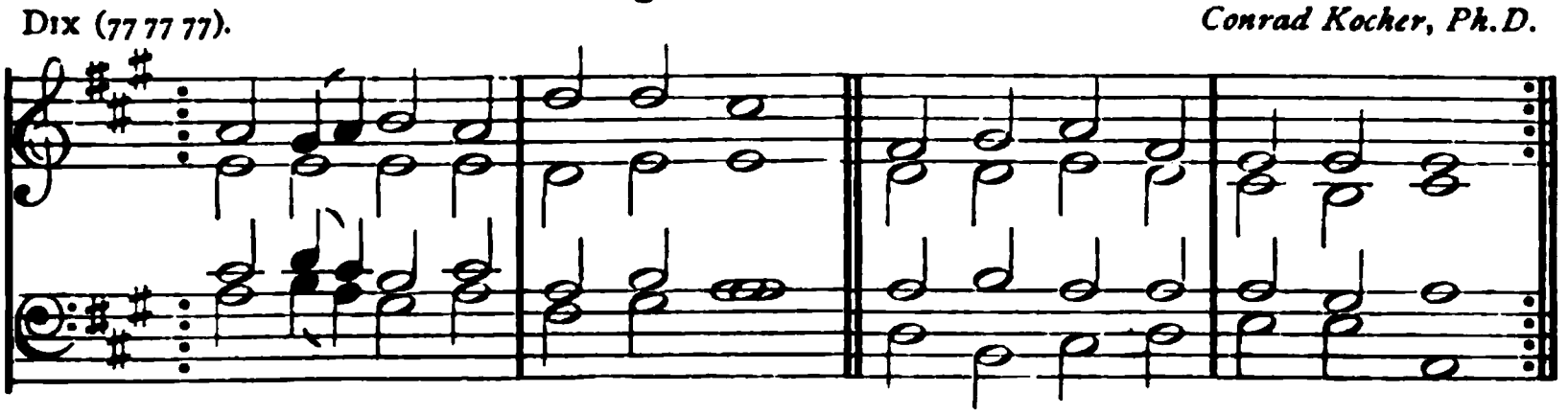
Hymn 30 (208)

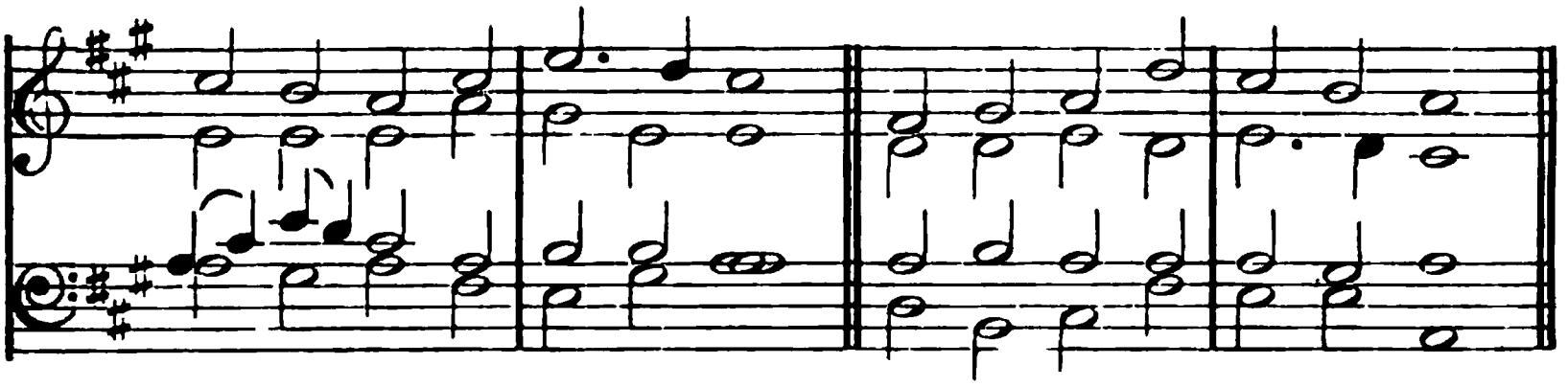
4 Gather in the outcasts, all who go astray,—
Throw Thy radiance o'er them, guide them on their way ;
Those who never knew Thee, those who wander far,
Guide them by the brightness of Thy guiding star.

5 Onward through the darkness of the lonely night,
Shining still before them with Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile, homeward from afar,
Young and old together, by Thy kindly star.

Hymn 31 (23)

Dix (77 77 77). *Conrad Kocher, Ph.D.*





" When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

1 AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,—
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

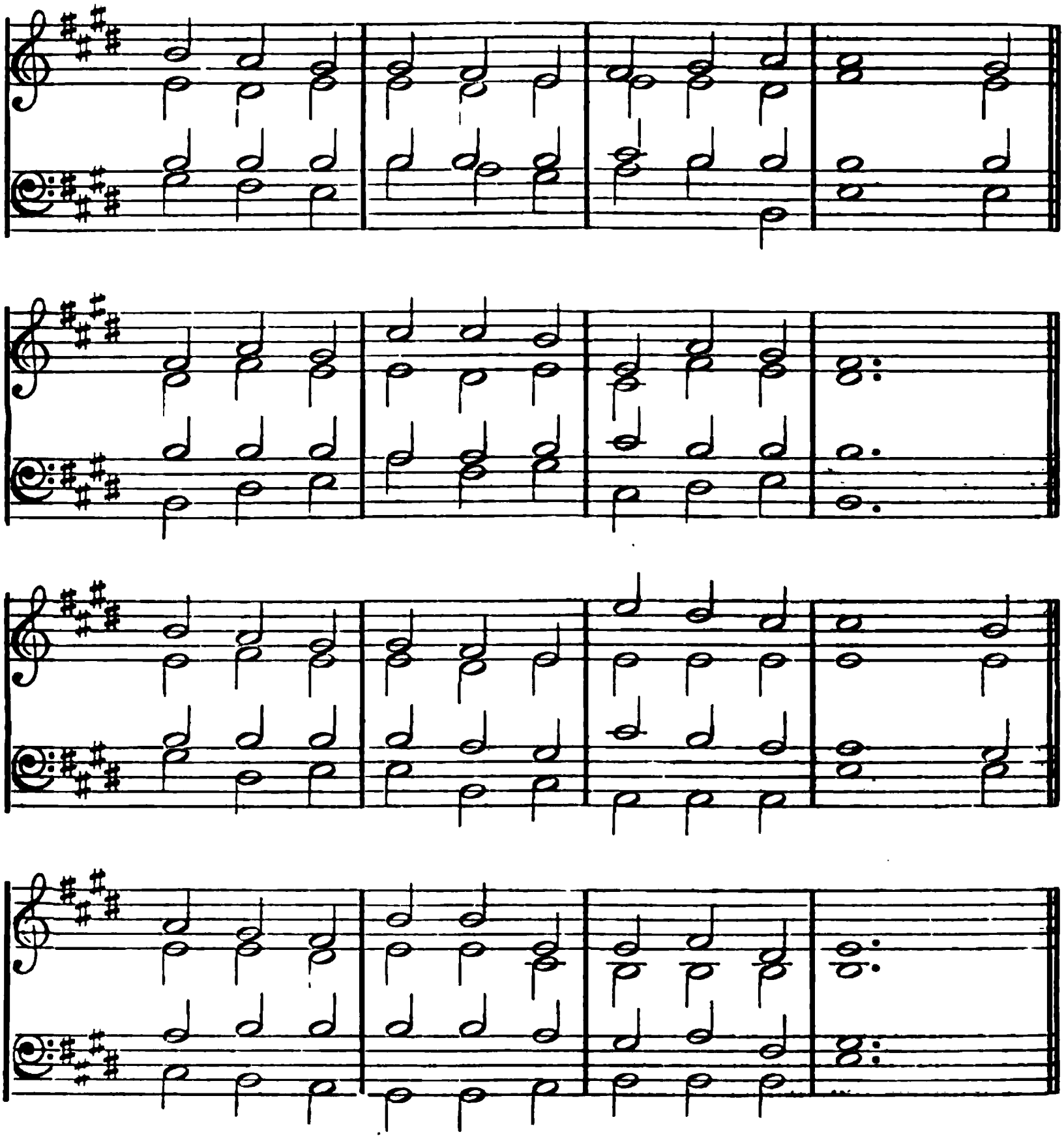
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down ;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Hymn 32 (24)

SPRINGFIELD (11 10 11 10). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. P. Maurice, D.D.*



"We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him."

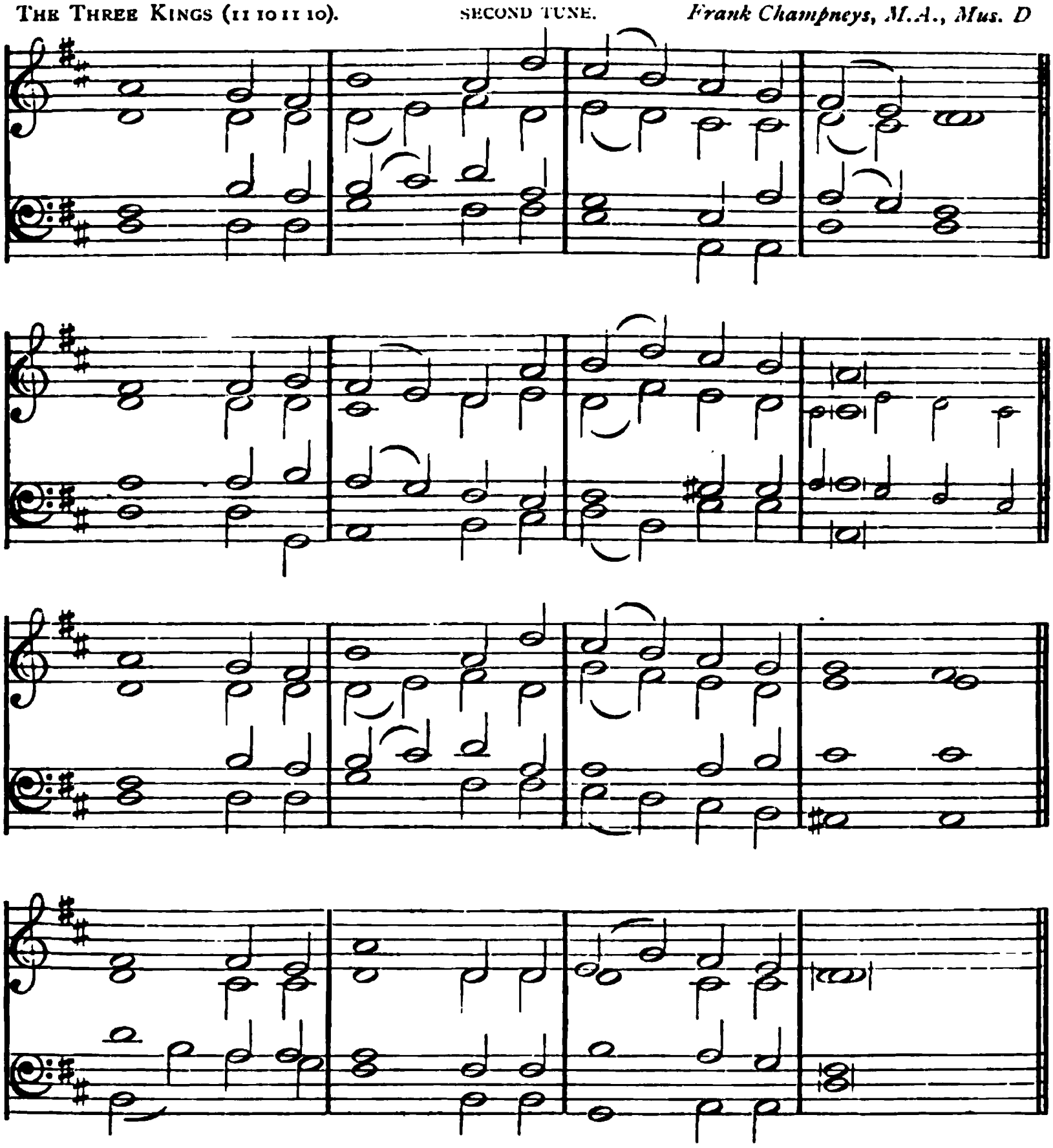
1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,

Hymn 32 (24)

THE THREE KINGS (11 10 11 10). SECOND TUNE. *Frank Champneys, M.A., Mus. D*



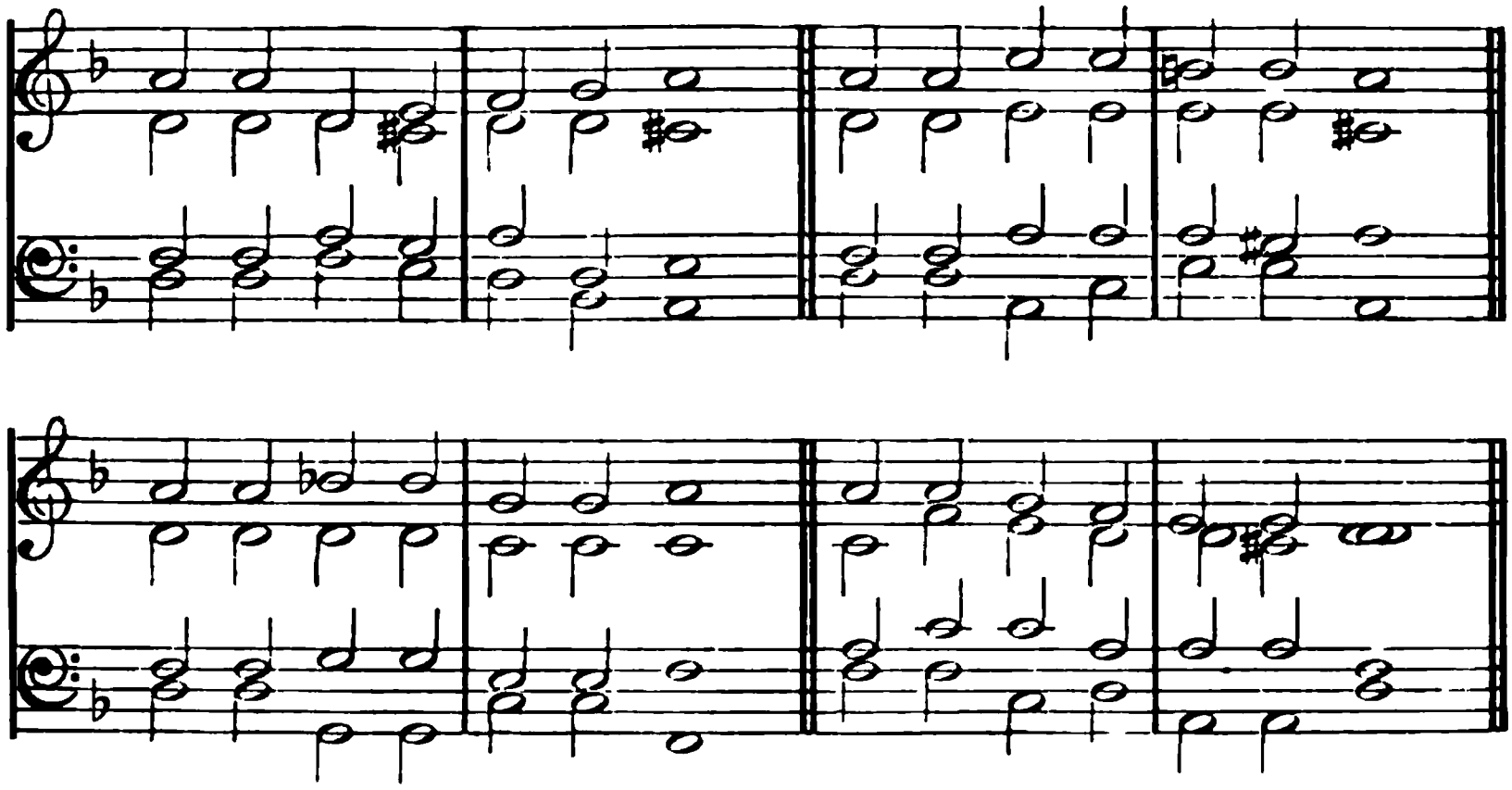
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Hymn 33 (209)

HEINLEIN (77 77). *Paul Heinlein.*



"And Jesus....was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days He did eat nothing."

1 FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed ;
Prowling beasts about Thy way ;
Stones Thy pillow ; earth Thy bed

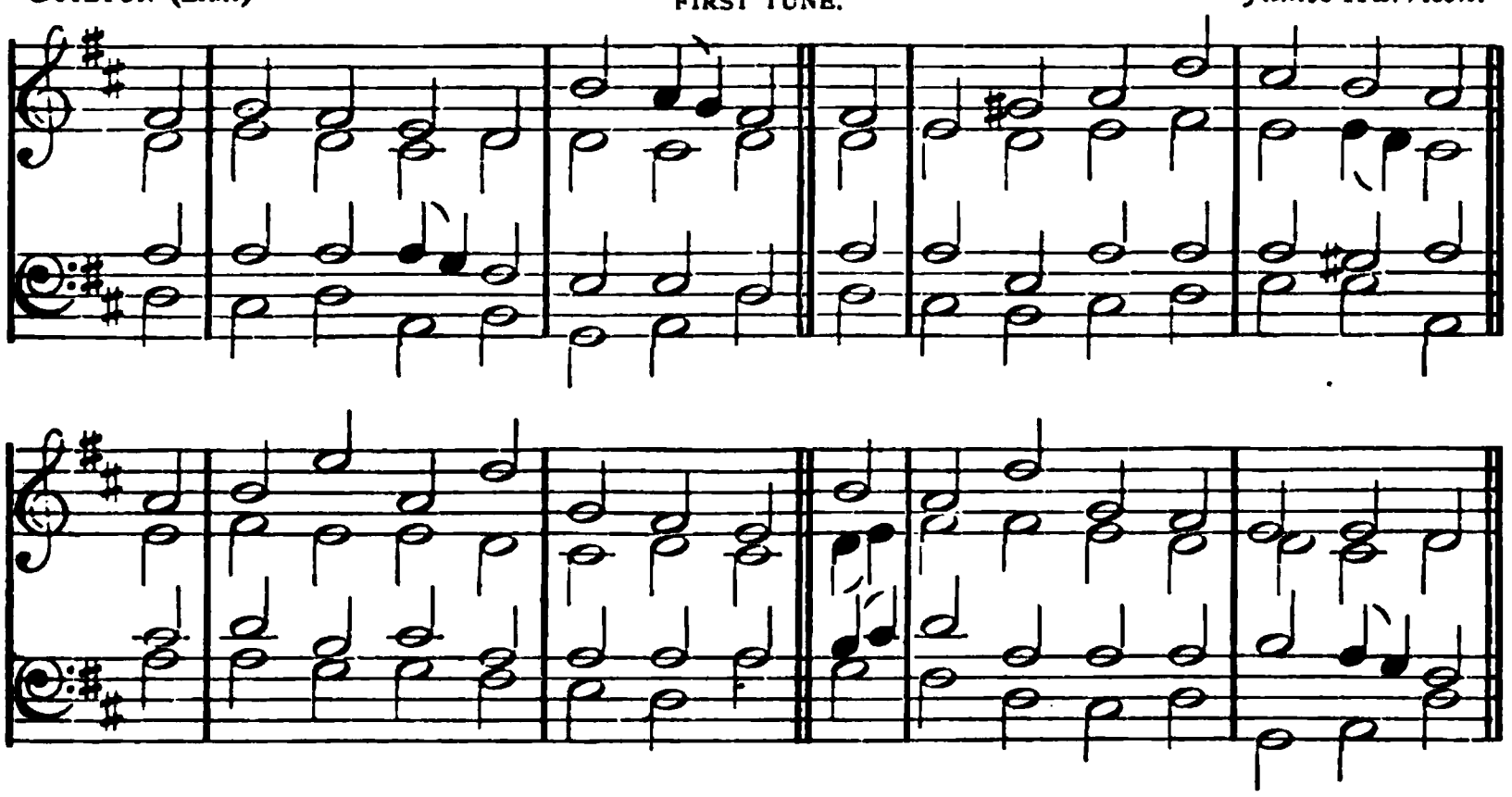
3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain ?

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

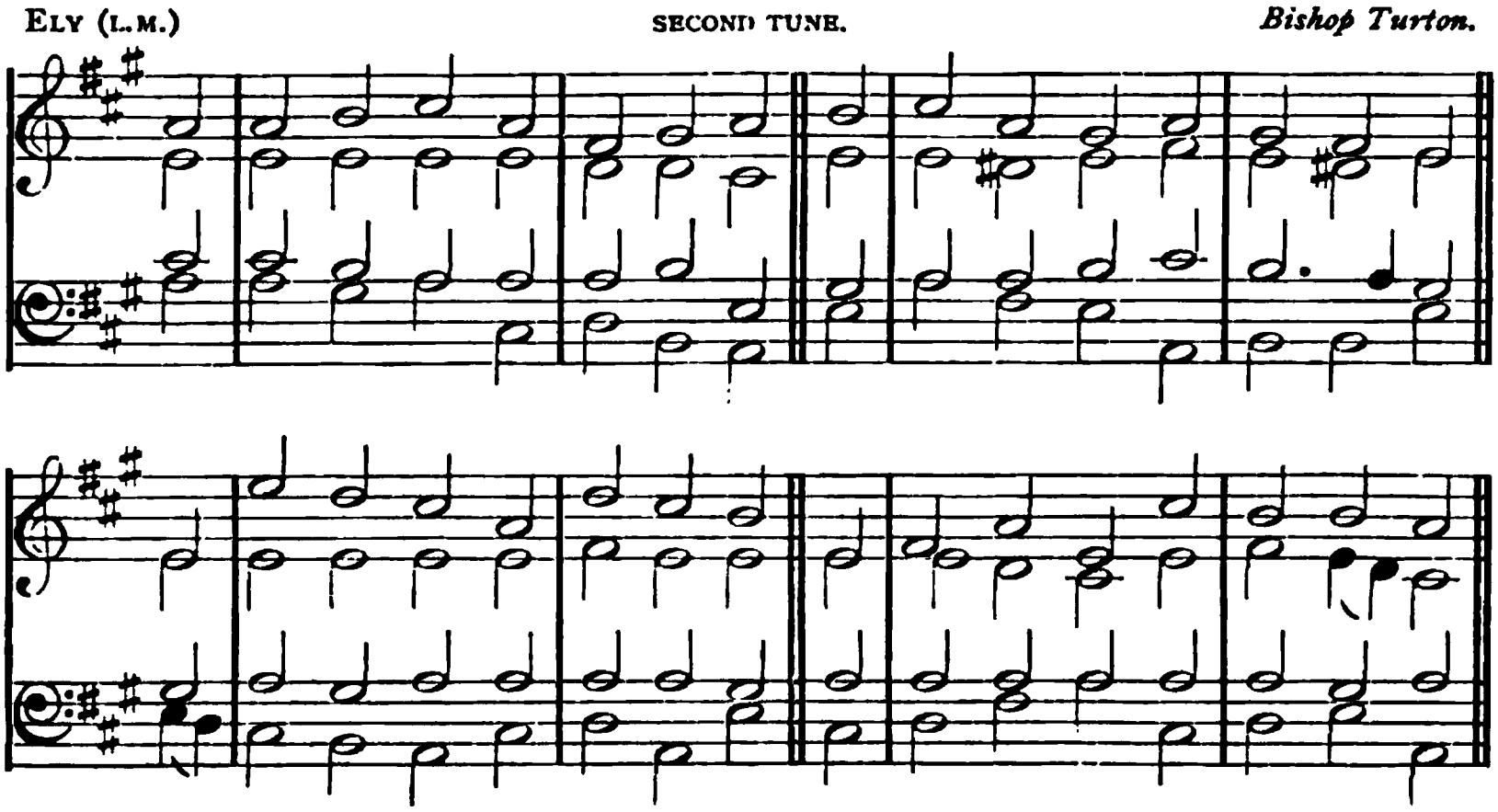
5 So shall we have peace divine ;
Holier gladness ours shall be :
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Hymn 34 (210)

GUILTON (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *James Harrison.*



ELY (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Bishop Turton.*



"Jesus was transfigured before them."

1 O WONDROUS type! O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

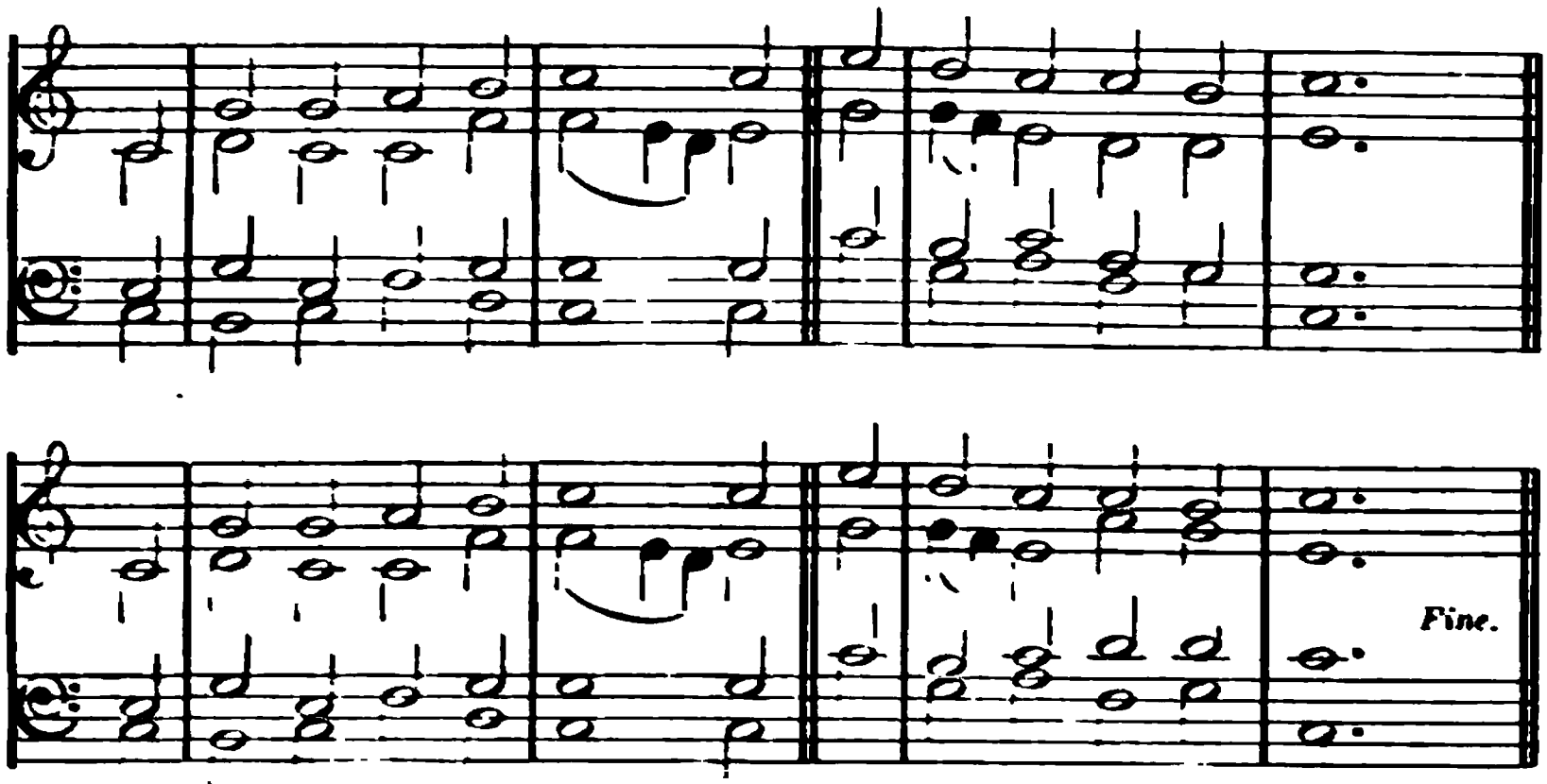
3 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery,
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

4 O Father, with the eternal Son
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

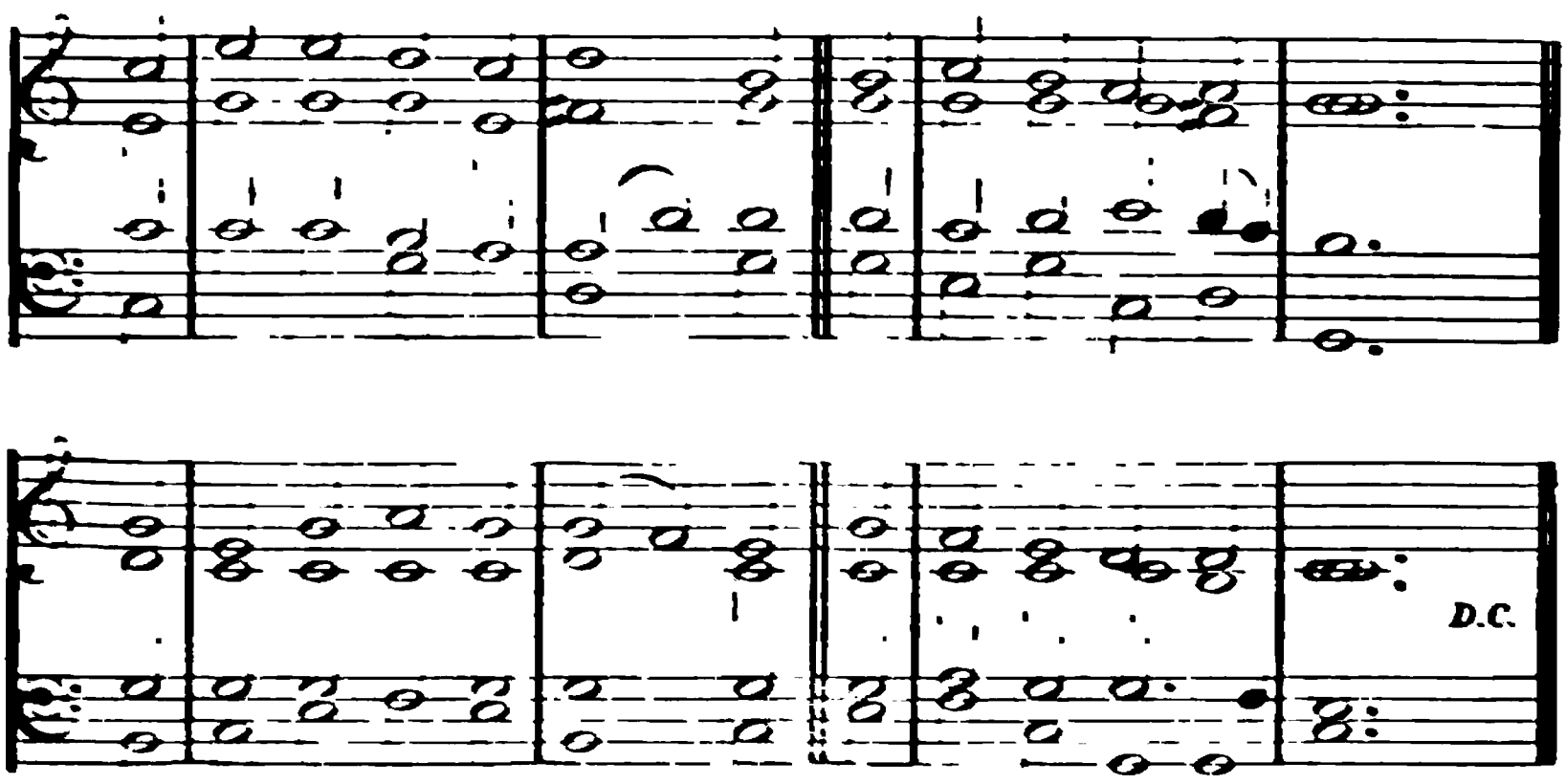
Hymn 35 (211)

S. Theodulph (76 76 D.)

Melchior Teschner.



Verse 2 and remaining verses begin here.



[illegible]

1 All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One
[illegible]

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
[illegible]

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
[illegible]

Hymn 35 (211)

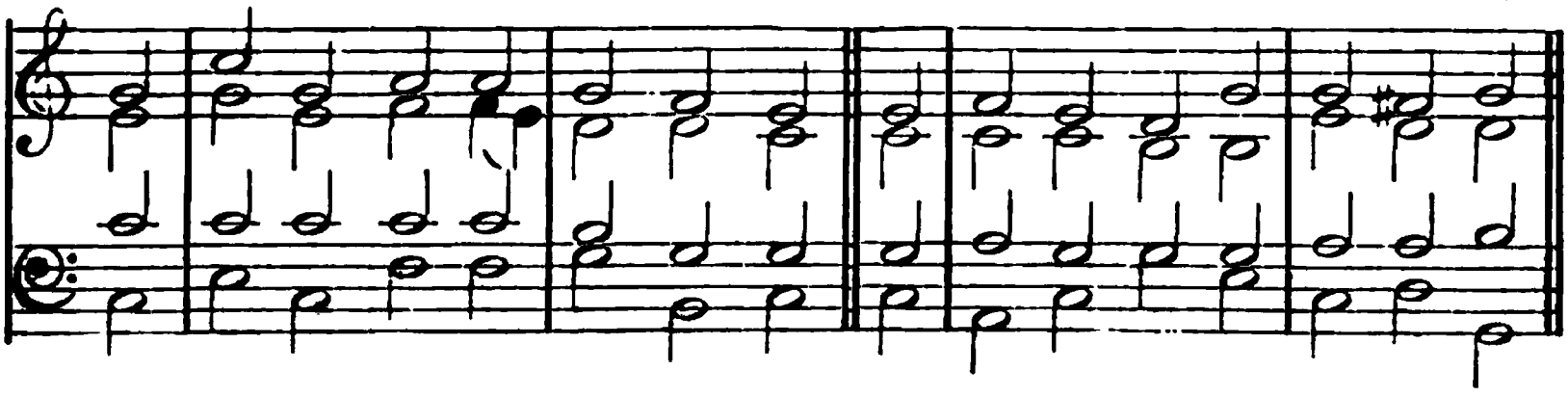
5 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, laud, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, laud, etc.

DEATH.

Hymn 36 (25)

CRASSELIUS (L.M.) *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690.*



"And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David!"

1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

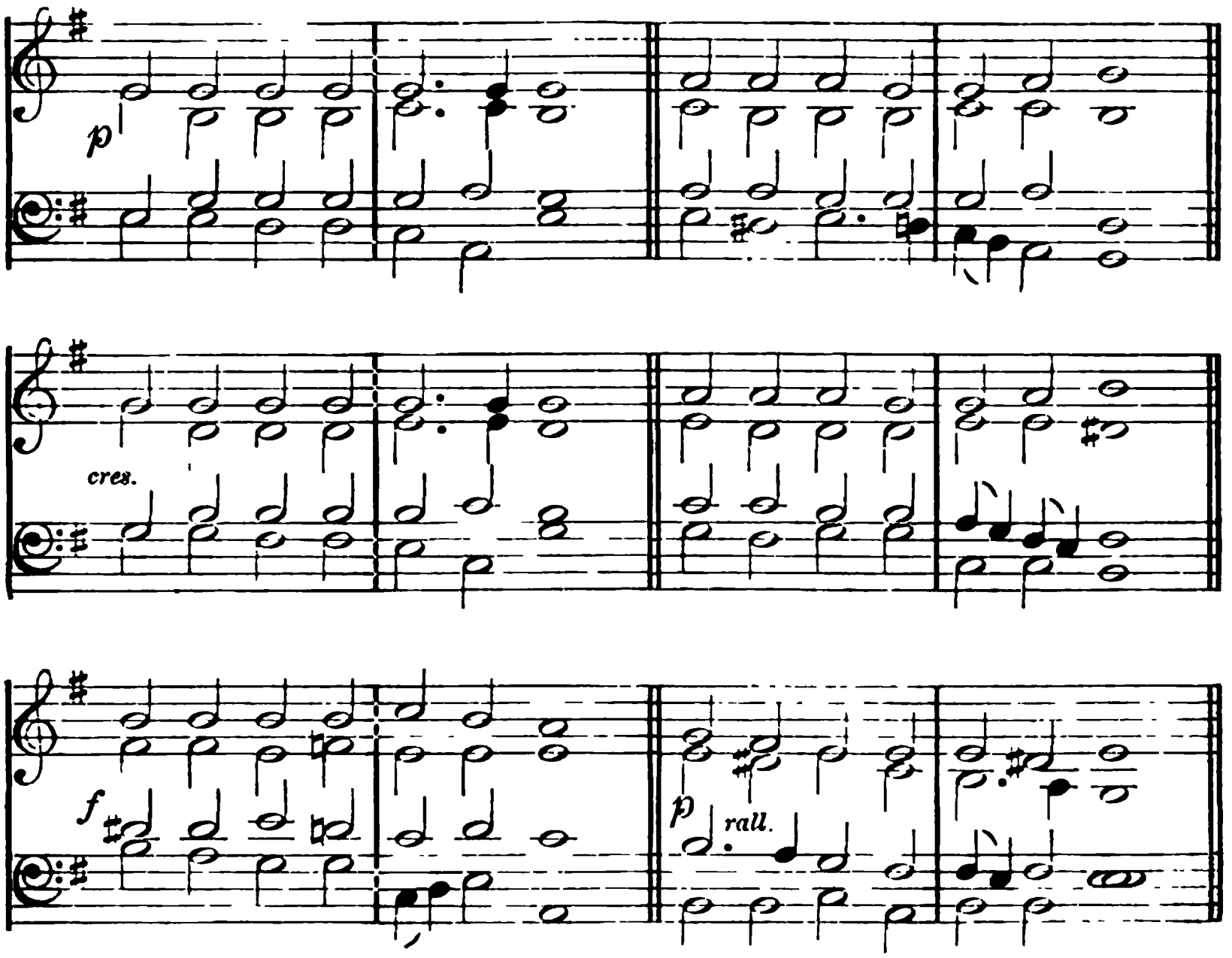
3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Hymn 37 (26)

GETHSEMANE (77 77 77). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.*



"Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall."

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

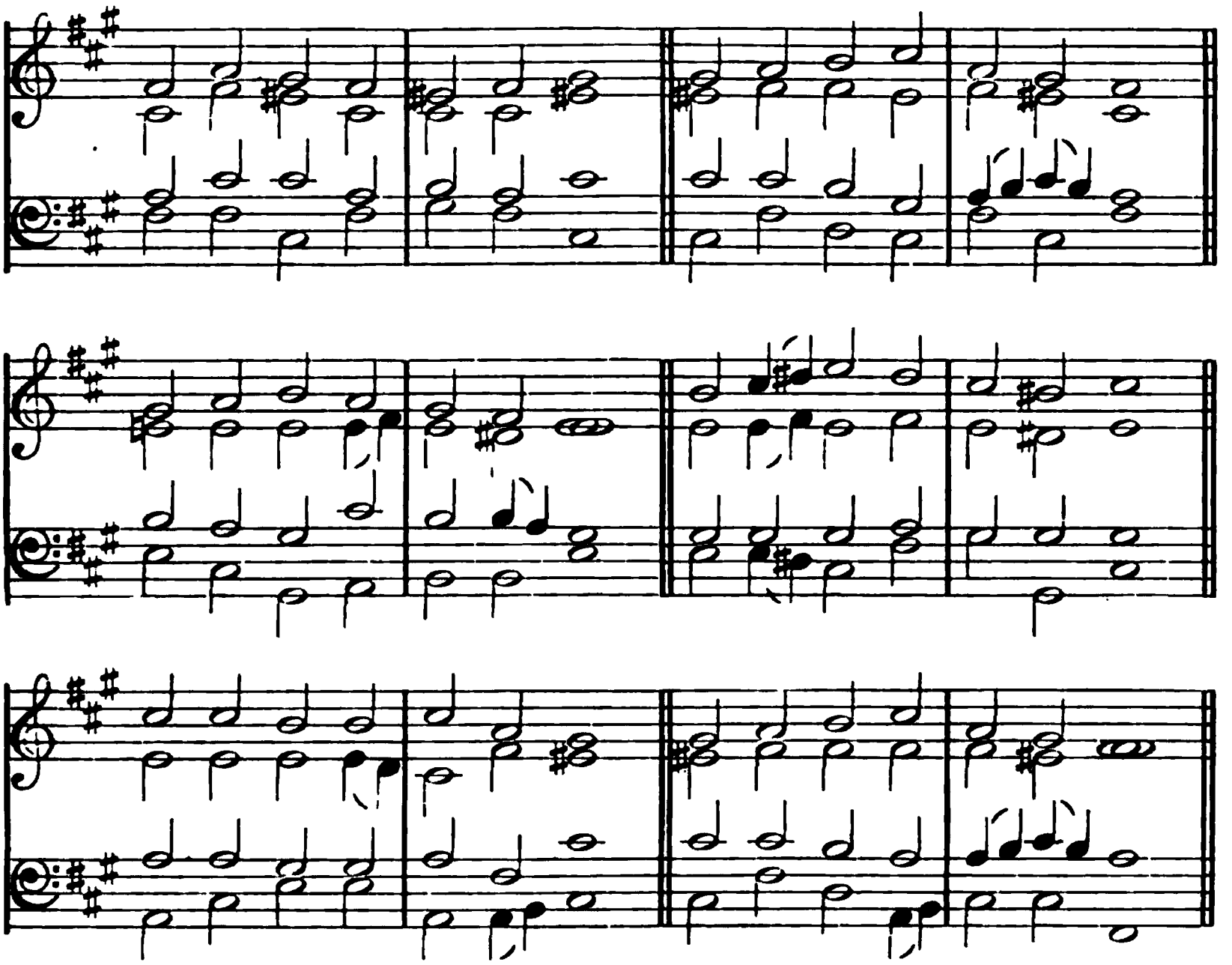
2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom—
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Hymn 37 (26)

IMMORTALITY (77 77 77). SECOND TUNE. *Dr. Nicolaus Selnecker.*



"Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall."

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
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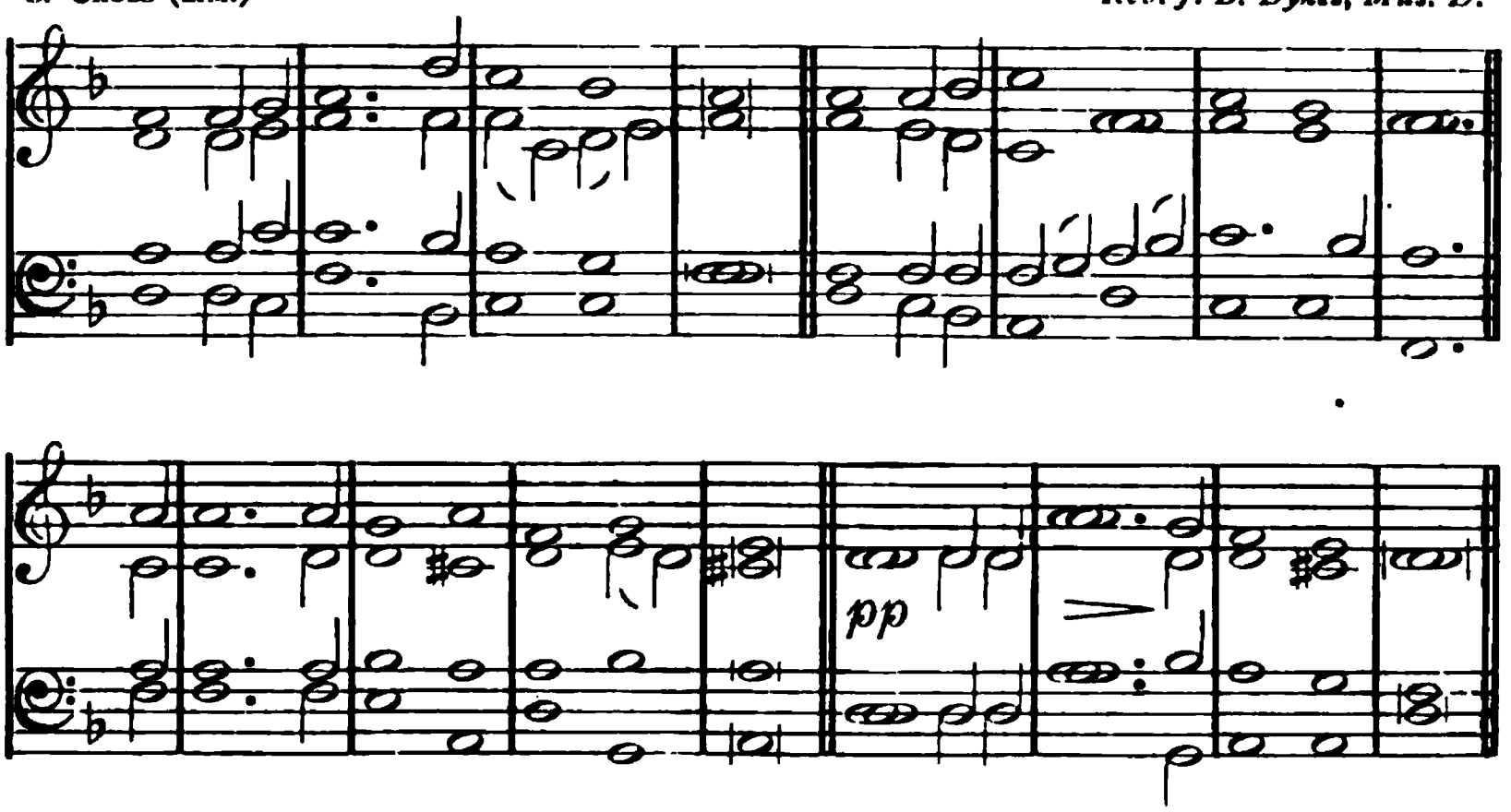
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom—
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Hymn 38 (212)

S. Cross (L.M.) *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"They crucified Him."

1 O COME and mourn with me a while!
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

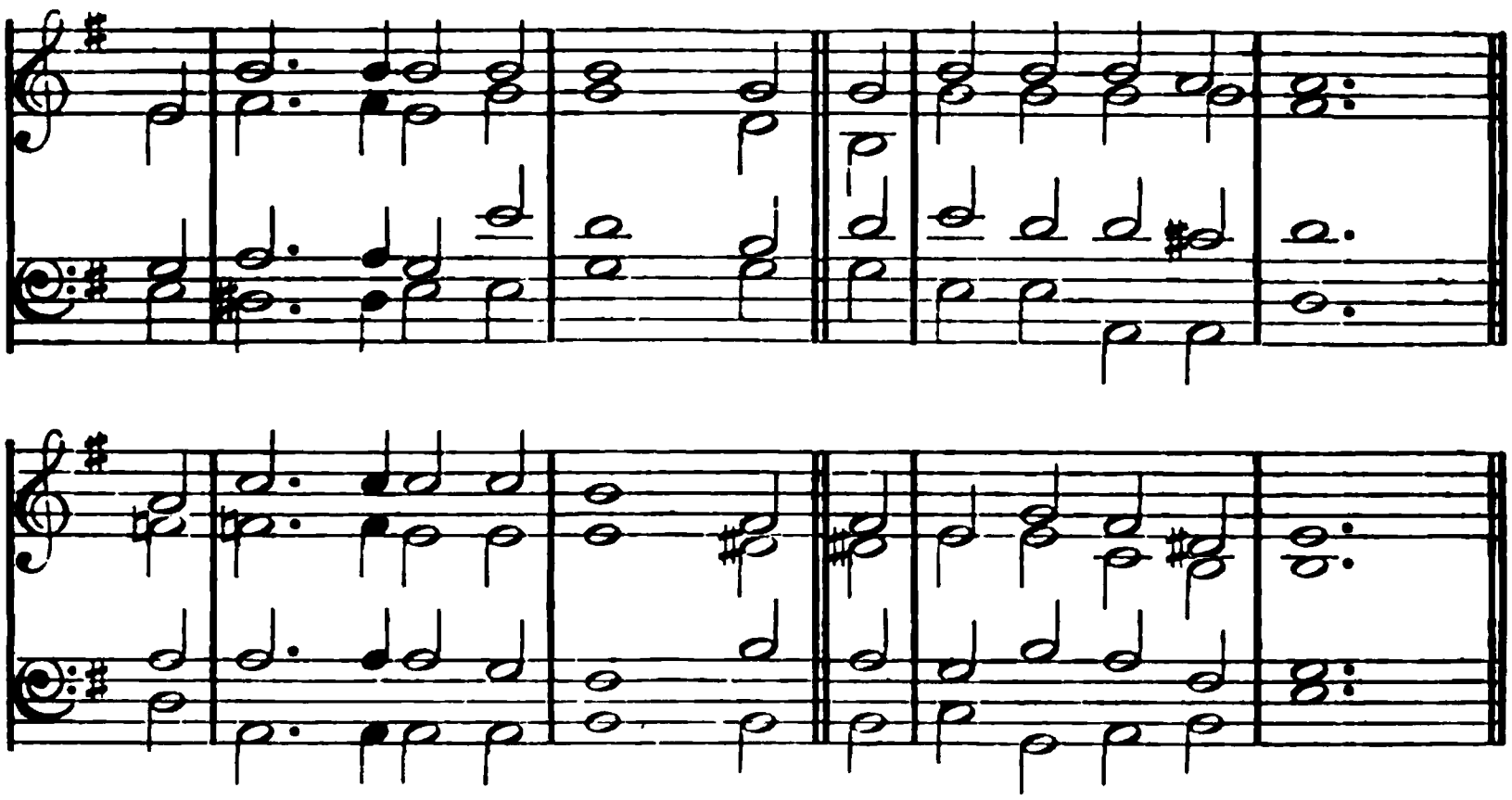
4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's dwelling is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Hymn 39 (213)

S. Margaret (7676). *Rev. William Statham.*



"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

1 "FORGIVE them, O My Father,
They know not what they do:"
The Saviour spake in anguish,
As the sharp nails went through.

2 No pained reproaches gave He
To them that shed His blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity,
Large as the love of God.

3 For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

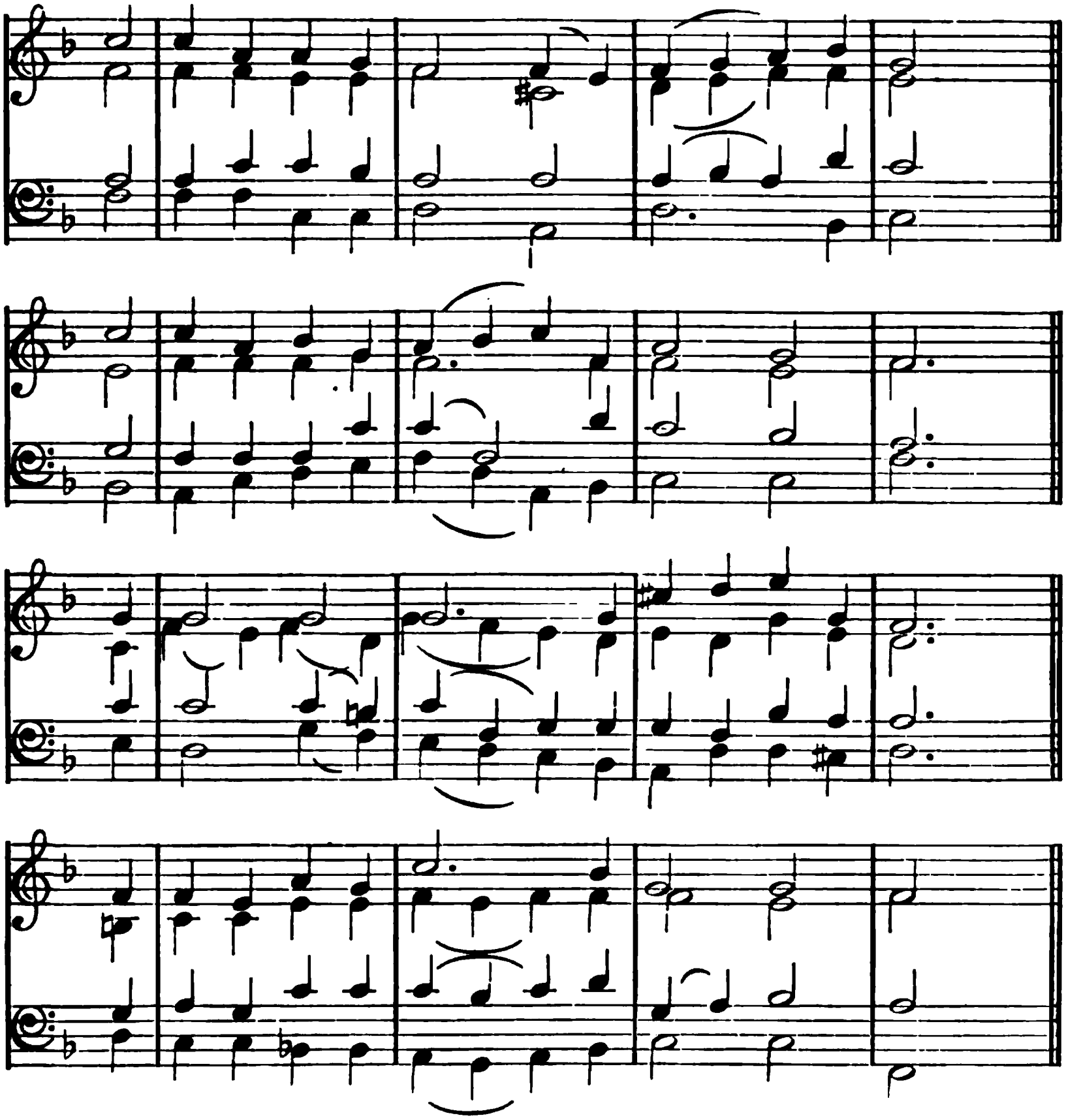
4 It was my pride and hardness
That hung Him on the tree;
Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
Were driven in by me.

5 And often I have slighted
Thy gentle voice that chid;
Forgive me too, Lord Jesus—
I knew not what I did.

6 O depth of sweet compassion!
O Love Divine and true!
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
And know not what they do.

Hymn 40 (214)

CRY OF FAITH (10 10 10 10). FIRST TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

1 "LORD, when Thy kingdom comes, remember me;"
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years.

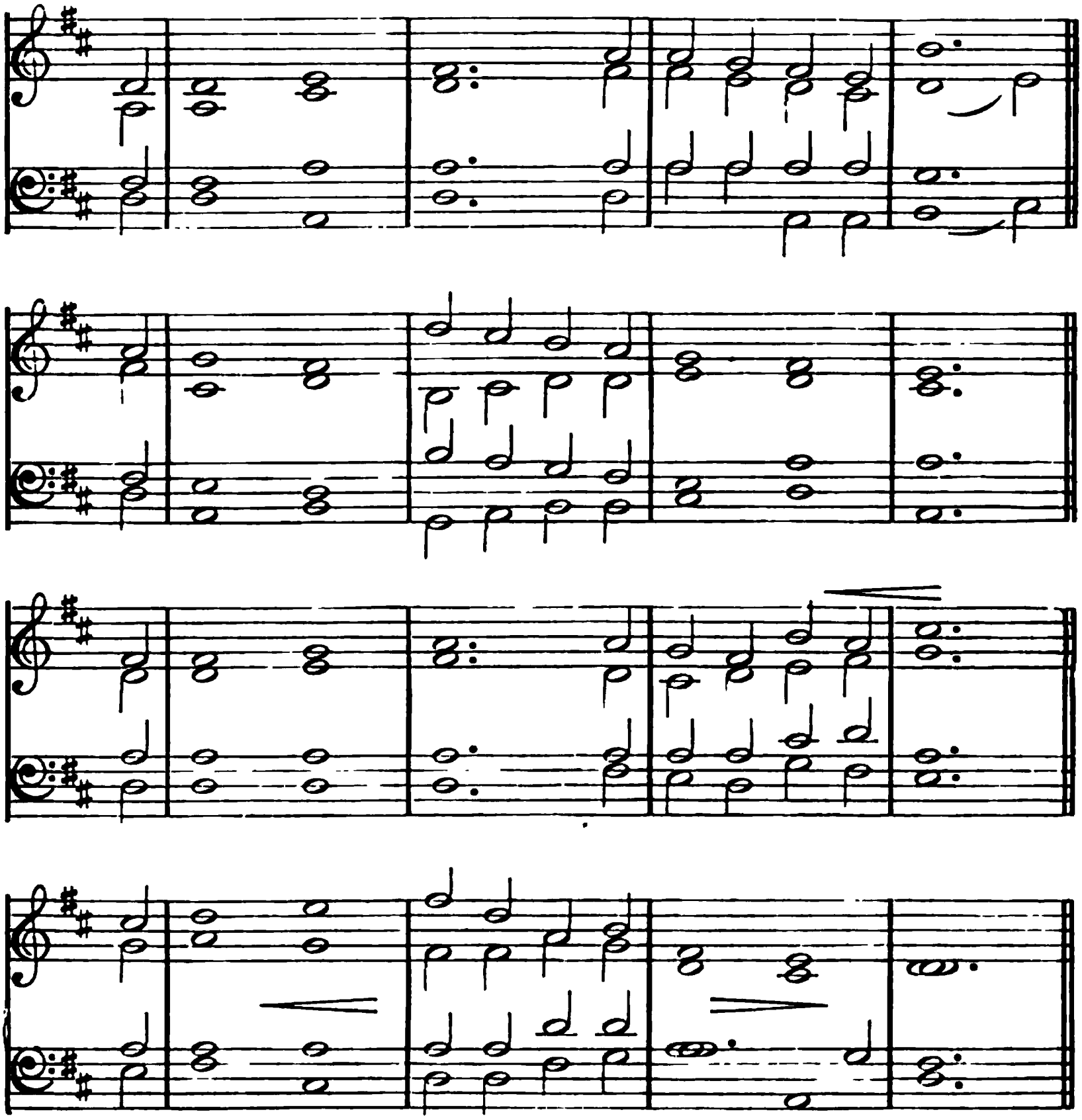
2 No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

3 Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
O words of love to answer words of faith!
O words of hope for those who live to pray!

4 Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy kingdom I may see;

Hymn 40 (214)

CALLCOTT (10 10 10 10). SECOND TUNE. *Adapted from* *John Wall Callcott, Mus. D.*



And, thinking on Thy cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

5 Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
Thy cleansing blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
Thy blood redeemed me in that awful day.

6 Remember me; yet how canst Thou forget
What pain and anguish I have caused to Thee,—
The cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
And all the sorrow Thou didst bear for me?

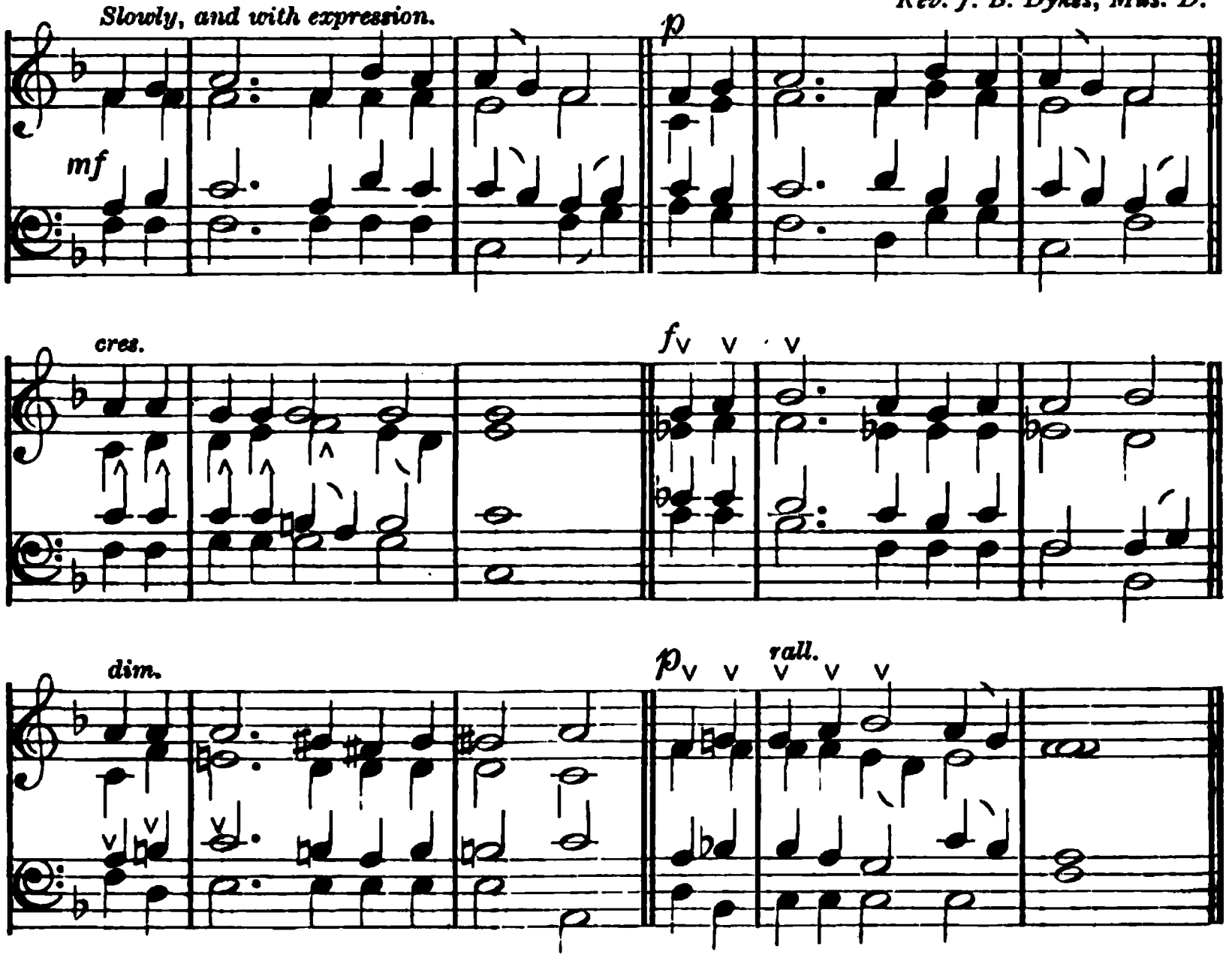
7 Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make Thy promise to my heart, "To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me."

Hymn 41 (215)

STABAT MATER (887 887).

Slowly, and with expression.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.



"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother....Woman, behold thy son!....Behold thy mother!"

1 AT the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

2 O, how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

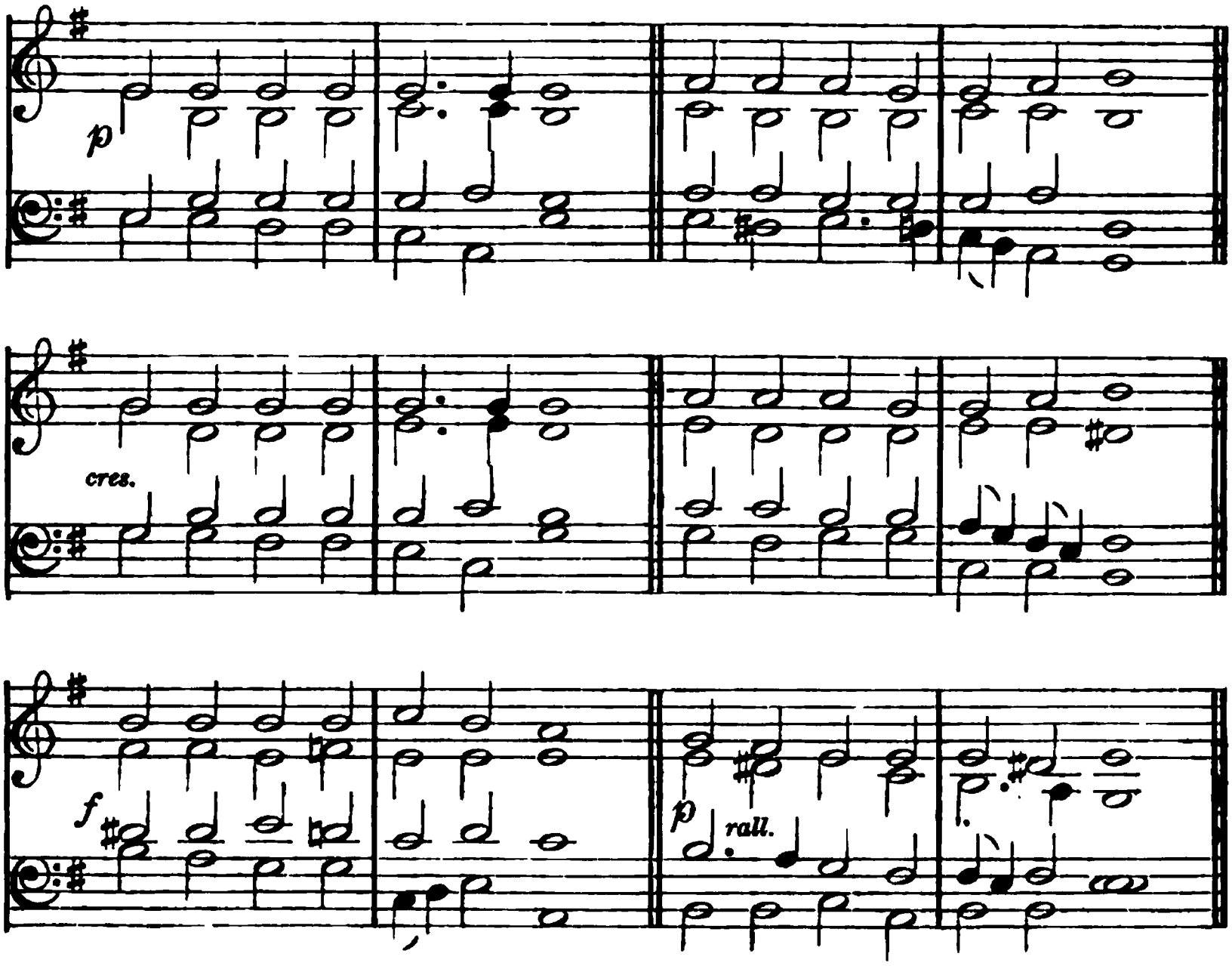
3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

4 For His people's sins chastisèd,
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His spirit He resigned.

5 Jesus, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
That my heart fresh ardour gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.

Hymn 42 (216)

GETHSEMANE (77 77 77). *Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.*



"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

1 THRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.

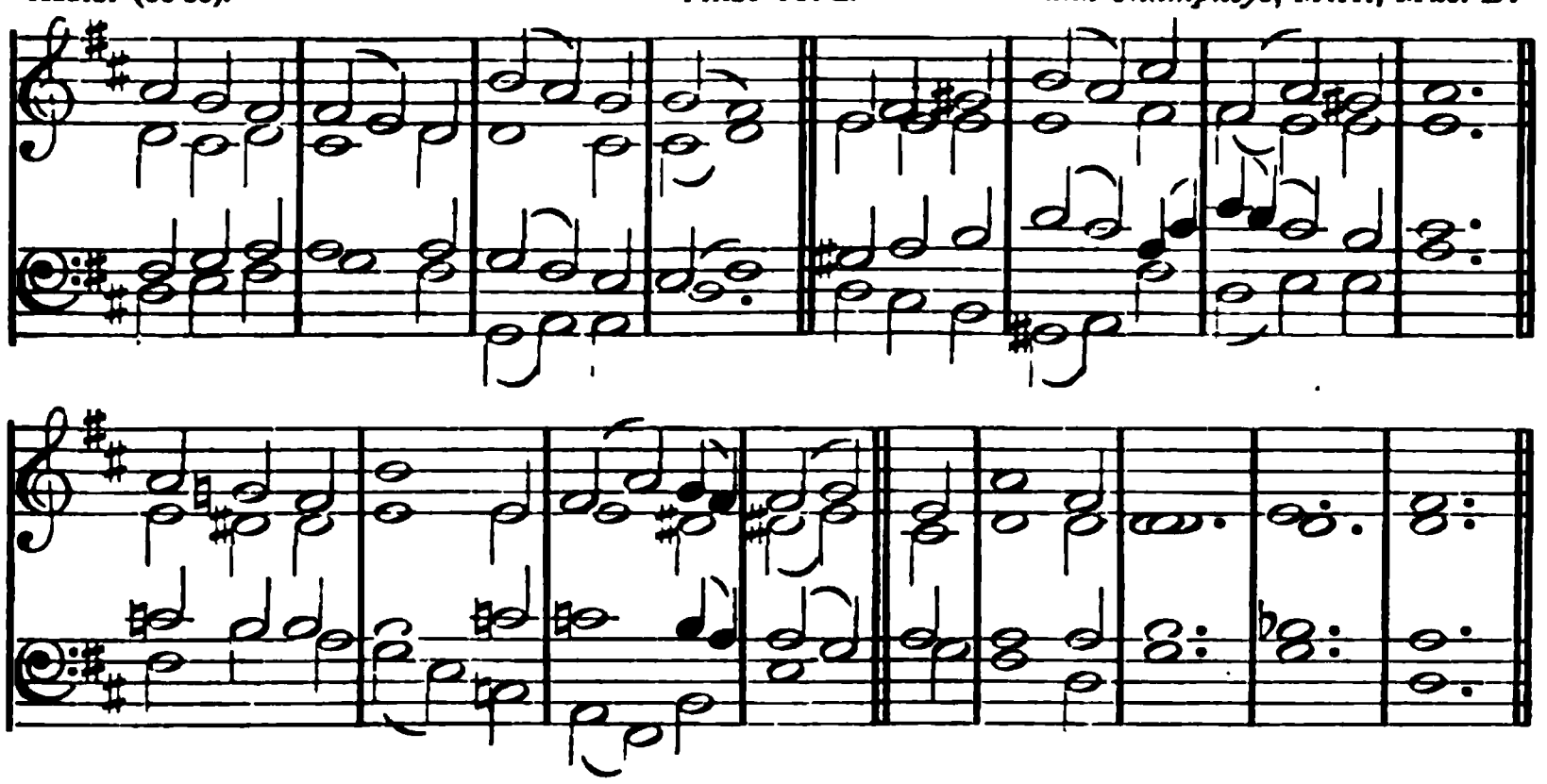
2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?—
"Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

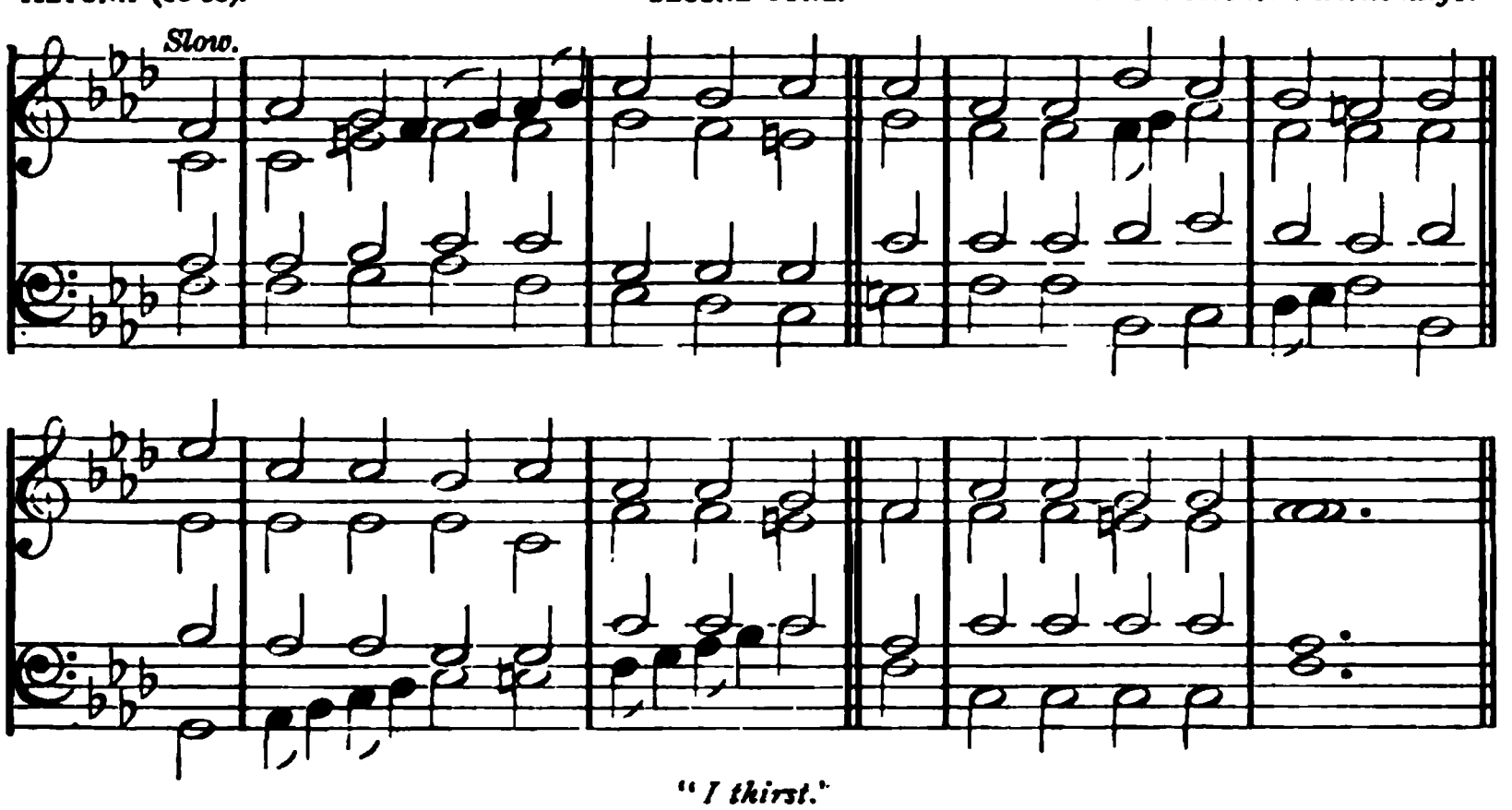
Hymn 43 (217)

ASSISI (88 86). FIRST TUNE. *Frank Champneys, M.A., Mus. D.*



ALTONA (88 86). SECOND TUNE. *German. From Kocher's Zionsharfe.*

Slow.



"I thirst."

1 HIS are the thousand sparkling rills,
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills;
And yet He saith, "I thirst."

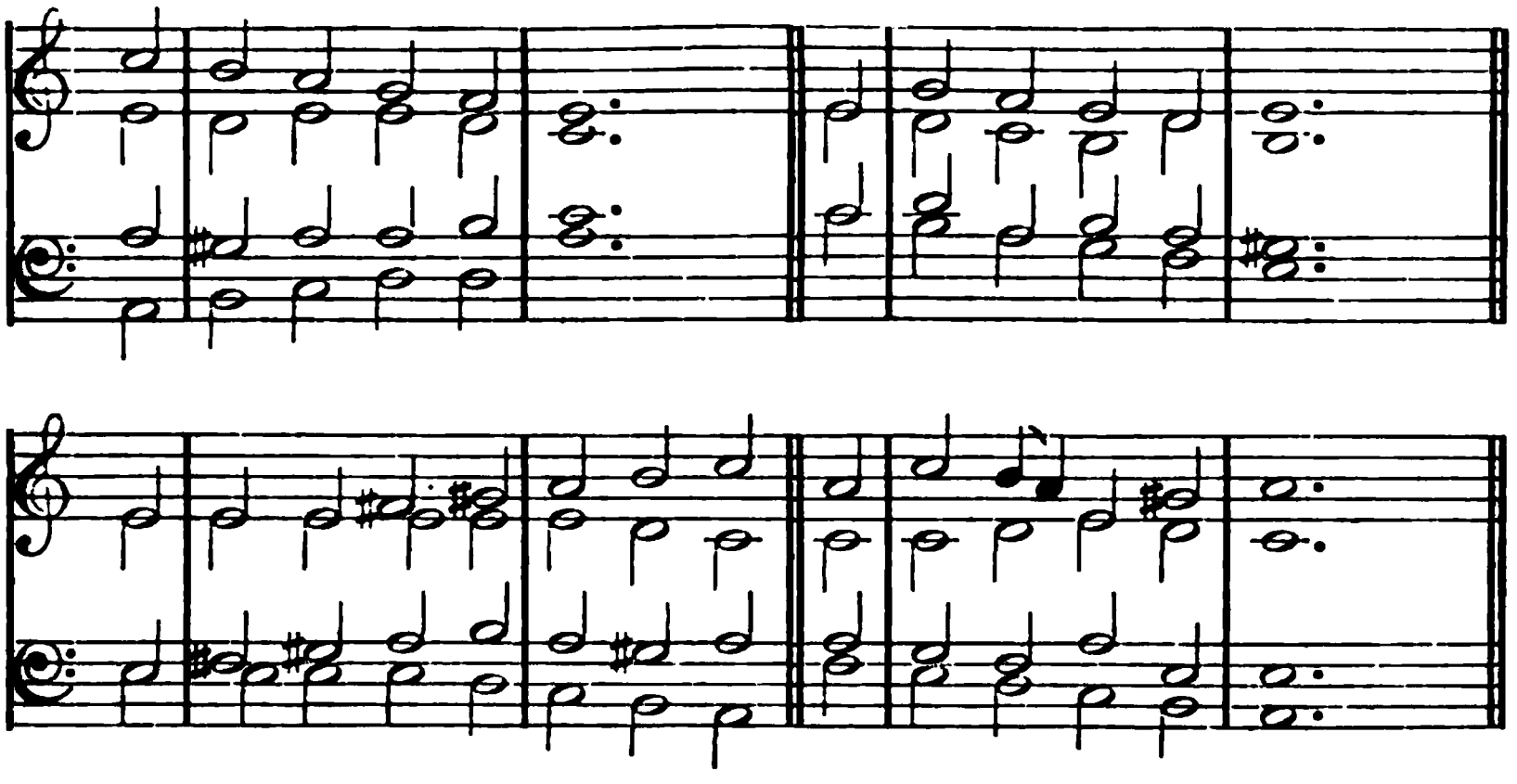
2 All fiery pangs on battle-fields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the cross.

3 But more than pains that racked Him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine,
That thirsted for the souls of men:
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

4 O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst were all for me.

Hymn 44 (218)

ABER (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"It is finished."

1 O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now;
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid
That He might make us whole.

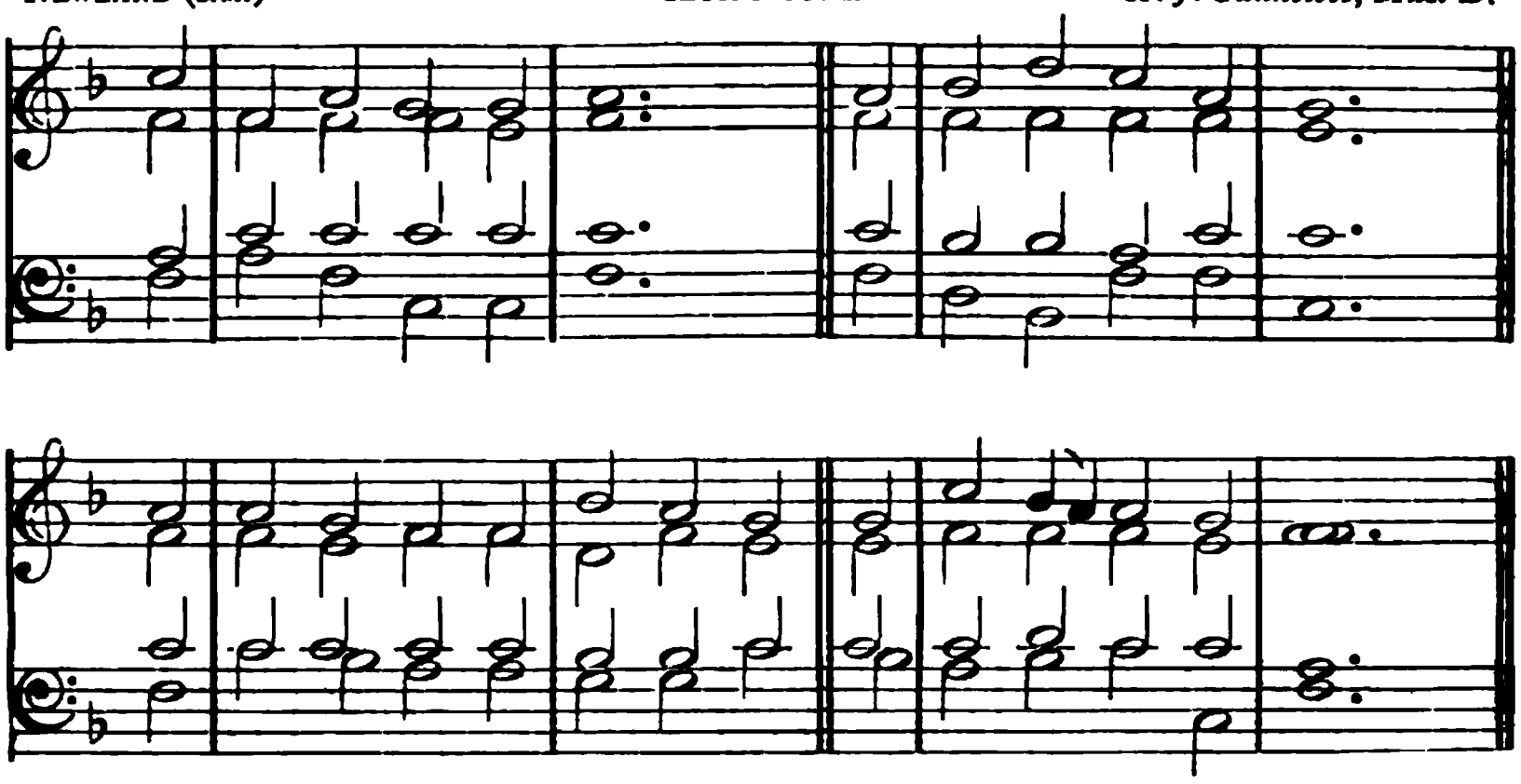
5 In perfect love He dies:
For me He dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

Hymn 44 (218)

NEWLAND (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"*It is finished.*"

1 O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now;
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid
That He might make us whole.

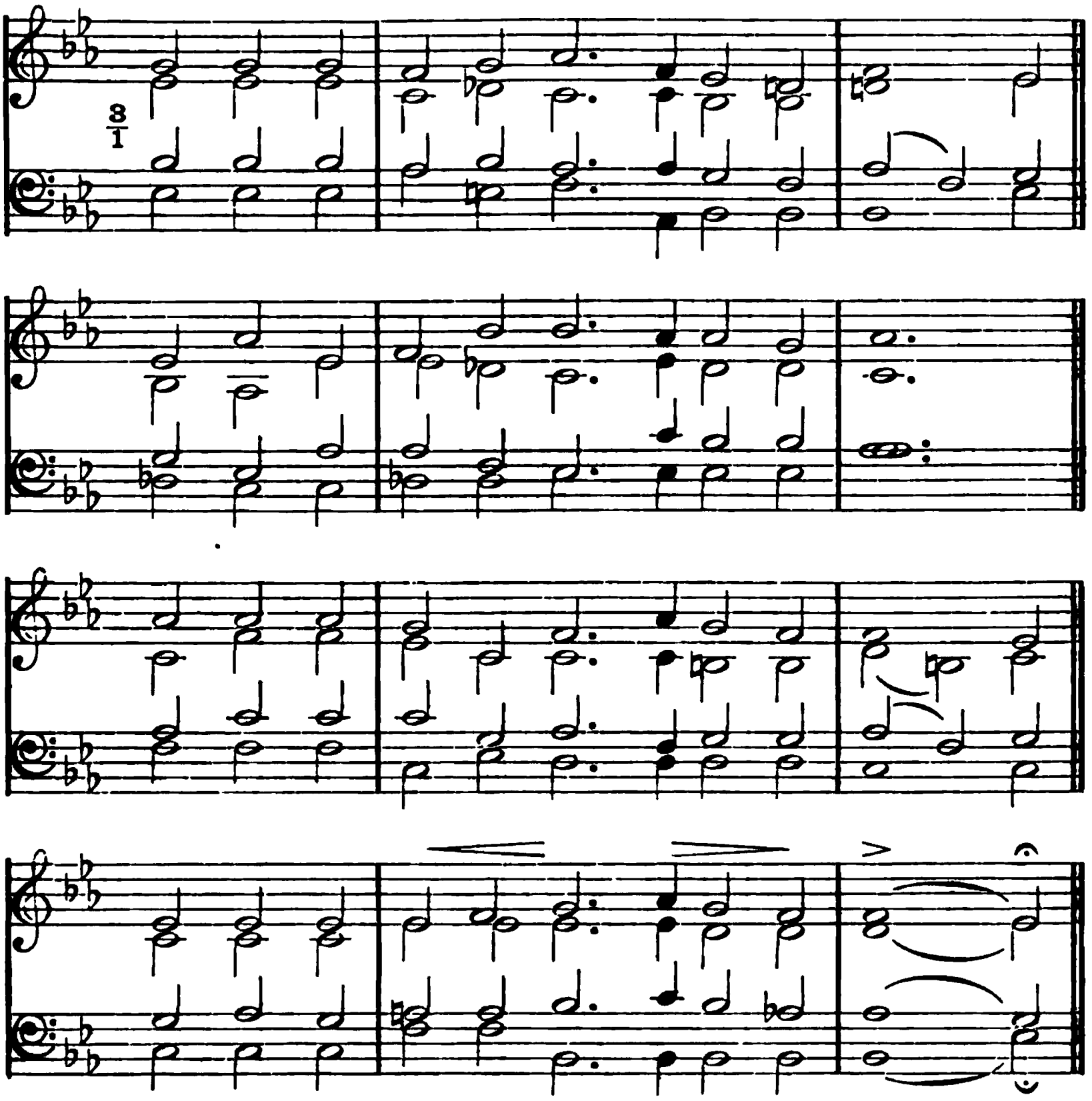
5 In perfect love He dies:
For me He dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

Hymn 45 (219)

COMMENDATIO (11 10 11 10). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

1 AND now, belovèd Lord, Thy soul resigning
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
The throbbing brow and labouring breast grow still.

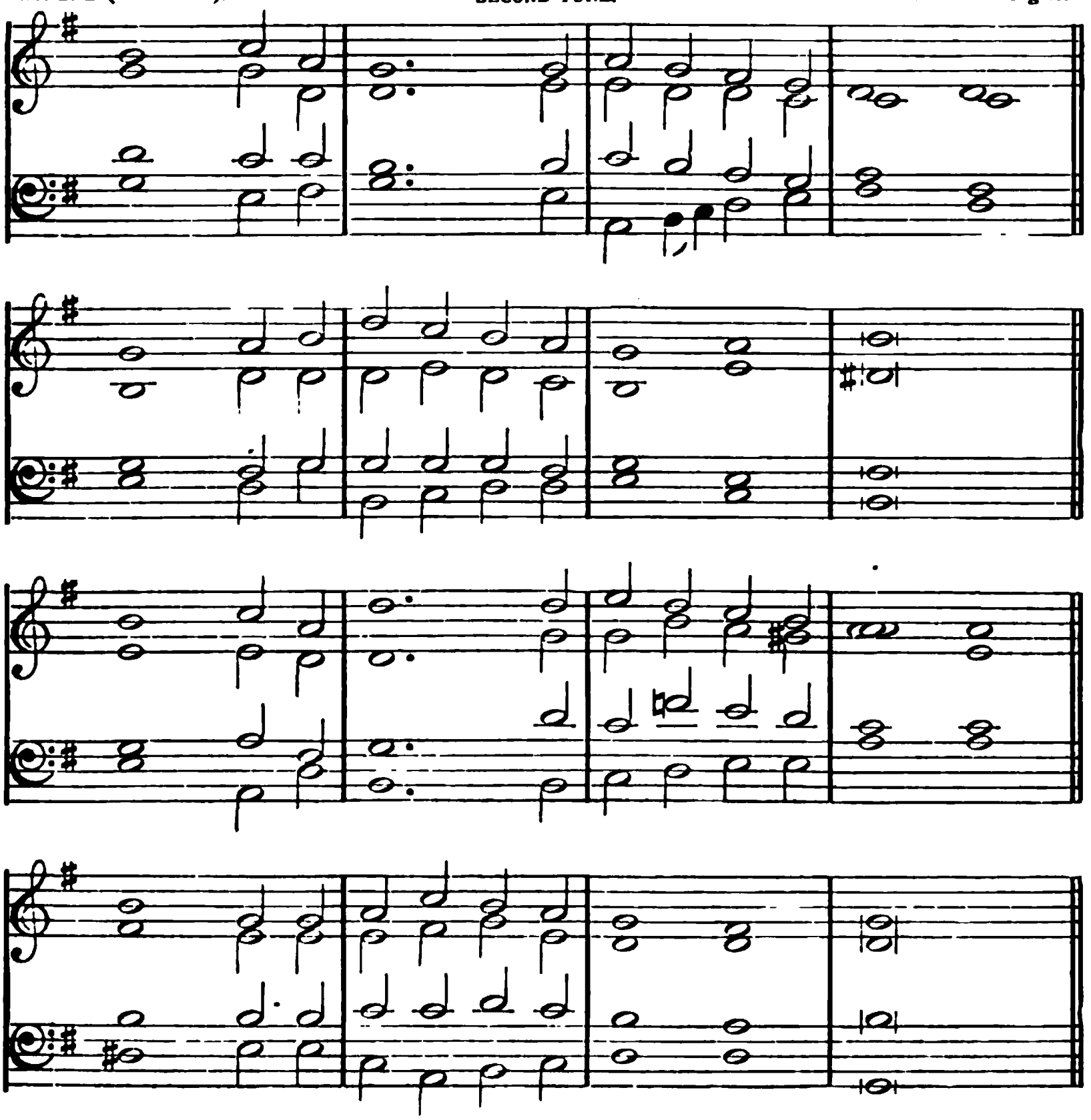
2 Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
Thy Spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.

3 Sweet Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish;
At that dread eventide let there be light.

4 To Thy dear cross turn Thou my eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast;
Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
And then, O then, Thine everlasting rest.

Hymn 45 (219)

EIRENE (11 10 11 10). SECOND TUNE. *Frances R. Havergal.*



"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

1 AND now, beloved Lord, Thy soul resigning
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
The throbbing brow and labouring breast grow still.

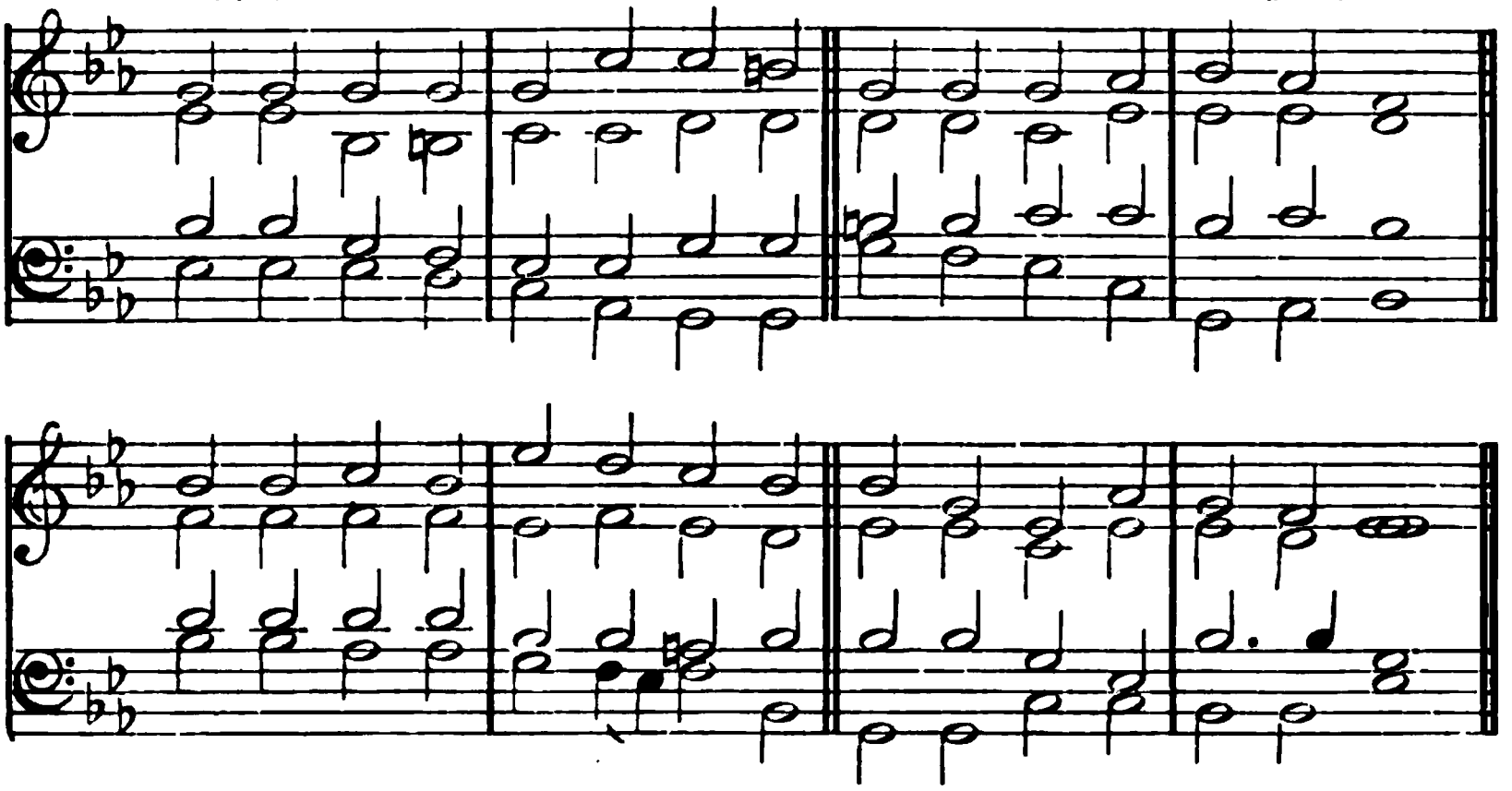
2 Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
Thy Spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.

3 Sweet Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish;
At that dread eventide let there be light.

4 To Thy dear cross turn Thou my eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast:
Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
And then, O then, Thine everlasting rest.

Hymn 46 (220)

AD INFEROS (87 87). *W. H. Sangster, Mus. D.*



"In Paradise."

1 IT is finished! Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the Son of God can die.

2 Lifeless lies the broken body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment:
Where is now the spirit fled?

3 In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

4 See! He comes, a willing victim,
Unresisting hither led;
Passing from the cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.

5 Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

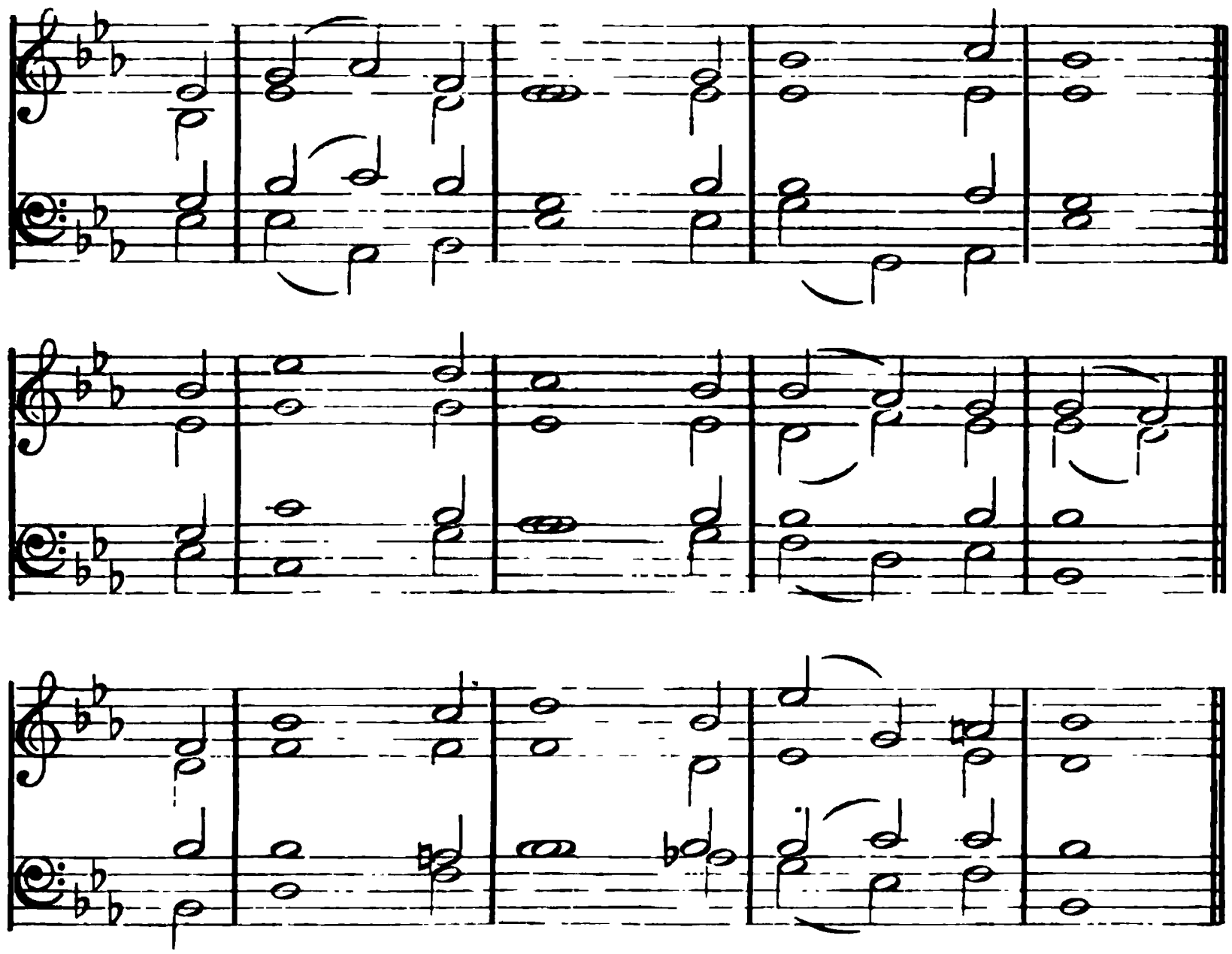
6 O, the bliss to which He calls them,
Ransomed by His precious blood,
From the gloomy realm of darkness
To the Paradise of God!

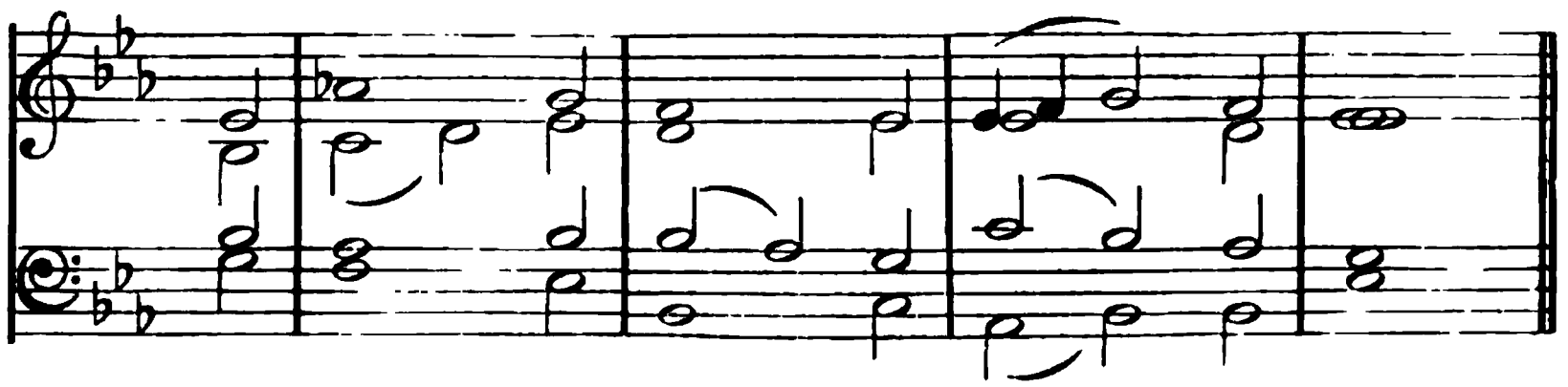
7 There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His side,
Reaping now the blessèd promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

8 Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee.

Hymn 47 (27)

COMMUNION or ROCKINGHAM (L.M.) *Edward Miller, Mus. D.*





" What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

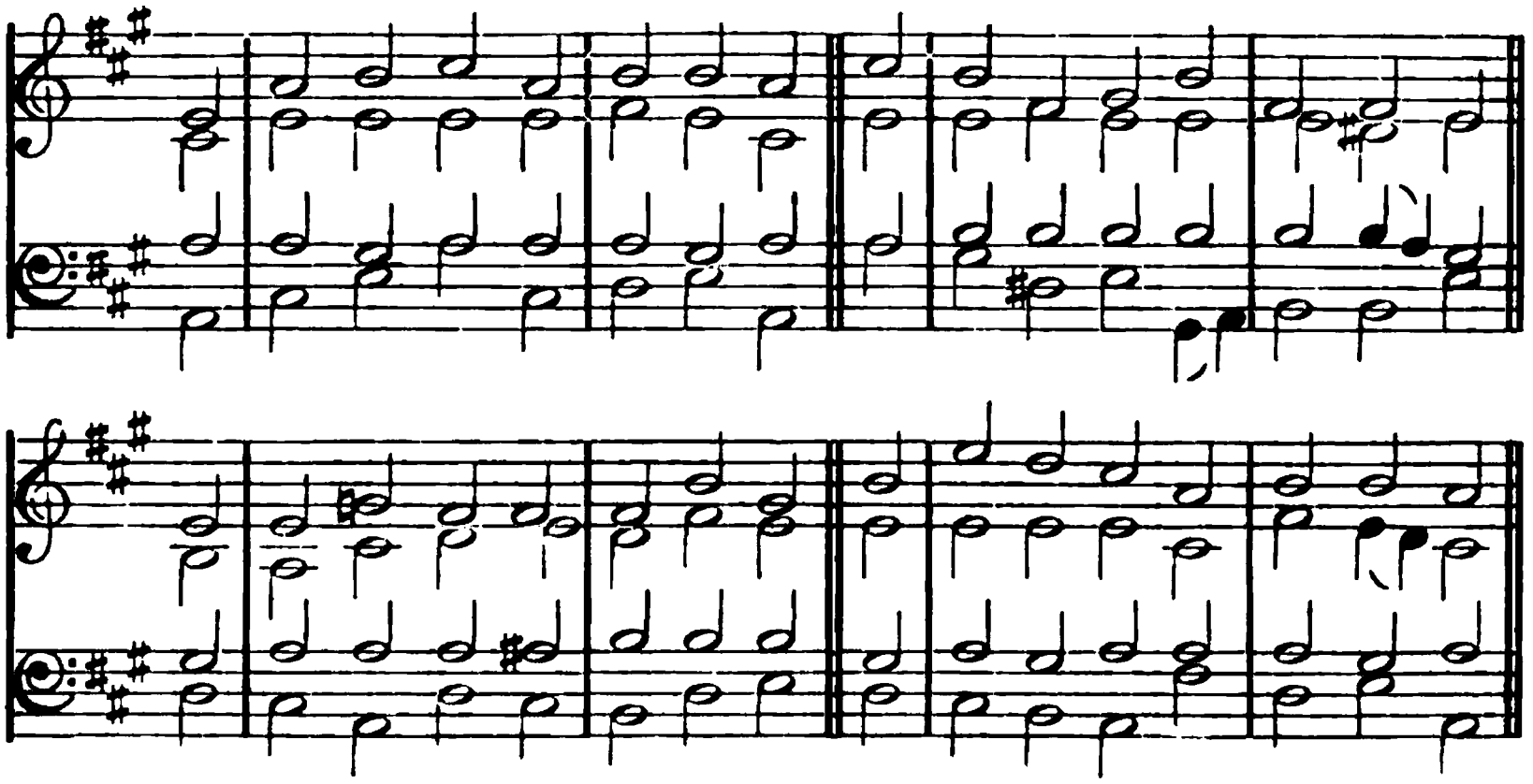
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

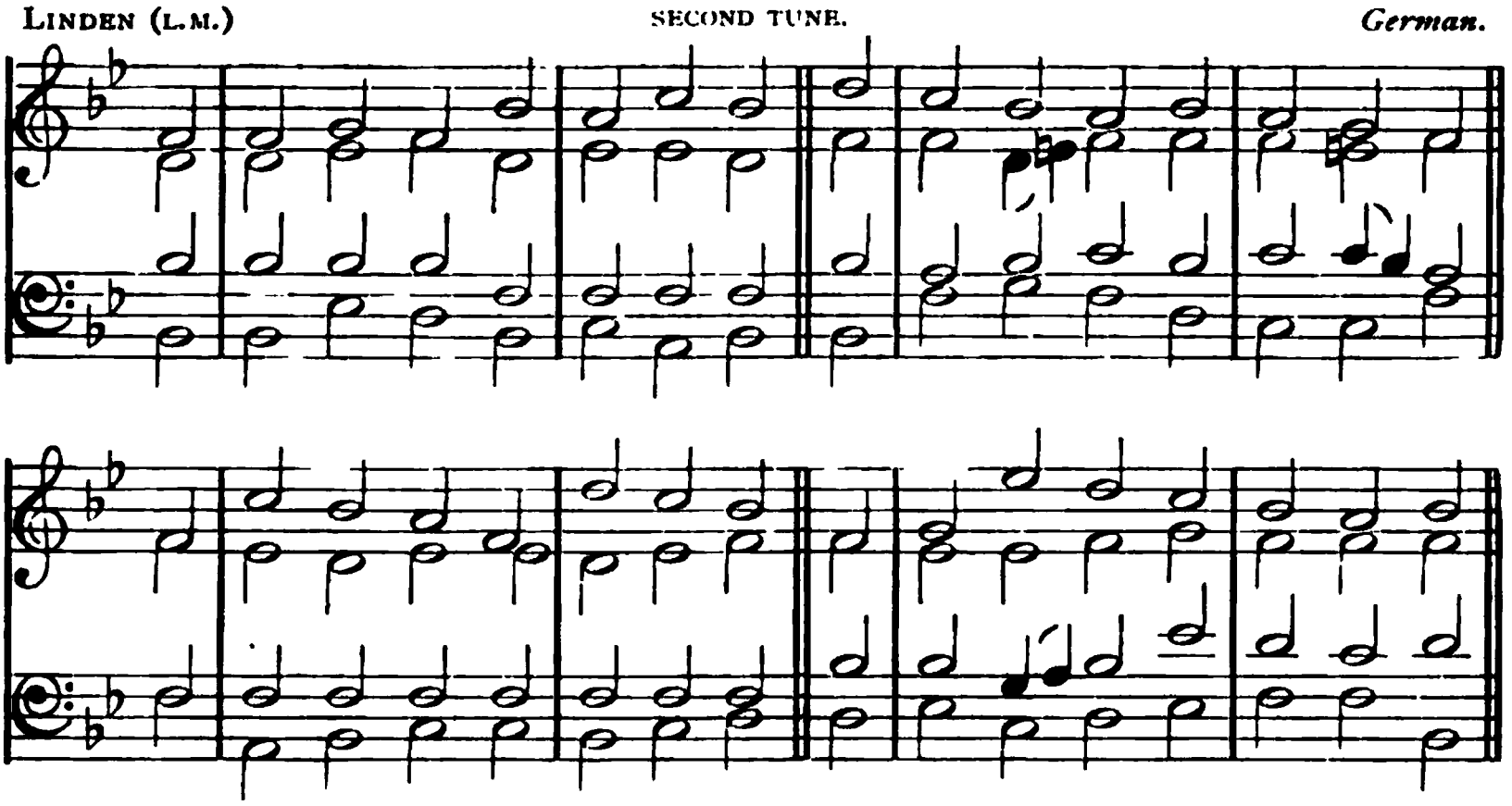
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

Hymn 48 (28)

S. Agnes (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *A. A. Austen.*



Linden (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *German.*



"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died—
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

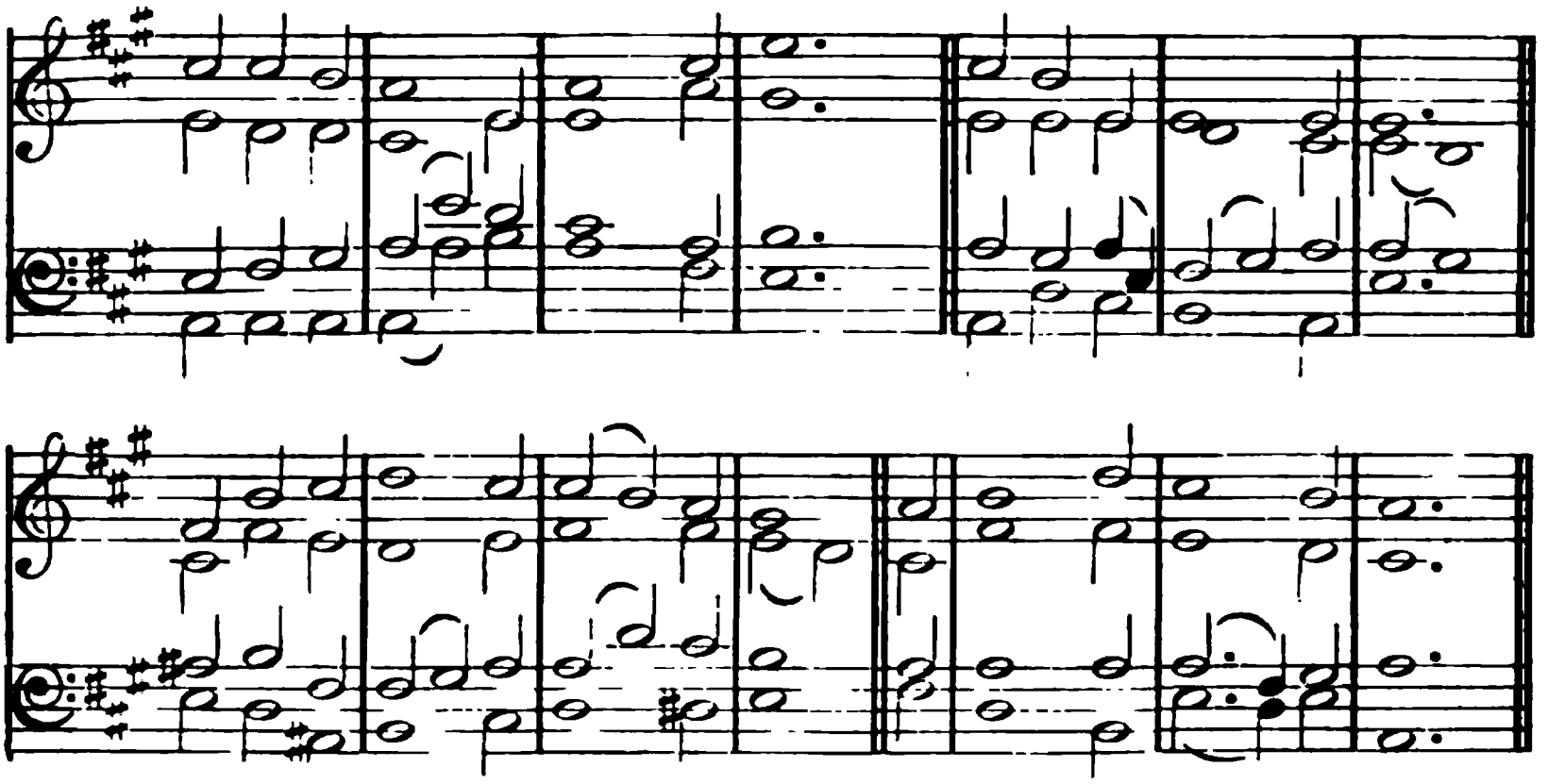
3 The cross! it takes our guilt away:
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Hymn 49 (222)

GERONTIUS (C.M.) *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"The second man is the Lord from heaven."

1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

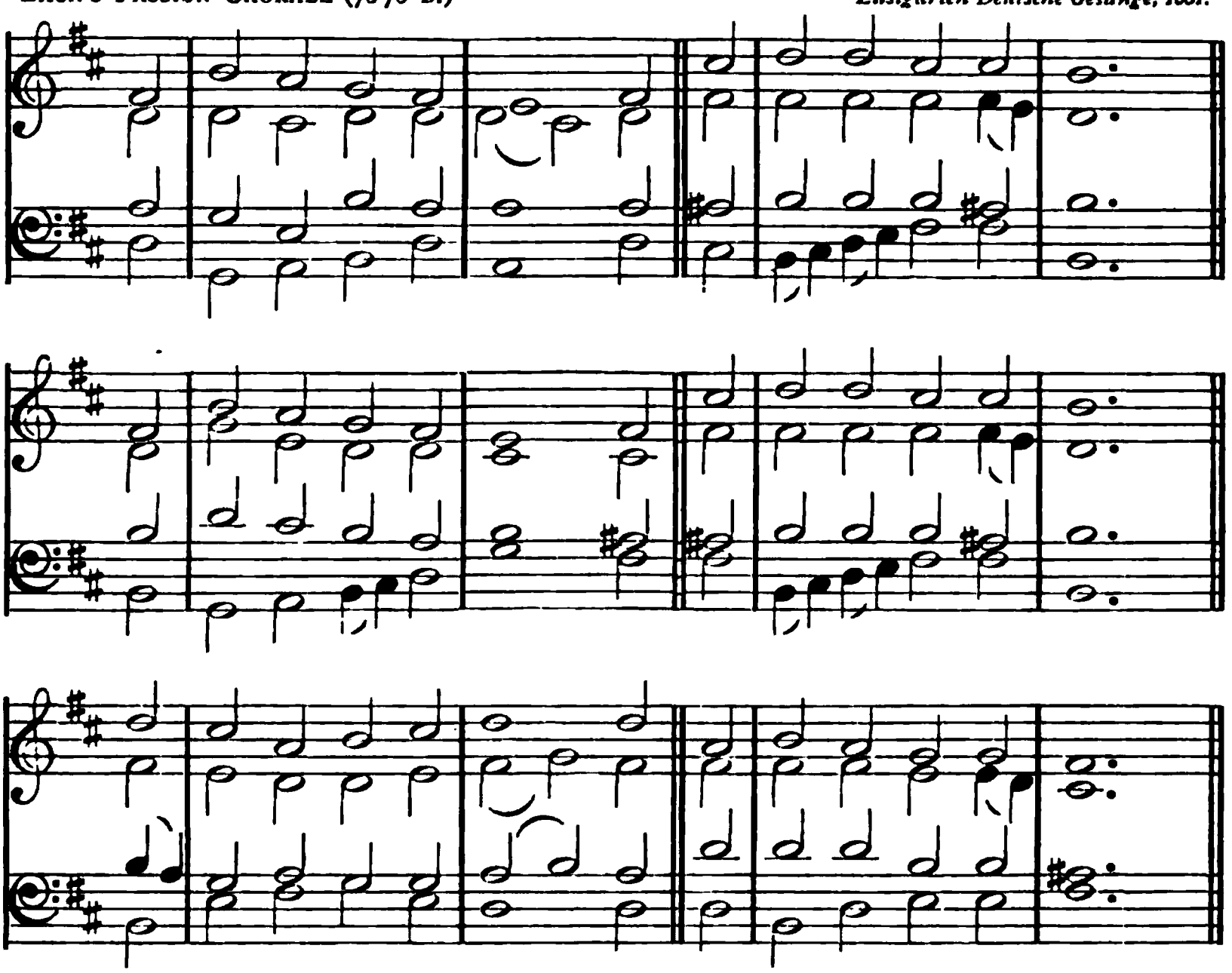
6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

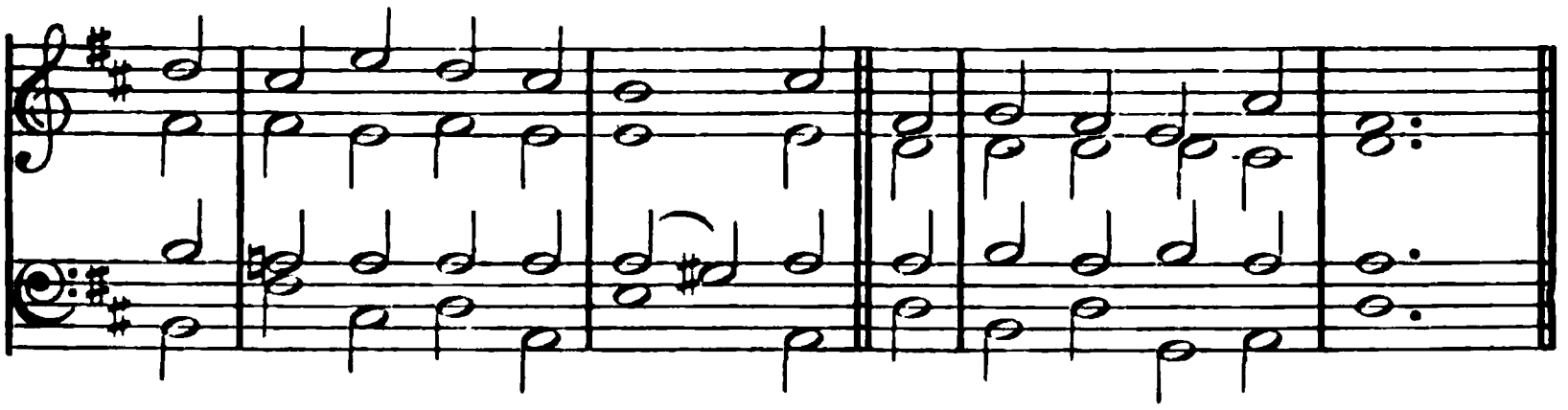
7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

Hymn 50 (29)

BACH'S PASSION CHORALE (76 76 D.)

Hans Leo Hassler.
Lustgarten Deutsche Gesänge, 1601.





"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

1 O LAMB of God, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
Thy sacred head surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

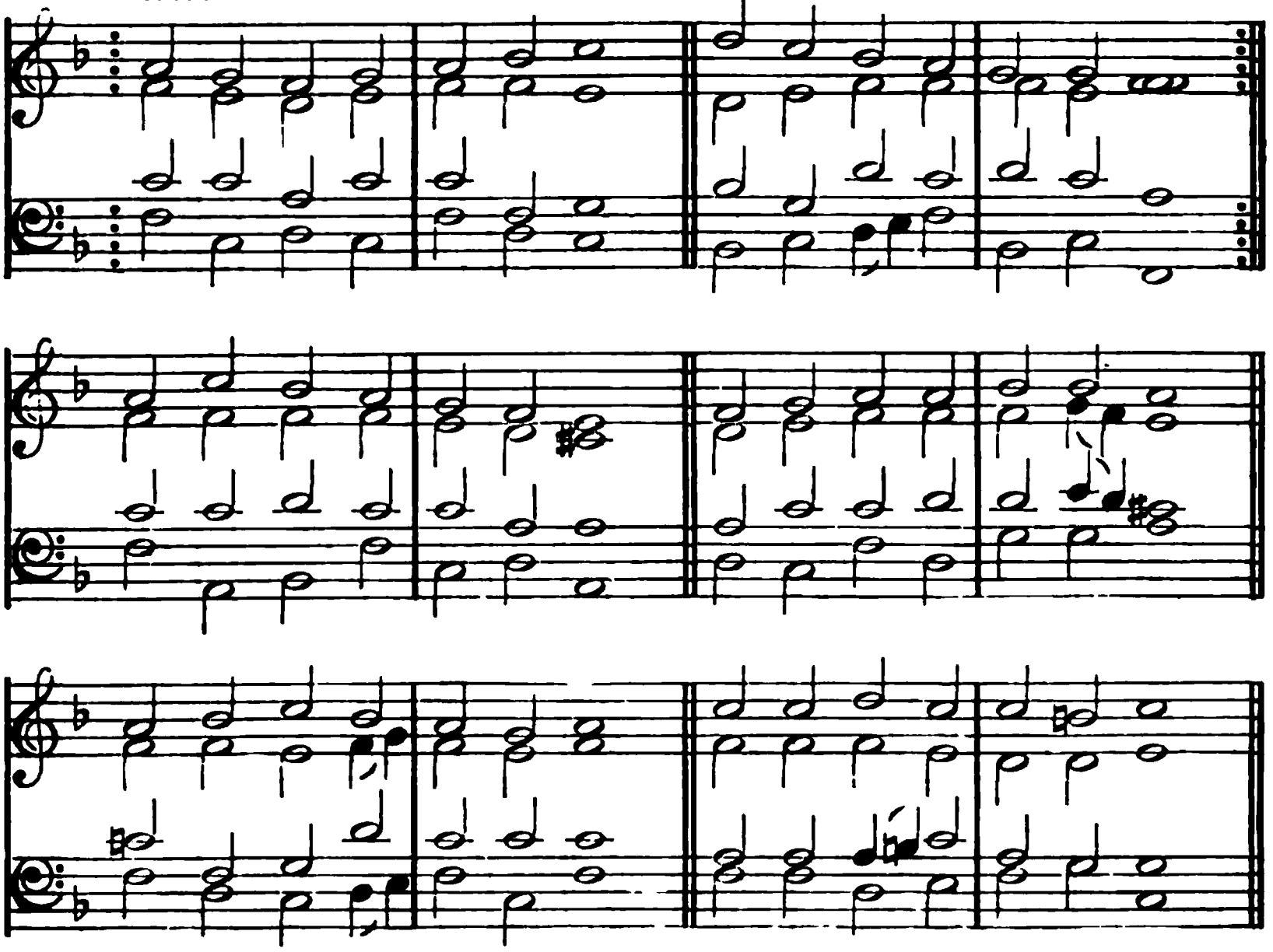
3 What language shall I borrow,
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love!

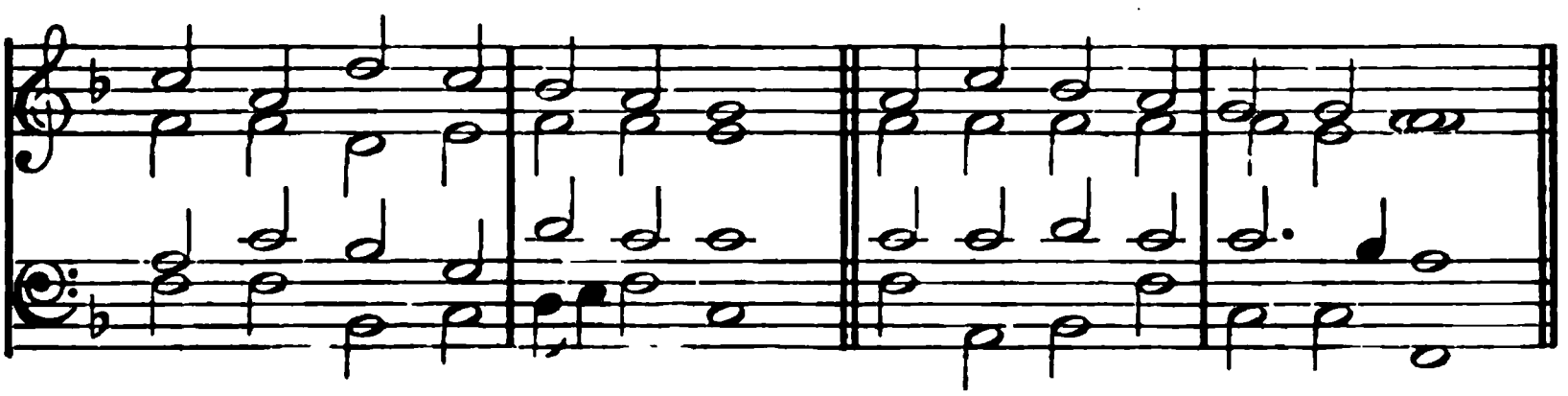
4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
Show Thou Thyself to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

Hymn 51 (30)

WEIMAR (77 77 7 D.)

Melchior Vulpius.





"Behold the Man!"

1 BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, Who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb;
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth, that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints that burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere he died
To the felon at His side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, Who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

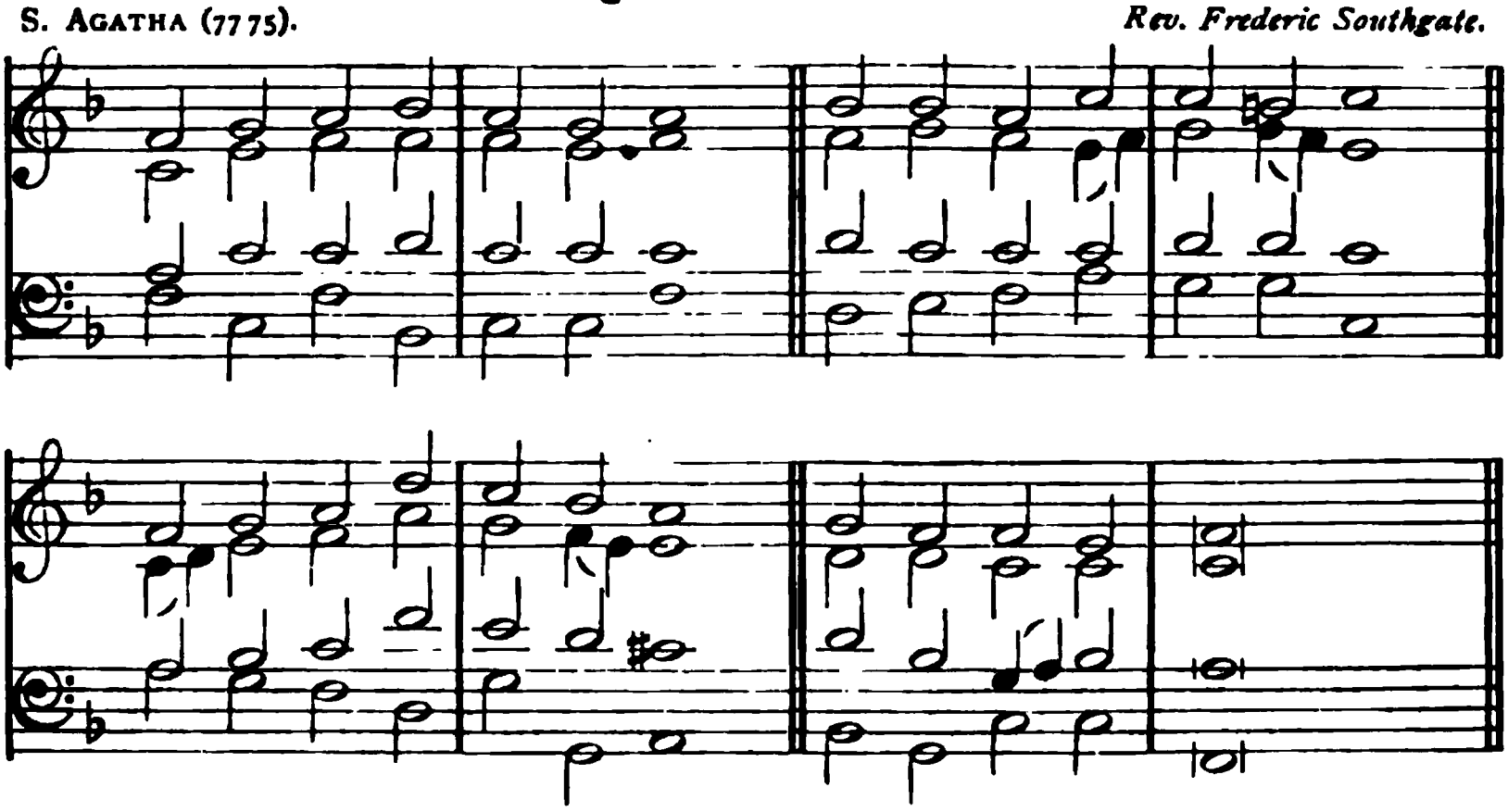
Hymn 51 (30)

4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do!"

By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Hymn 52 (221)

S. Agatha (7775). *Rev. Frederic Southgate.*



"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."

1 THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To Thy cross I fly.

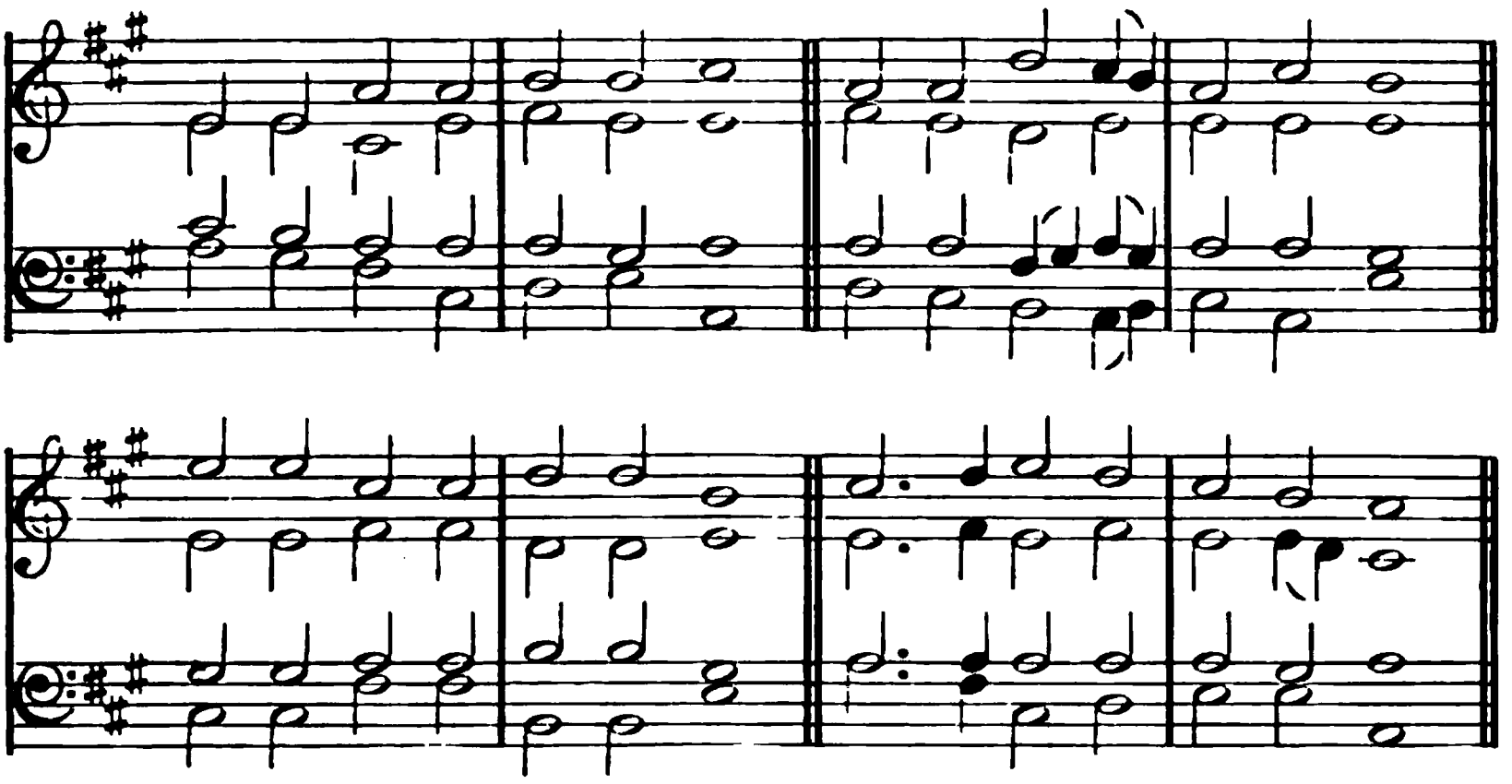
4 Others, long in fetters bound,
Their deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.

5 There on Thee I cast my care;
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair,—
Save me, or I die.

6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

Hymn 53 (31)

HART'S (77 77). *Benjamin Milgrove.*



"He has risen, as He said."

1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo, He sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, O grave?

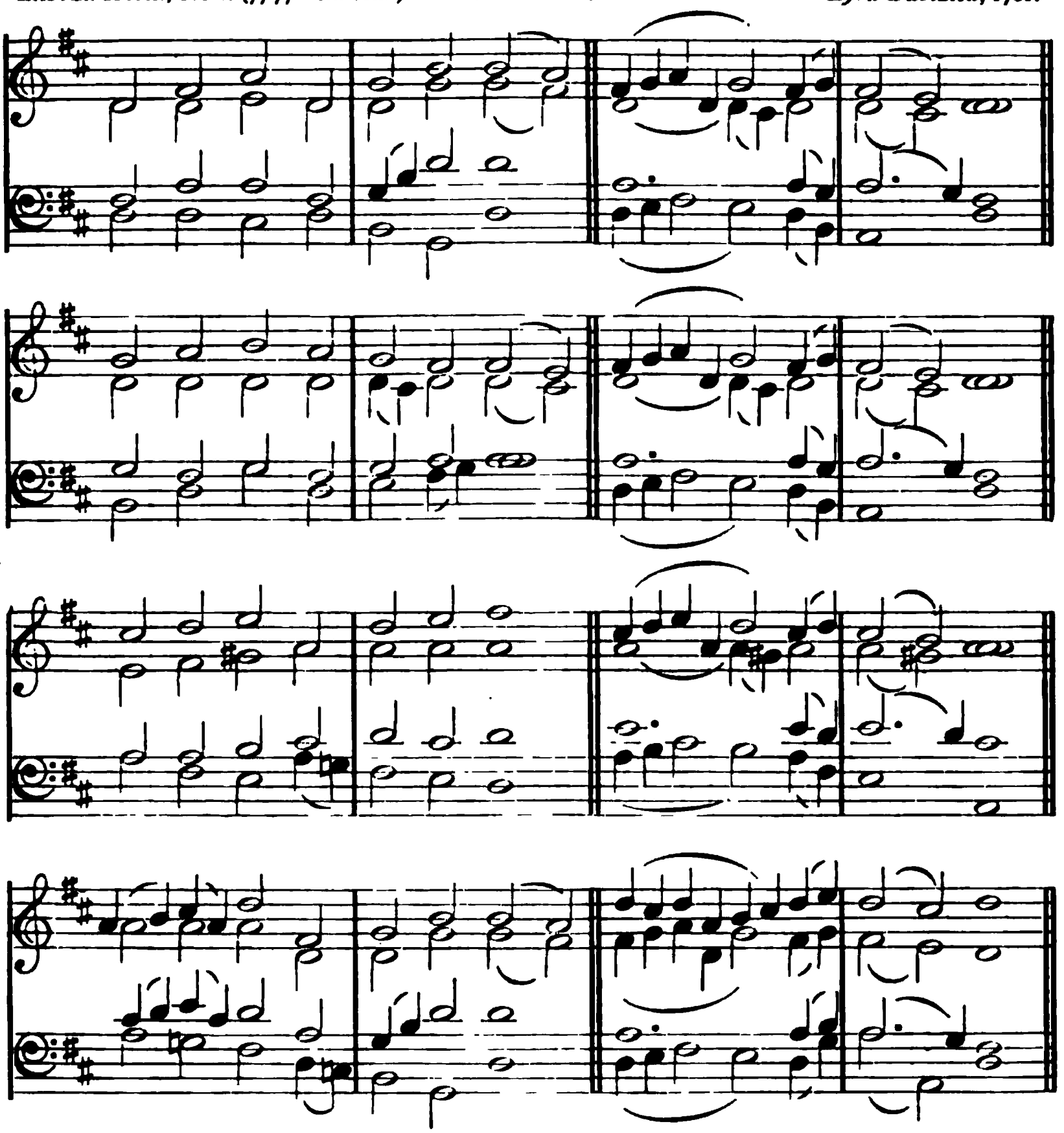
5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

7 King of glory, soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

Hymn 54 (32)

EASTER HYMN, No 1. (77 77 with Hal.) FIRST TUNE. *Lyra Davidica, 1708.*



" Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah !
Who did once upon the cross Hallelujah !
Suffer to redeem our loss ; Hallelujah !

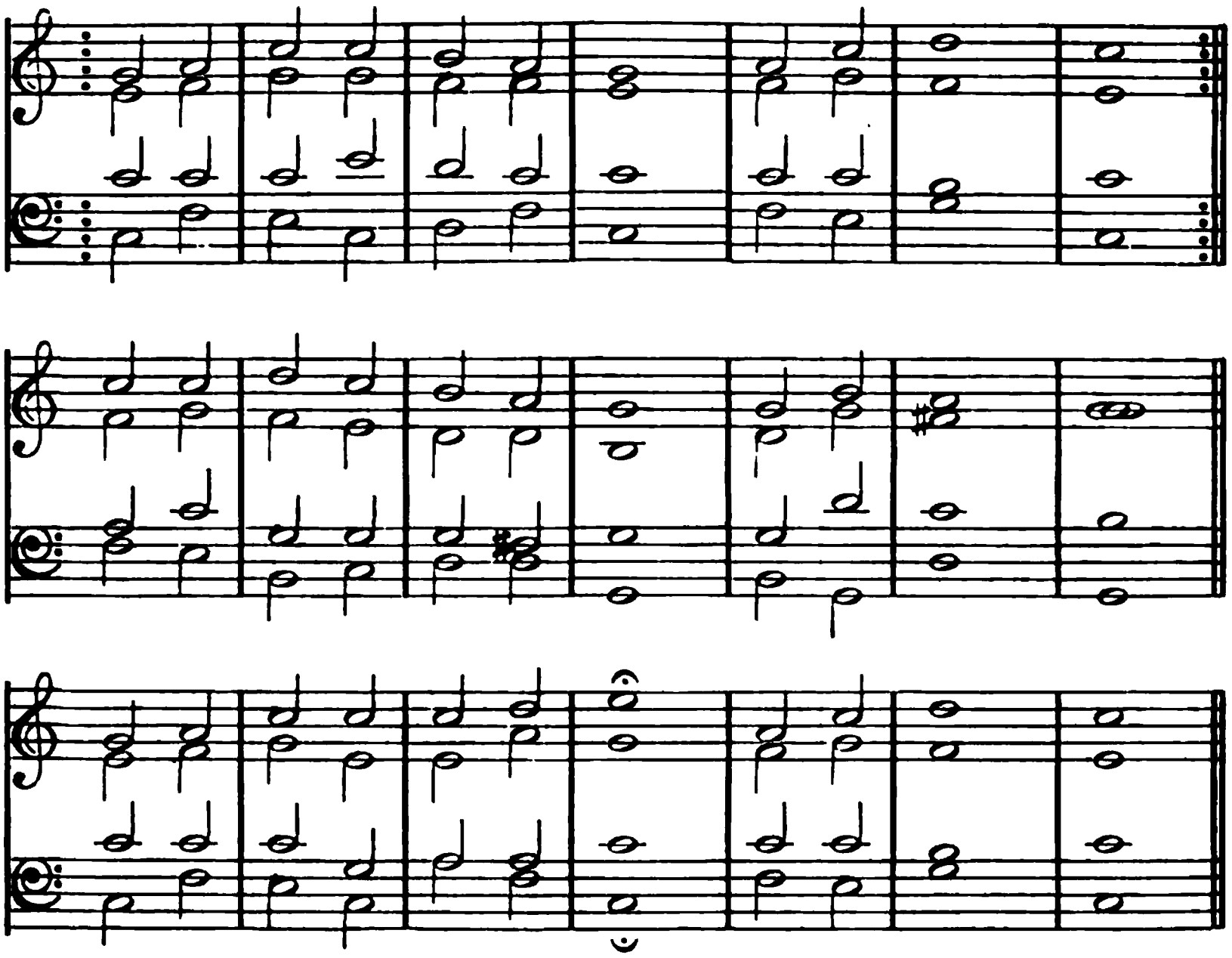
2 Hymns of praise then let us sing Hallelujah !
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hallelujah !
Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah !

3 But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah !
Our salvation has procured : Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing Hallelujah !

4 Sing we to our God above Hallelujah !
Praise eternal as His love ; Hallelujah !
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Hallelujah !
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Hallelujah !

Hymn 54 (32)

EASTER HYMN, No. 2 (77 77 with Hal.) SECOND TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



" Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the cross Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss; Hallelujah!

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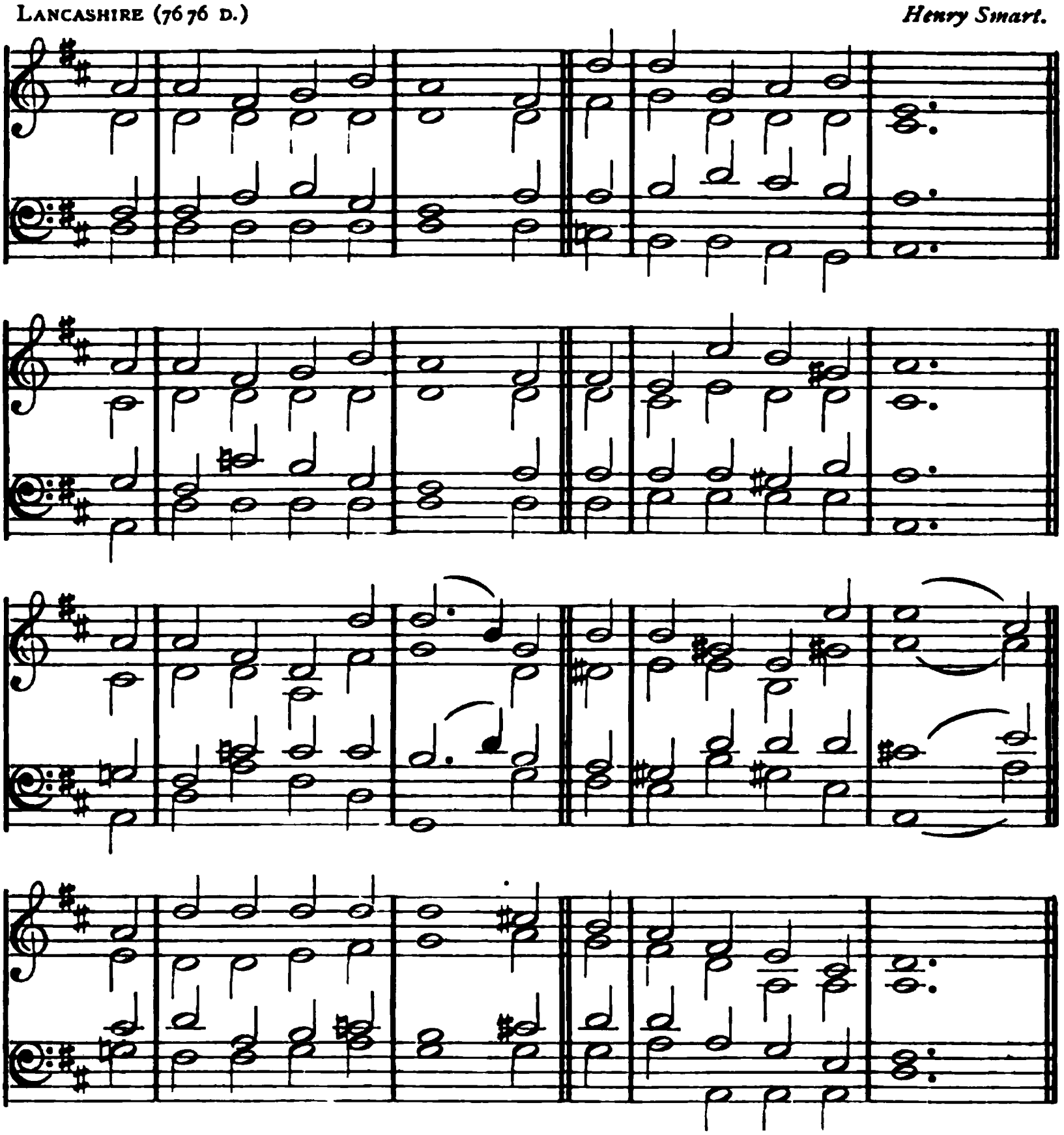
Our salvation has procured: Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing Hallelujah!

4 Sing we to our God above Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love; Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Hallelujah!

Hymn 55 (223)

LANCASHIRE (76 76 D.) *Henry Smart.*



"A lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

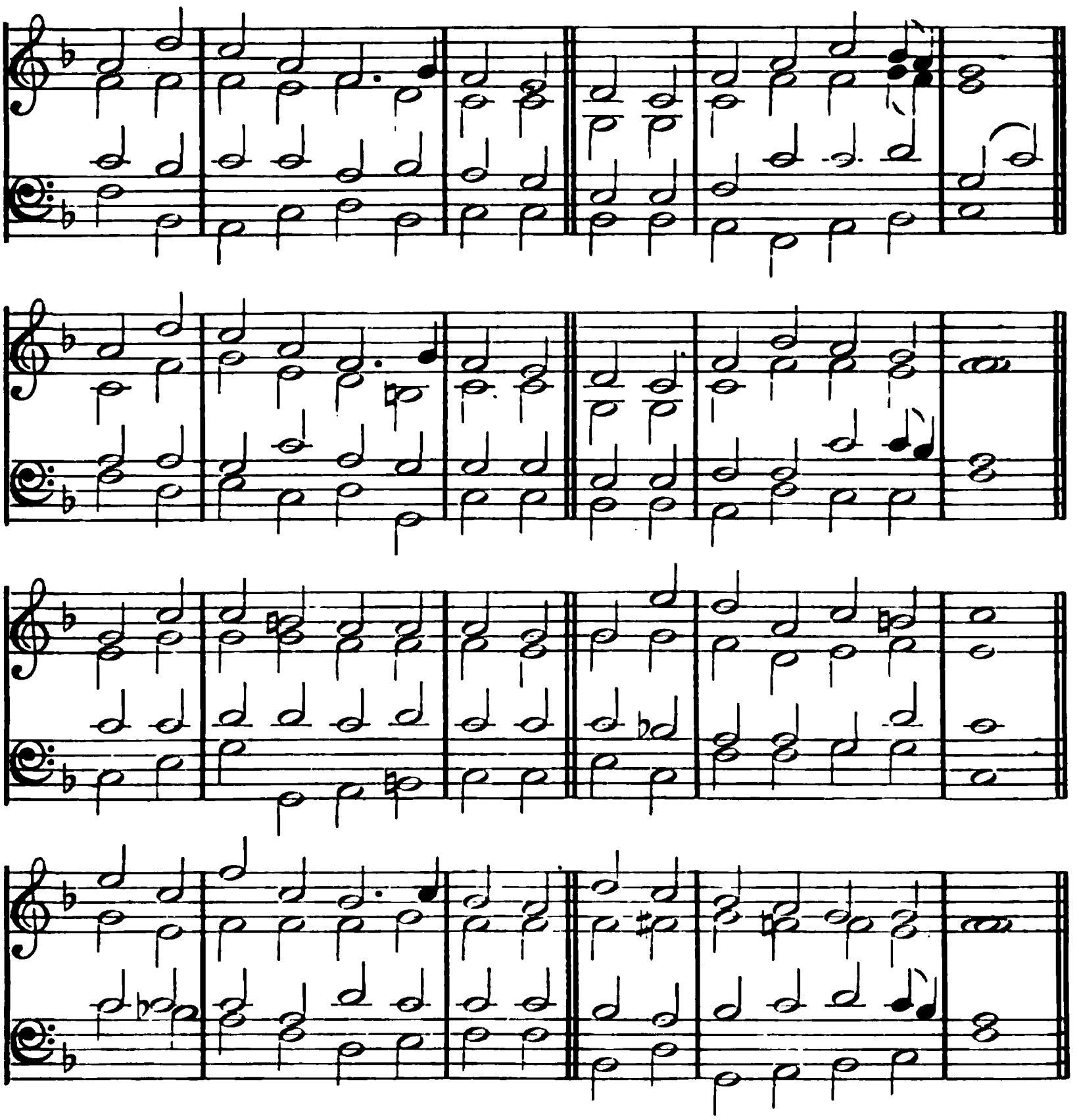
1 THE Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risèn,
Our joy that hath no end.

Hymn 56 (224)

BETHANY (87 87 D.) *Henry Smart.*



"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

1 PRAISE the Lord, sing Hallelujah!
Lo! the victory is won;
Strife and conflict now are ended,
And the triumph is begun.
Bring the sacrifice of praises,
Our Deliverer to greet;
Come with joyful adoration,
Welcome Him with honour meet.

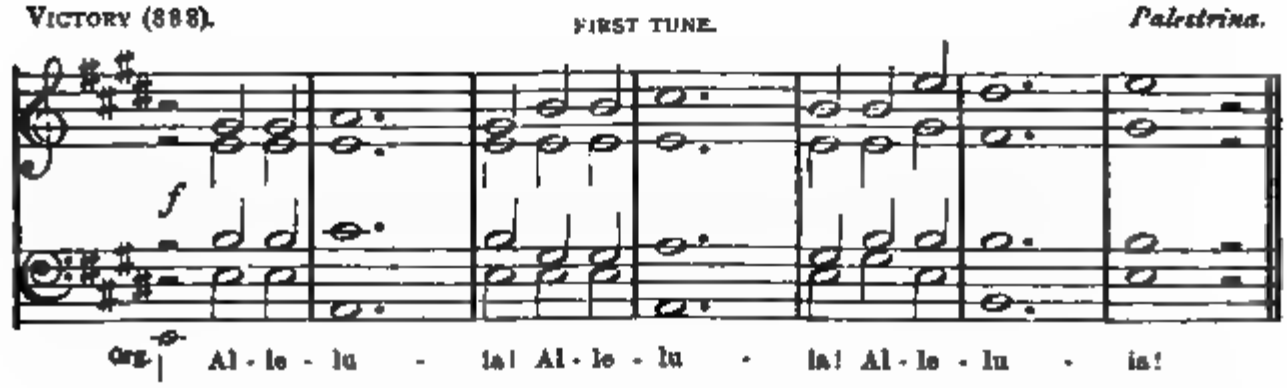
2 We have seen His toil and anguish,
We have watched Him in the hour
When, unpitied and forsaken,
He endured the tyrant's power.
Now we see Him crowned with glory,
And we know ourselves set free;
He hath rent our bonds asunder,
Captive led captivity.

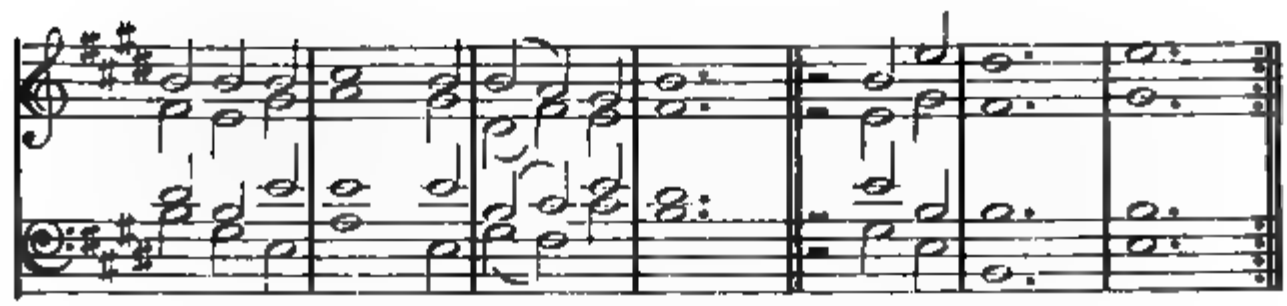
3 Mighty One! we bow before Thee,
And we own Thee Lord of all;
Jesus! Saviour! we adore Thee,
At Thy cross we meekly fall.
Help us in this time of waiting
In Thy strength to follow Thee,
That, partakers in Thy warfare,
We may share Thy victory.

4 Hallelujah! Christ is risen,
And He lives to die no more:
To His hand the keys are given,
Open is the prison-door.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now our triumph is begun;
Death and hell are spoiled for ever,
And the victory is won.

Hymn 57 (225)

VICTORY (888). FIRST TUNE. *Palestrina.*





"O sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things."

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

1 THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,—
Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—
Alleluia!

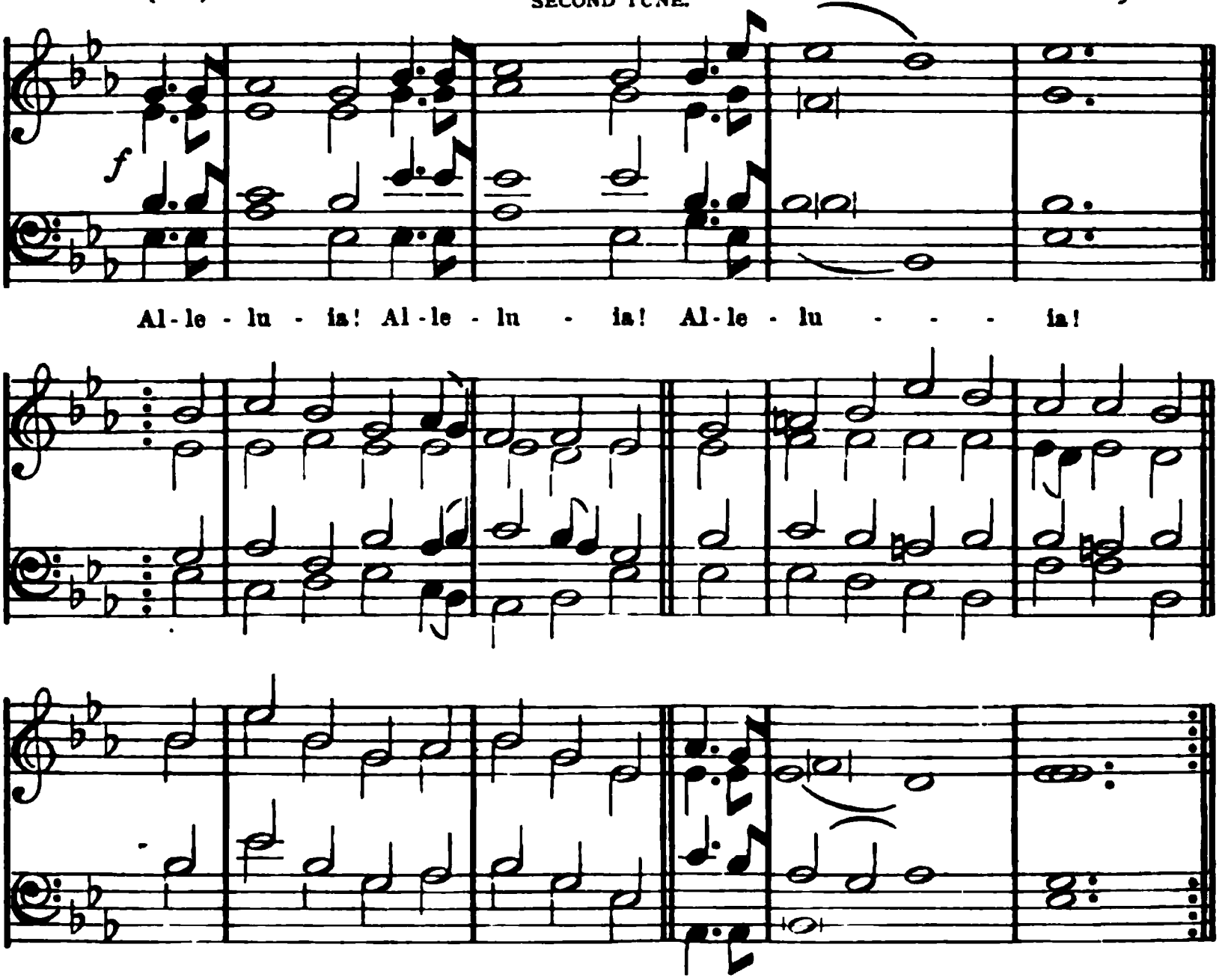
3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risèn Head!
Alleluia!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell:
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia!

Hymn 57 (225)

MAGDALA (888). SECOND TUNE. *Anonymous.*



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From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
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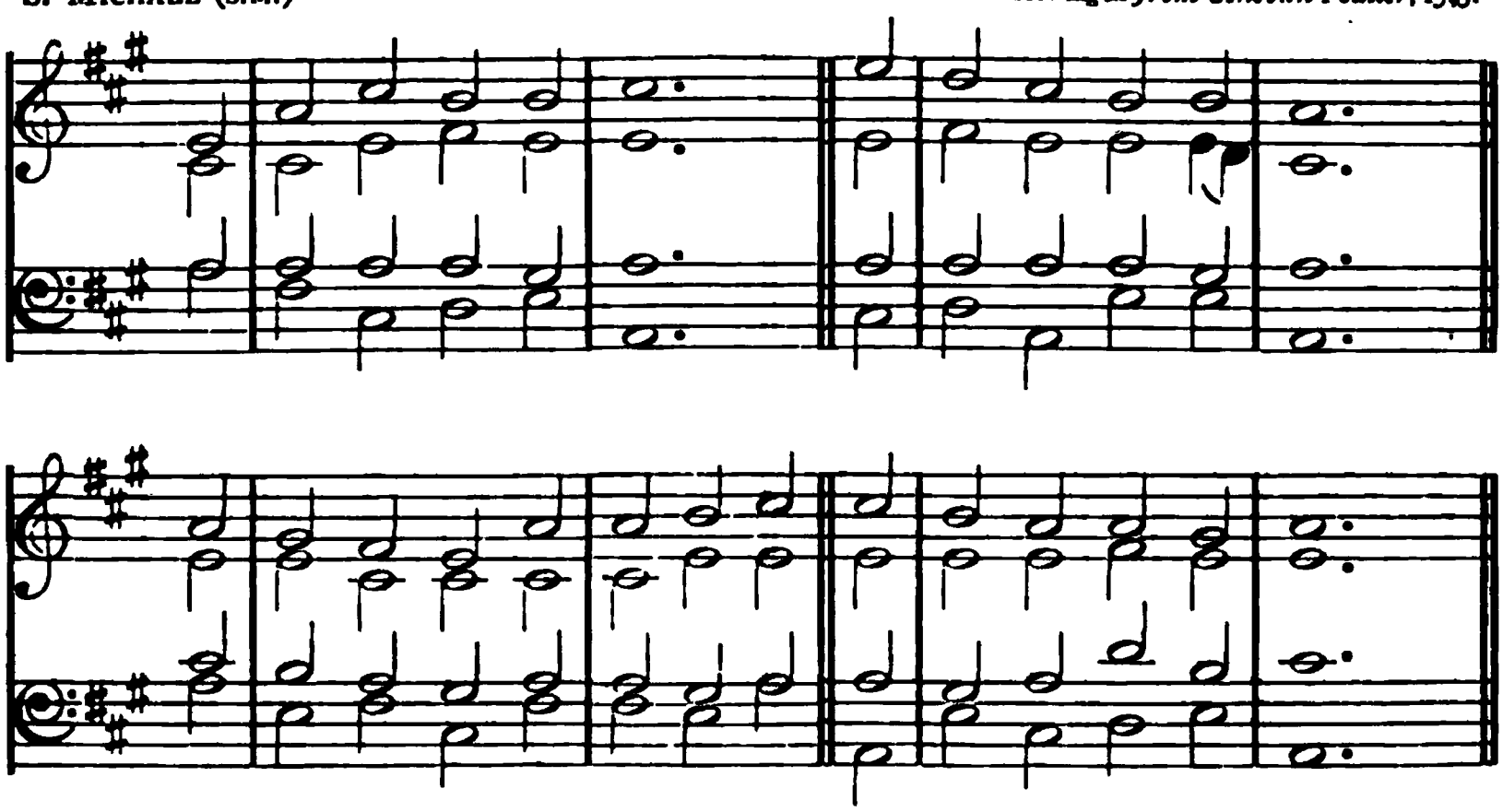
Hymn 58 (33)

S. MICHAEL (S.M.)

Daye's Psalter, 1563.
Abridged from Genevan Psalter, 543.



"The Lord is risen indeed."

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed;"
Now is His work performed;
Now is the mighty captive freed,
And Death's strong castle stormed.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
The grave has lost his prey;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

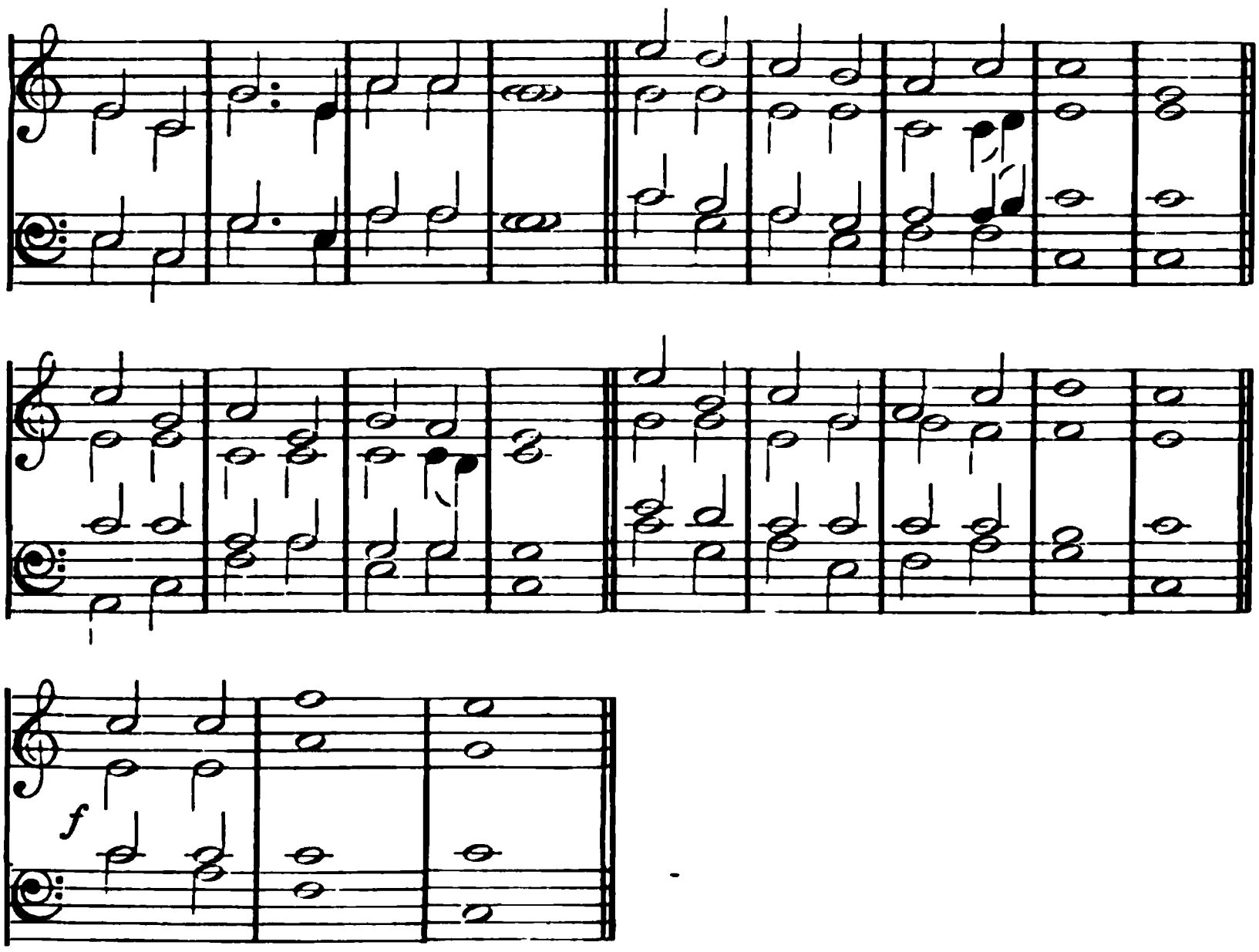
3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then tune your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risèn Lord!

Hymn 59 (226)

S. Albinus (7878 4). *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen."

1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Hallelujah!

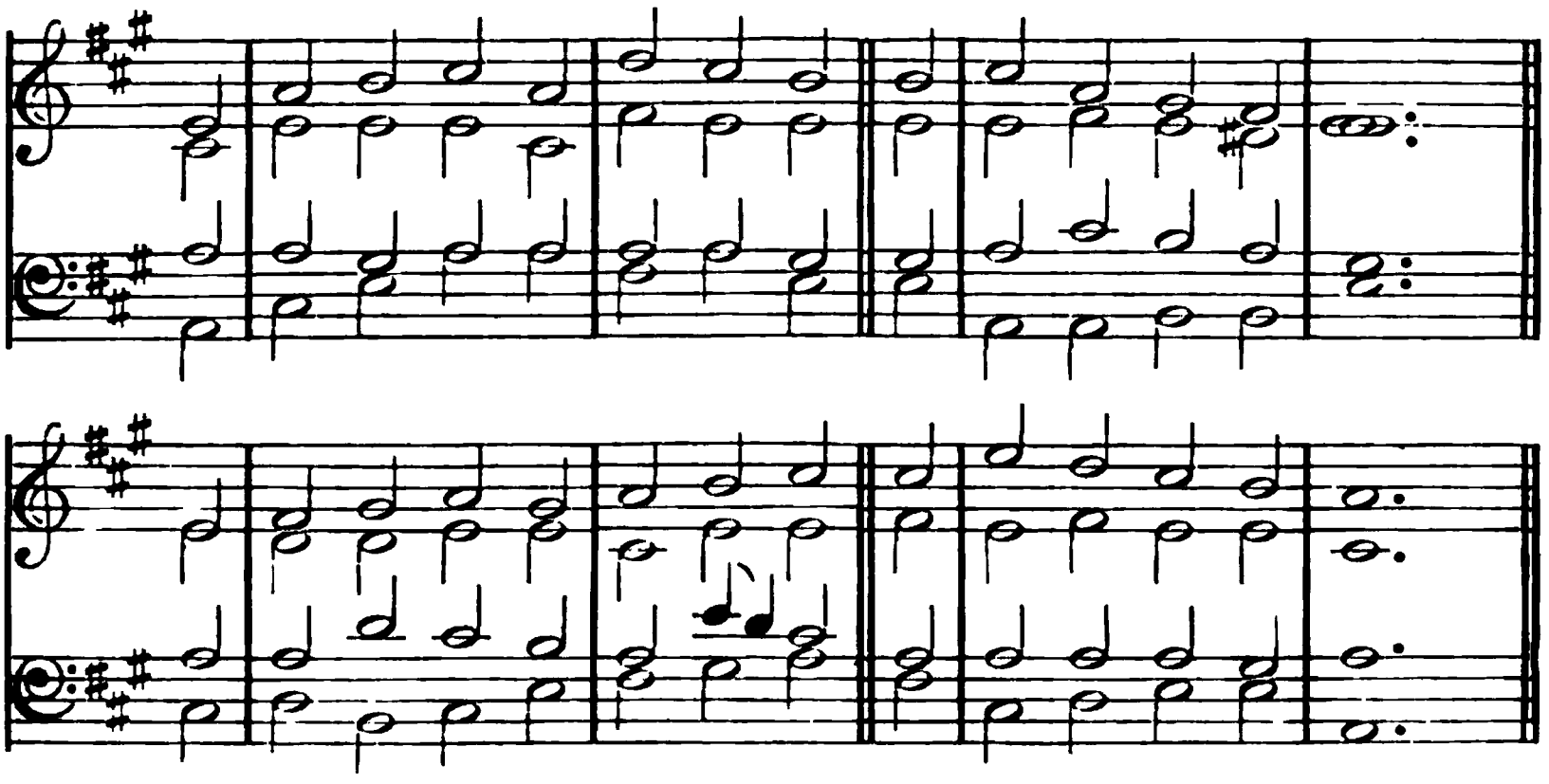
2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart will we abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving.
Hallelujah!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever,
Life nor death nor powers of hell
Part us now from Christ for ever.
Hallelujah!

Hymn 60 (34)

LANCASTER (C.M.) *Samuel Howard, Mus. D.*



"Now, upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre."

1 BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode!

2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

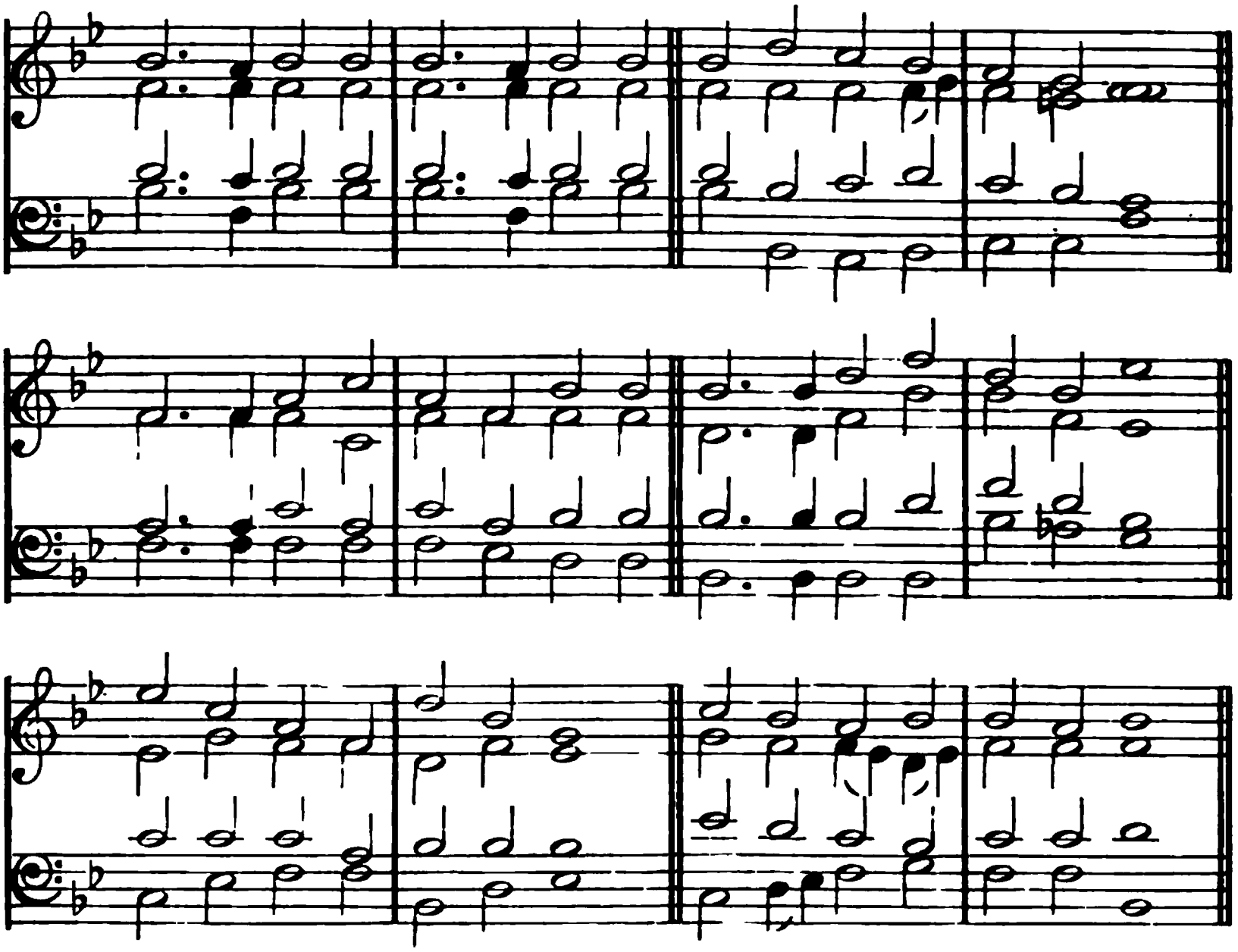
4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord!
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

Hymn 61 (35)

EDOM (87 87 77). FIRST TUNE. *A. L. Peace, Mus D.*



"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?"

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

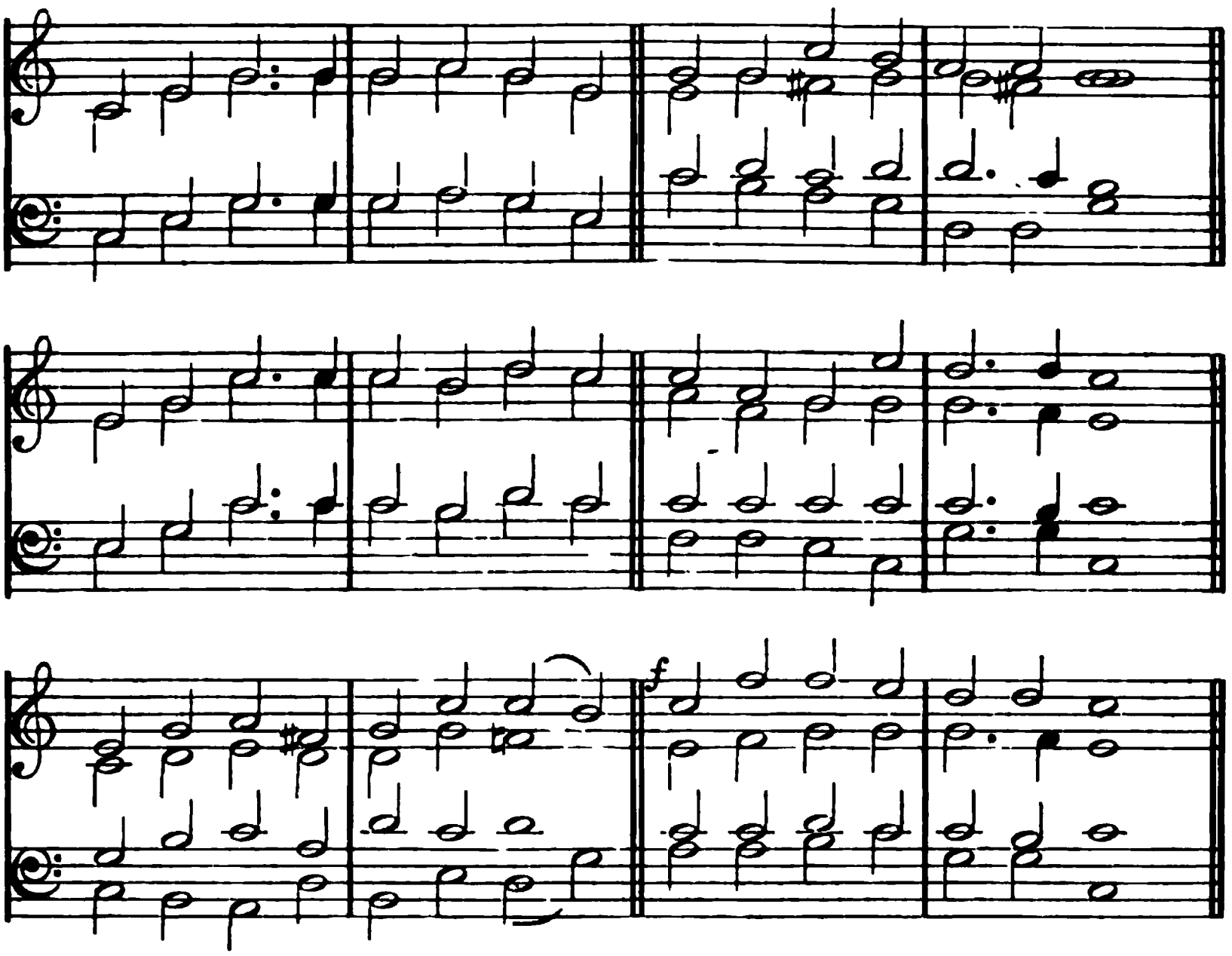
3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected
By His mighty arm alone;
See the throne for Him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne!
'Tis the great reward He gains,
Glorious fruit of all His pains.

5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever!
Wear the crown, so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

Hymn 61 (35)

TRIUMPH (87 87 77). SECOND TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



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1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
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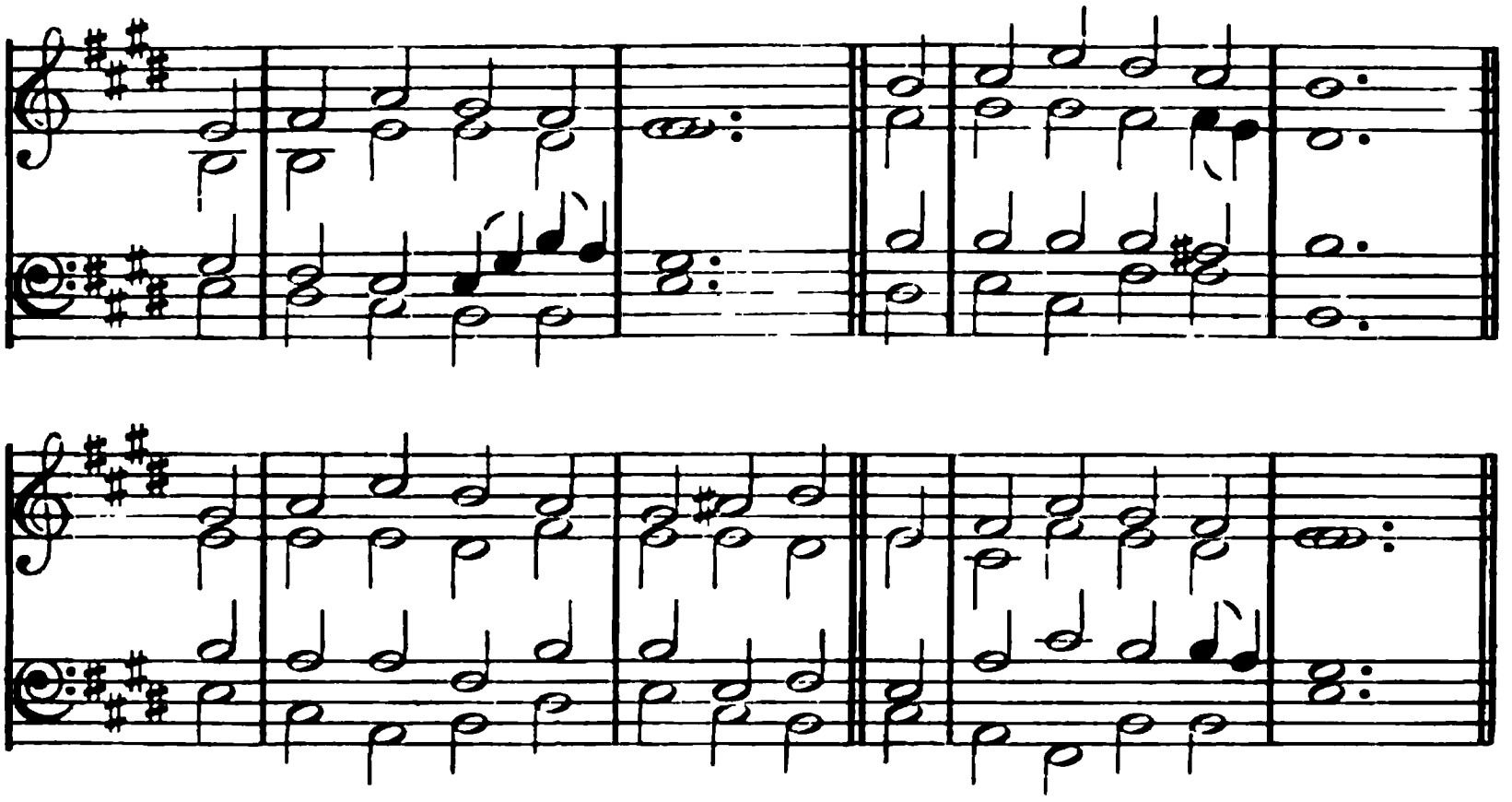
5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever!
Wear the crown, so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

Hymn 62 (36)

POTSDAM (S.M.)

Adapted from
Johann Sebastian Bach.



"Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive."

1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown:

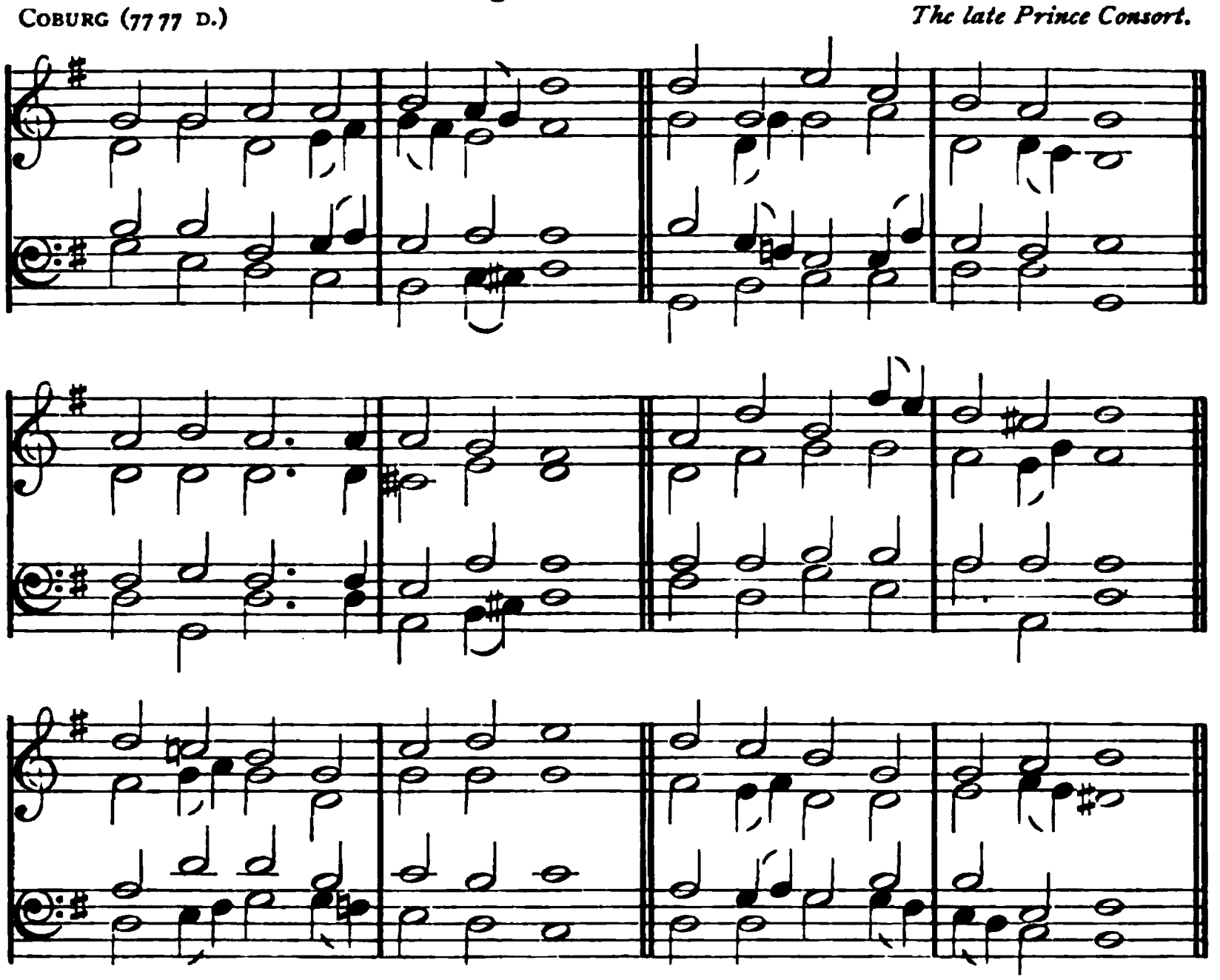
4 And girt with grief and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

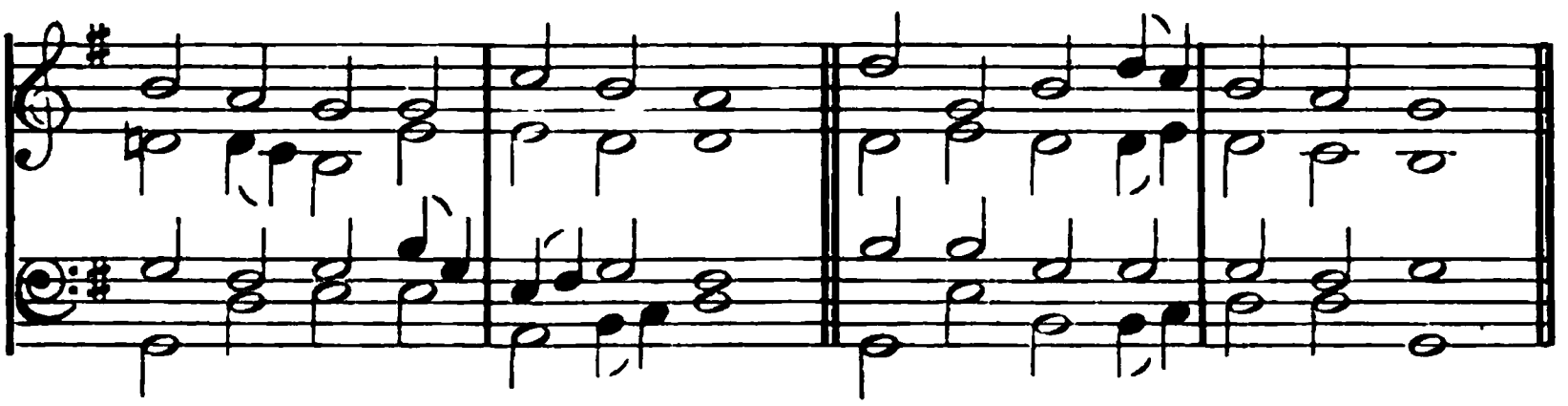
5 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.

6 O by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high!

Hymn 63 (37)

COBURG (77 77 D.) *The late Prince Consort.*





"While they beheld, He was taken up."

1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious, to His native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven:
There the mighty triumph waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in:"

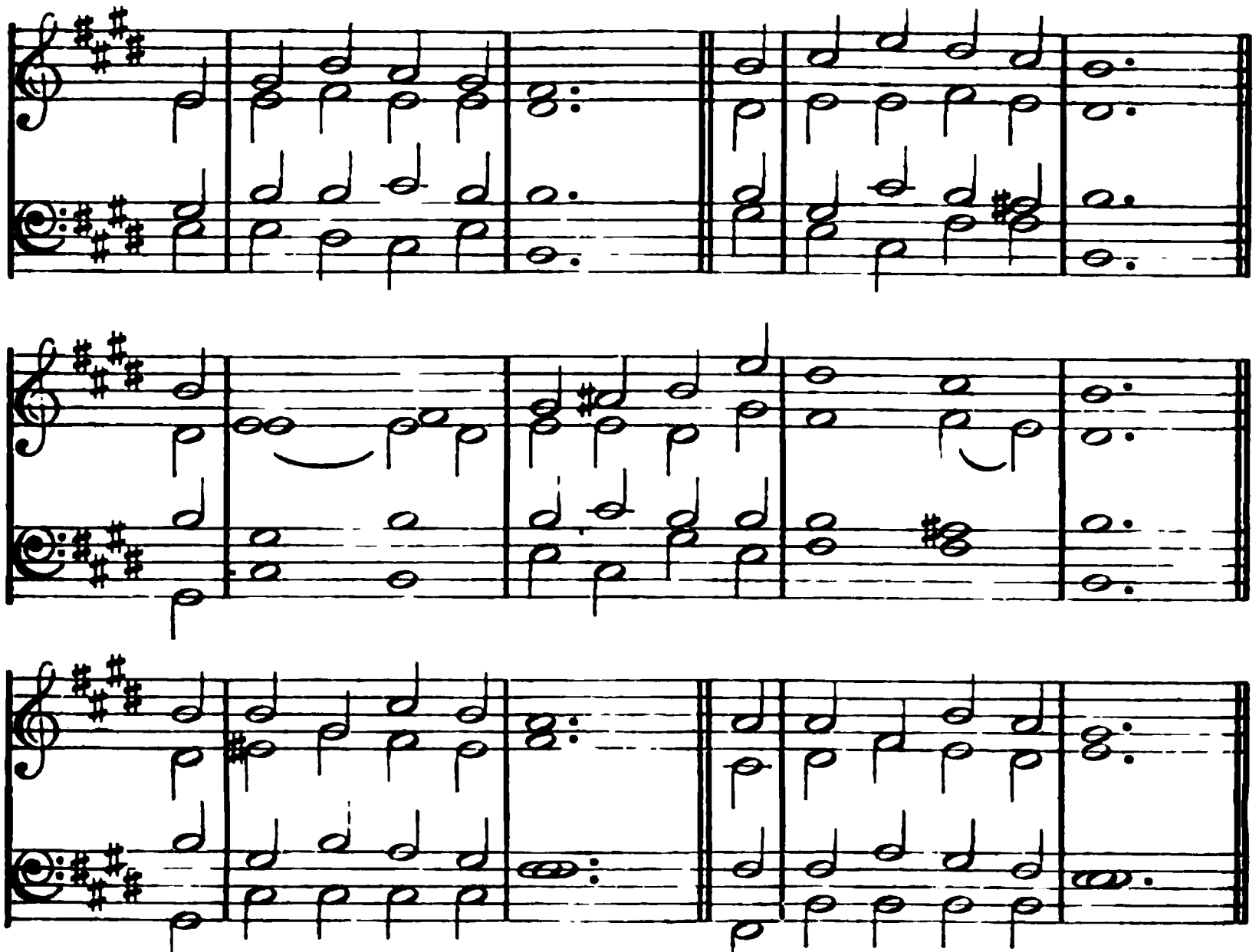
2 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Vanquisher of death and sin,
Take the King of glory in;
Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returnèd to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

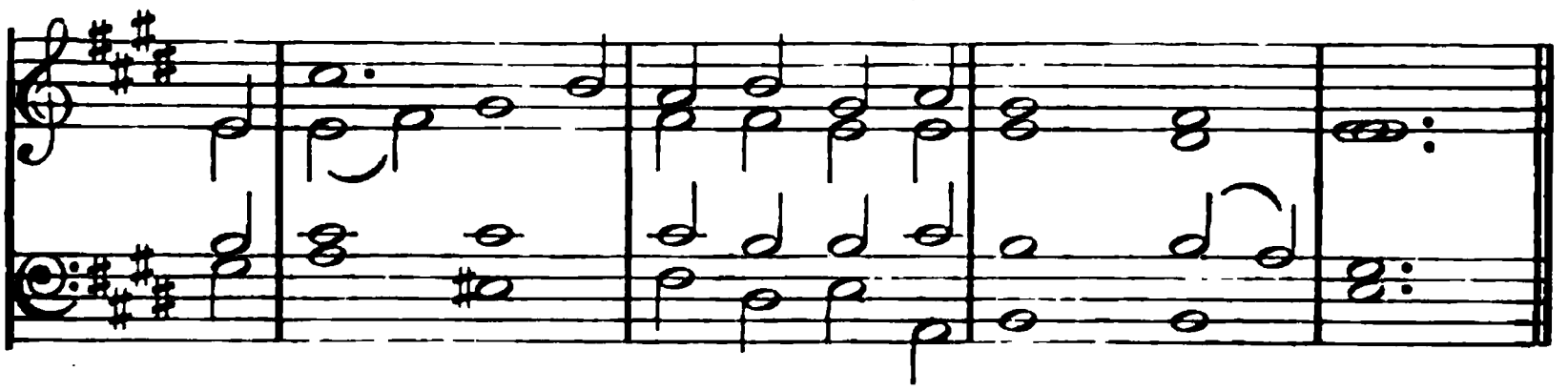
3 See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love:
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below;
Still for us He intercedes,
Still His death prevailing pleads;
Next Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

4 Ever upwards may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, striving after home.
There shall we with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of heavens in Thee.

Hymn 64 (38)

ELVEY (66 10 66 10). FIRST TUNE. *Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.*





"Whither the Forerunner has for us entered."

1 THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe
And wear the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessèd labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

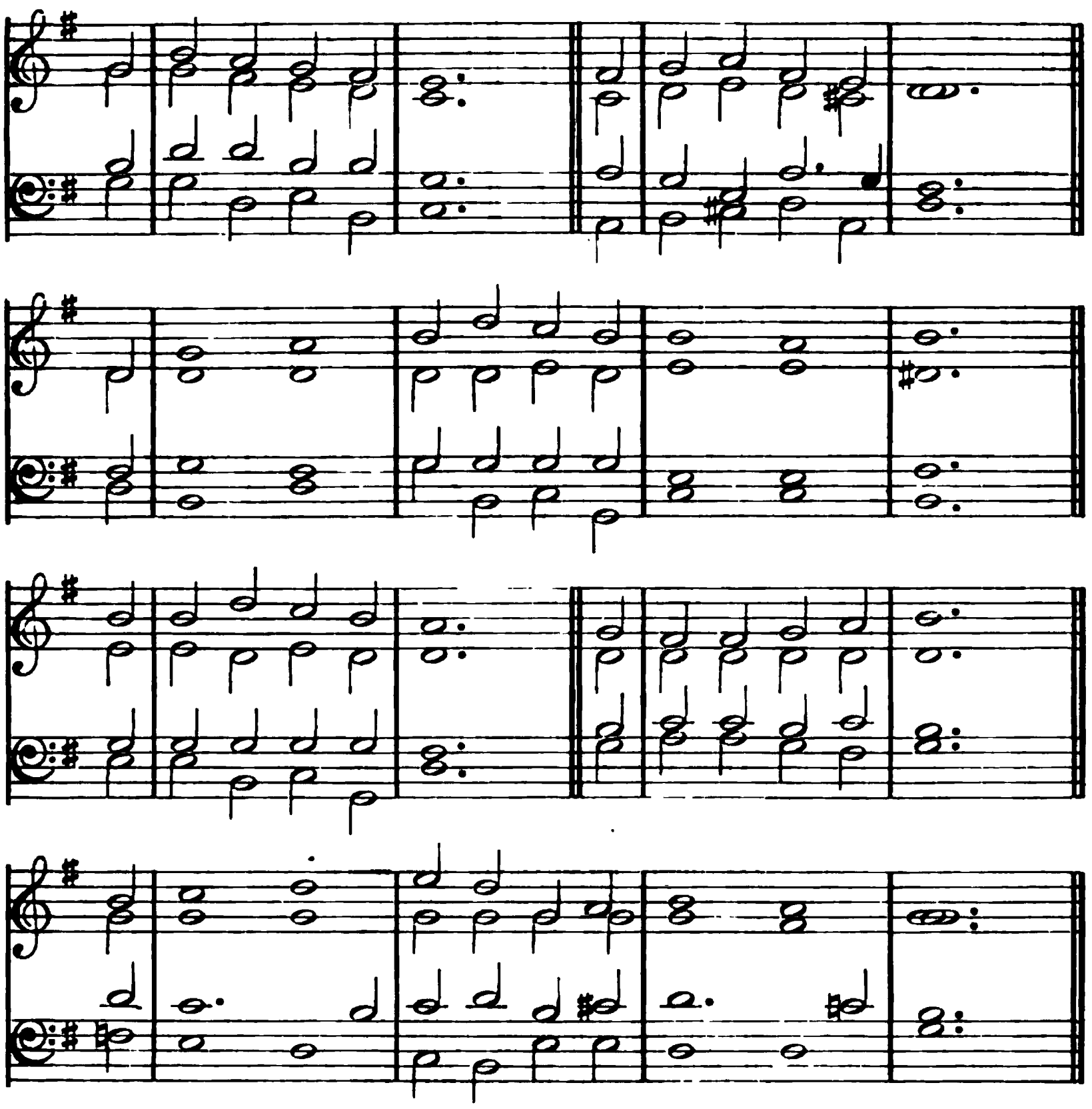
2 It was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread:
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be:
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour! which doth lead to Thee.

Hymn 64 (38)

BRIERLEY (66 10 66 10). SECOND TUNE. *Augustus G. Jamieson.*



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That light of love our guiding star shall be:
Our spirits shall not dread
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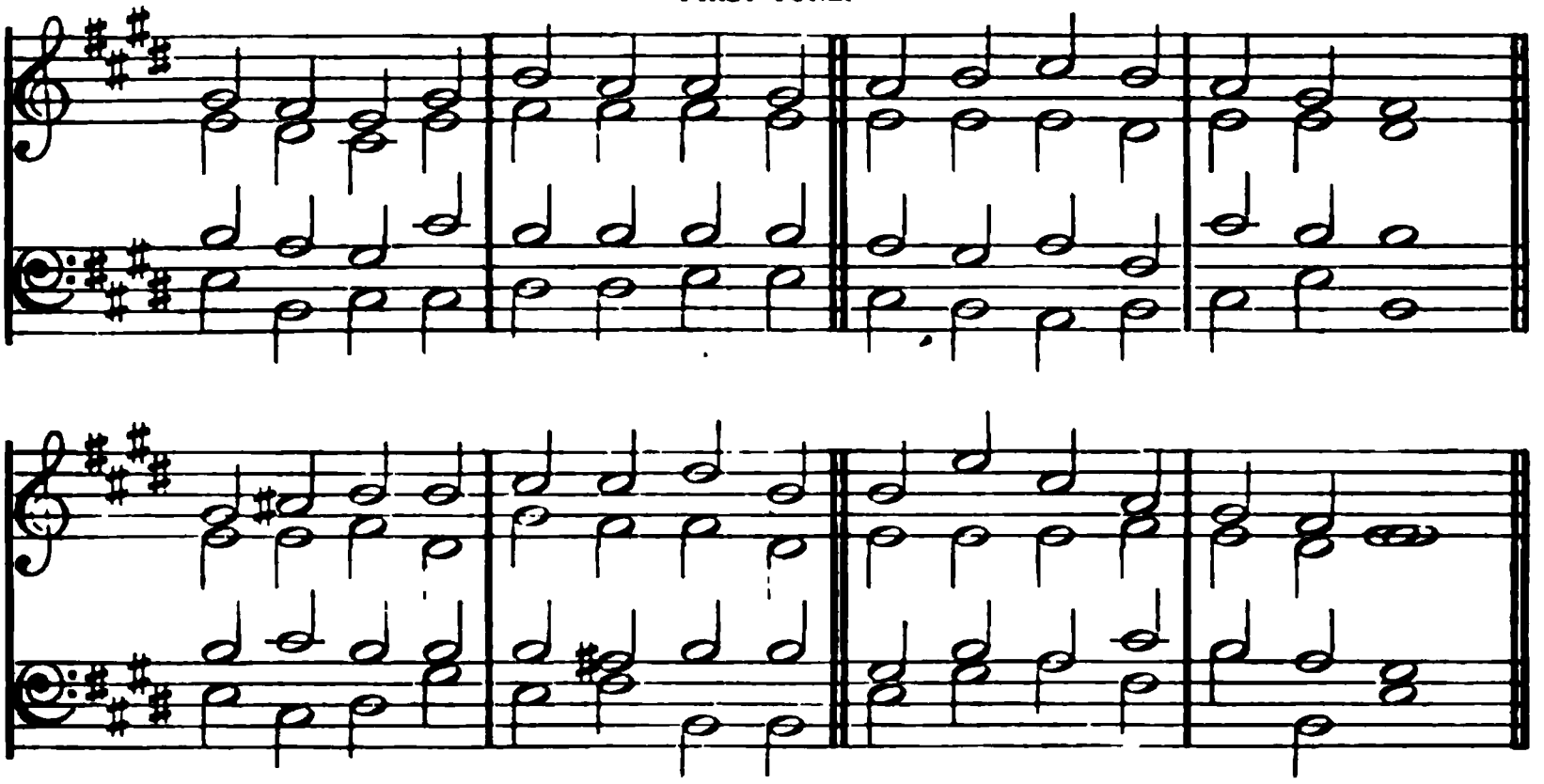
Hymn 65 (39)

BORLAN (87 87). FIRST TUNE. *German.*



"At the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth."

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

2 All Thy people are forgivèn
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heavèn;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

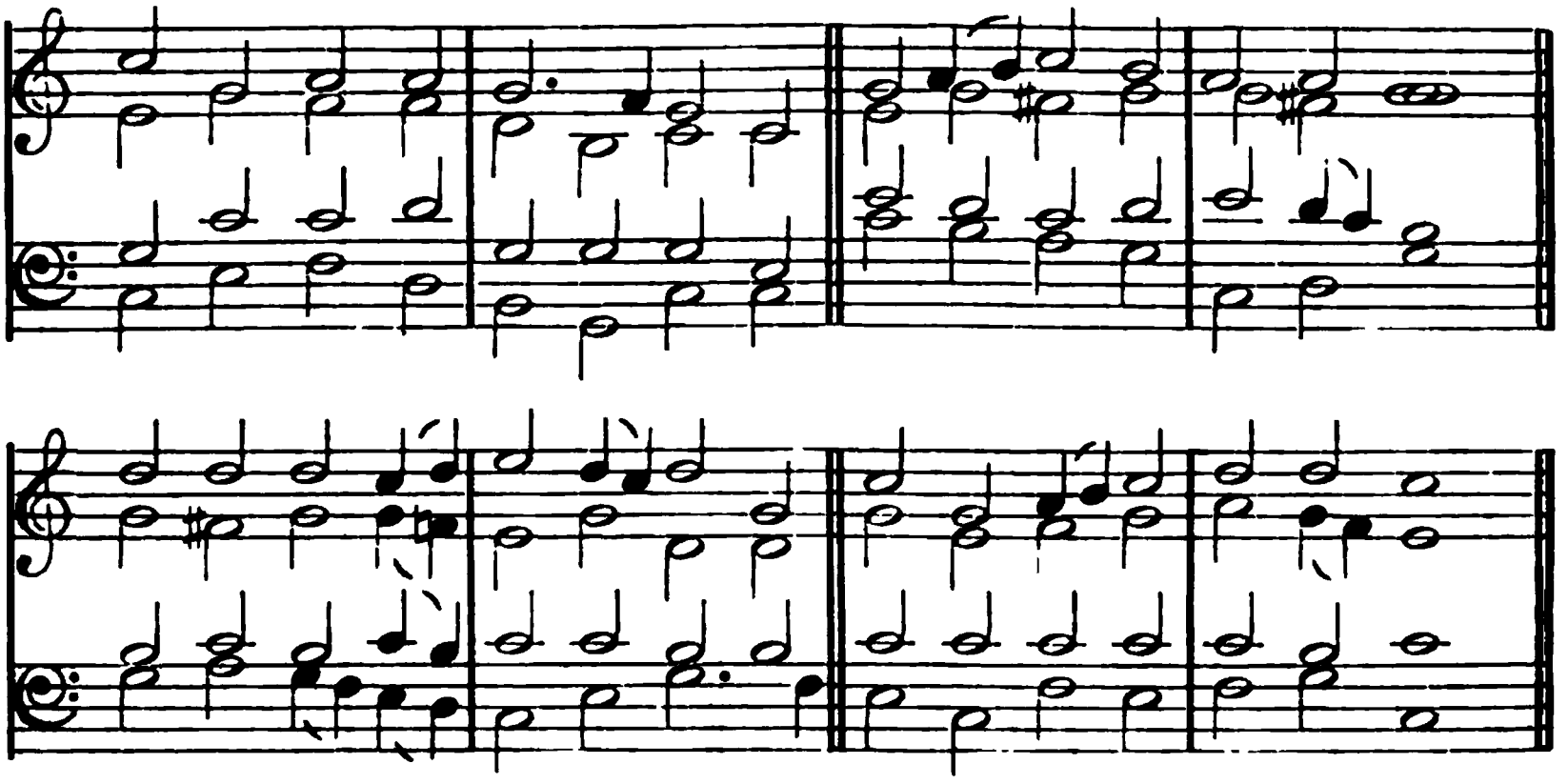
4 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

5 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give.

6 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

Hymn 65 (39)

ALL SAINTS (87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Störl's Würtemberger Gesangbuch, 1711.*



"At the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth."

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

2 All Thy people are forgivèn
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heavèn ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

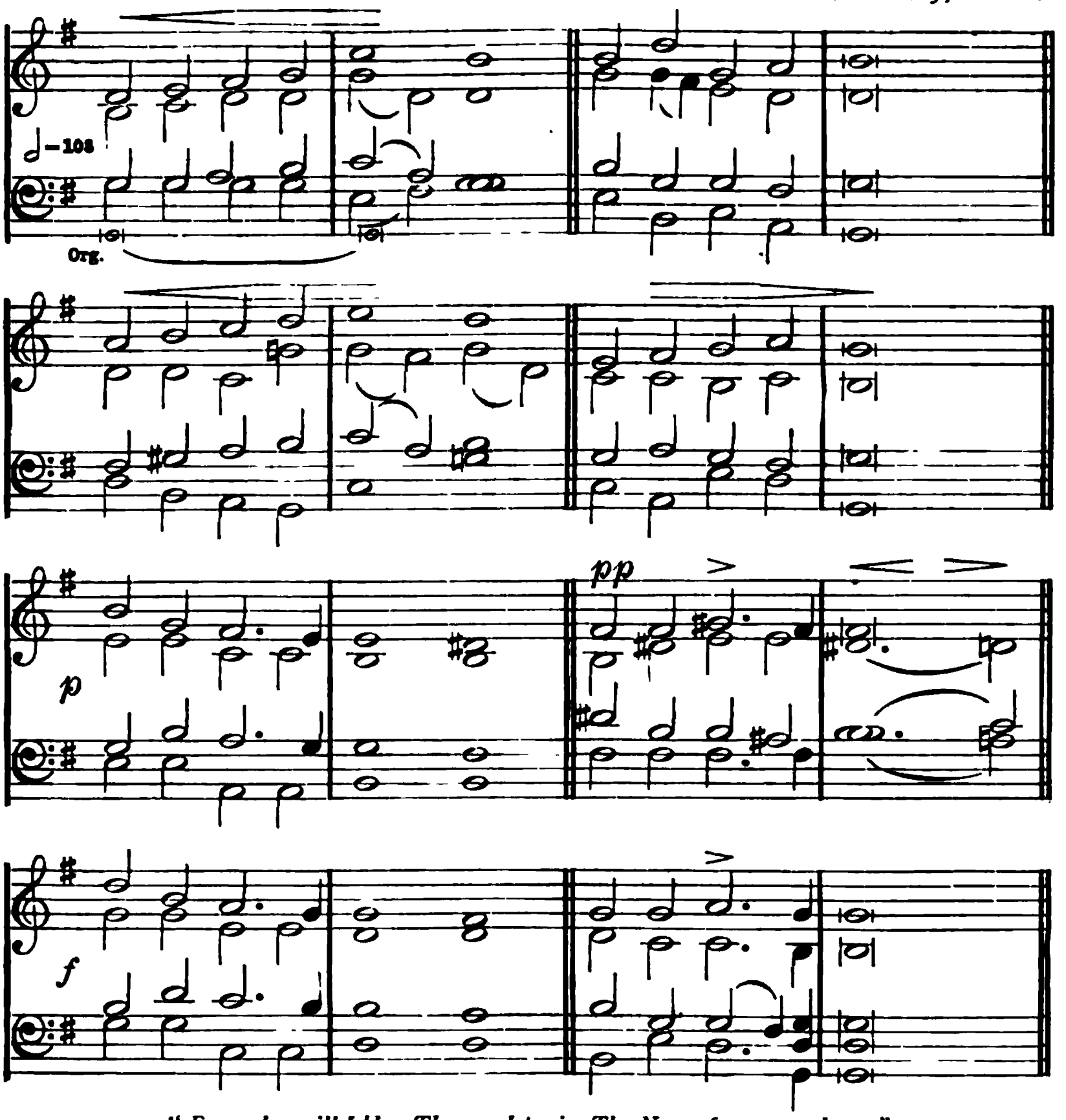
4 There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

5 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give.

6 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

Hymn 66 (227)

EDINA (6565 D.) FIRST TUNE. *Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. D.*



"Every day will I bless Thee, and praise Thy Name for ever and ever."

1 SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour, listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King;
All we have we offer; all we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.

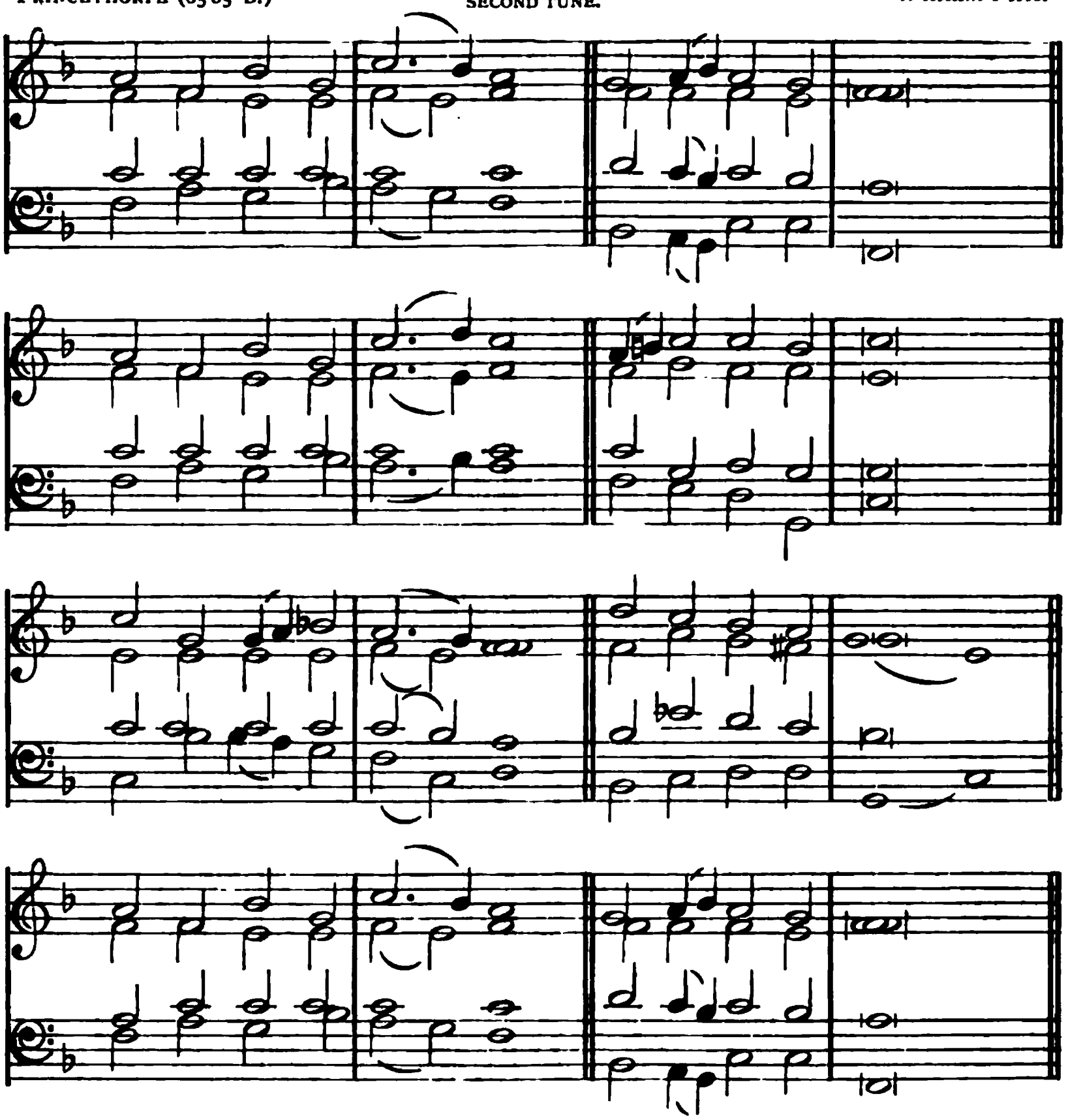
2 Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow, toil or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions circle round Thy throne.

4 Dark and ever darker was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness o'er our path is cast;

Hymn 66 (227)

PRINCETHORPE (65 65 D.) SECOND TUNE. *William Pitts.*



Every day that passeth, every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignèd, love that never dies.

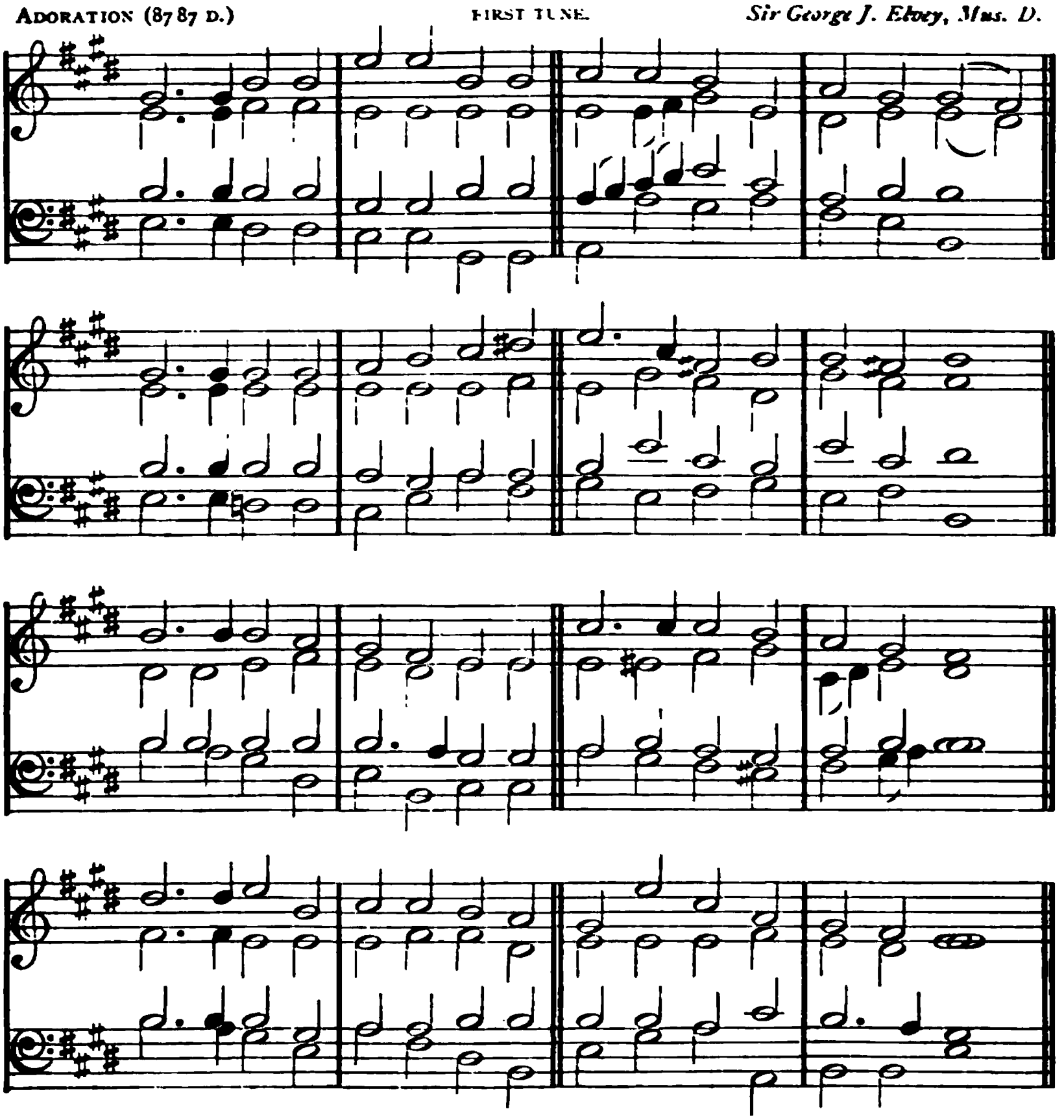
5 Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing news of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance on a world of sin.

6 Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling, when the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting, finds its promised goal;
Where, in joys unheard of, saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising praises to their King.

Hymn 67 (228)

ADORATION (87 87 D.) FIRST TUNE. *Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.*



"Thine, O Lord, is the victory."

1 ALLELUIA! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark, the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood!"

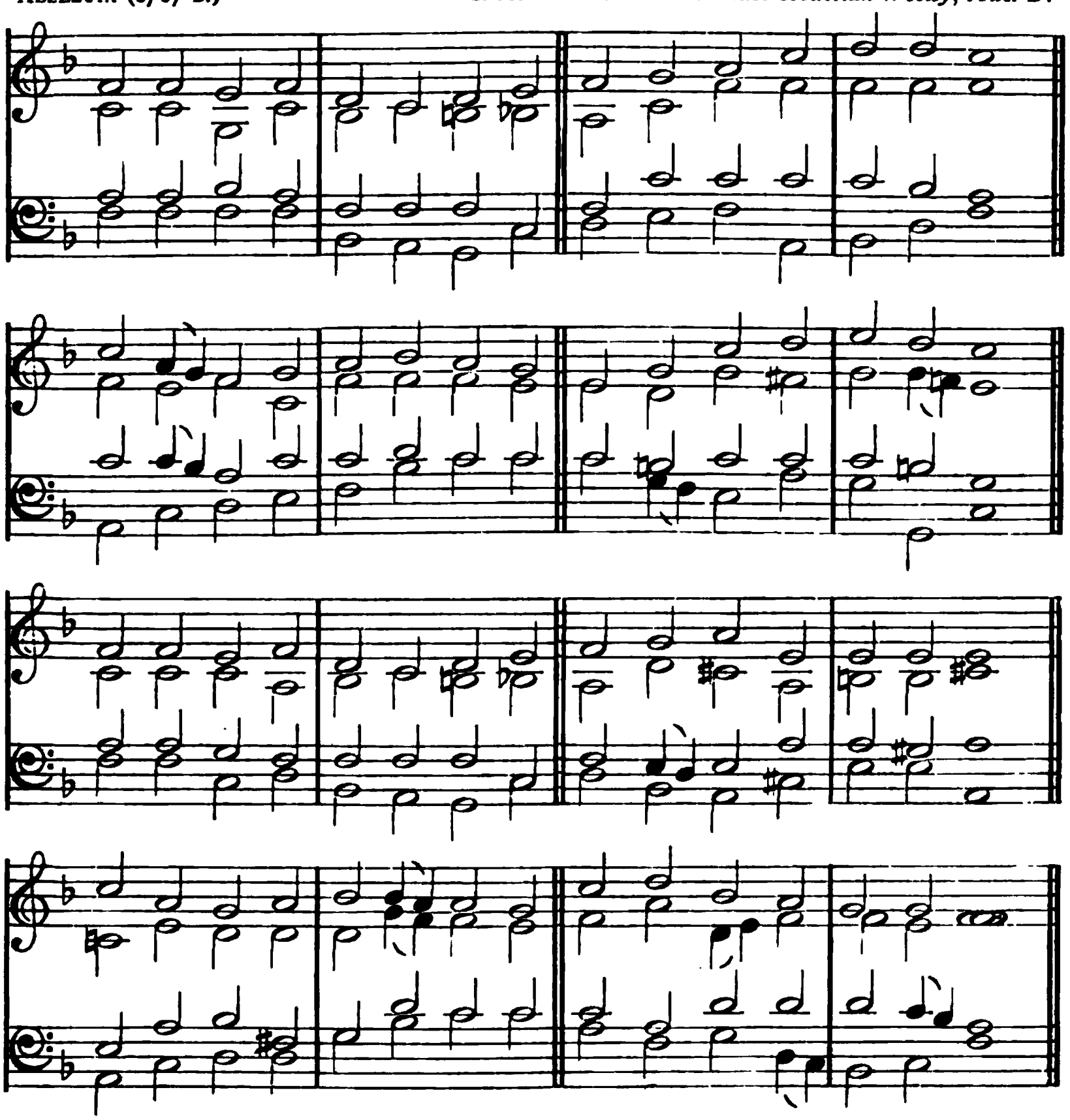
2 Alleluia! Not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise—
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of heavèn,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! Here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark, the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood!"

Hymn 67 (228)

ALLELUIA (8787 D.) SECOND TUNE. *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



"Thine, O Lord, is the victory."

1 ALLELUIA! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark, the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood!"

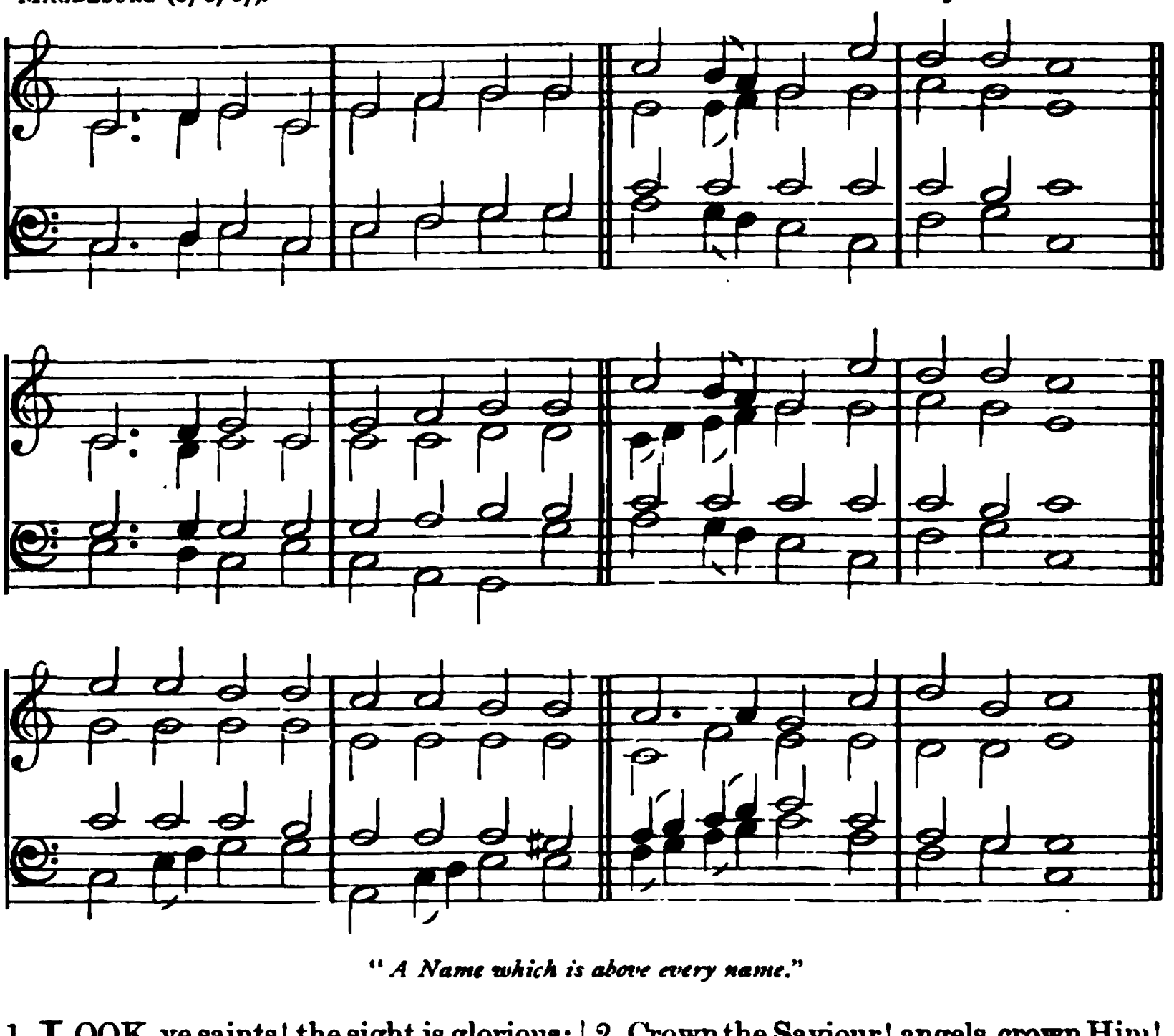
2 Alleluia! Not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise—
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of heavèn,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! Here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark, the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood!"

Hymn 68 (40)

MAGDEBURG (87 87 87). *Joachim Neander.*



"A Name which is above every name."

1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now!
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

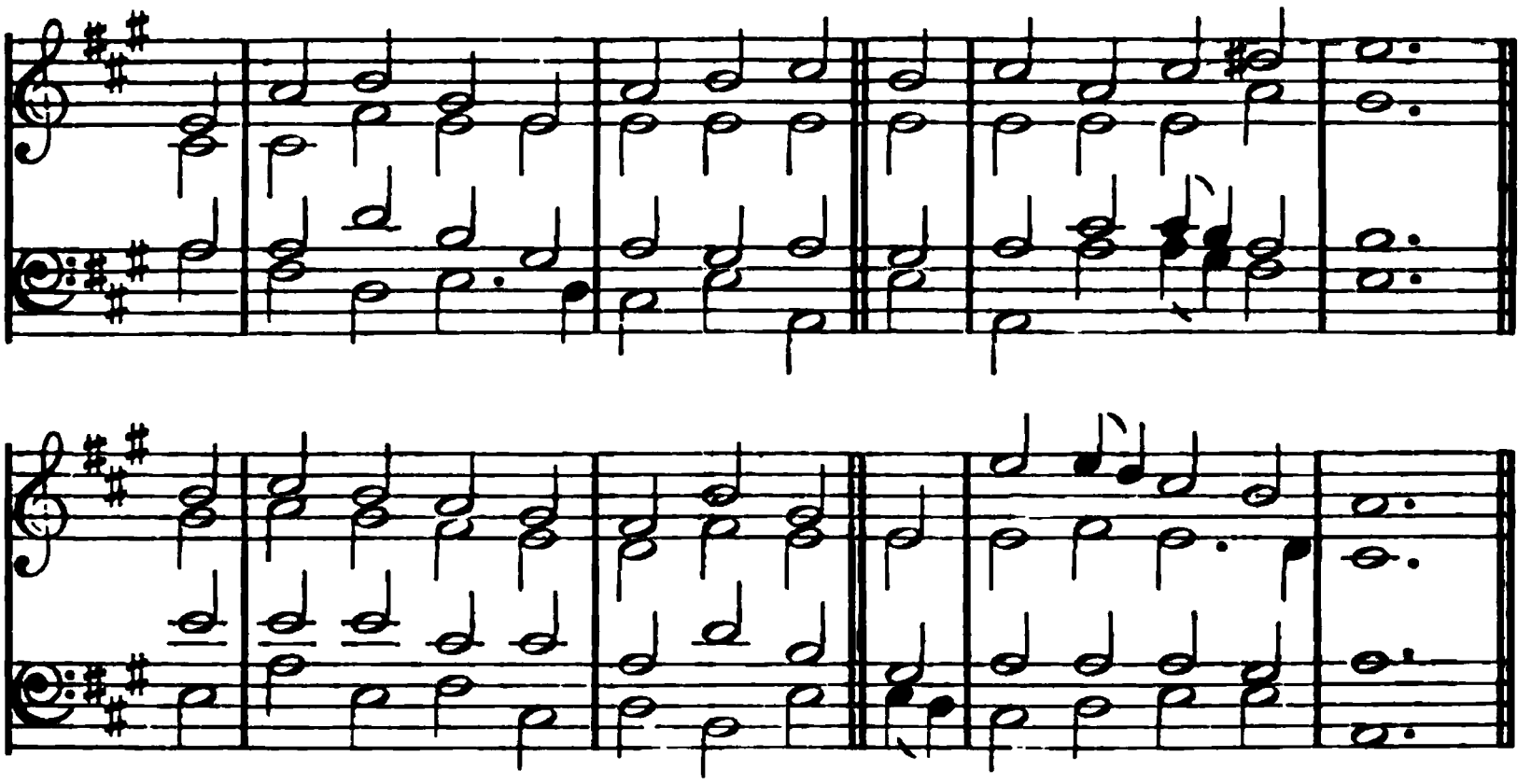
2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings.
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heavèn rings:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim,—
Saints and angels throng around Him:
Own His title, praise His name;
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Hymn 69 (41)

S. Magnus (c.m.) *Jeremiah Clark.*



"Jesus....endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God."

1 THE Head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

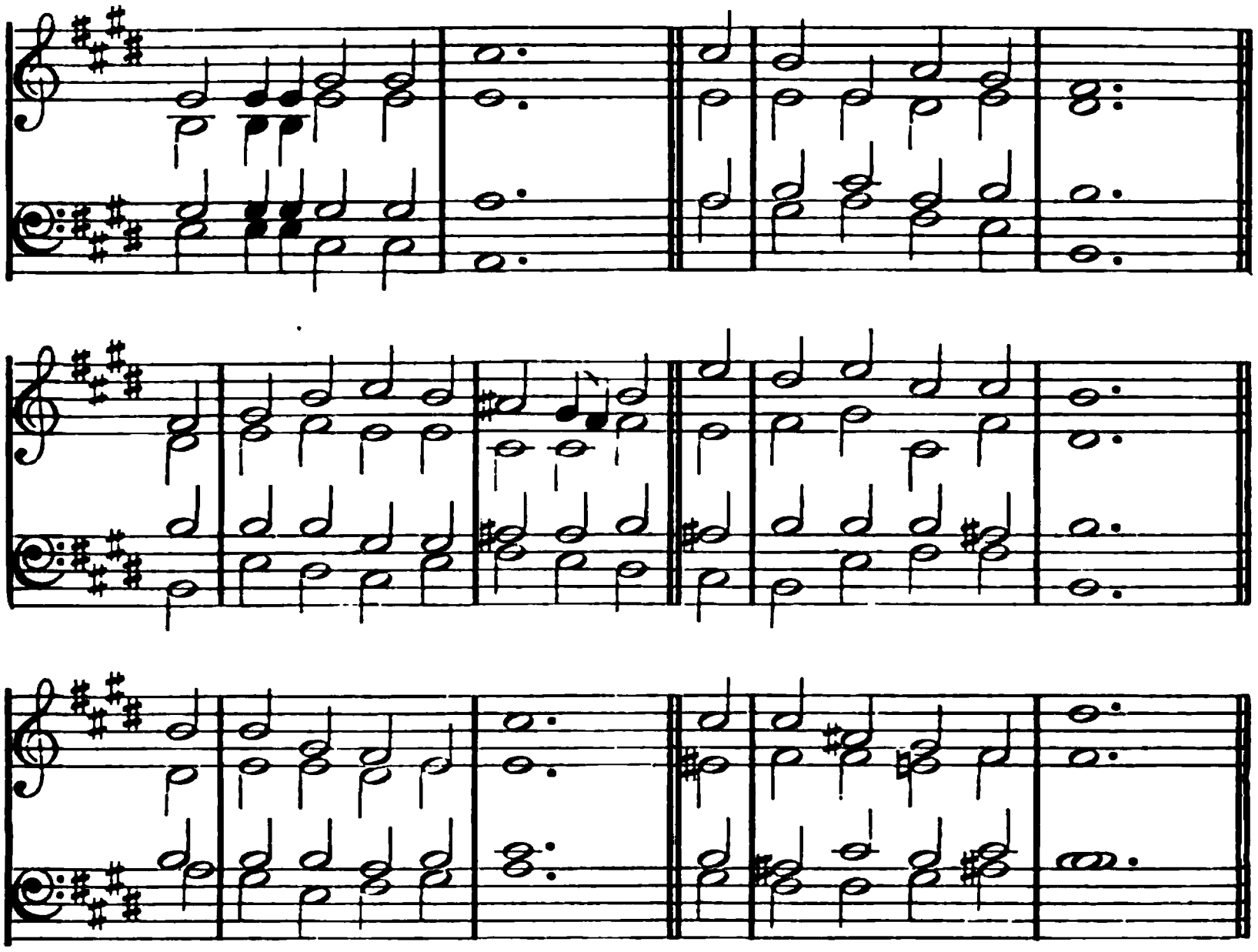
4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

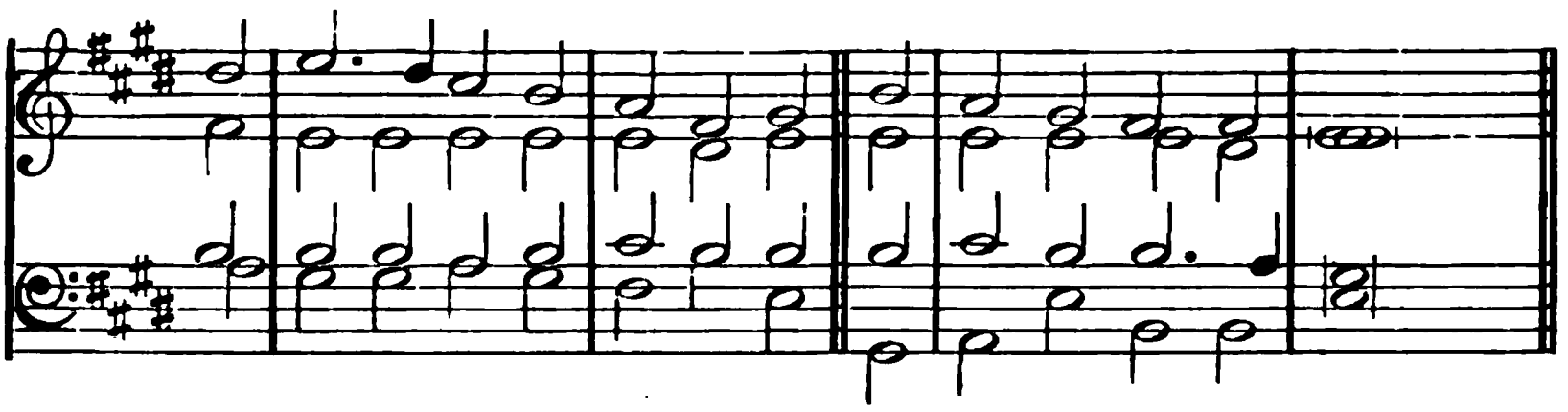
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above:
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Hymn 70 (42)

DIADEMATA (D.S.M.) *Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.*





"And on His head were many crowns."

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne:
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him, the Lord of Love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified.
Crown Him, the Lord of Peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:

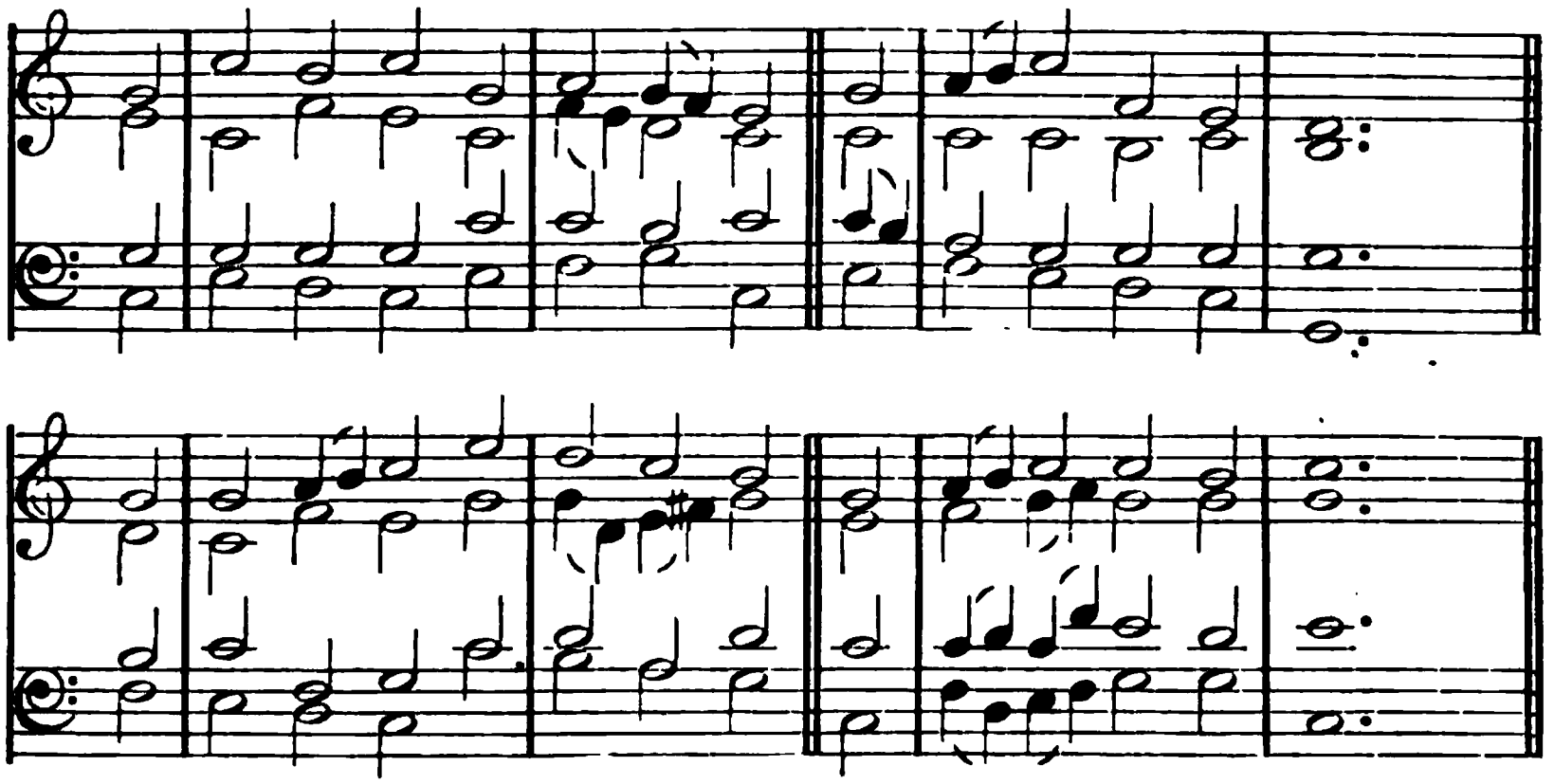
3 His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Hymn 71 (43)

CREDITON (C.M.)

FIRST TUNE.

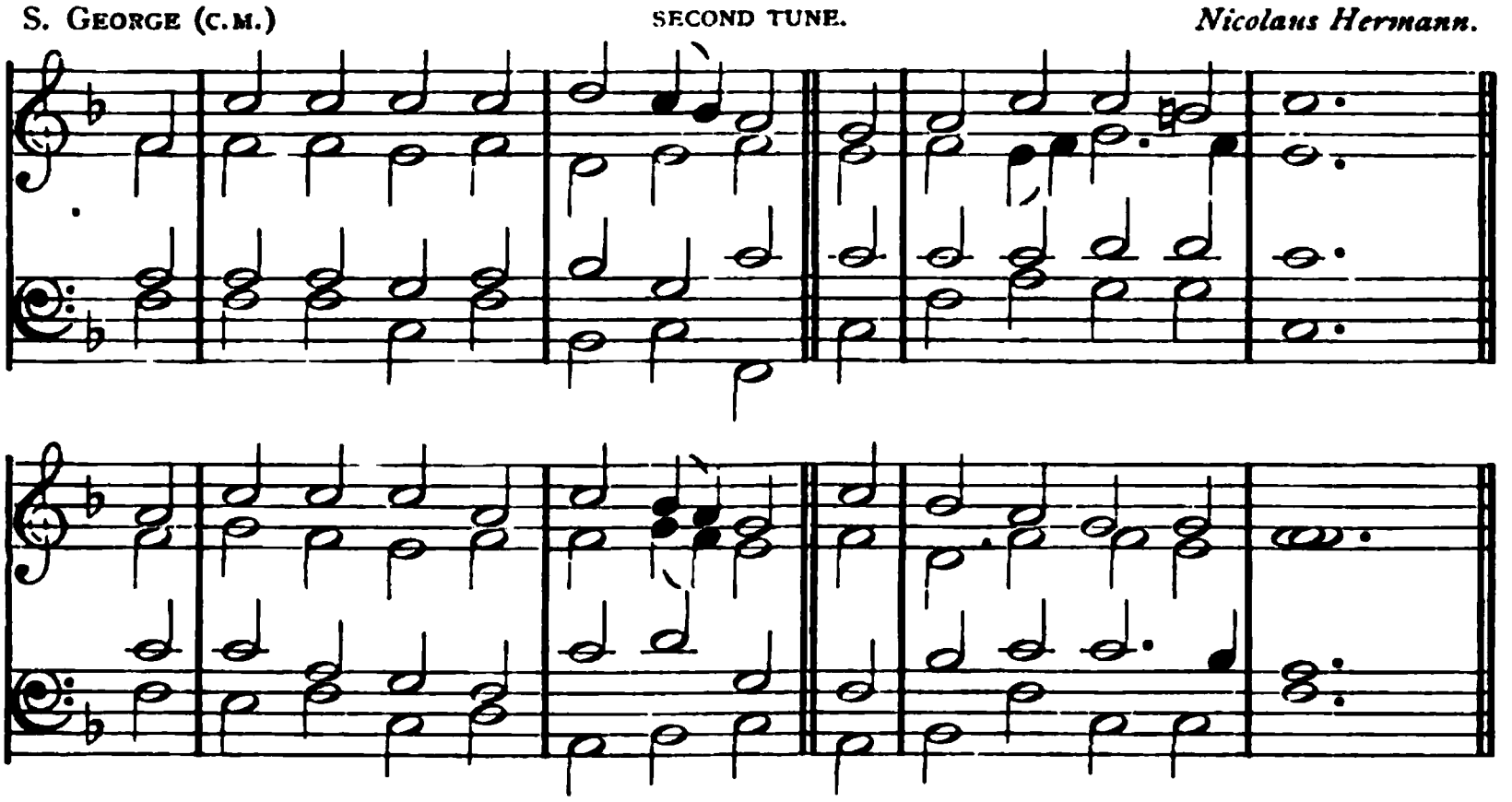
Thomas Clark.



S. GEORGE (C.M.)

SECOND TUNE.

Nicolaus Herrnann.



"He is Lord of all."

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

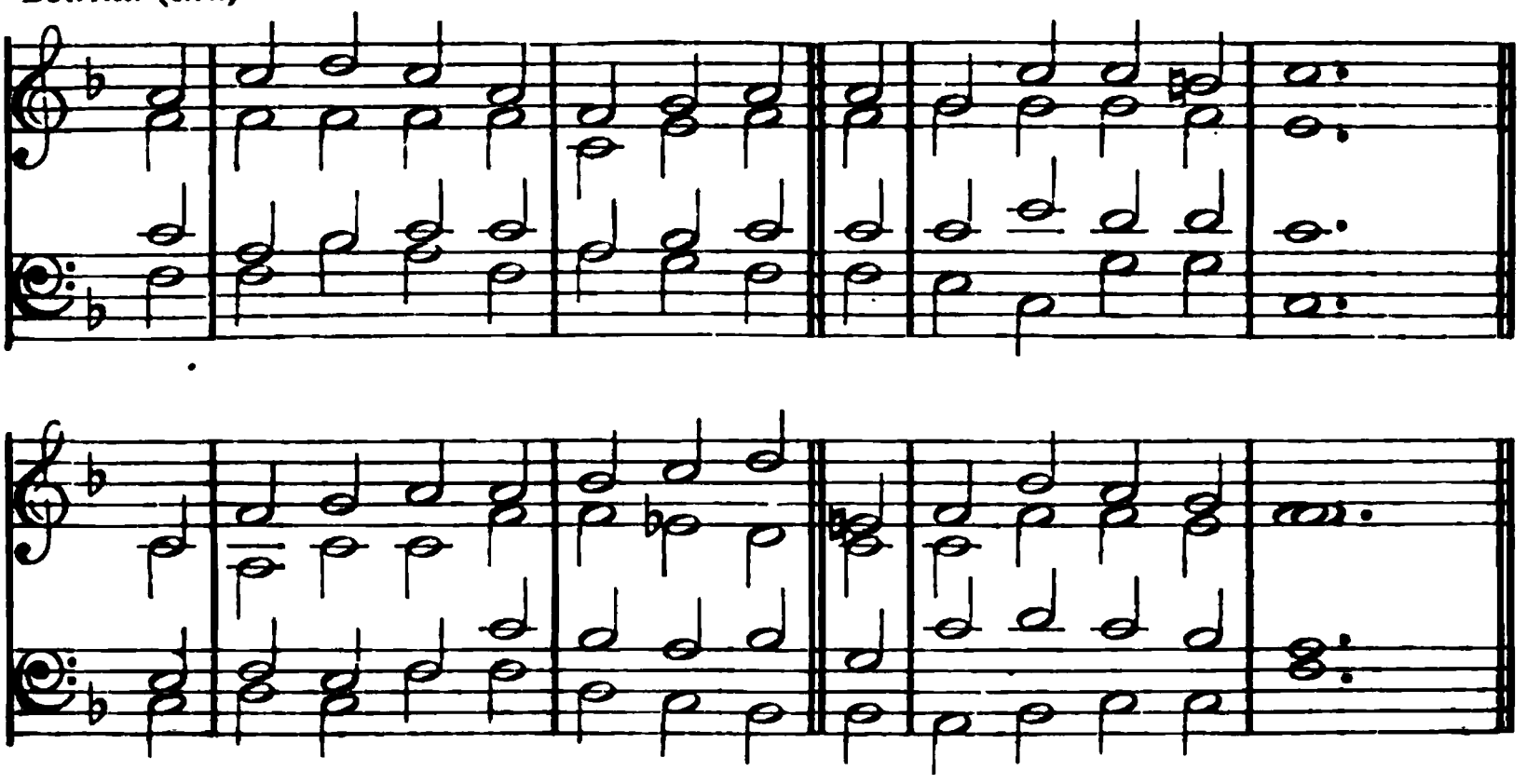
4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the Fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Hymn 72 (229)

BUNYAN (C.M.) *Mendelssohn.*



"Whom having not seen, ye love."

1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine:
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

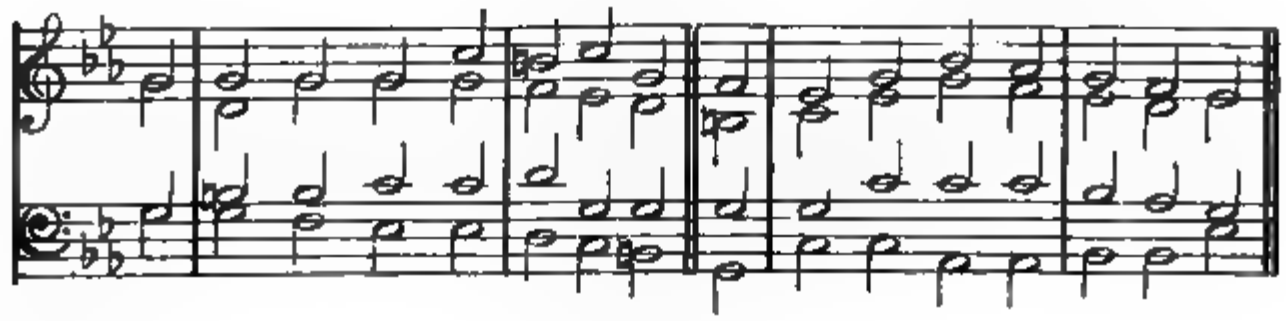
3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll;
Thy image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

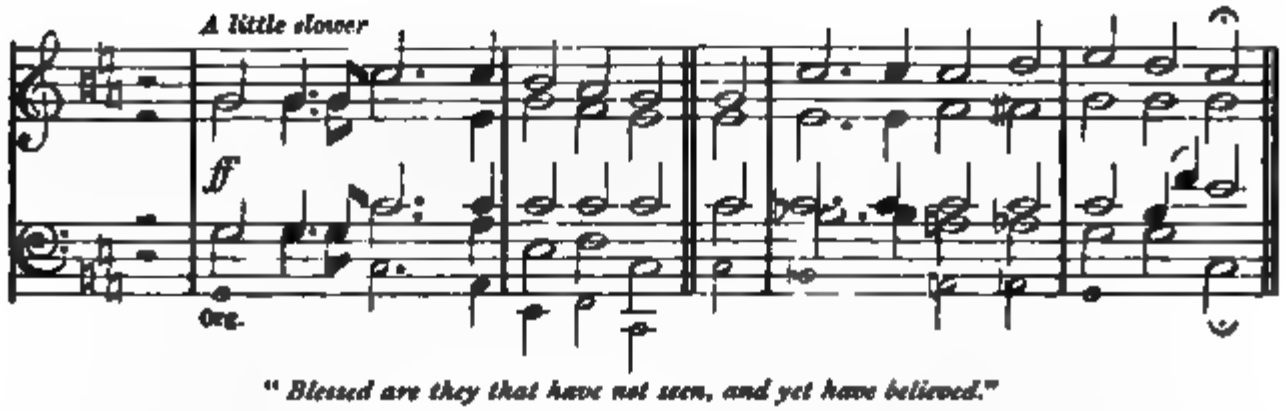
4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

Hymn 73 (230)

CREDO (88 88 88). FIRST TUNE. *John Stainer, M.A., Mus. D.*





"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do:"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

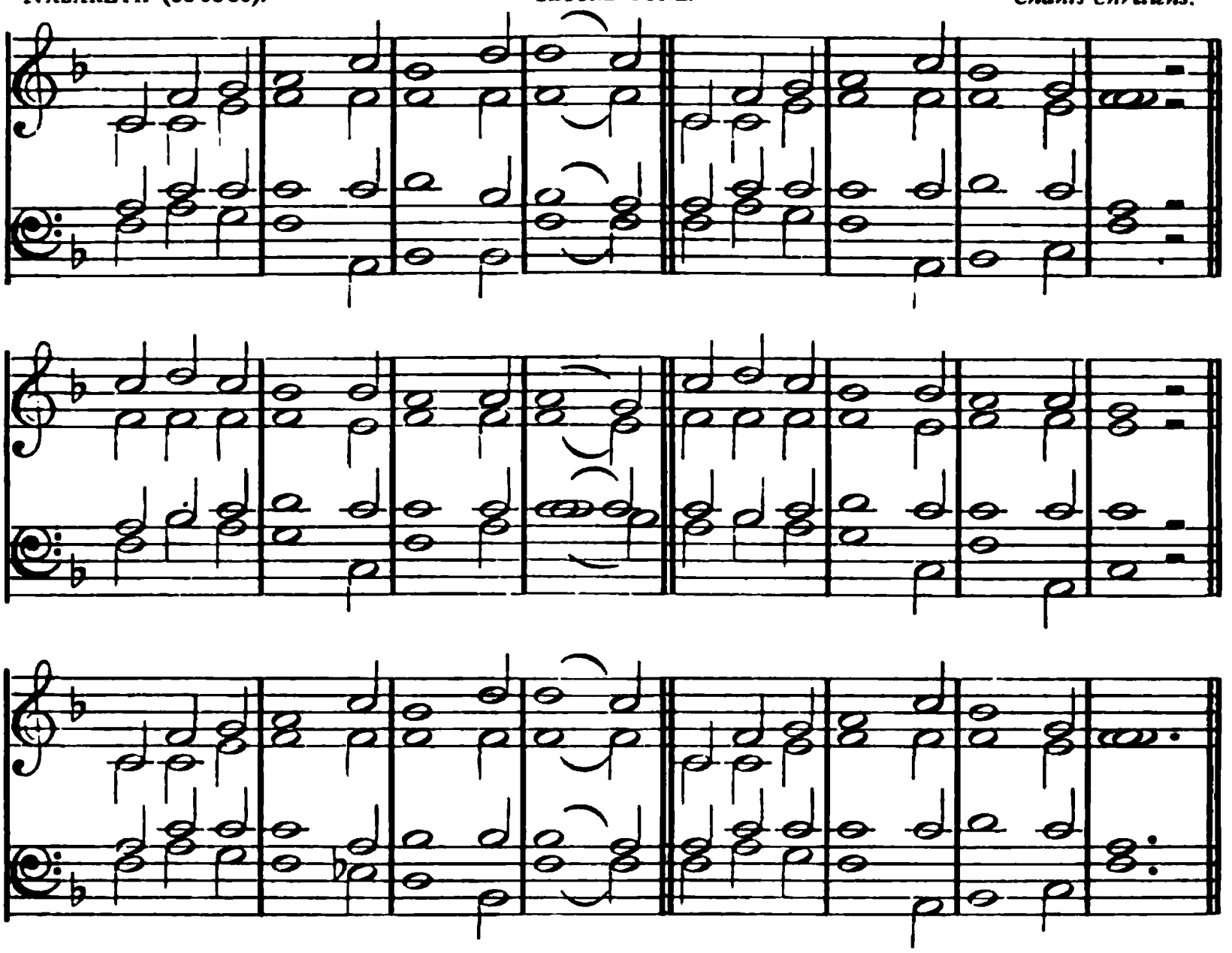
3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

Hymn 73 (230)

NAZARETH (88 88 88). SECOND TUNE. *C. Malan, D.D.*
"Chants Chrétiens."



"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do:"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun

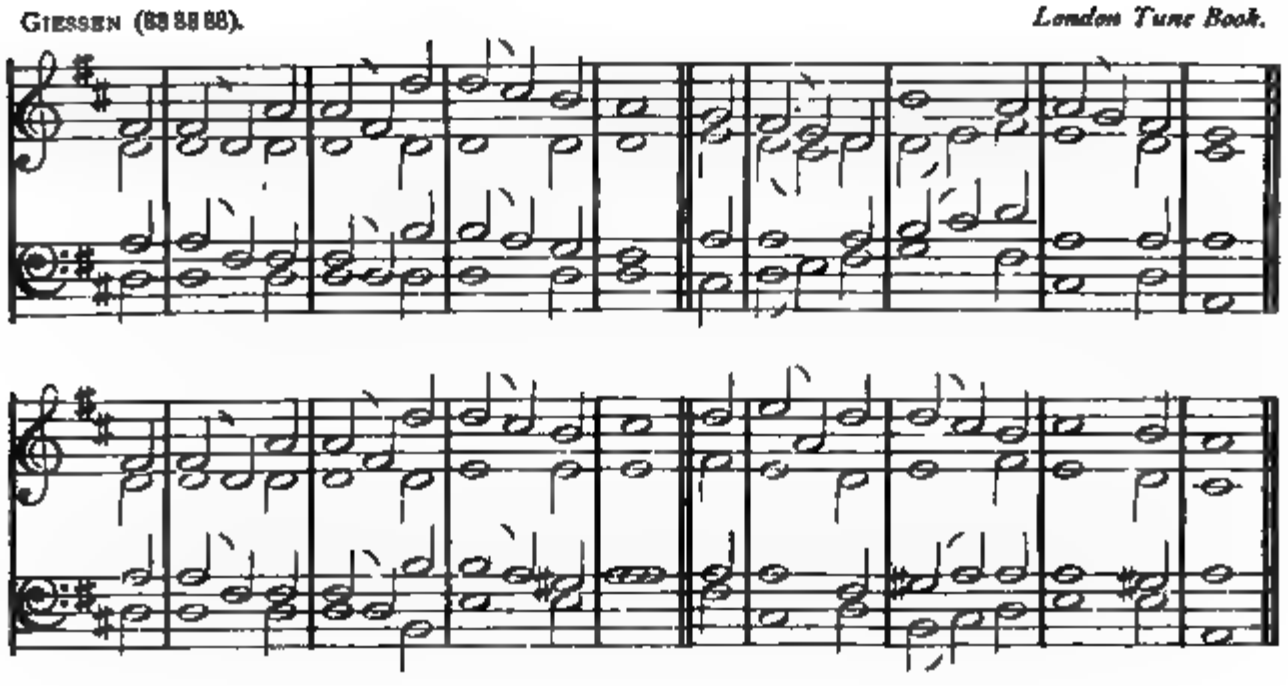
3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

Hymn 74 (231)

GIESSEN (88 88 88). *London Tune Book.*



"There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."

1 COME, O Thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

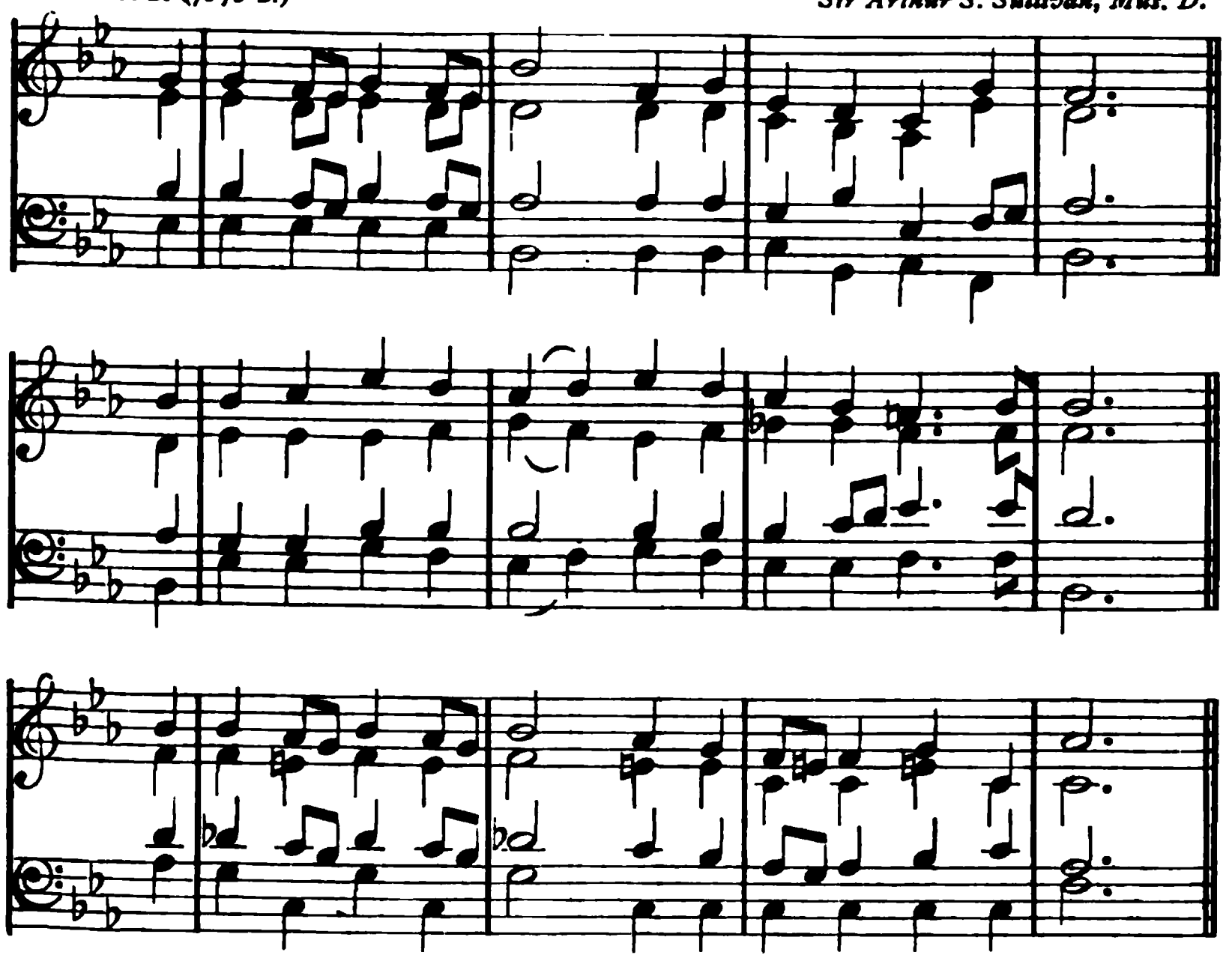
5 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if Thy name is Love?

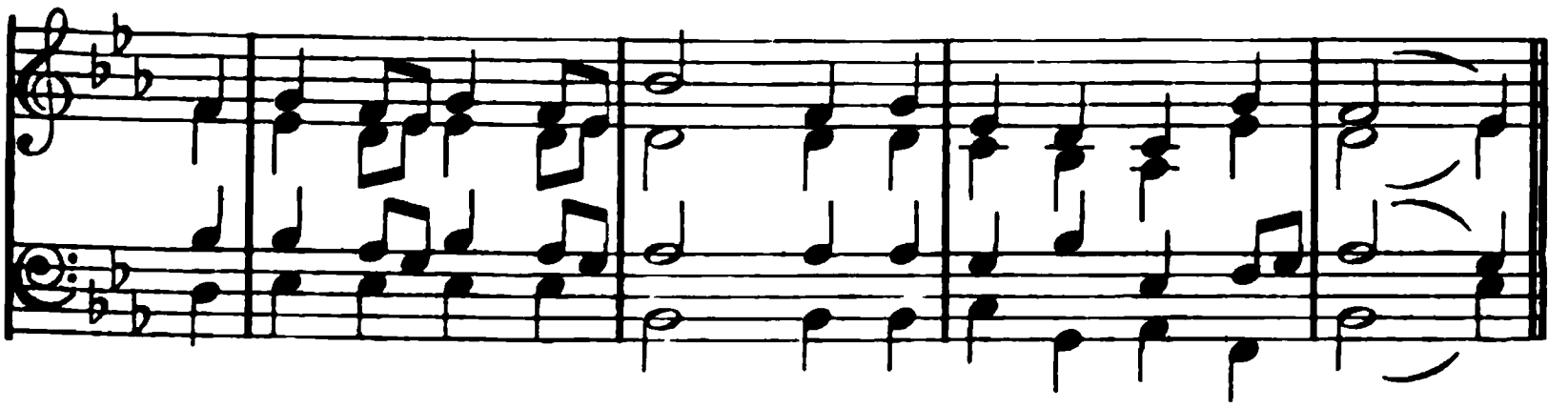
6 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Hymn 75 (232)

LUX MUNDI (76 76 D.)

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.





"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

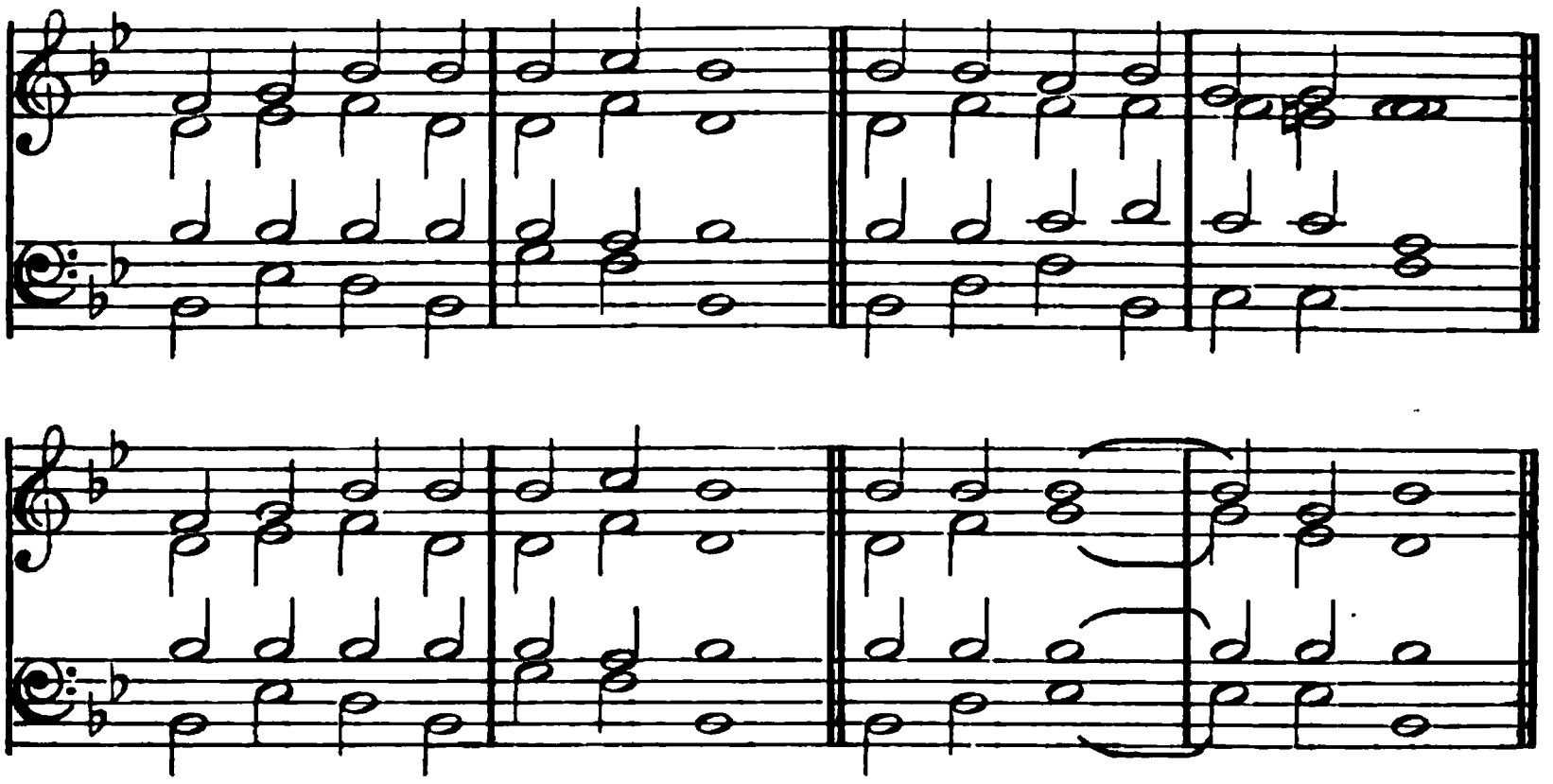
1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
nd thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

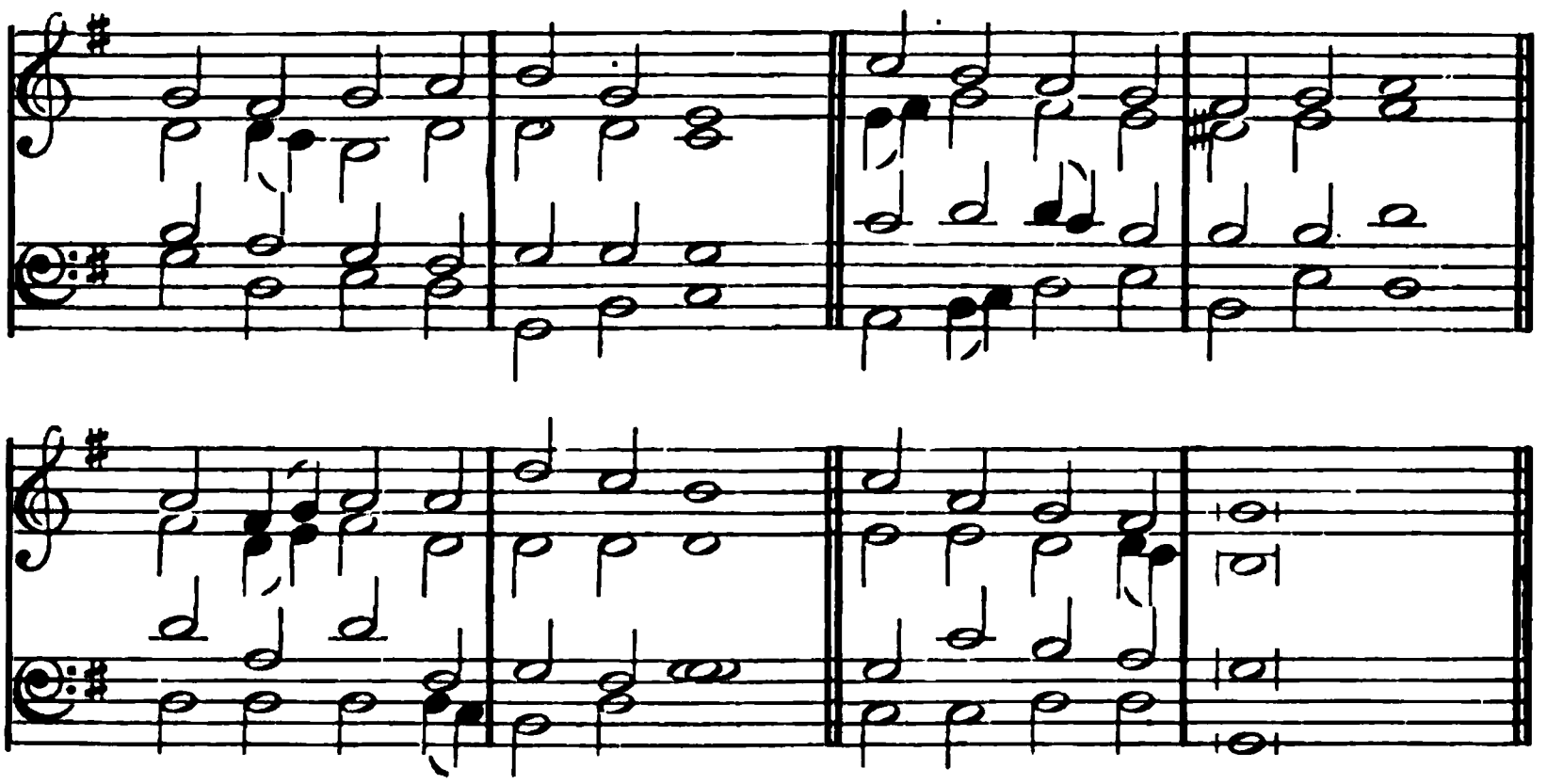
3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

Hymn 76 (44)

S. Ambrose or Treves (77 75). FIRST TUNE. *Ancient Church Melody.*



Waldheim (77 75). SECOND TUNE. *Schicht's Choralbuch.*



"He is able to save to the uttermost."

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,—
Jesus, hear and save!

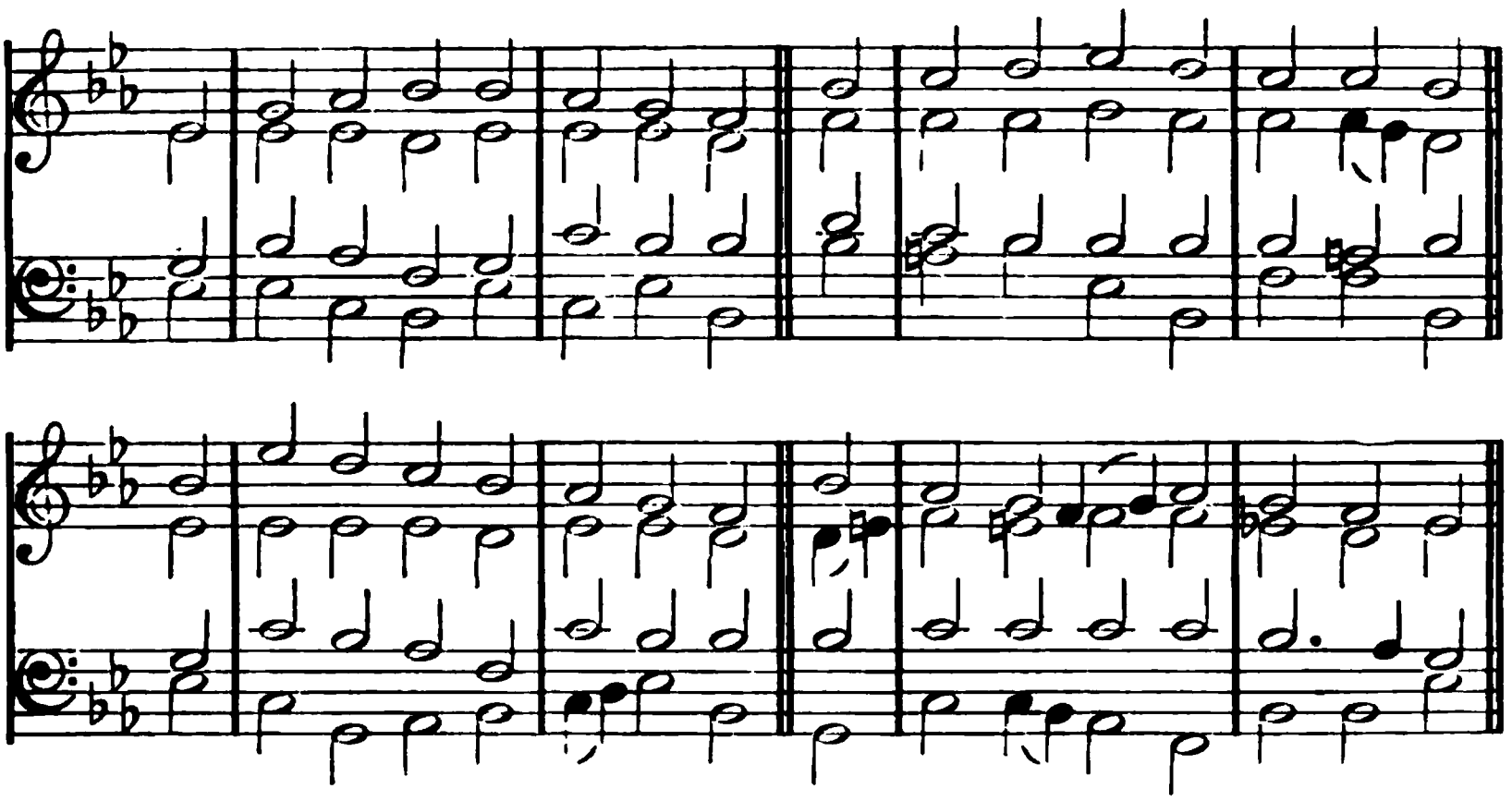
2 Mighty monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,—
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,—
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry,—
Jesus, hear and save!

Hymn 77 (45)

EISENACH (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Johann Hermann Schein.*
Originally a Funeral Hymn.



"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

1 O LOVE how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form, for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

3 Nor willed He only to appear;
His pleasure was to tarry here;
And God-and-man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

4 For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

5 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

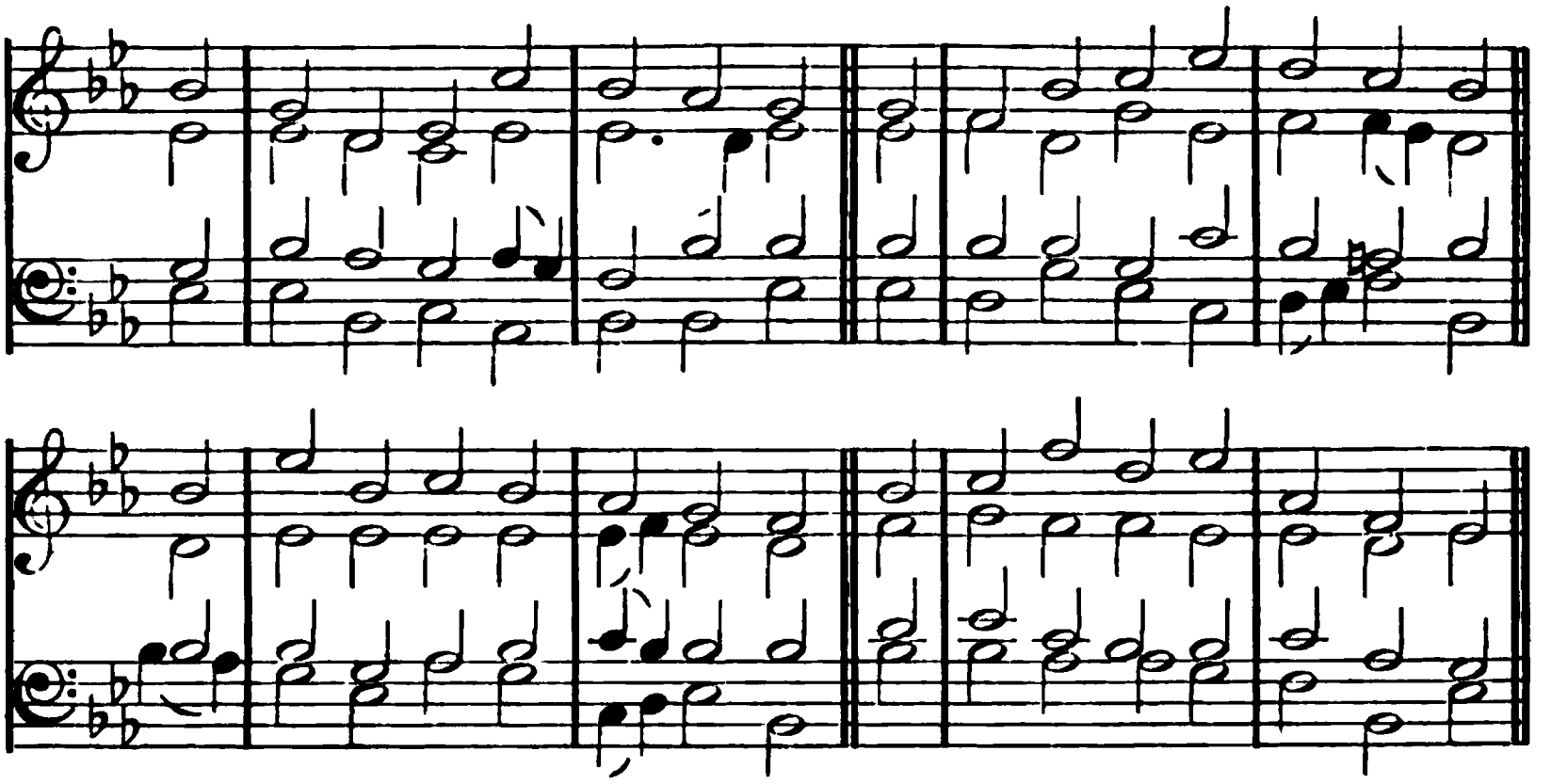
6 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death,
For us at length gave up His breath.

7 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

8 To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

Hymn 77 (45)

KENT (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Johann Friedrich Lampe.*



" The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

1 O LOVE how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form, for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

3 Nor willed He only to appear;
His pleasure was to tarry here;
And God-and-man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

4 For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

5 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

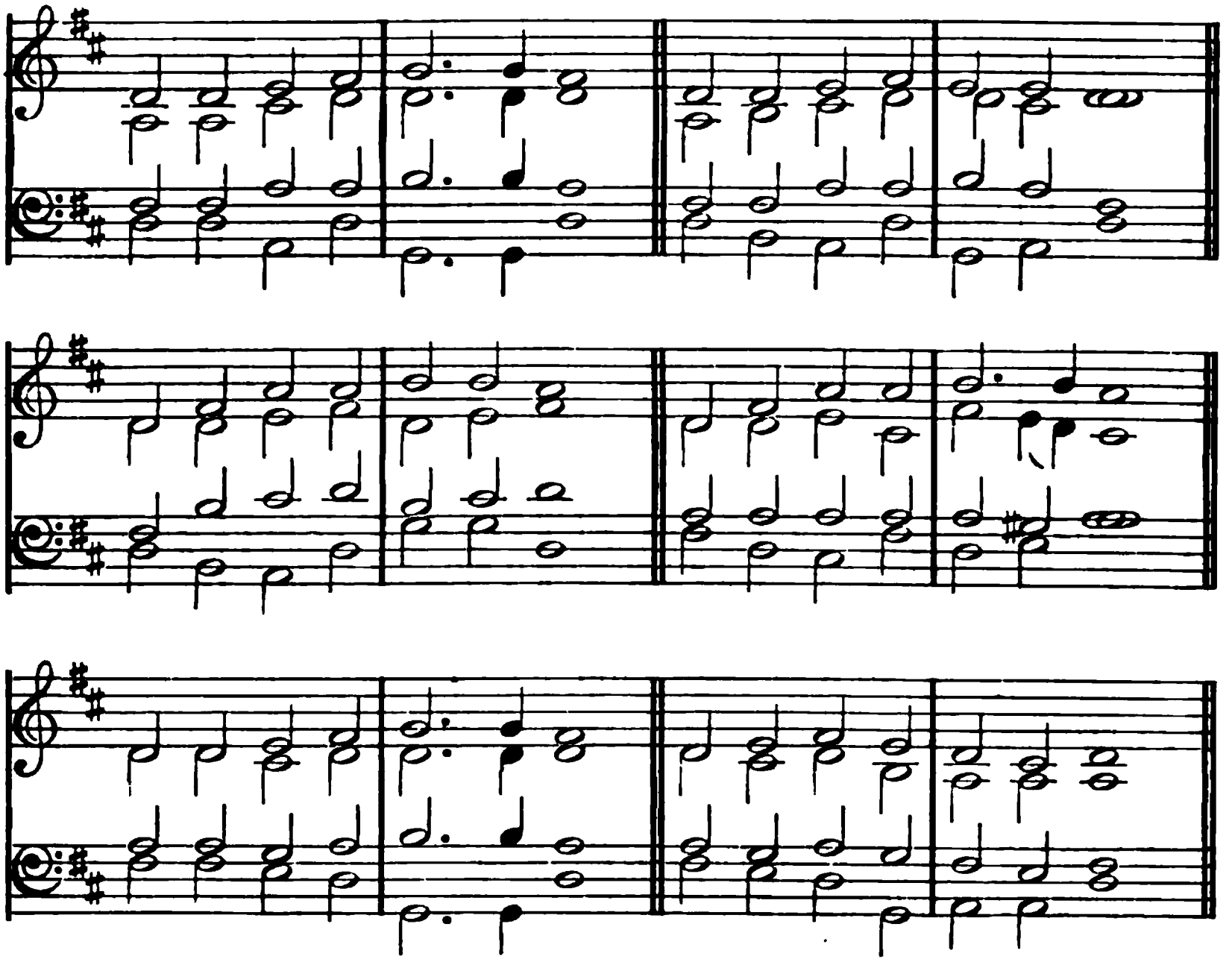
6 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death,
For us at length gave up His breath.

7 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

8 To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

Hymn 78 (46)

PETRA (77 77 77). *Richard Redhead.*



"I will manifest Myself to him."

1 SON of God, to Thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

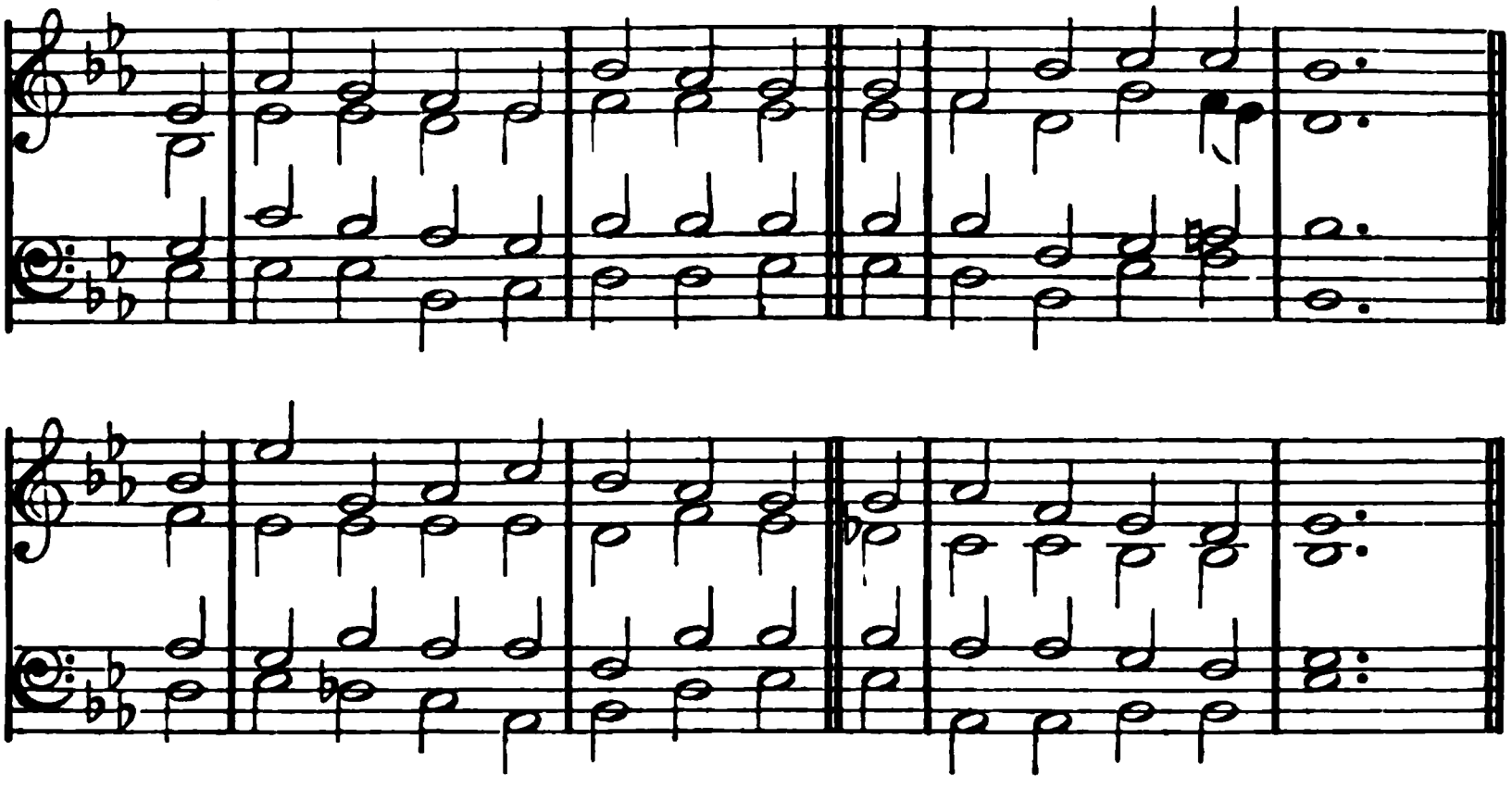
2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3 Prince of life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

Hymn 79 (47)

S. Frances (c.m.) *G. A. Löhr.*



"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

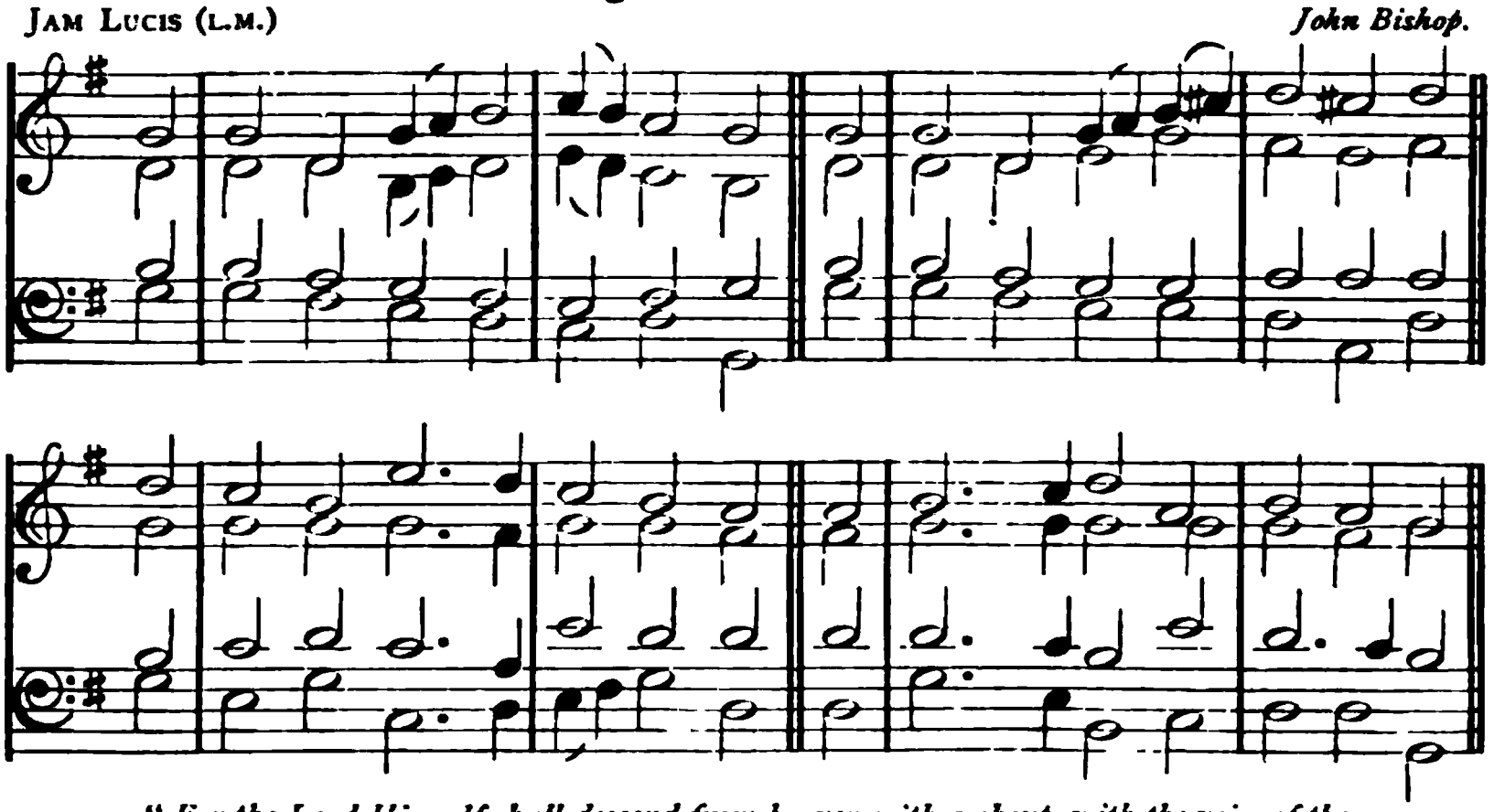
4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done!

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

Hymn 80 (48)

JAM LUCIS (L.M.) *John Bishop.*



"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."

1 WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature, poor and low.

2 But when He cometh back once more,
There shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

3 O Son of God in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O Son of man, so pitying found,
For all the tears Thy people shed!

4 Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, O teach us by Thy grace
To struggle onward into light!

5 And since in God's recording book
Our sins are written every one—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew and left undone—

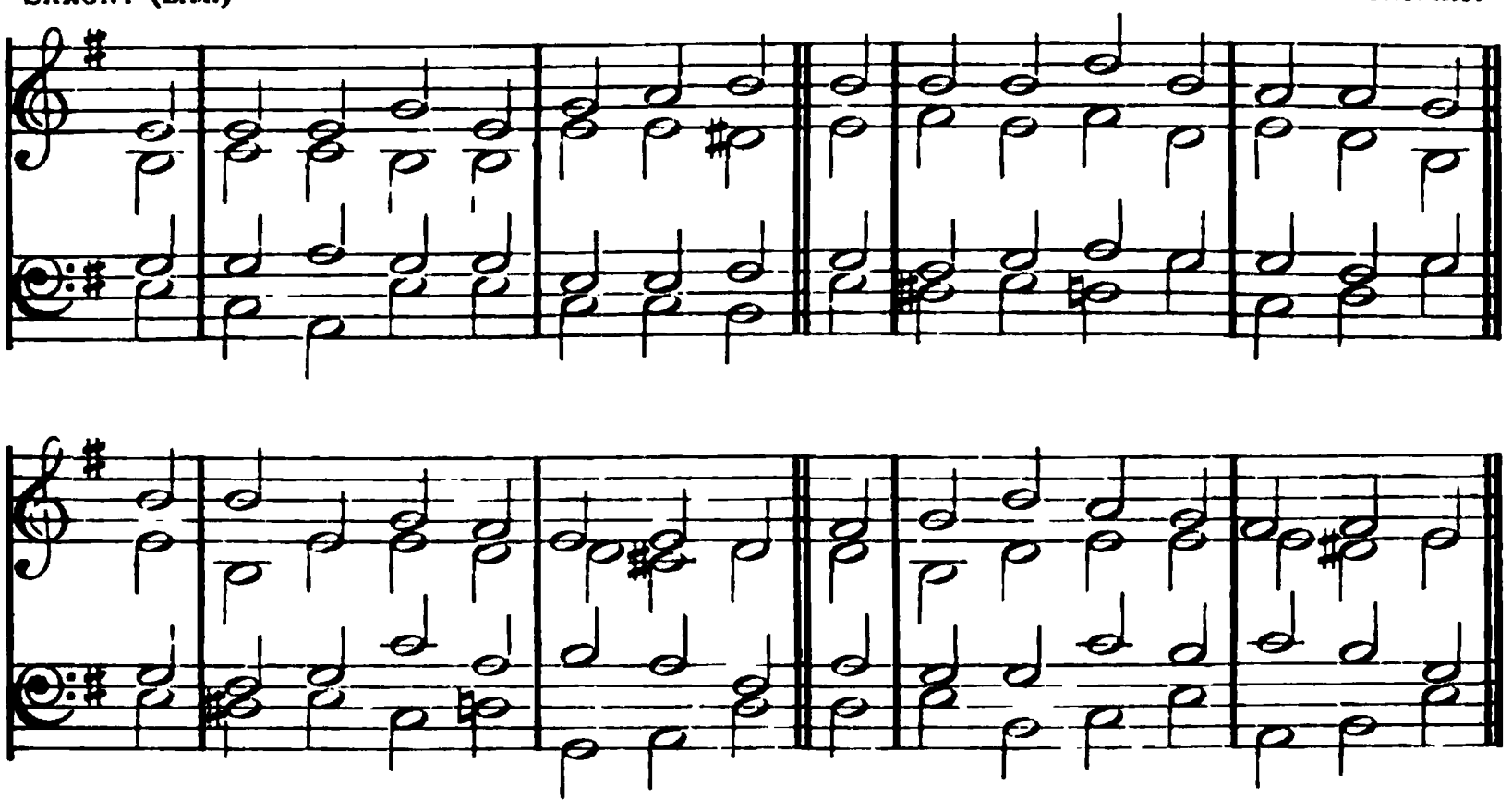
6 Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

7 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.

8 And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home;
Till from our hearts we love to say,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

Hymn 81 (49)

SAXONY (L.M.) *Old German Chorale.*



"And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory."

1 THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

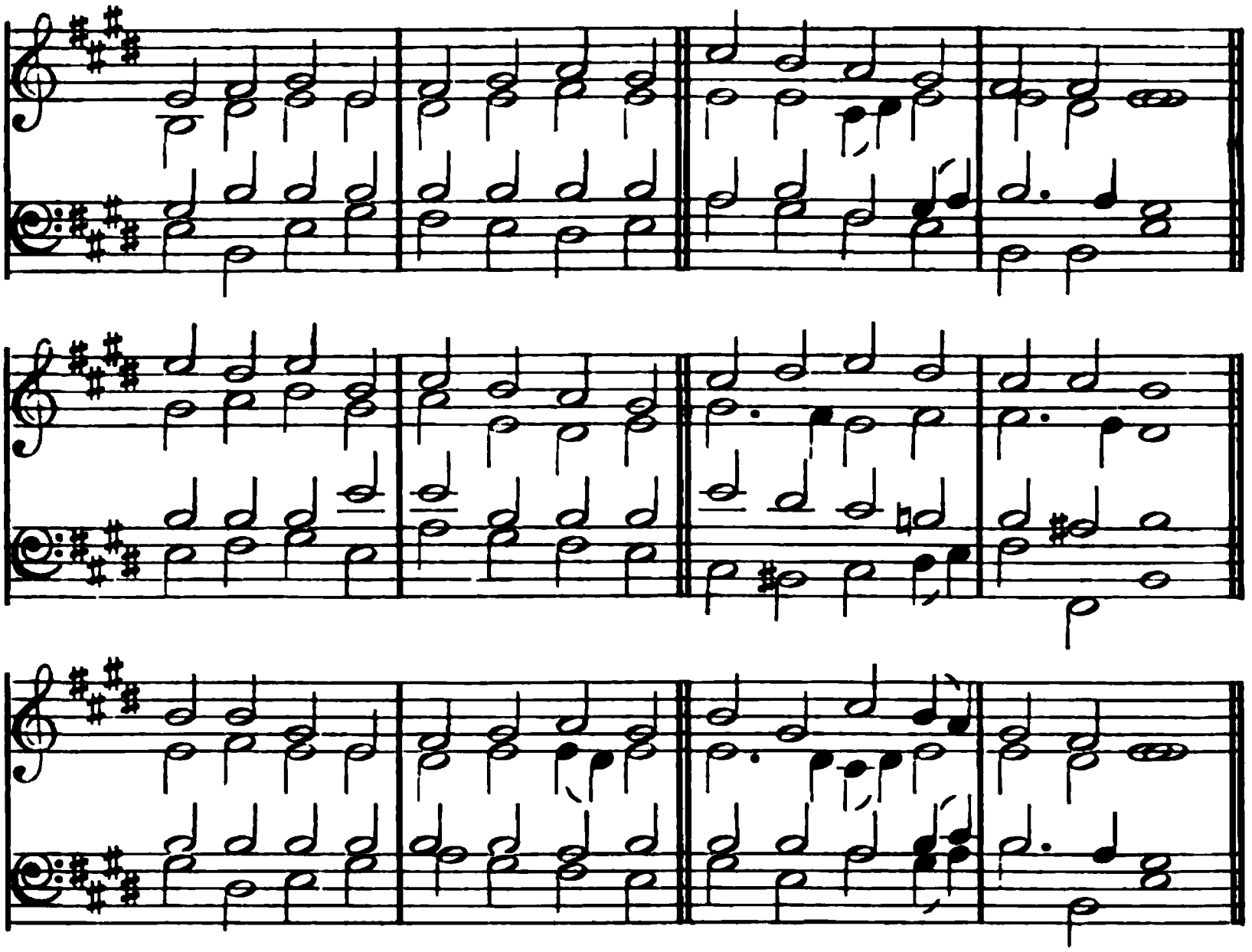
3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of humankind.

4 Can this be He who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power opprest, and mocked by pride—
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

Hymn 82 (50)

HOLYWOOD (87 87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Samuel Webbe.*



"Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen."

1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Halleluiah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

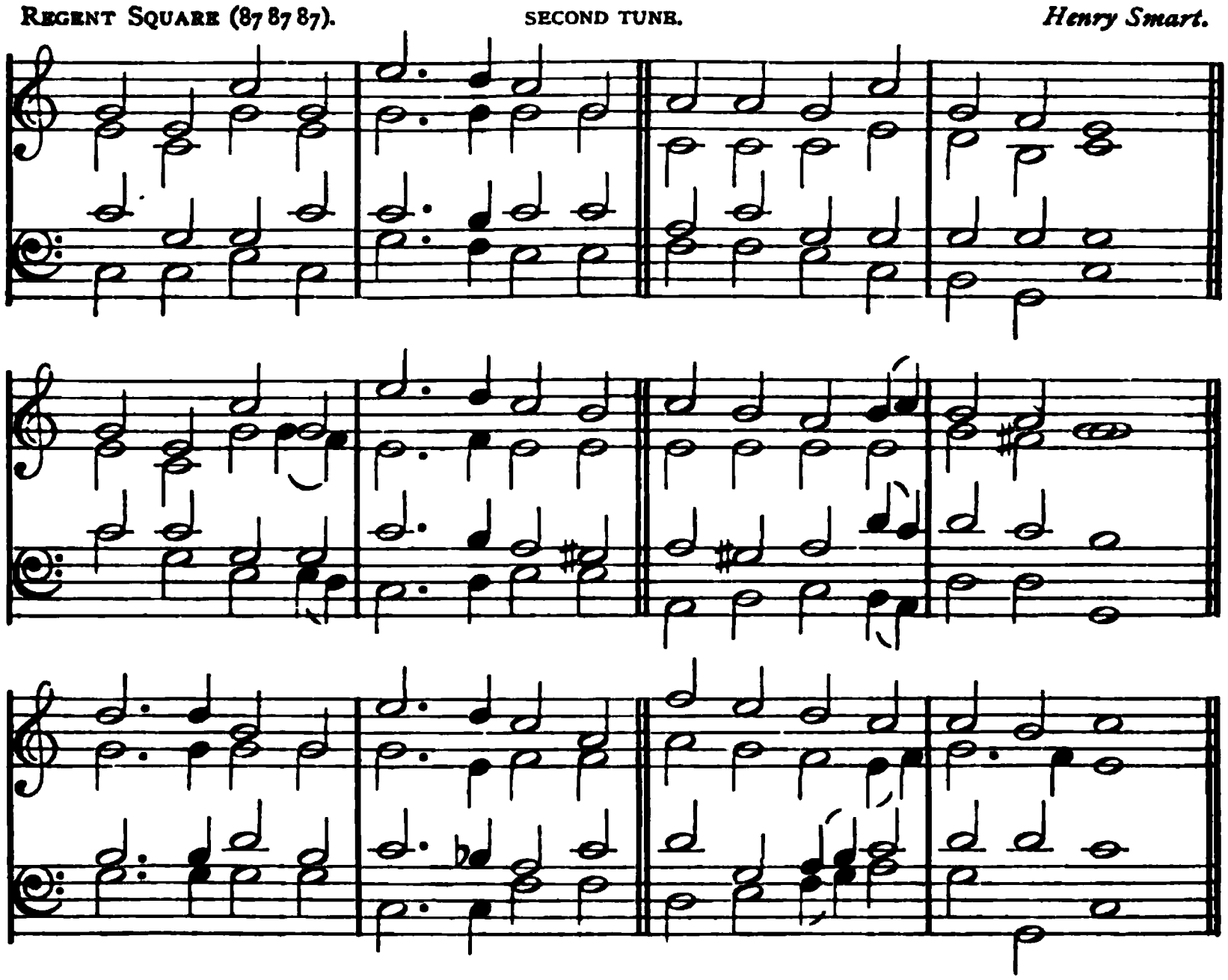
3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Halleluiah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Everlasting God, come down.

Hymn 82 (50)

REGENT SQUARE (87 87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Henry Smart.*



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Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Halleluiah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

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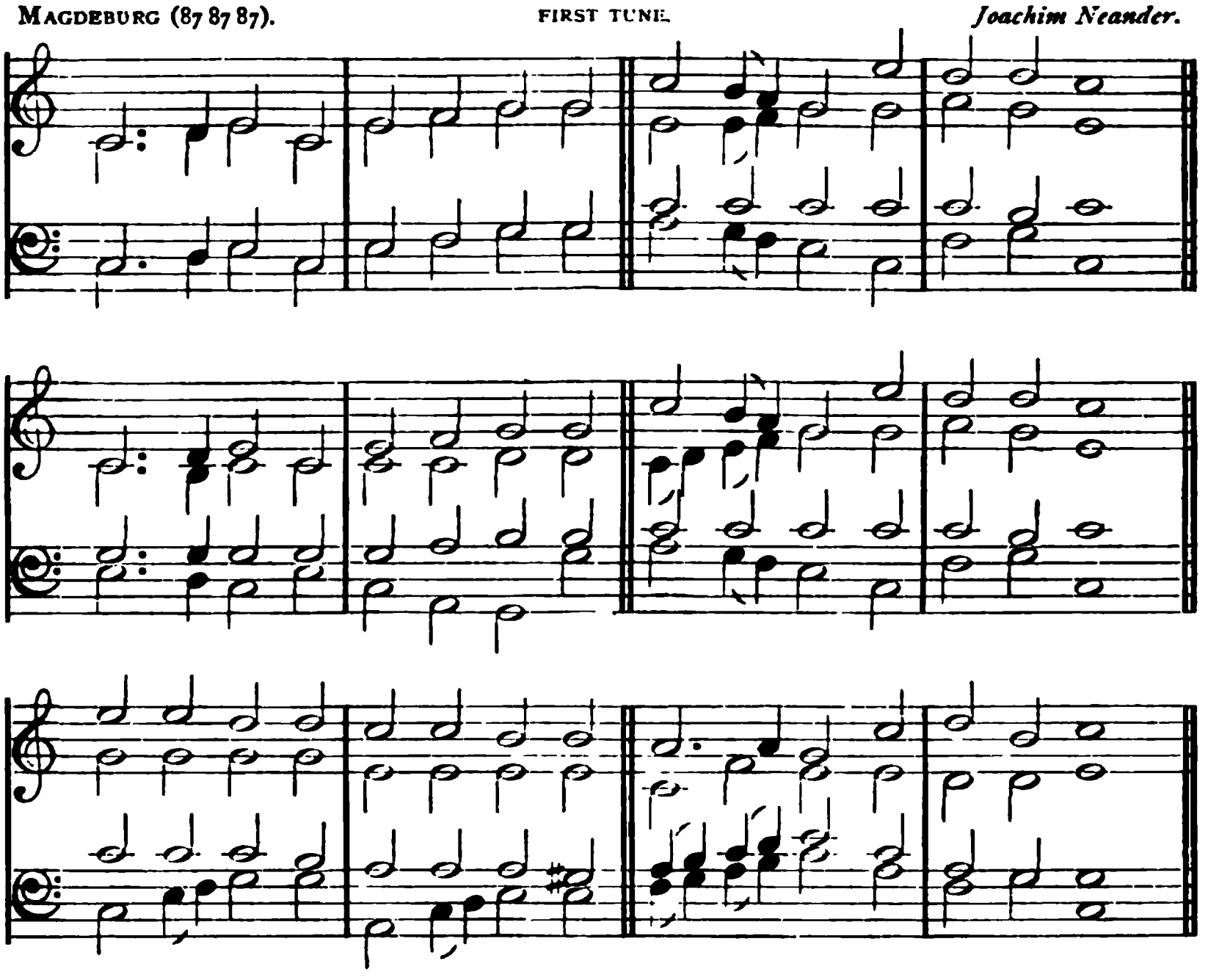
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Halleluiah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Everlasting God, come down.

Hymn 83 (51)

MAGDEBURG (87 87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Joachim Neander.*



"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase:
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

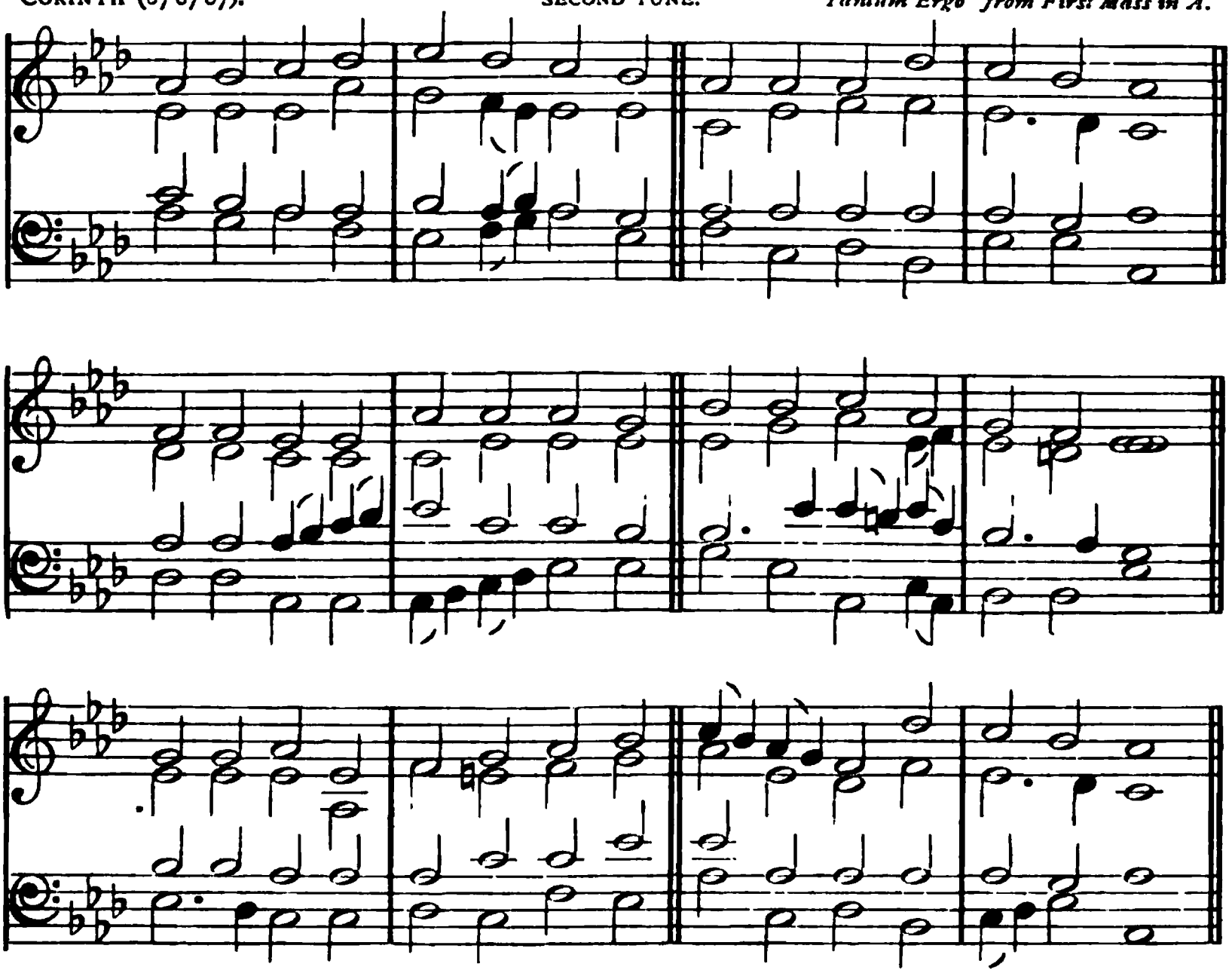
2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign:
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But, in heavenly vestures shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see:
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that blessèd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Hymn 83 (51)

CORINTH (87 87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Samuel Webbe.*
"Tantum Ergo" from First Mass in A.



"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase:
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessèd Prince of Peace.

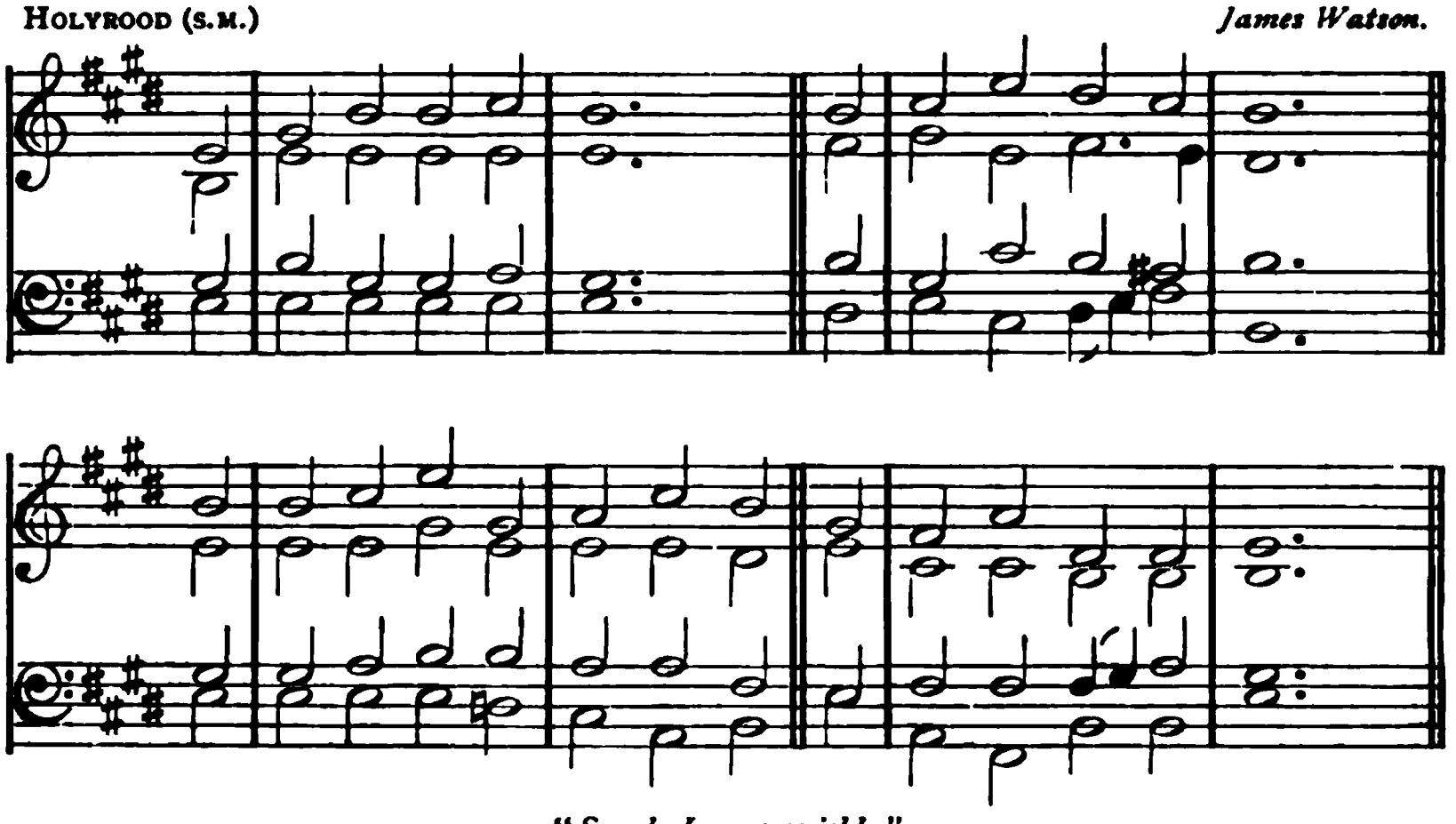
2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign:
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But in heavenly vestures shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see:
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that blessèd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Hymn 84 (233)

HOLYROOD (S.M.) *James Watson.*



"Surely I come quickly."

1 COME, Lord, and tarry not :
Bring the long-looked-for day :
O why these years of waiting here,—
These ages of delay ?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait ;
Daily ascends their sigh ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come :
Dost Thou not hear the cry ?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill—
These ages of delay.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow ;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

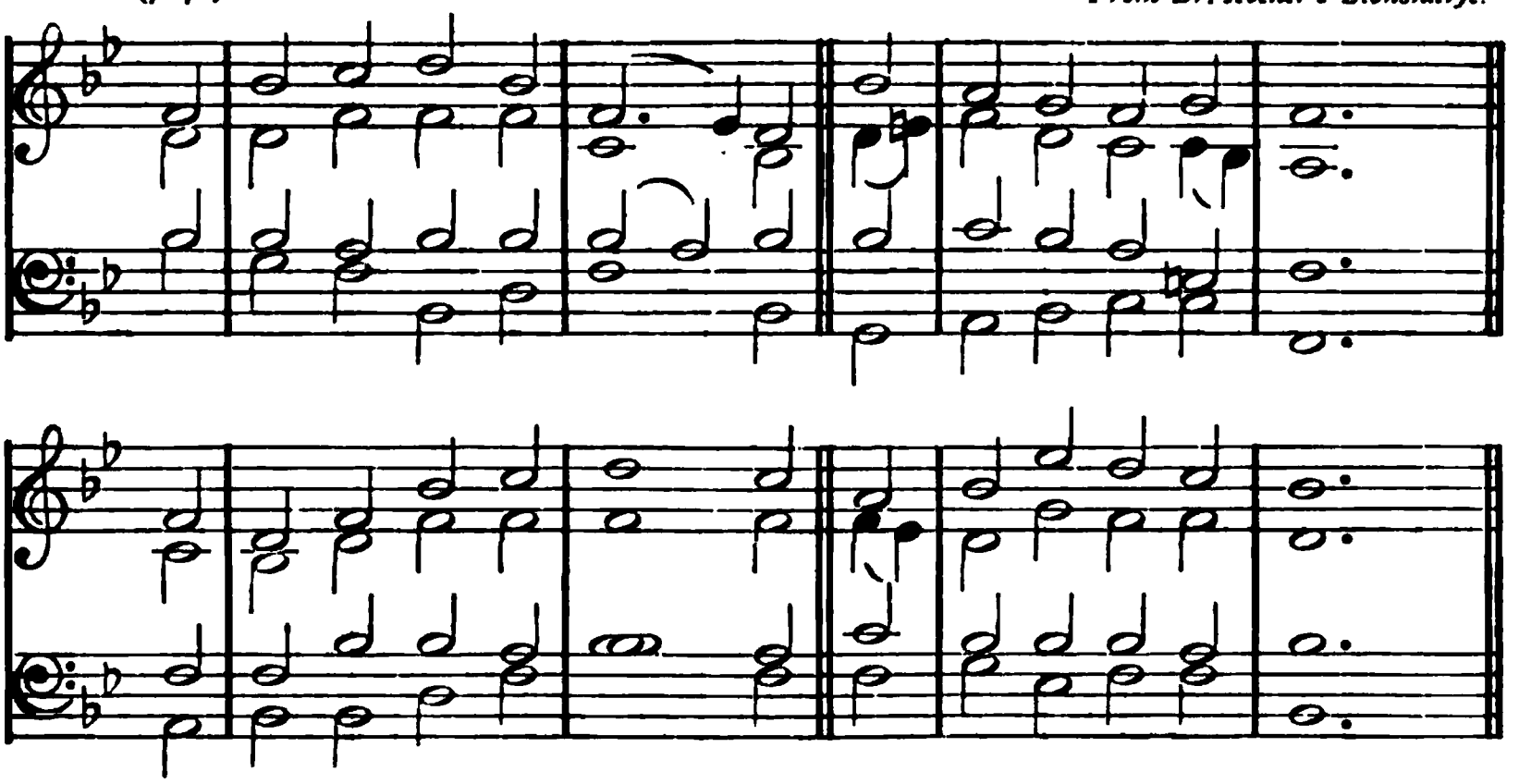
5 Come in Thy glorious might,—
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God !

6 Come and make all things new :
Build up this ruined earth ;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

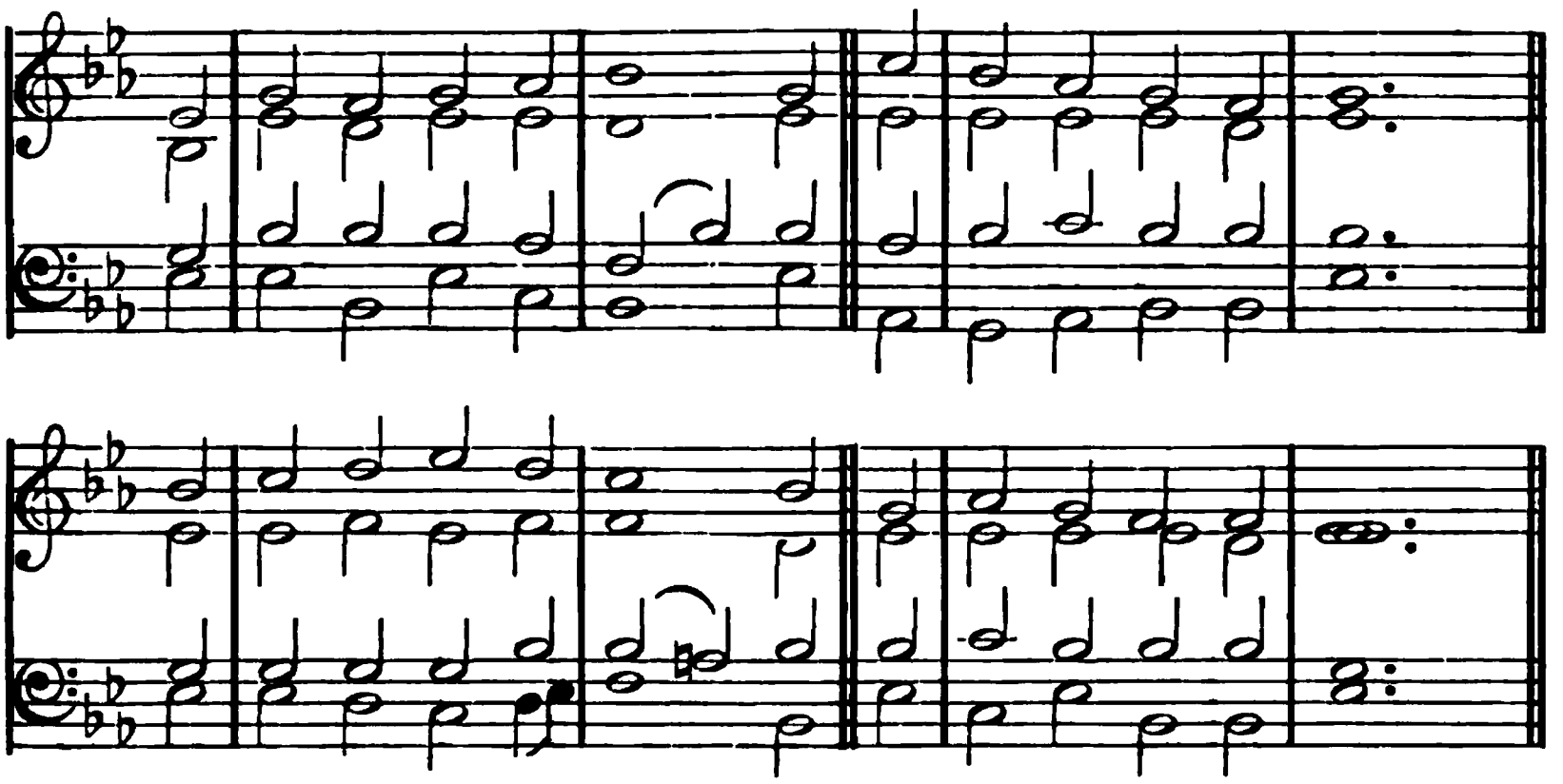
7 Come and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace :
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

Hymn 85 (234)

MINTO (76 76). FIRST TUNE. *German.*
From Dr. Kocher's Zionsharfe.



BREMEN (76 76). SECOND TUNE. *Melchior Vulpius.*



"The time is at hand."

1 WHAT though thy sons be sleeping
Beneath the earth's cold sod;
Yet cease thy wail and weeping,
Church of the living God.

2 What though on earth thou drinkest
The cup of shame and grief;
'Tis nearer than thou thinkest,
The hour of thy relief.

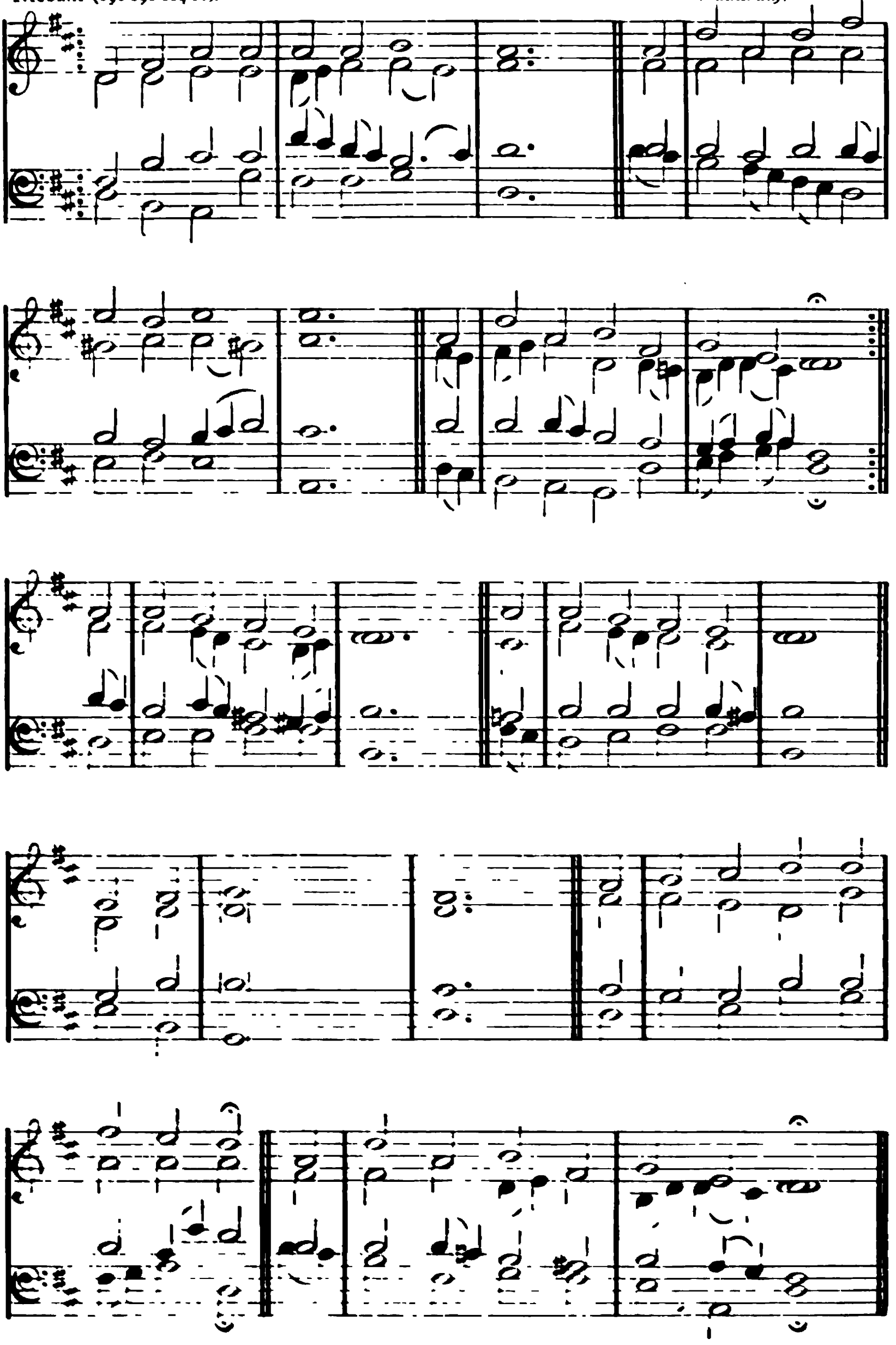
3 The Lord on high hath risèn,
The First-born from the dead;
And soon from death's dark prison
The captives shall be led.

4 Then hush thy tones of sadness;
Thy sackcloth cast aside;
Prepare to meet with gladness
Him raised and glorified.

Hymn 86 (235)

NICOLAI (898 898 664 88).

Philipp Nicolai (Jacob Pratorius).
"Wachet auf."



Hymn 86 (235)

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

1 WAKE, awake, for night is flying:
The watchmen from the heights are crying,
Awake, Jerusalem, arise!
Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,
His chariot-wheels are nearer rolling;
He comes; prepare, ye virgins wise.
Rise up; with willing feet
Go forth, the Bridegroom meet.
Alleluia!
Bear through the night your well-trimmed light,
Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

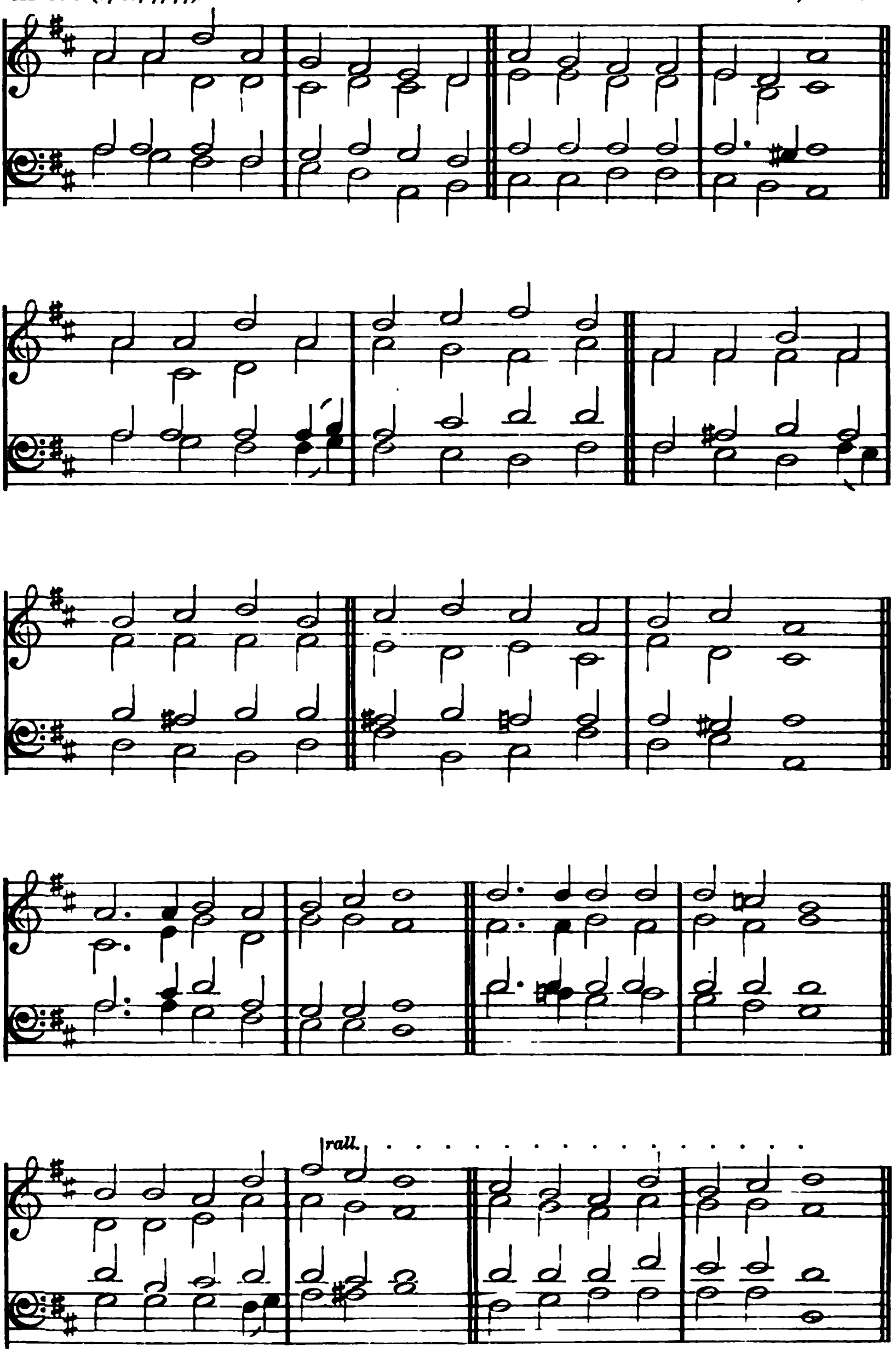
2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
At once she wakes, she hastes away;
Forth her Bridegroom hastens glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
Her grief is joy, her night is day:
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our Crown and our Reward!
Alleluia!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Hear Thy praise, O Lord, ascending,
From tongues of men and angels blending
With harp and lute and psaltery.
By Thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
In bursts of choral melody:
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

Hymn 87 (236)

ADVENT (87 887 77 77).

W. H. Monk, Mus. D.



Hymn 87 (236)

"He....saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

1 THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing;
Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

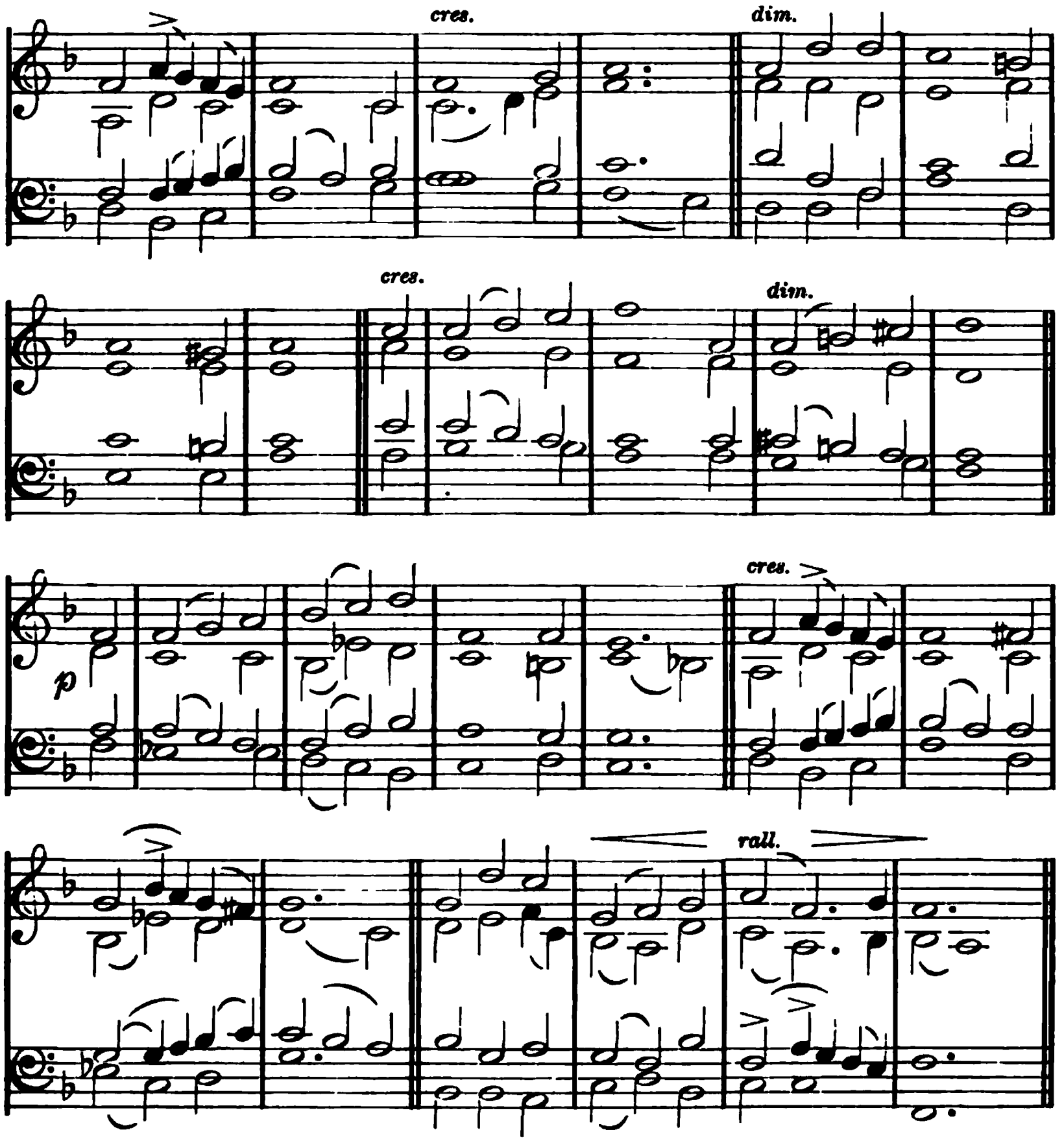
3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord,—
Thee, my Master, and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

Hymn 88 (237)

VENI CITO (88 88 88). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"He....saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

1 O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
O quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

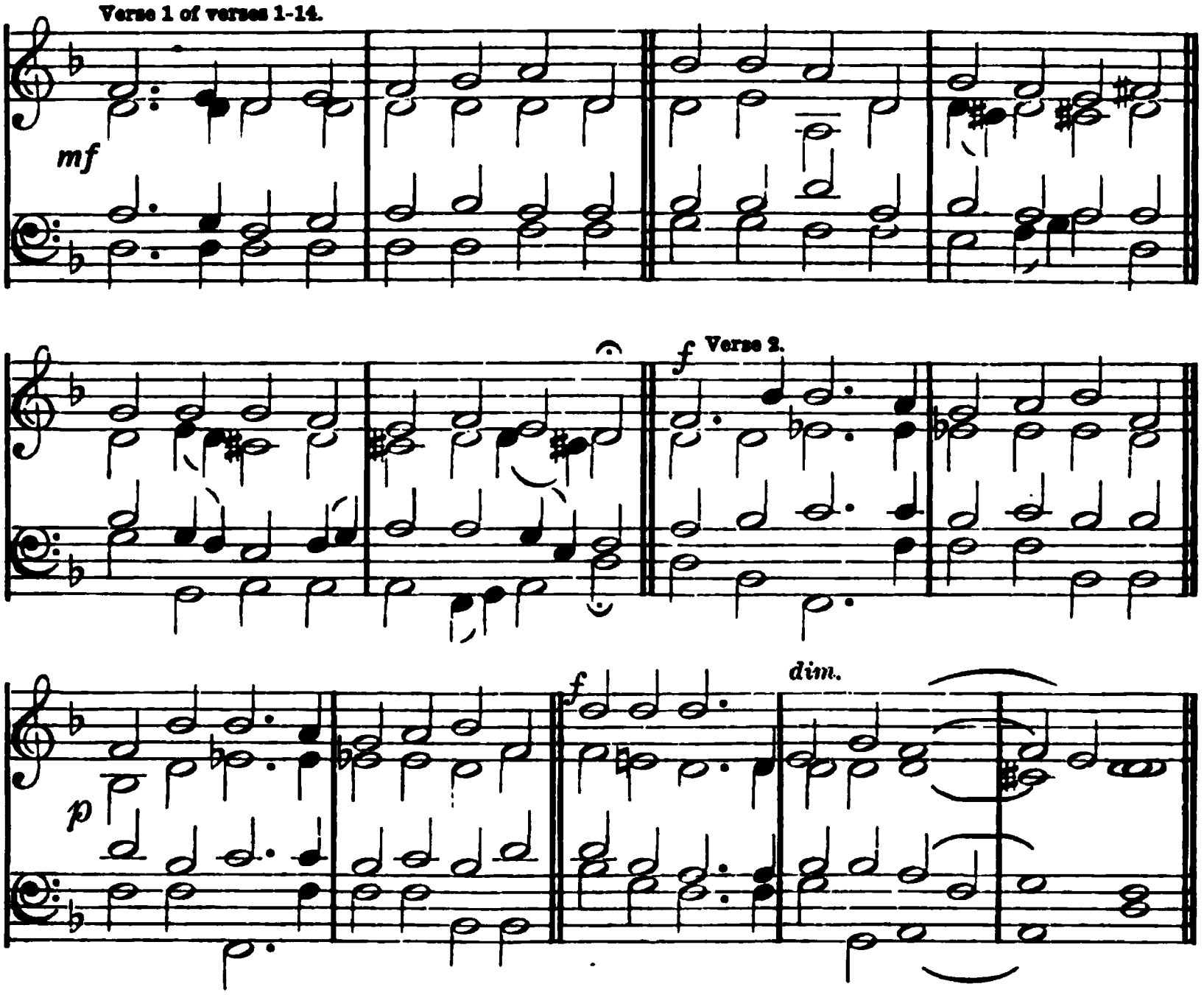
2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

Hymn 89 (52)

DIES IRÆ (888). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



" The great and terrible day of the Lord."

1 DAY of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded!
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

9 Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

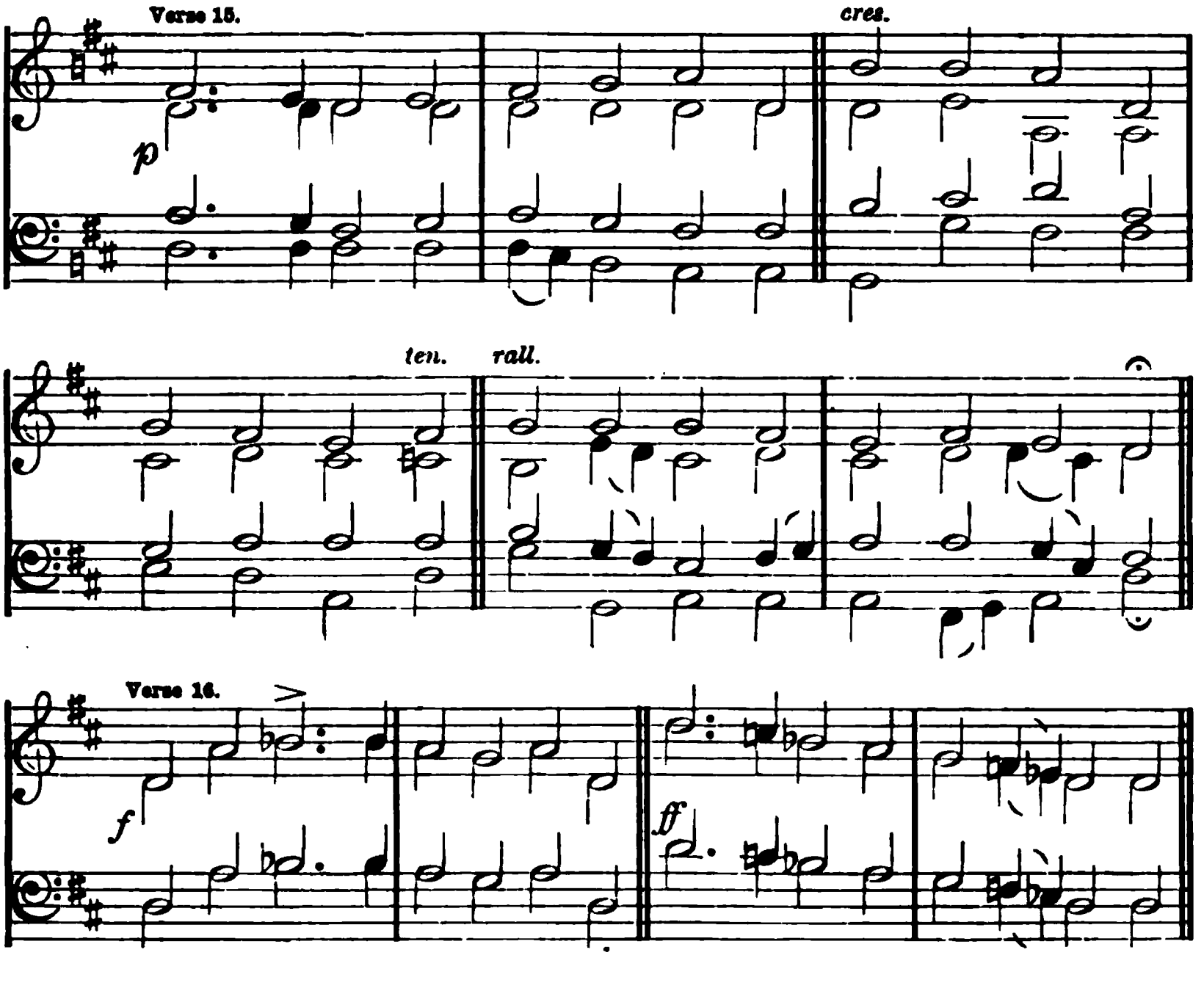
11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

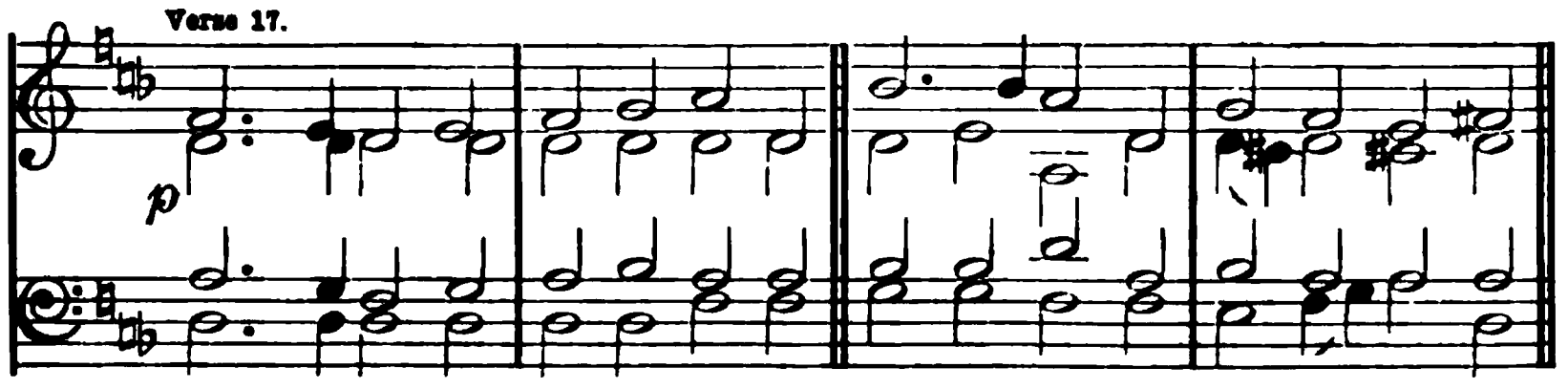
14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

Hymn 89 (52)

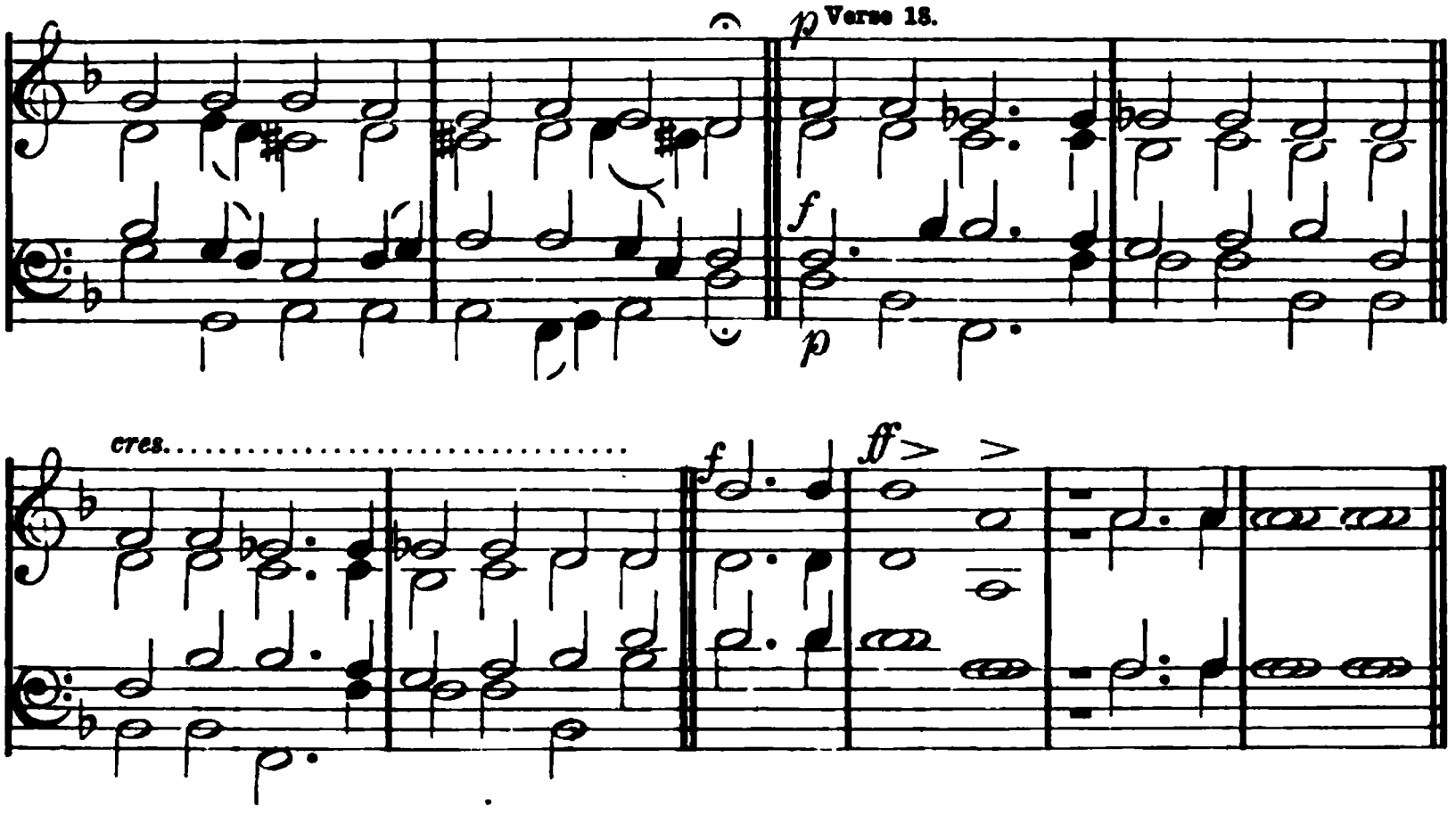


15 With Thy favoured sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with Thy saints surrounded.

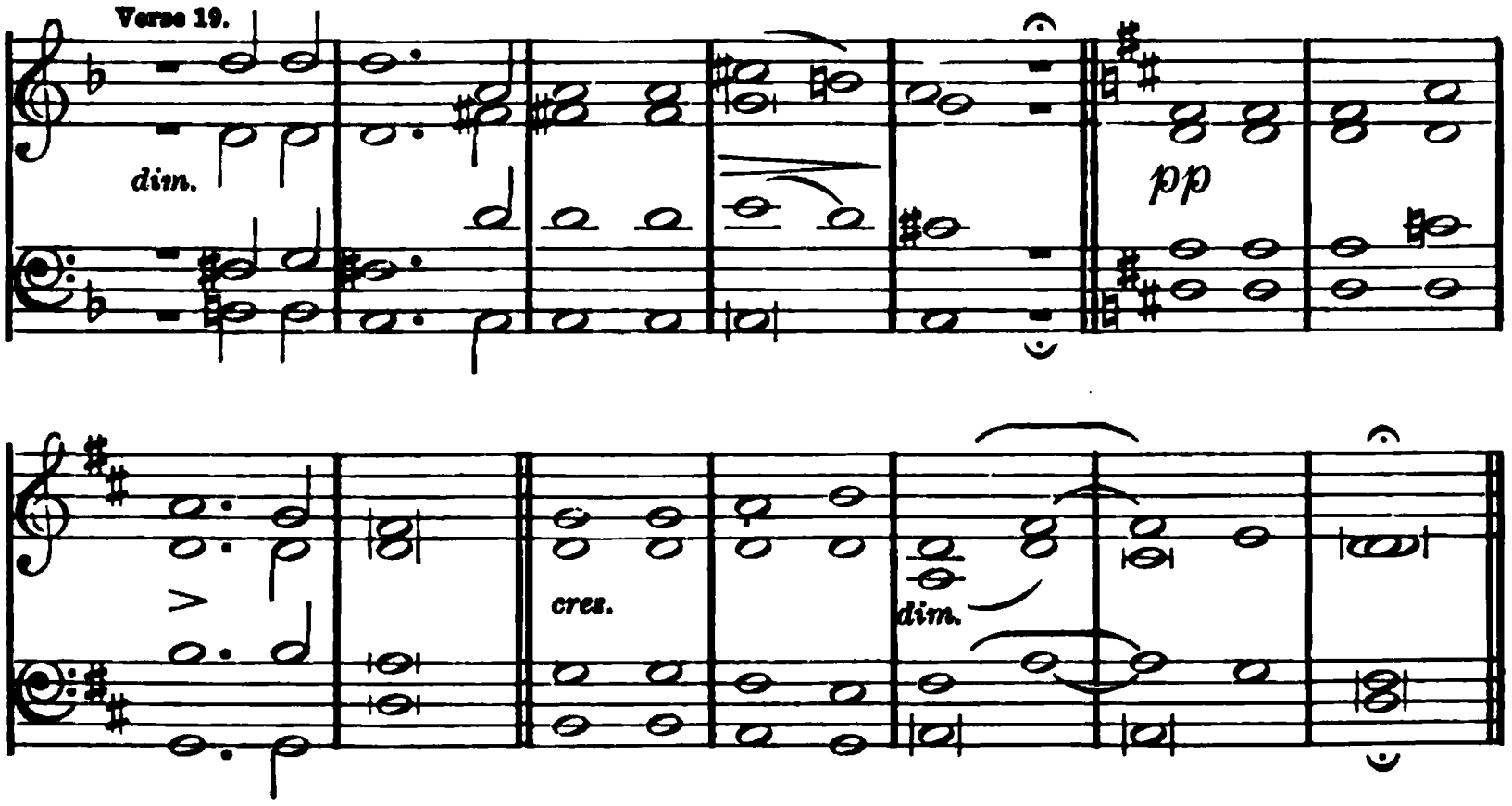


Hymn 89 (52)



17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

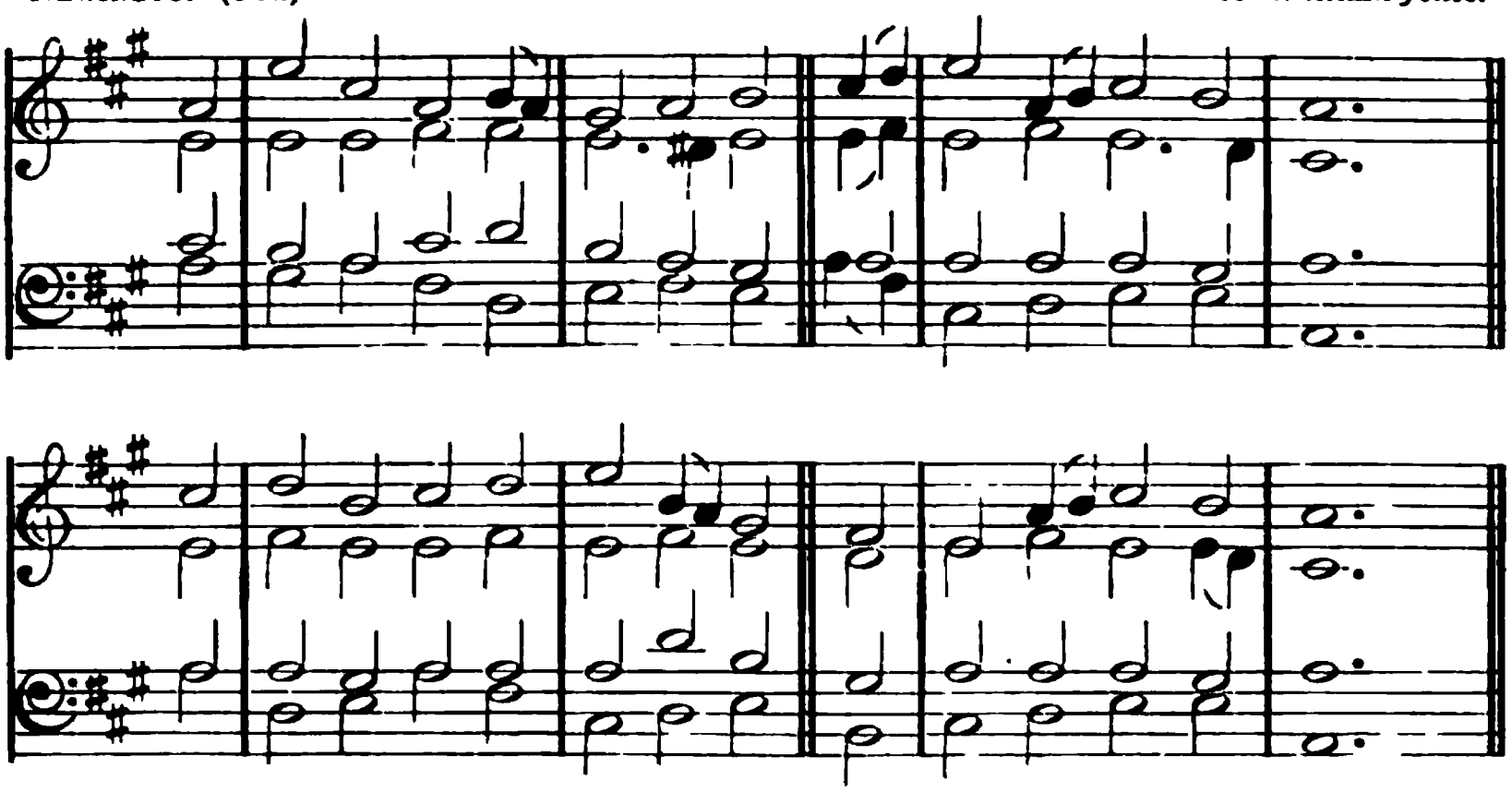
18 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;



19 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord all-pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant them Thine eternal rest!

Hymn 90 (53)

NEWINGTON (C.M.) *Rev. William Jones.*



"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind."

1 WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

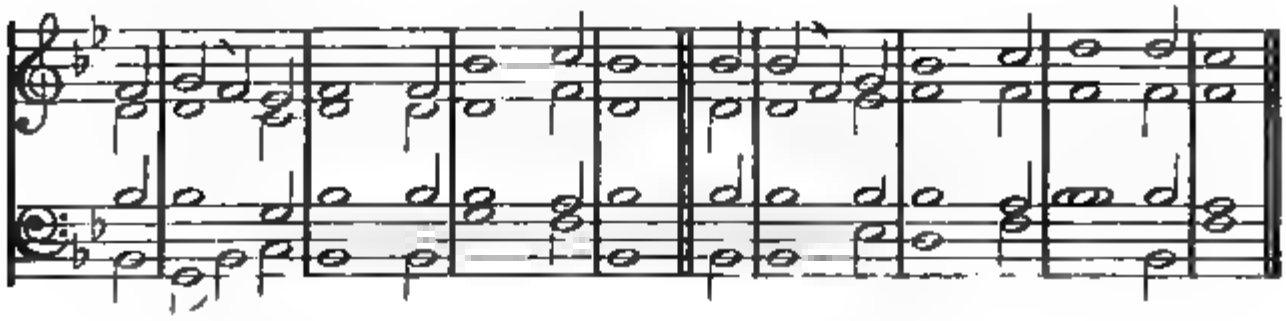
5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God—it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

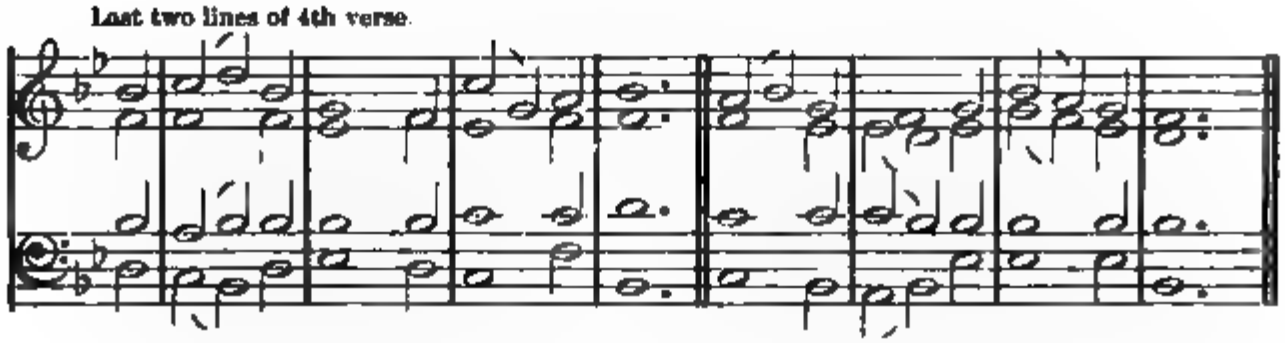
7 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

Hymn 91 (54)

VENI CREATOR (L.M.) *Old Melody from Latin Church.*



Last two lines of 4th verse.



"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

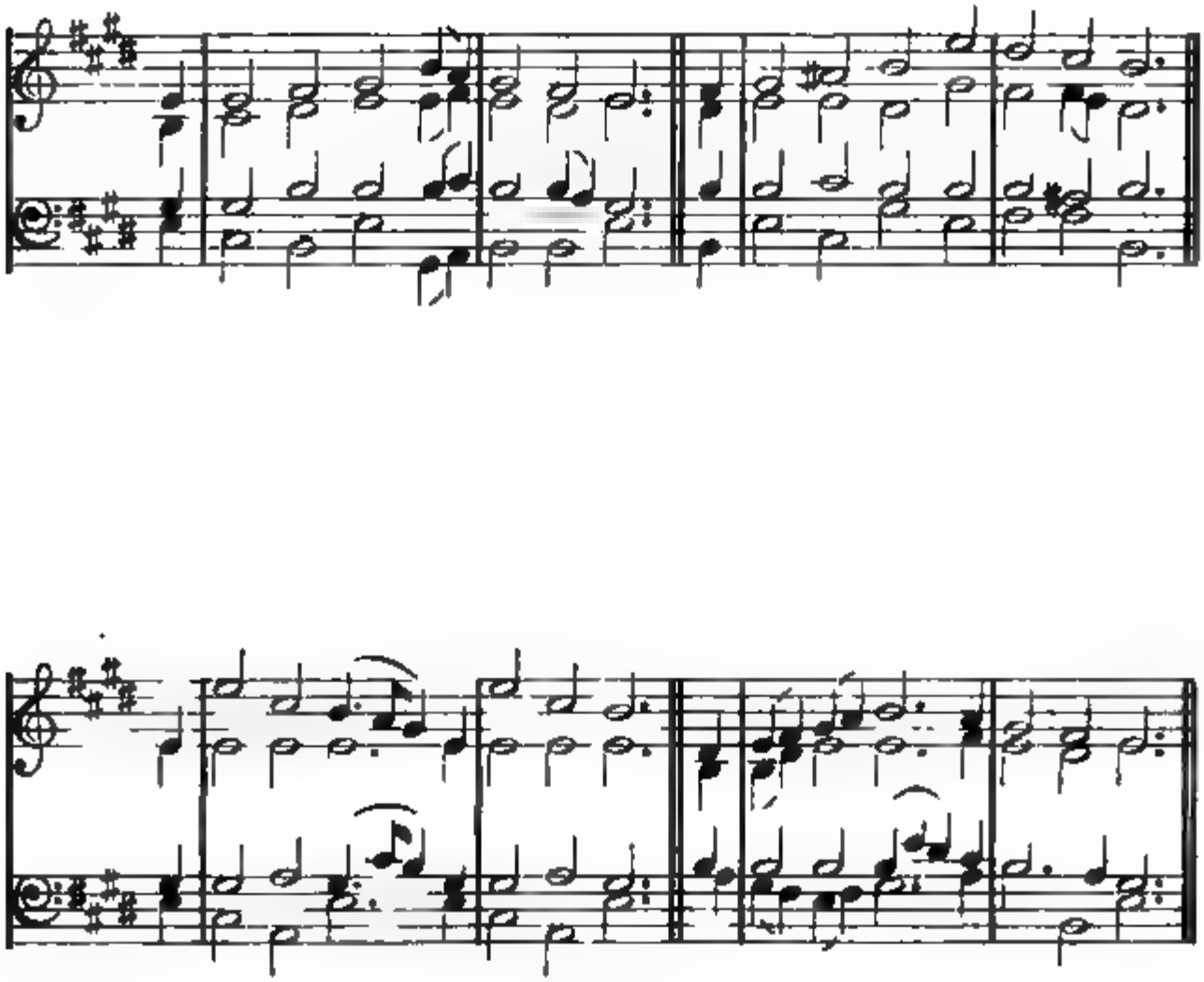
4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

CODA.

Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it.

Hymn 92 (55)

EATON (88 88 88). *Zerubbabel Wyeill.*



"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
And pour Thy joys on all mankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

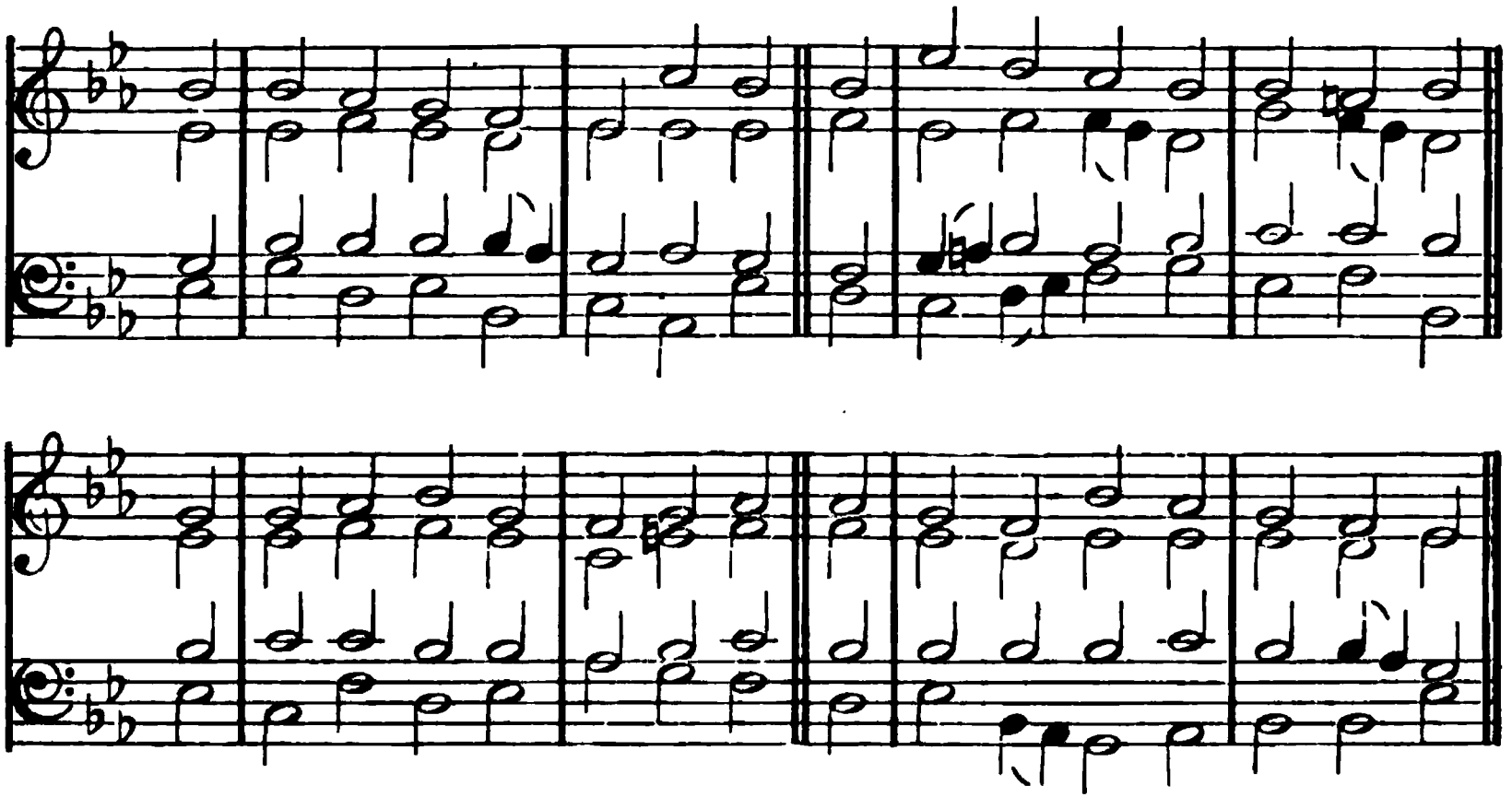
3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command,
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour-Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Hymn 93 (56)

MELCOMBE (L.M.)

Samuel Webbe.
An "O Salutaris."



"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."

1 COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
And visit all the souls of Thine:
Thou hast inspired our hearts with life;
Inspire them now with life divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God most high; the fire of love,
The everlasting spring of joy,
And holy unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold; Thou writest
God's laws in every faithful heart;
The promise of the Father, Thou
Dost heavenly eloquence impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls till they
Thy love, Thy heavenly love embrace;
And, since we are by nature frail,
Assist us with Thy saving grace.

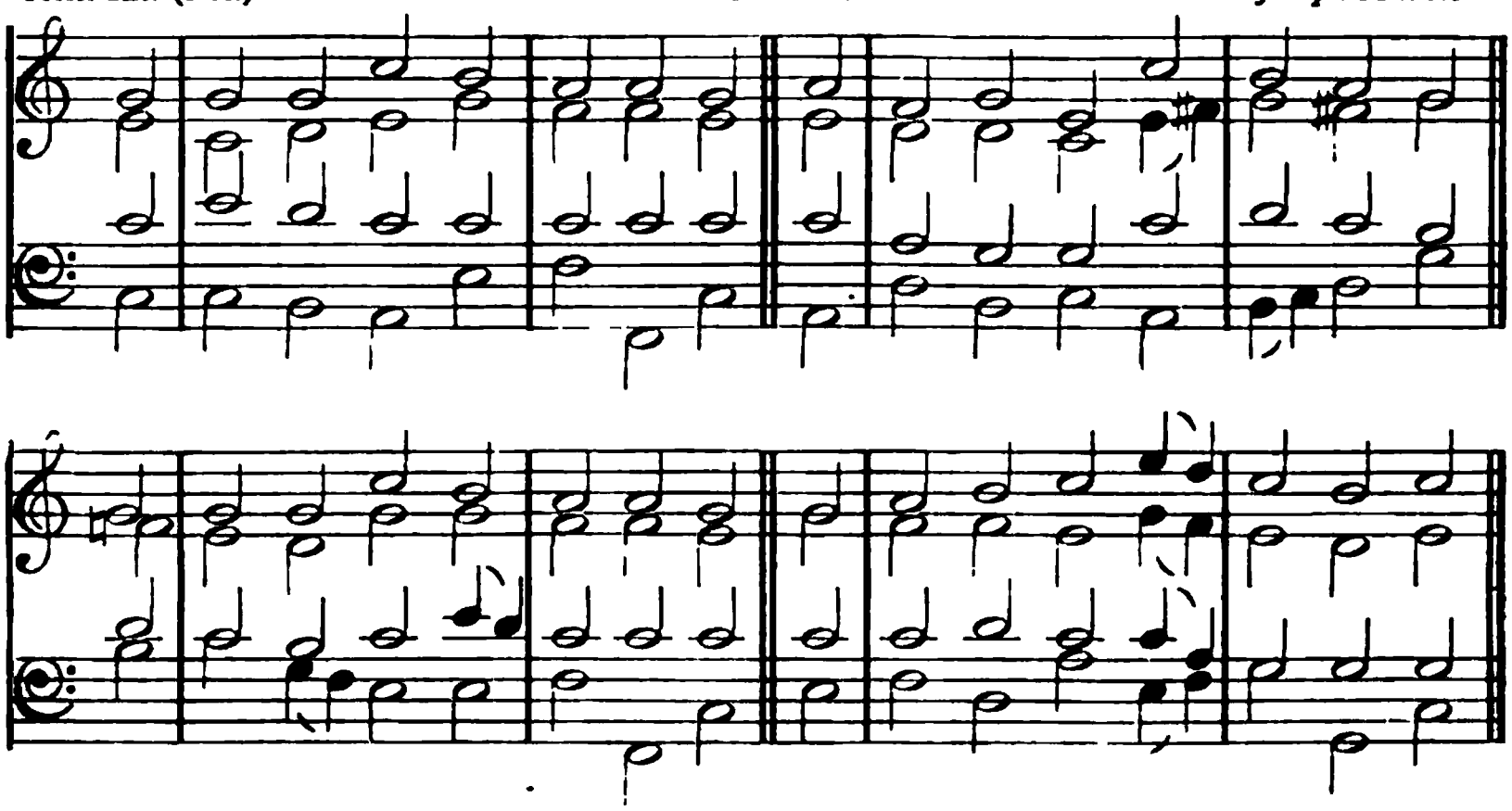
5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And grant us to have peace within;
That, with Thy light and guidance blest,
We may escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, who from the grave revived;
And, with the Father and the Son,
Thee, Holy Ghost, from both derived.

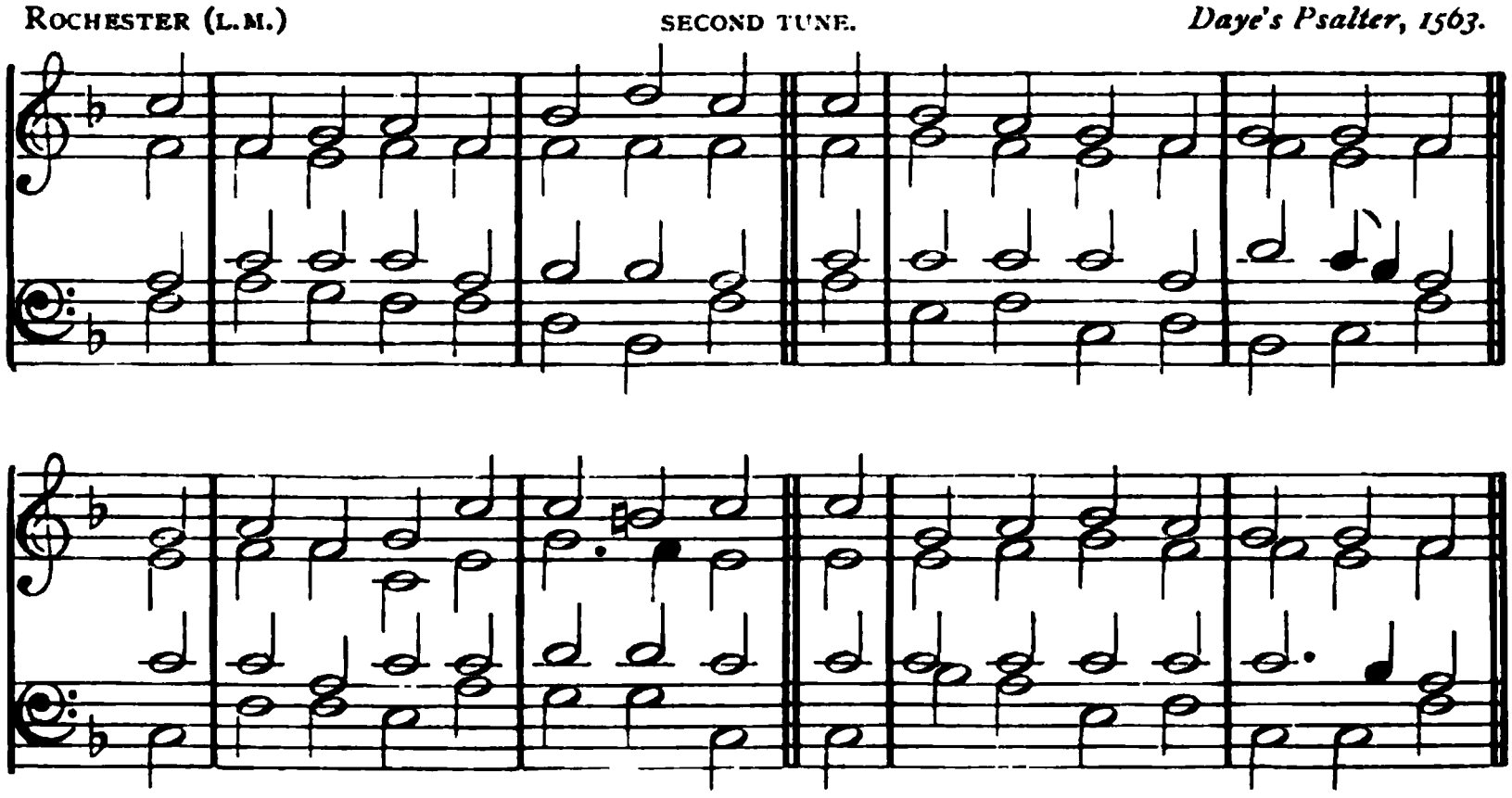
7 With Thee, O Father, therefore may
The Son, who was from death restored,
And sacred Comforter, one God,
To endless ages be adored!

Hymn 94 (57)

MAINZER (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Joseph Mainzer.*



ROCHESTER (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Daye's Psalter, 1563.*



" Darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

1 SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

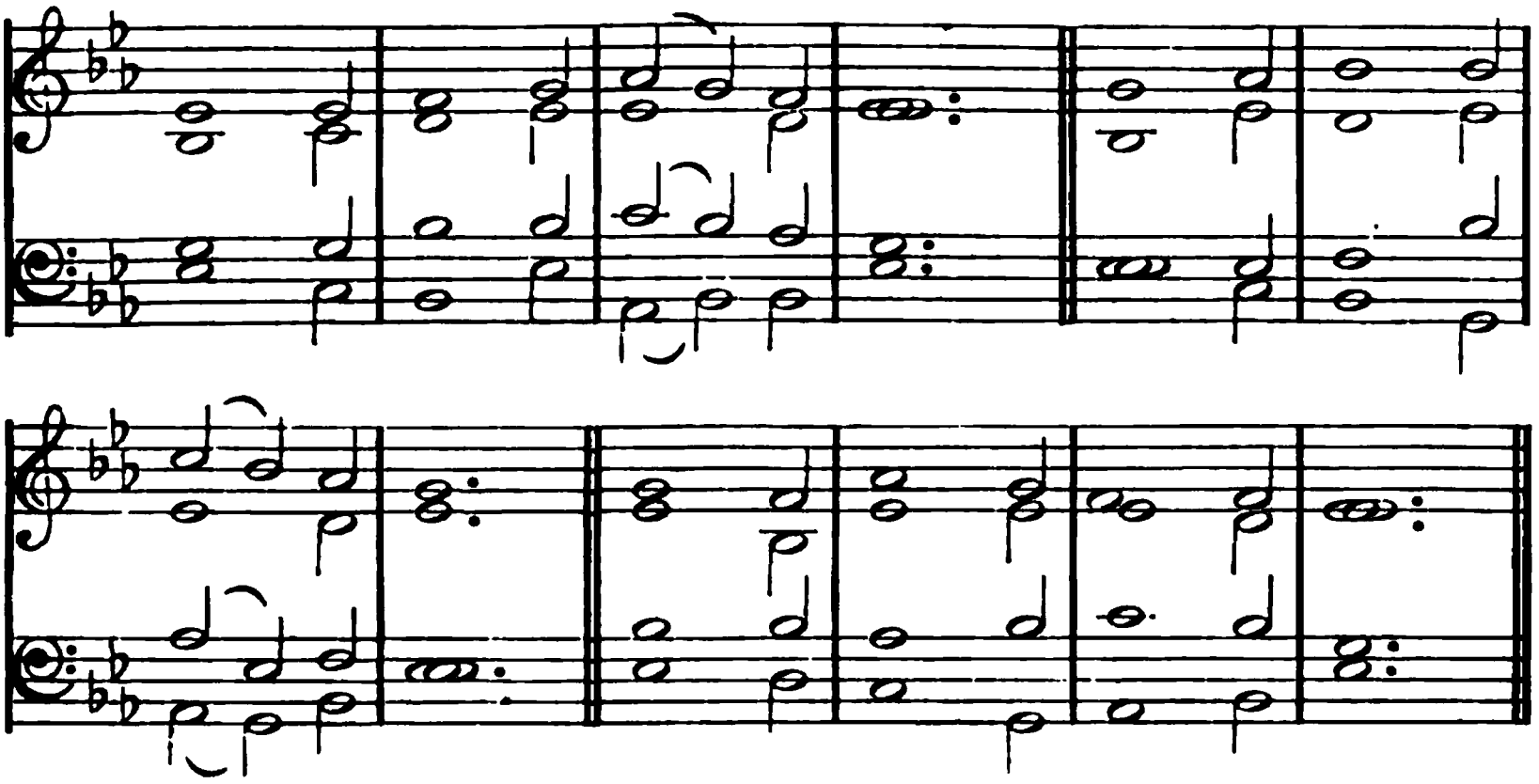
2 Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty Wind,
The brooding of the gentle Dove,—

3 Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine:

4 Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls—and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter!

Hymn 95 (58)

S. Philip (777). *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created; and Thou renewest the face of the earth."

1 COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy.

2 Father of the poor, draw near,
Giver of all gifts, be here:
Come, the soul's true radiancy.

3 Come, of Comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest,—
Come in toil refreshingly.

4 Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

5 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company!

6 Where Thou art not, man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.

7 What is soilèd, make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd, fructify;

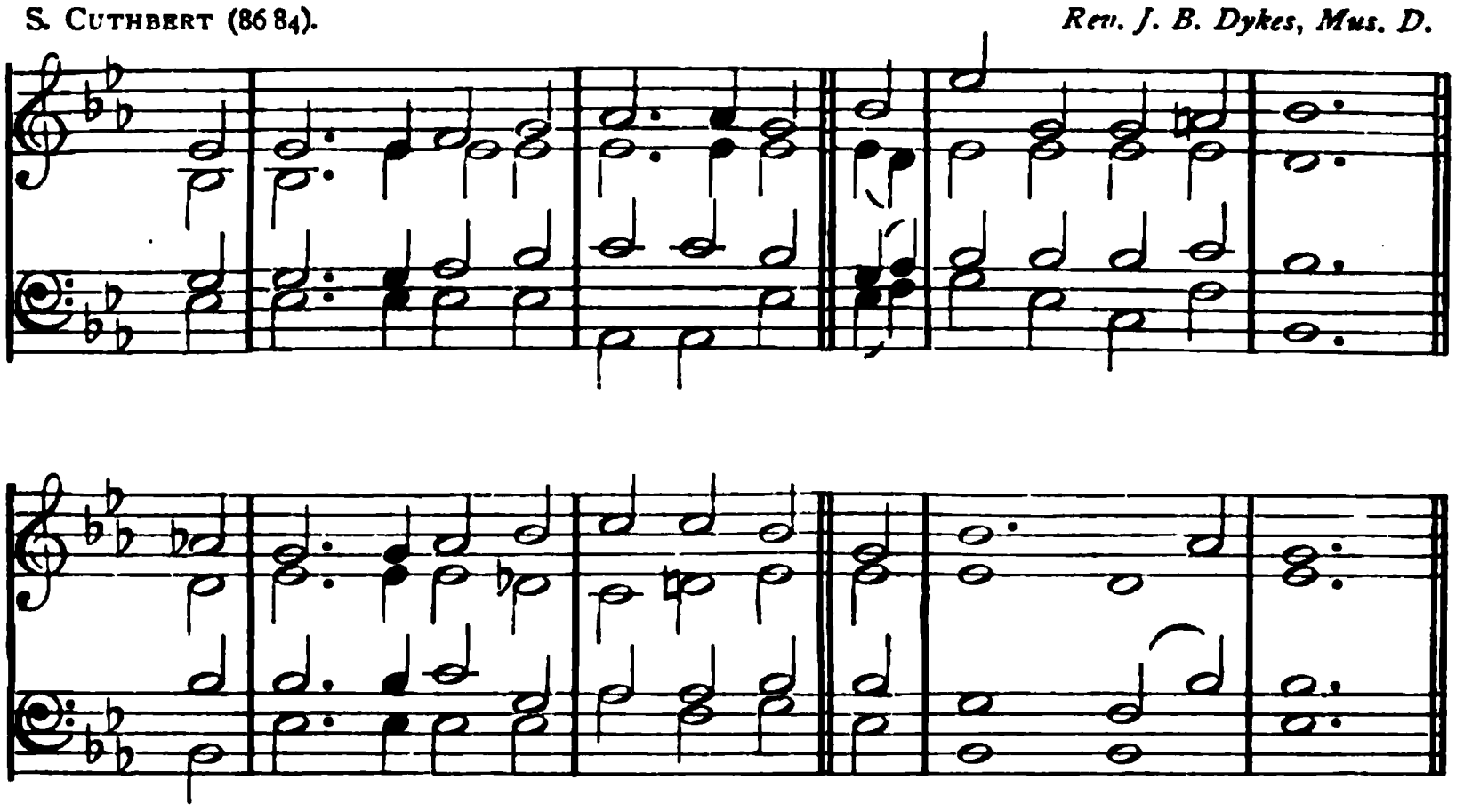
8 What is rigid, gently bend;
What is frozen, warmly tend;
Straighten what goes erringly.

9 Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold Mystery.

10 Here Thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity.

Hymn 96 (59)

S. Cuthbert (86 84). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



" When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

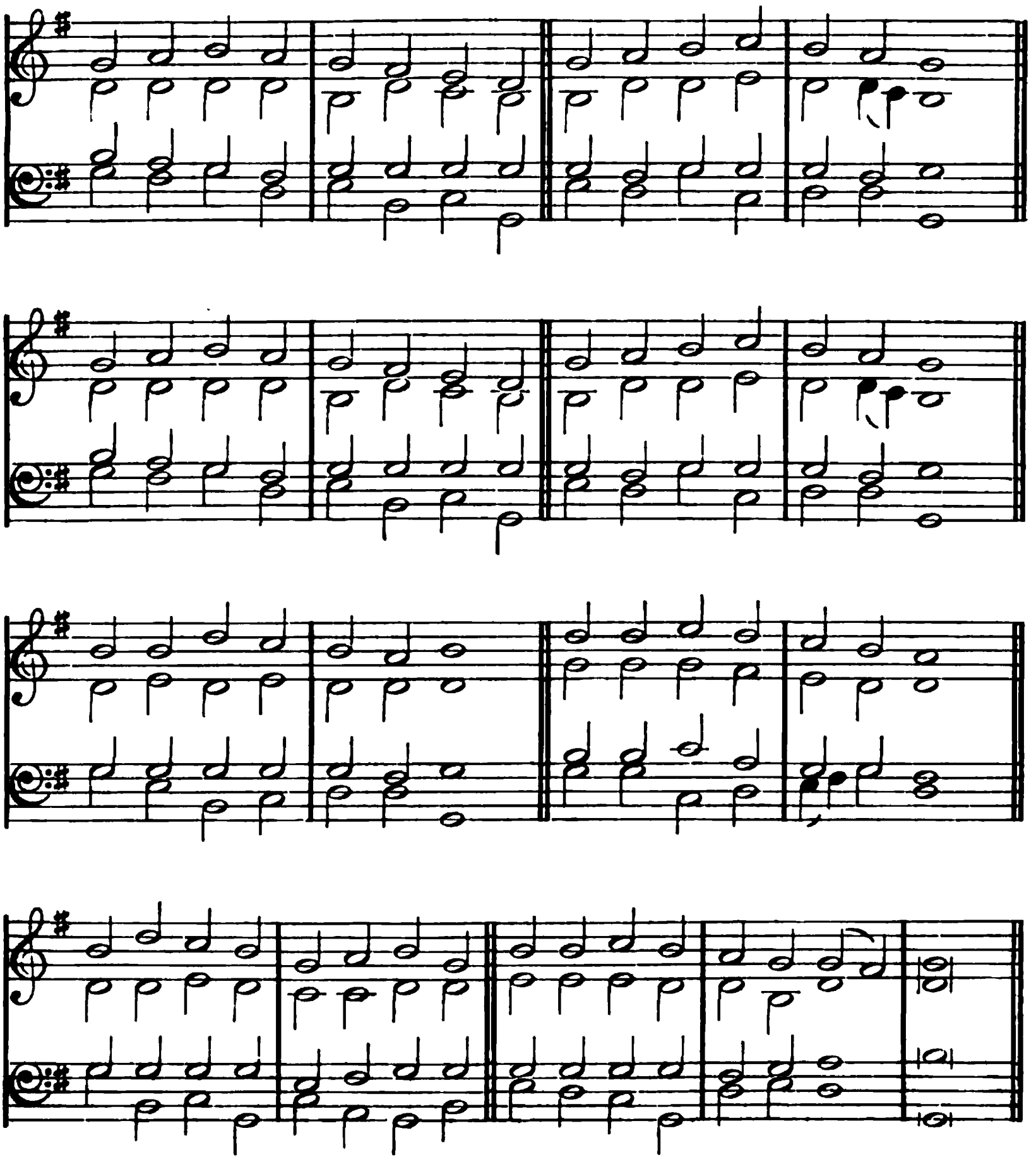
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

6 O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

Hymn 97 (60)

COBLENTZ (87 87 77 88). *Popular French Melody of 15th Century.*



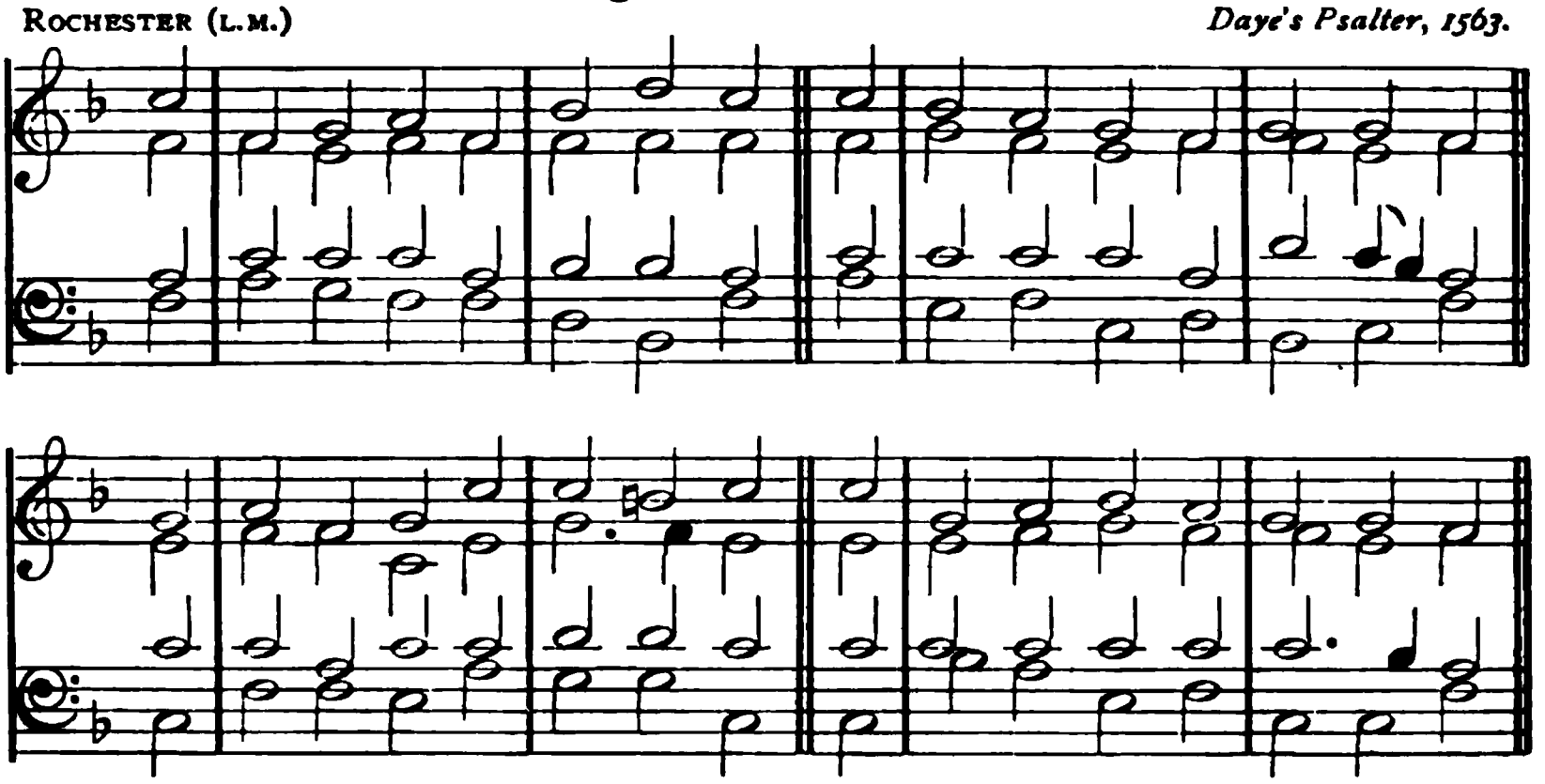
"For the kingdom of God is....righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation;
Hear, O hear our supplication!

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish, or God can send;
O Thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

Hymn 98 (238)

ROCHESTER (L.M.) *Daye's Psalter, 1563.*



" We have access by one Spirit to the Father."

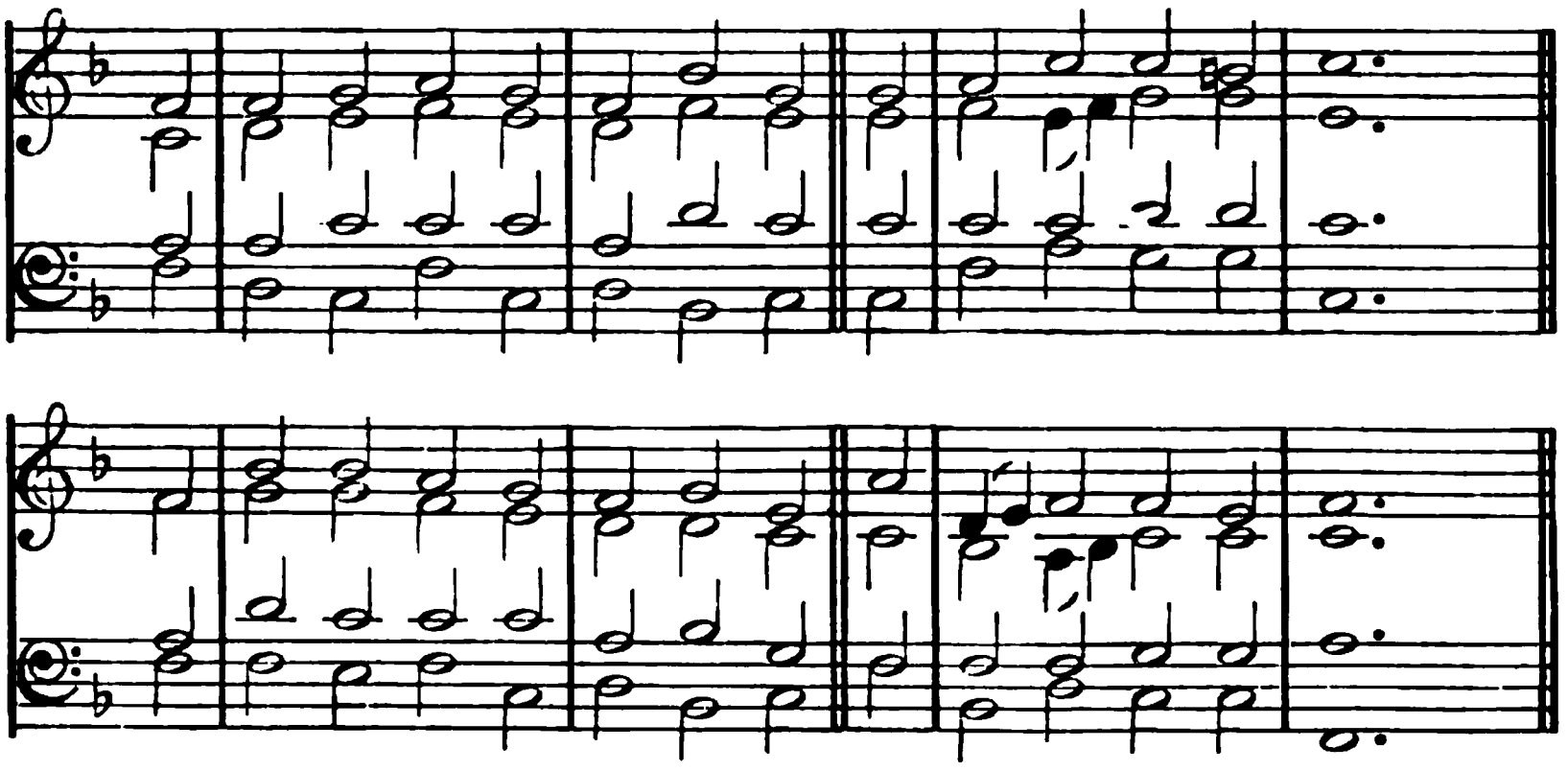
1 COME, Holy Ghost, and through each heart
The fulness of Thy glory pour;
Who, with the Son and Father, art
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

2 So shall our soul and voice conspire
Thy praise eternal to resound;
So shall Thy love our hearts inspire,
And kindle every heart around.

3 Father of Mercies, hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son;
Hear us, O Holy Ghost most high,
One God, while endless ages run.

Hymn 99 (61)

FARRANT (C.M.) *Adapted from Richard Farrant.*



Hymn 99 (61)

"I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh."

1 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the Light: to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the Fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the Dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

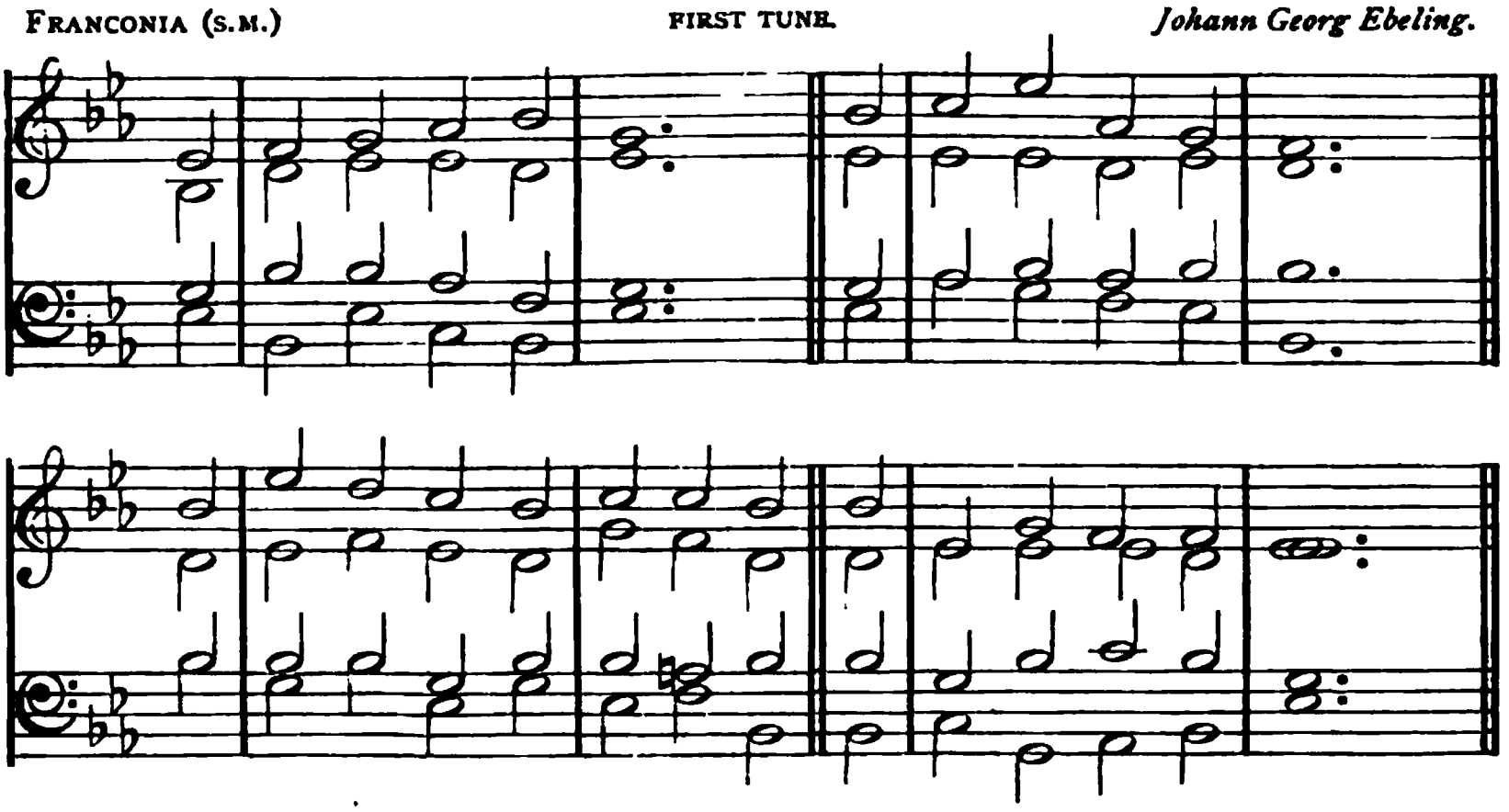
5 Come as the Dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Come as the Wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

Hymn 100 (62)

FRANCONIA (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Johann Georg Ebeling.*



"Waiting for the promise of the Father."

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

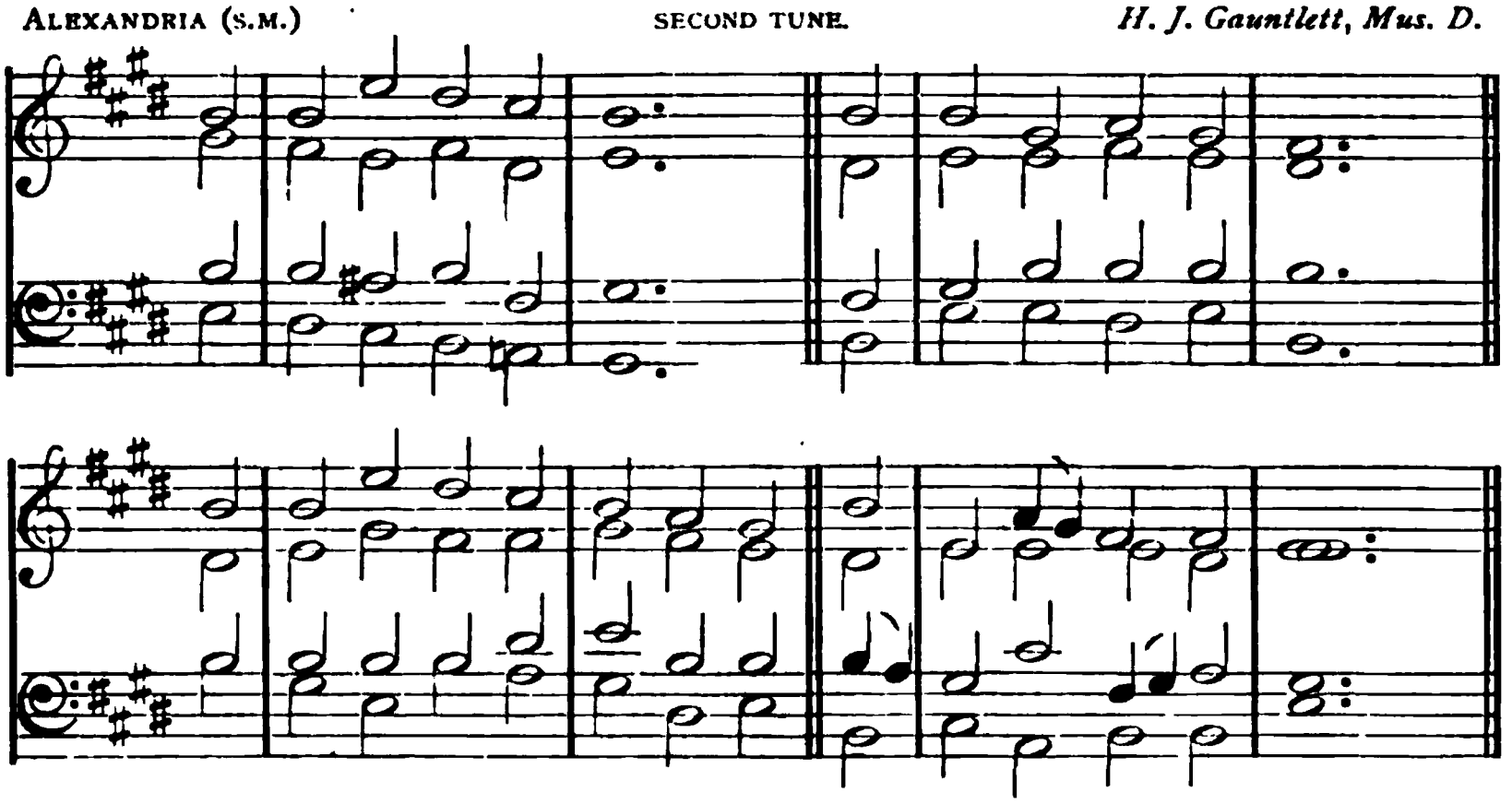
3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

Hymn 100 (62)

ALEXANDRIA (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"Waiting for the promise of the Father."

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord
The Spirit of all grace.

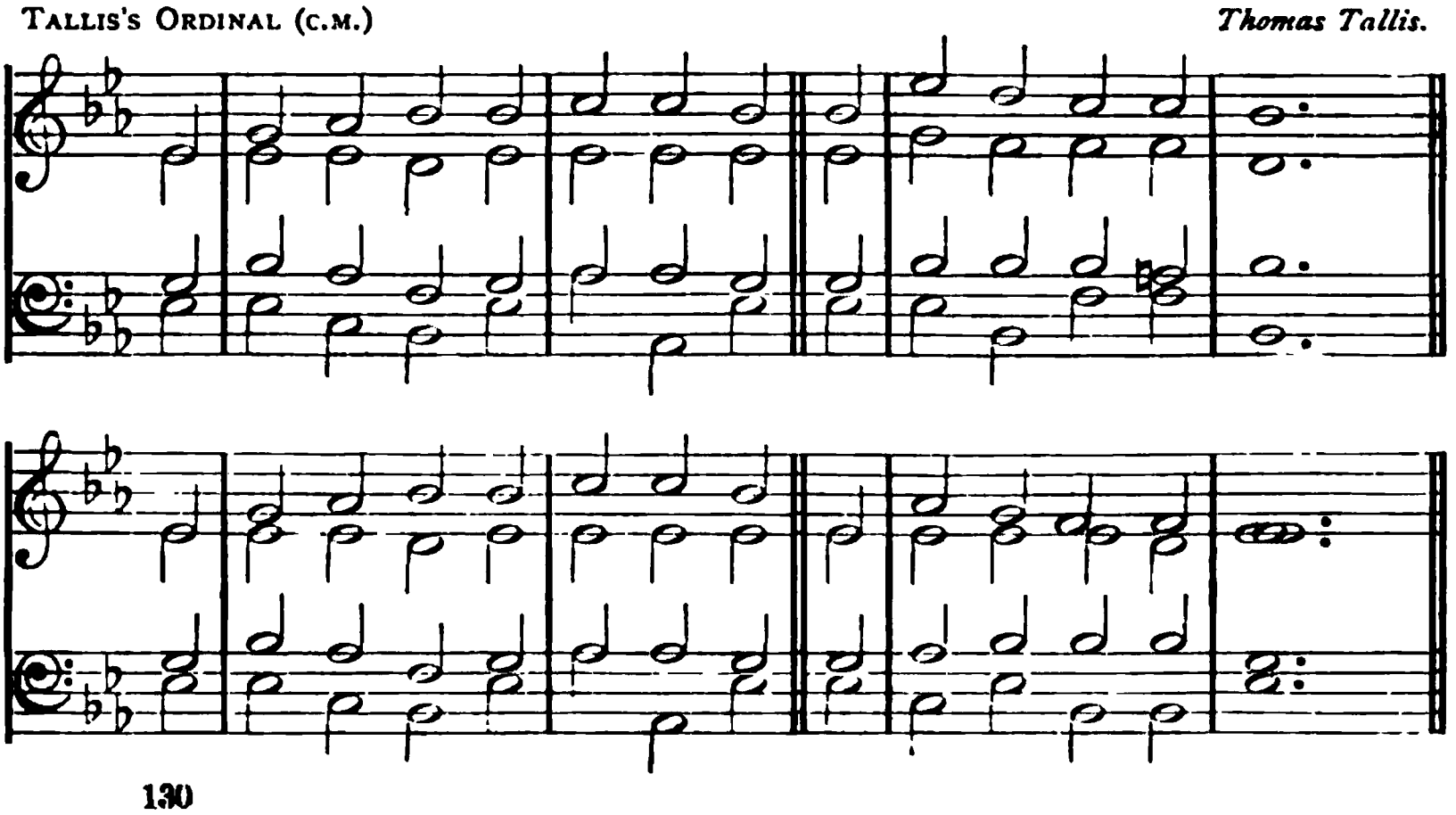
3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

Hymn 101 (63)

TALLIS'S ORDINAL (C.M.) *Thomas Tallis.*



Hymn 101 (63)

"They spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

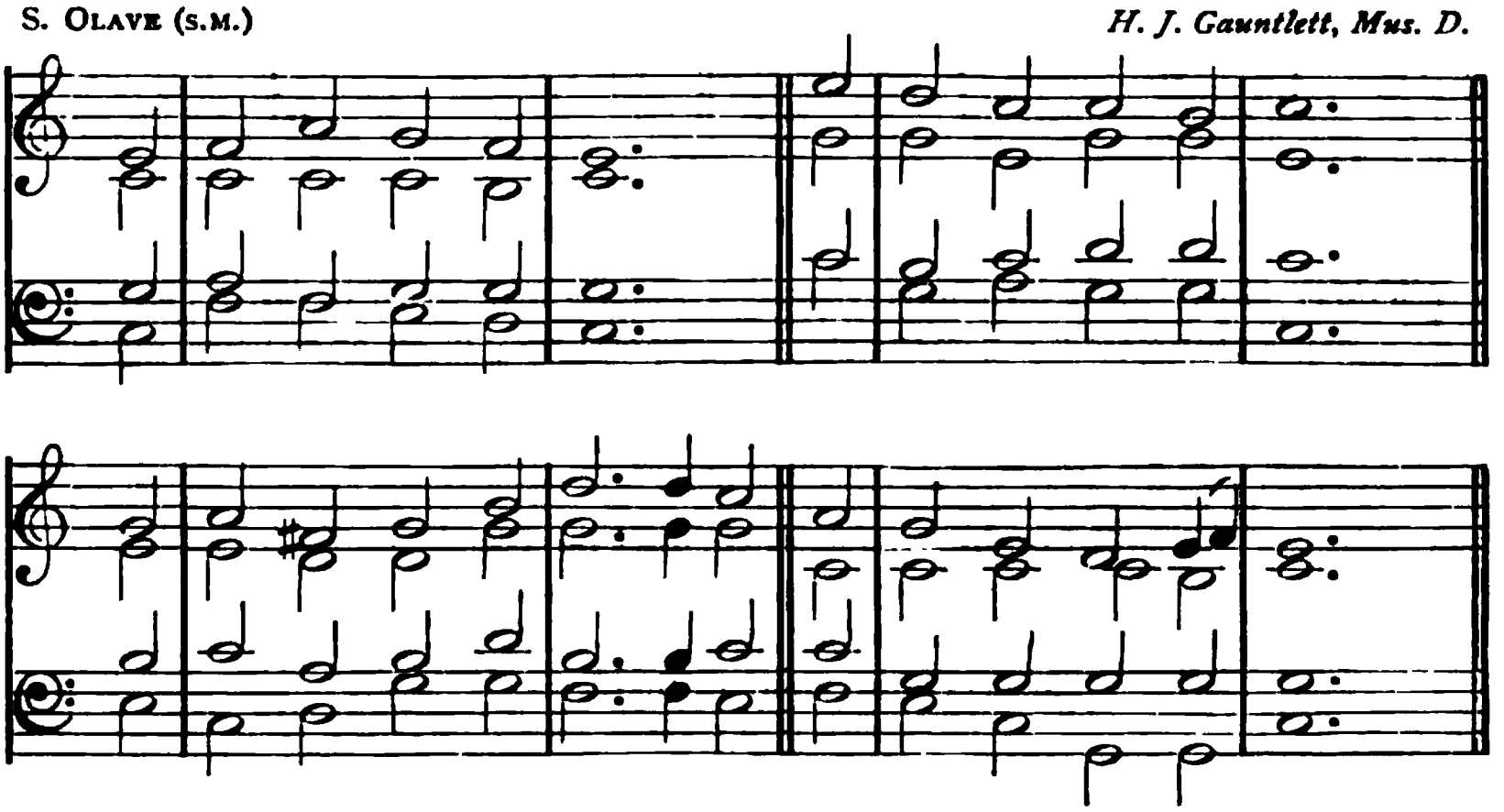
2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God through Himself we then shall know
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Hymn 102 (64)

S. OLAVE (S.M.) — *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"The Spirit of wisdom and revelation."

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

5 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
The eternal Prince of Peace.

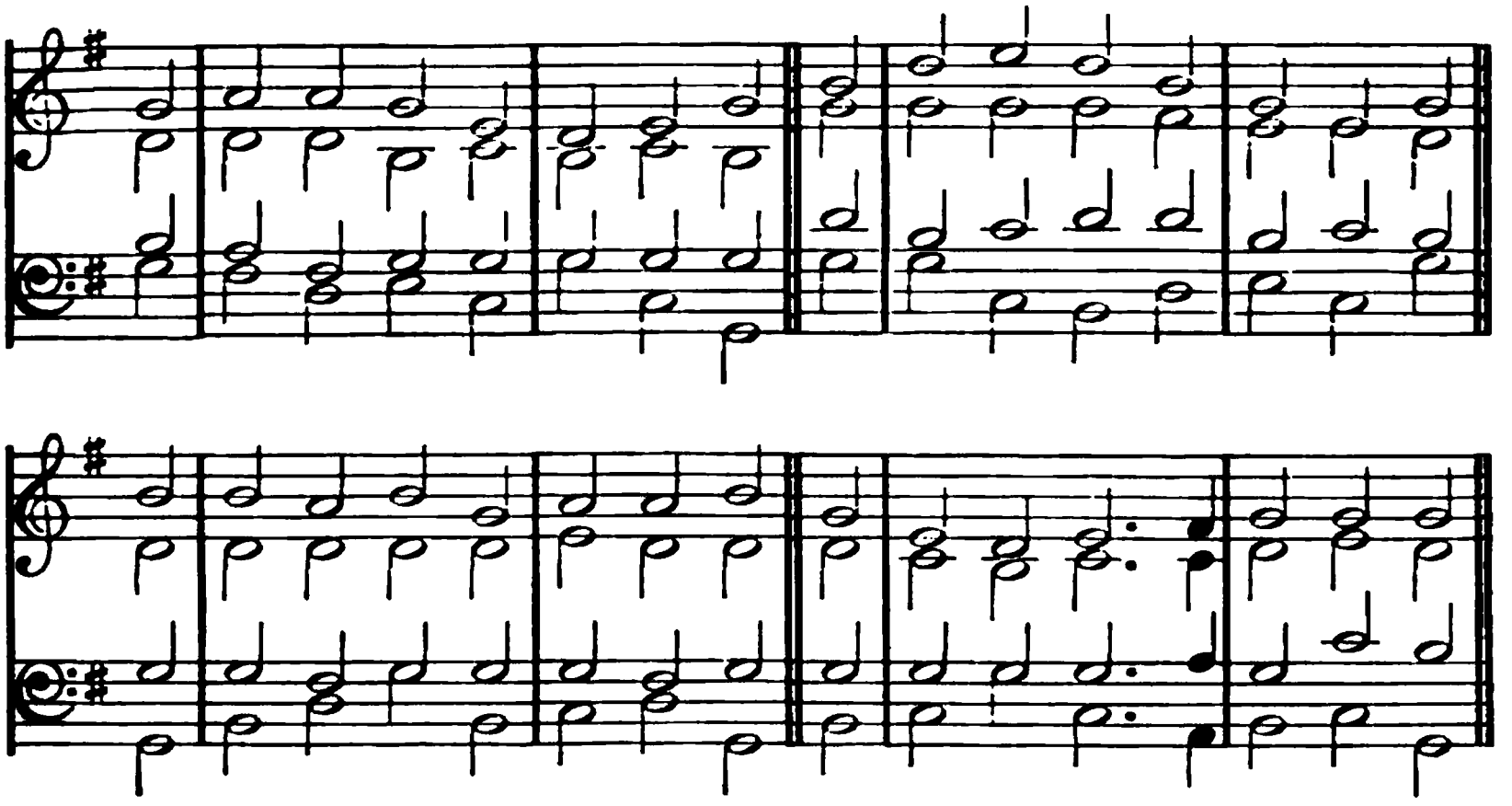
6 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

7 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Hymn 103 (65)

Pentecost Hymn of 13th Century.
Arranged from Luther's Psalter, 1524.

SOLDAU (L.M.)



"The Spirit like a dove descending."

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

4 Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

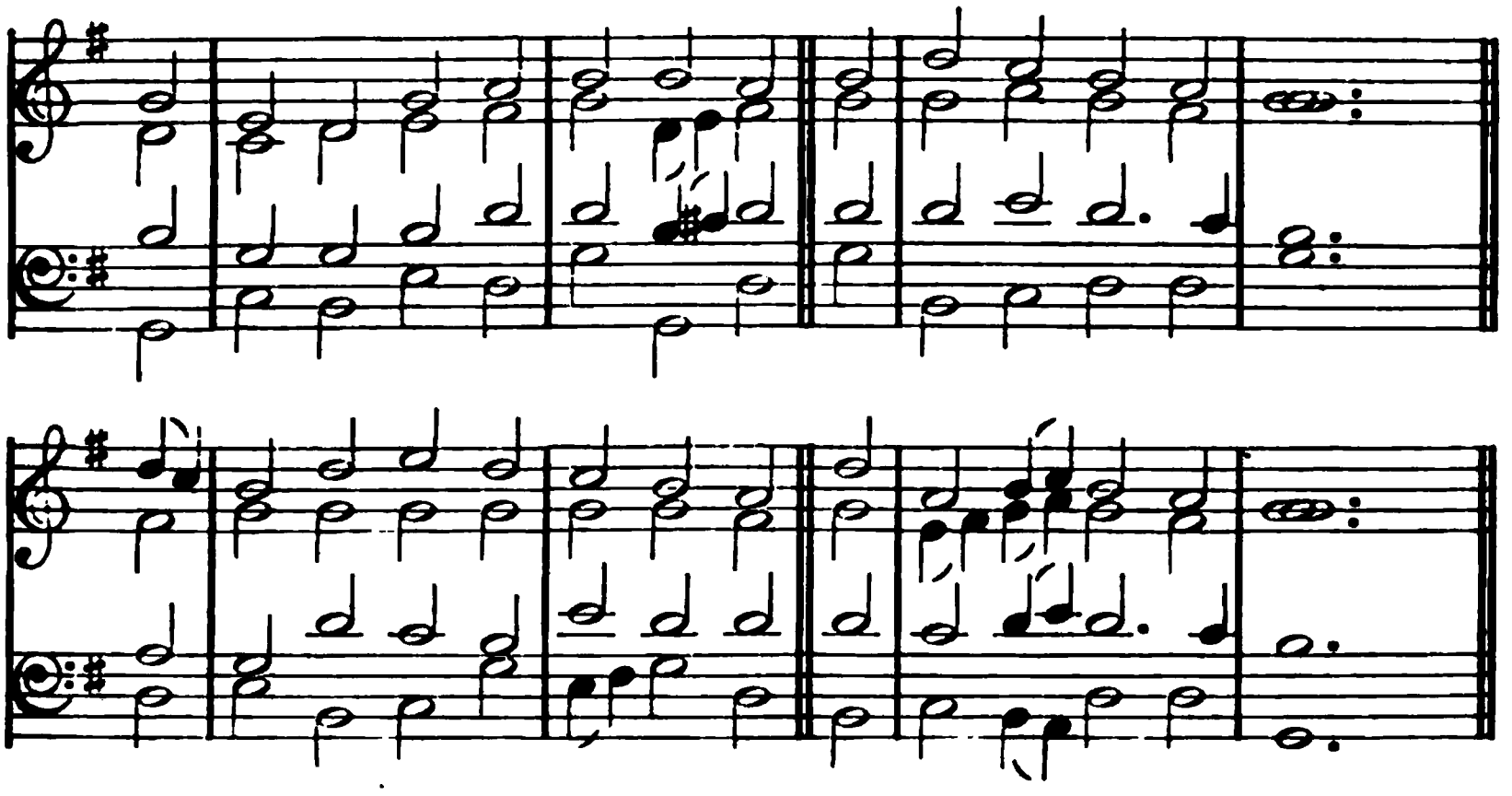
5 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

6 Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply:
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.

7 Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be,
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

Hymn 104 (66)

GRÄFENBERG (C.M.) *Johann Crüger.*



"When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

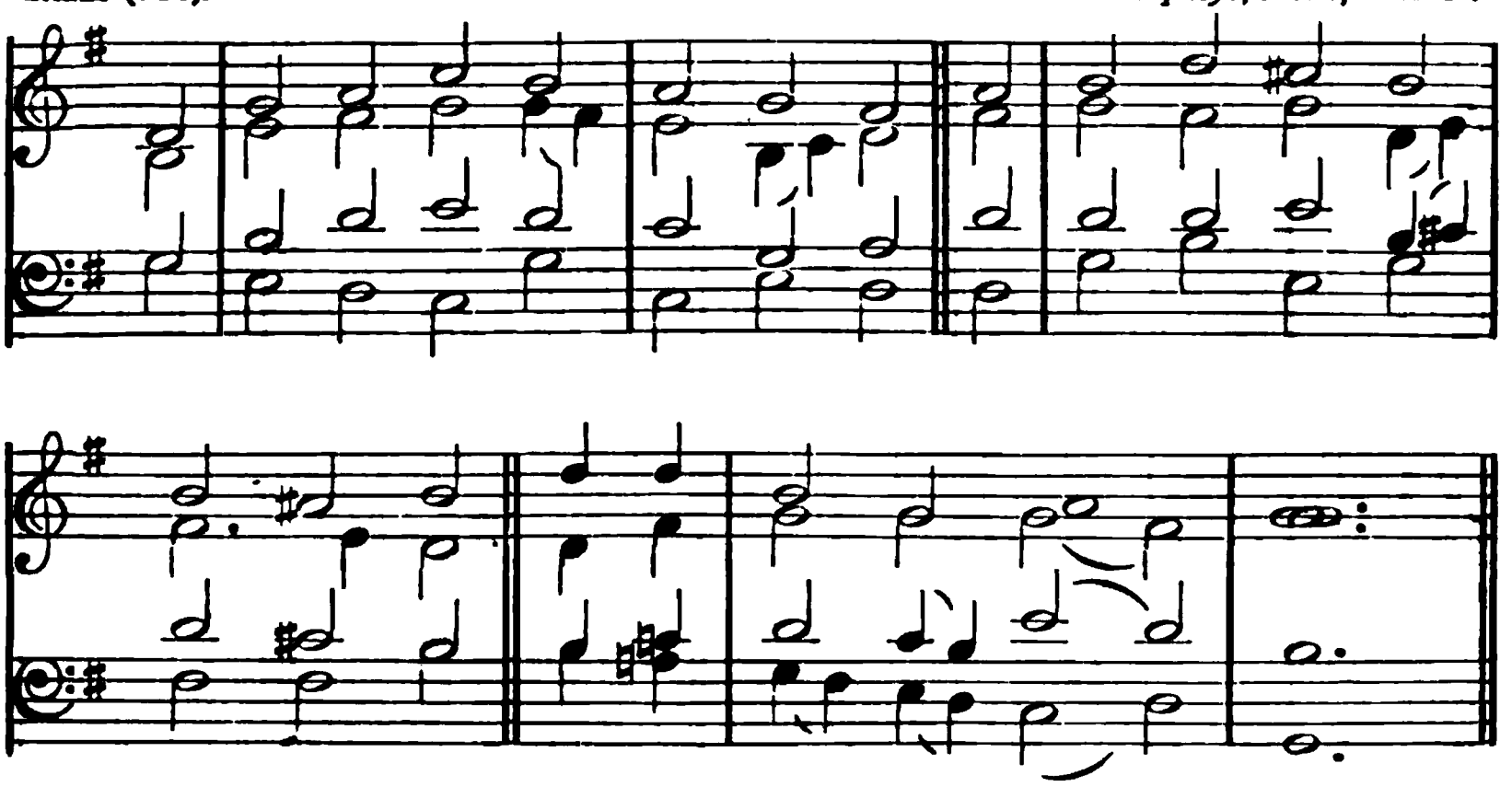
3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

Hymn 105 (239)

SÂLES (886). *Frank Champneys, M.A., Mus. D.*



"He is faithful."

1 TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia !

2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia !

3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia !

4 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia !

5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia !

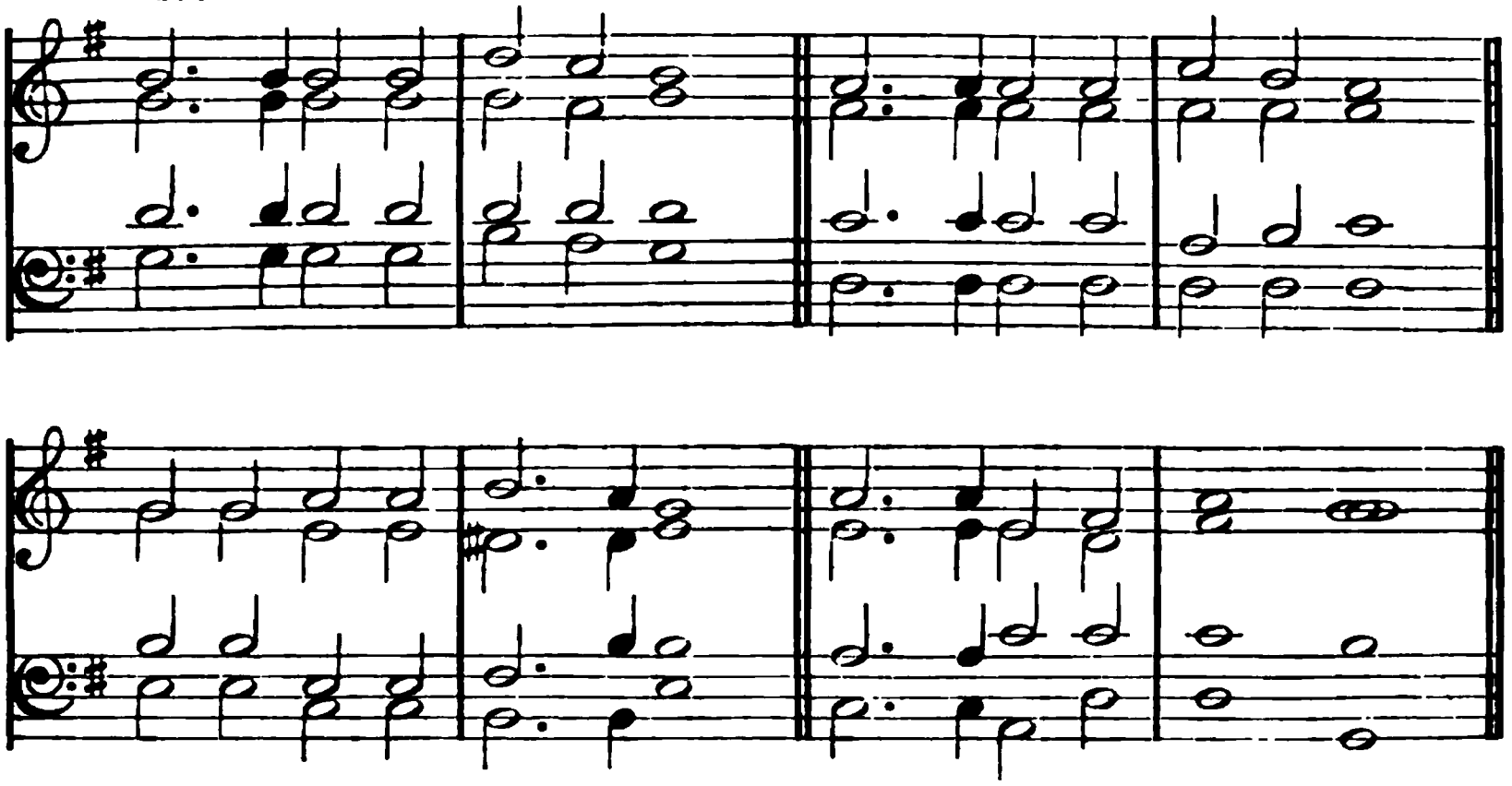
6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia !

7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia !

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia !

Hymn 106 (240)

EVELYN (77 76). *Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.*



" The Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord."

1 SPIRIT blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One Eternal God and Lord—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Spirit of the only Wise,
Thou in whom all knowledge lies,
Reading all with searching eyes—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit guiding to the right,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit, falling like a dove
From the opened skies above,
With the Father's power and love—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Spirit, by whose gifts of grace
Jesus blessed our fallen race,
Raising them from lowly place—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Spirit, showing us the way,
Warning when we go astray,
Pleading in us when we pray—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Spirit, whom our failings grieve,
Whom the world will not receive,
Who dost help us to believe—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Spirit, guarding us from ill,
Bending right our stubborn will;
Though we grieve Thee, patient still—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Spirit, strength of all the weak,
Giving courage to the meek,
Teaching faltering tongues to speak—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

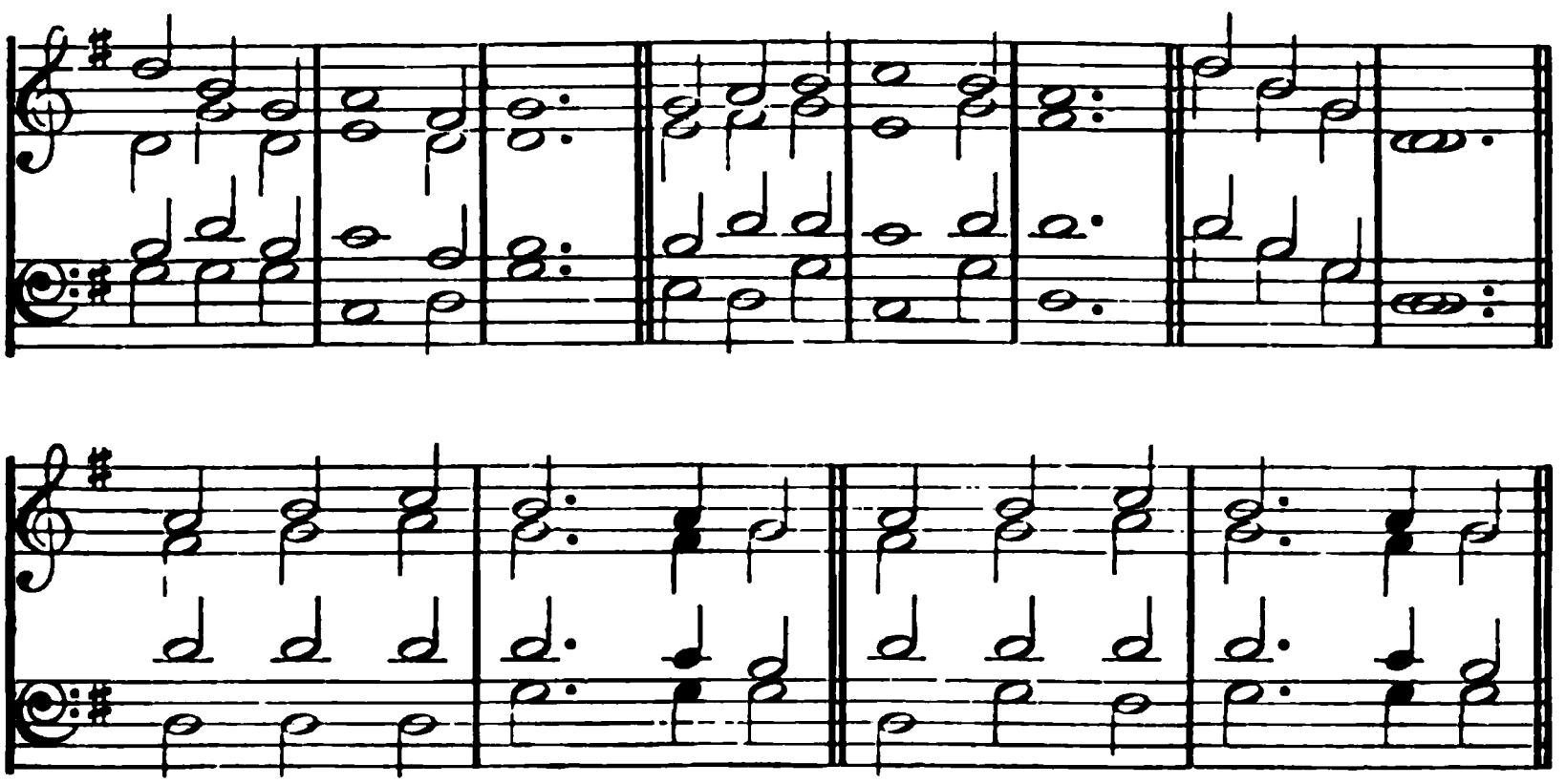
10 Spirit, aiding all who yearn
More of truths divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

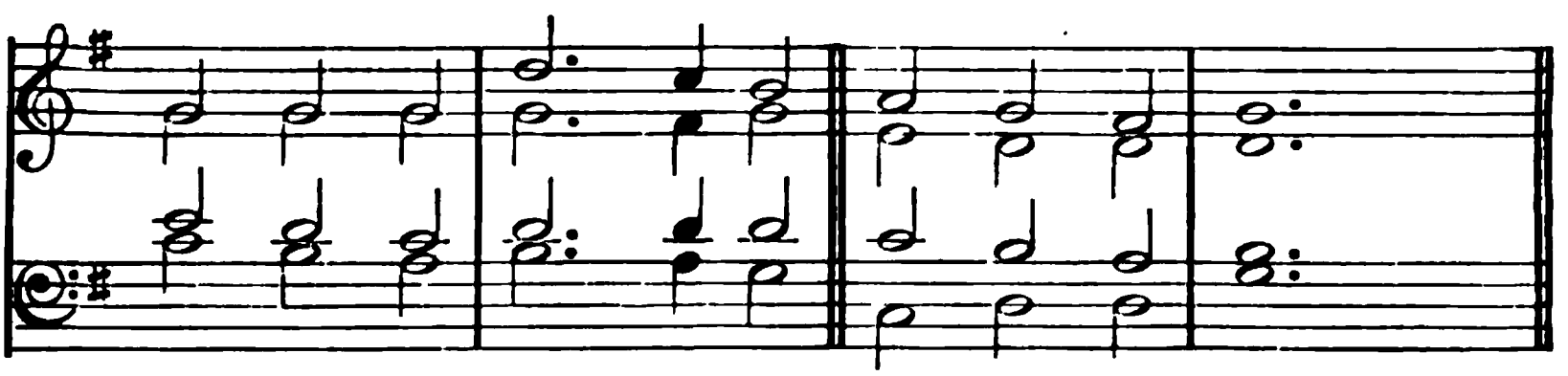
11 Holy Ghost, when sinners fall,
And when snares their souls enthral,
Leading back with gentle call—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 Spirit, bidding terror cease,
When from sin we pray release,
Bidding us to go in peace—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Hymn 107 (67)

Moscow (664 6664) FIRST TUNE. *Felice Giardini.*





"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

1 THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

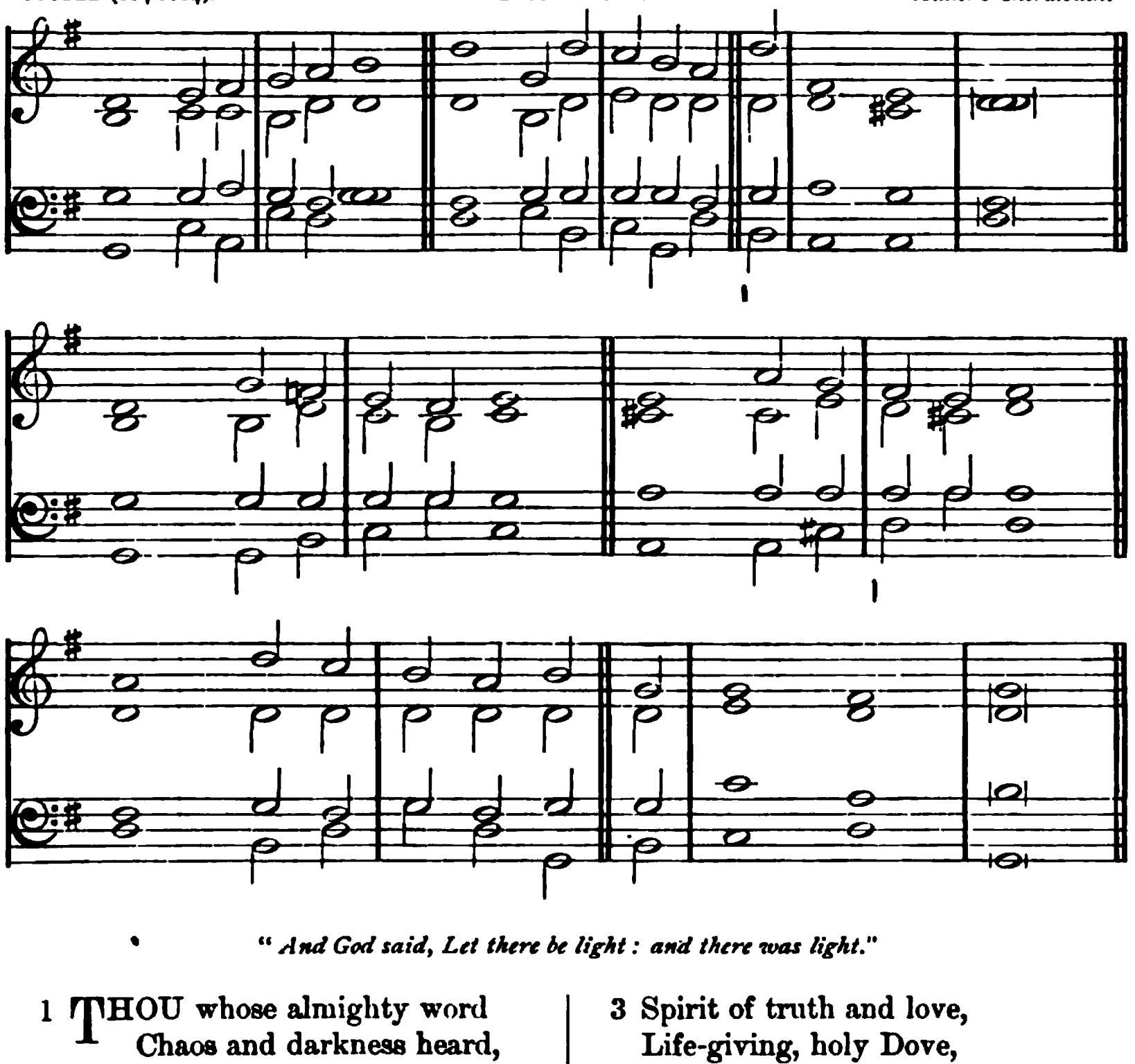
4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might:
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide
Let there be light!

Hymn 107 (67)

STOBEL (664 6664).

SECOND TUNE.

German.
Müller's Choralbuch.



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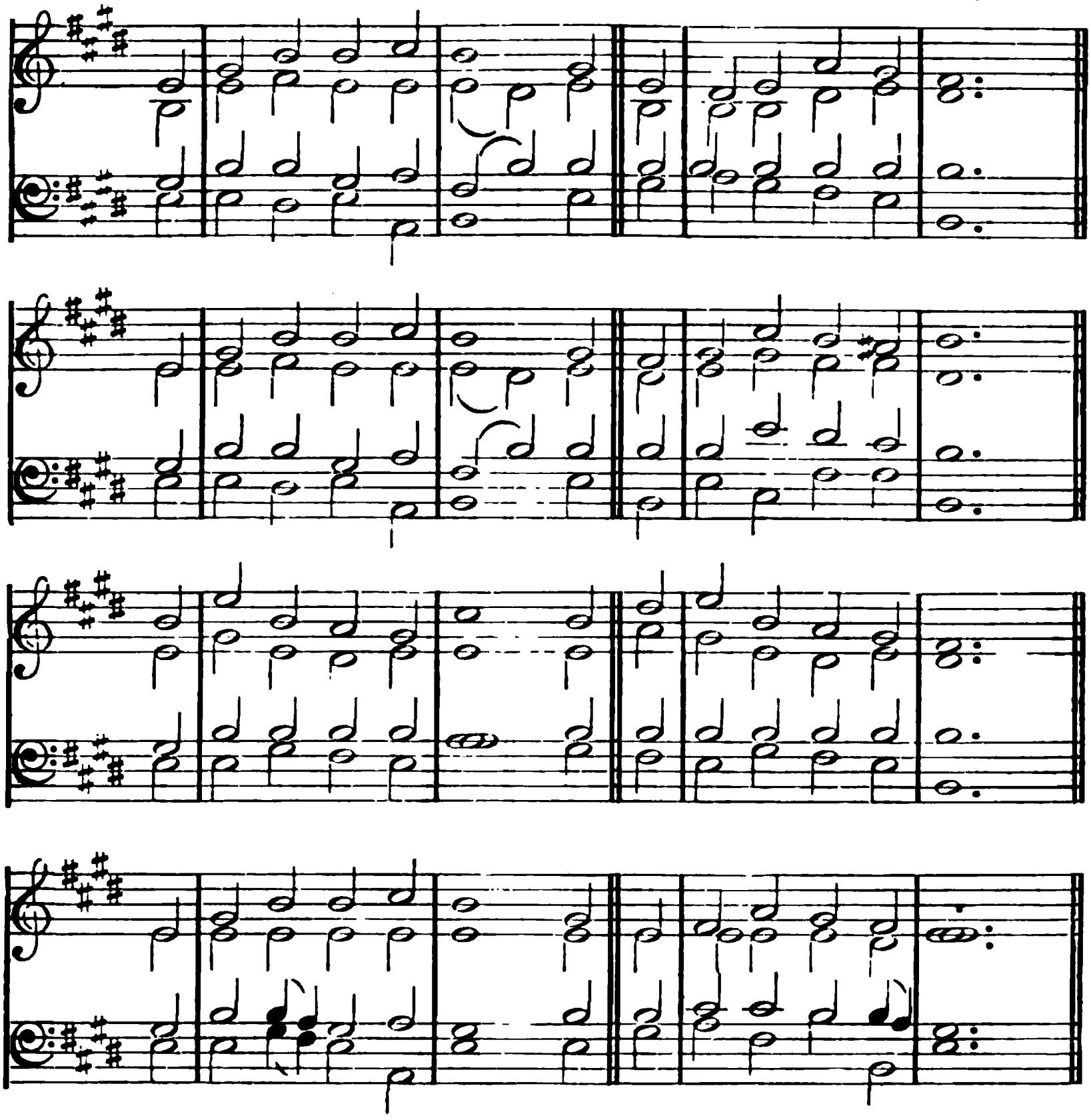
Hymn 108 (68)

HEBER (7676 D.) FIRST TUNE. *Lowell Mason, Mus. D.*



"Come over....and help us."

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

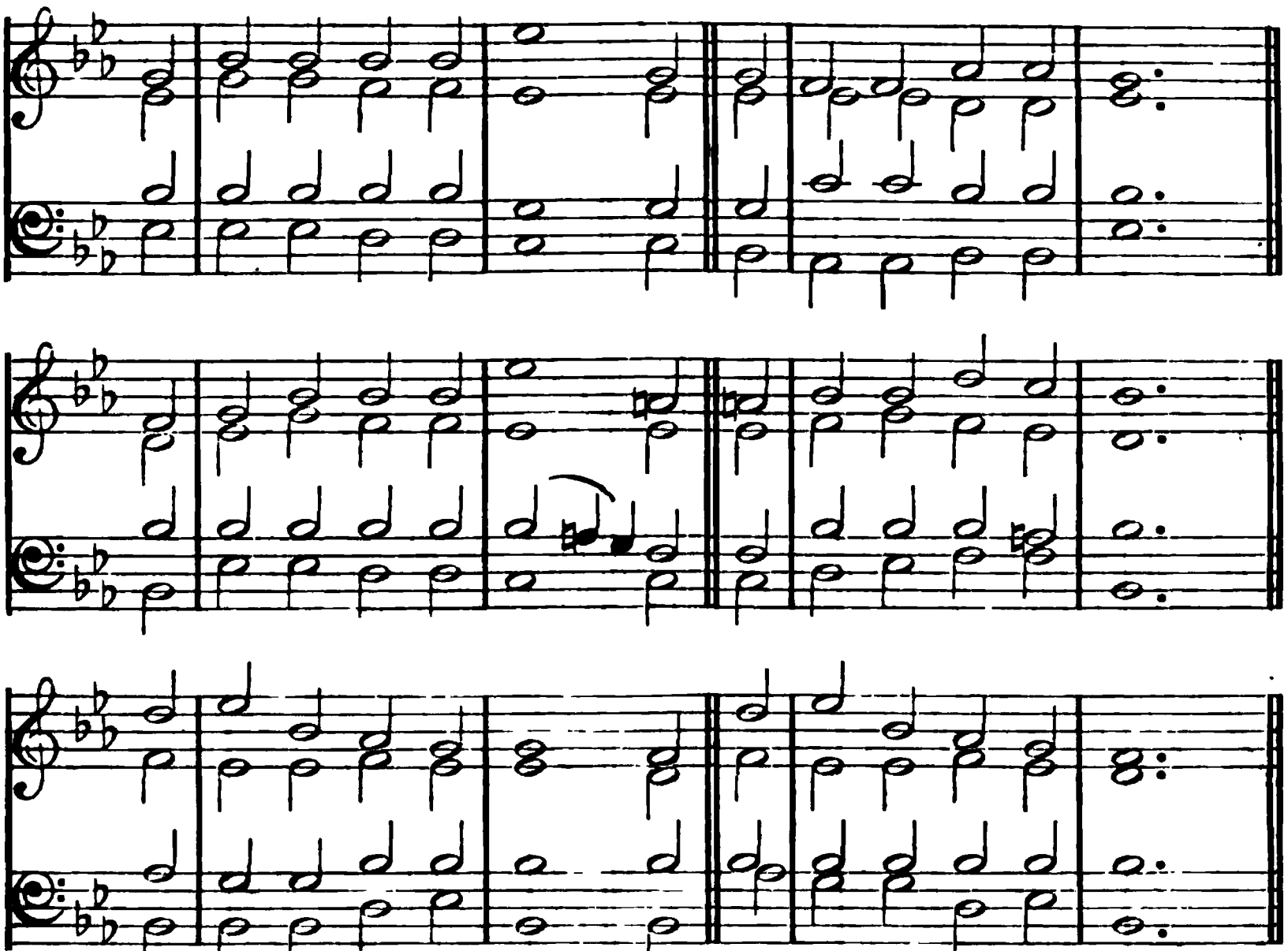
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

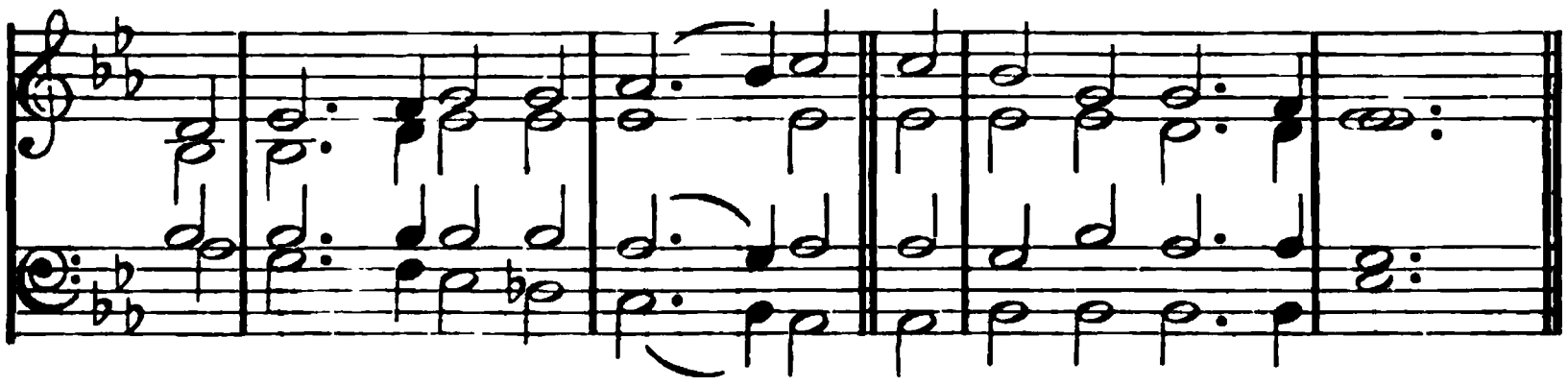
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Hymn 108 (68)

GREENLAND (7676 D.) SECOND TUNE. *Lausanne Psalter.*





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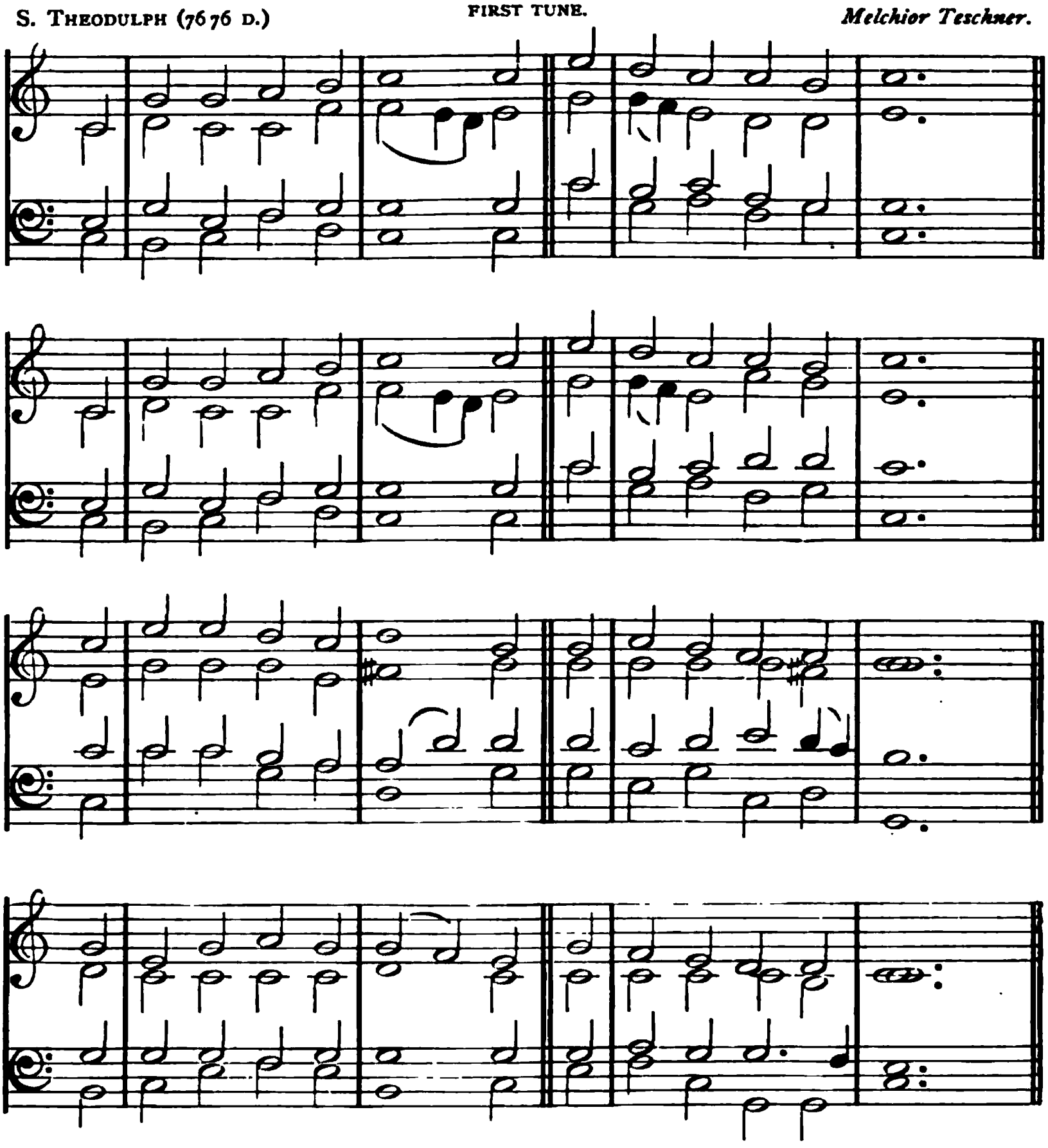
Hymn 109 (69)

S. Theodulph (76 76 D.) FIRST TUNE. *Melchior Teschner.*



"Blessed be His glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory."

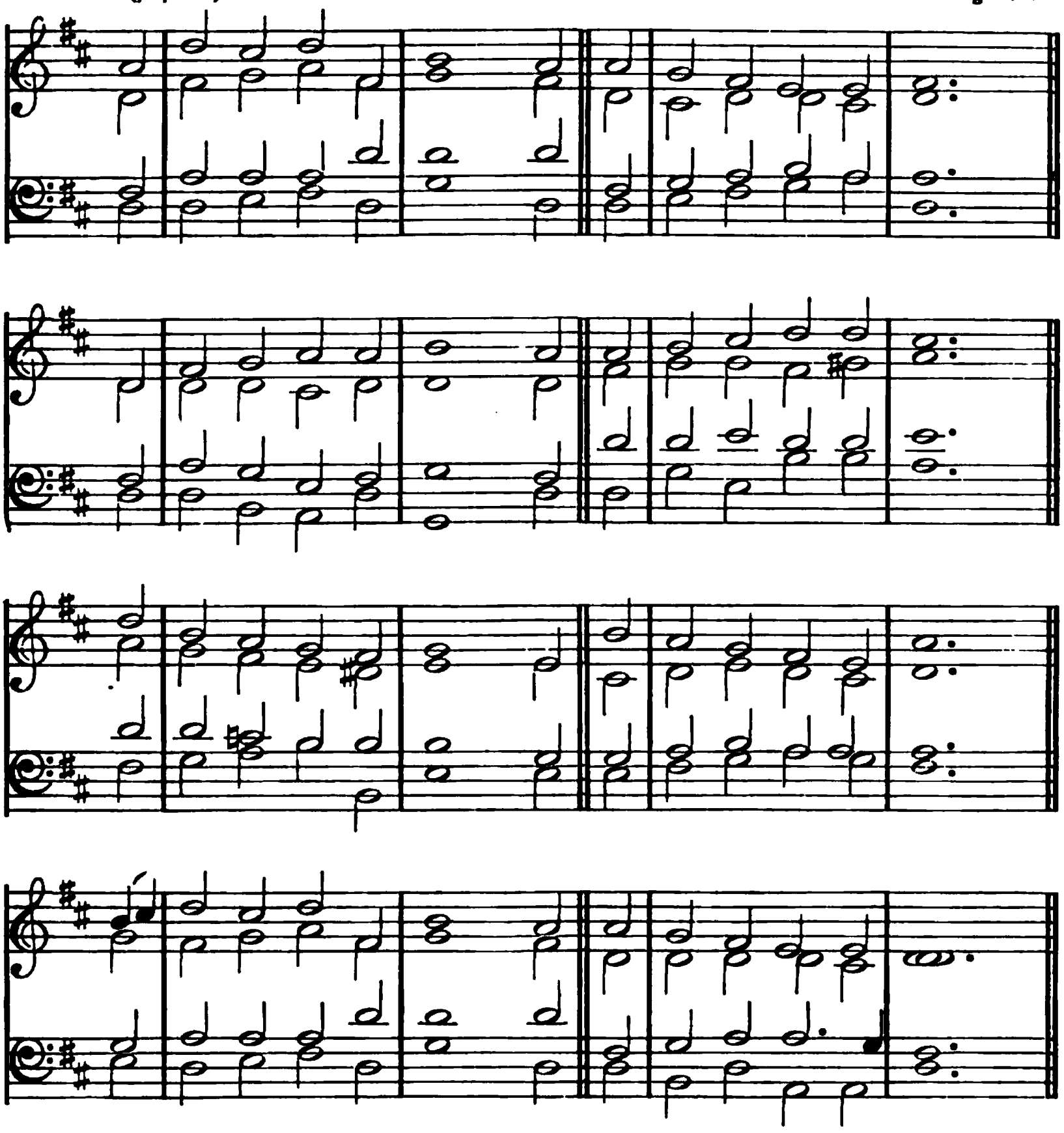
1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Hymn 109 (69)

PEARSALL (76 76 D.) SECOND TUNE. *St. Gall.* "*Katholisches Gesangbuch.*"



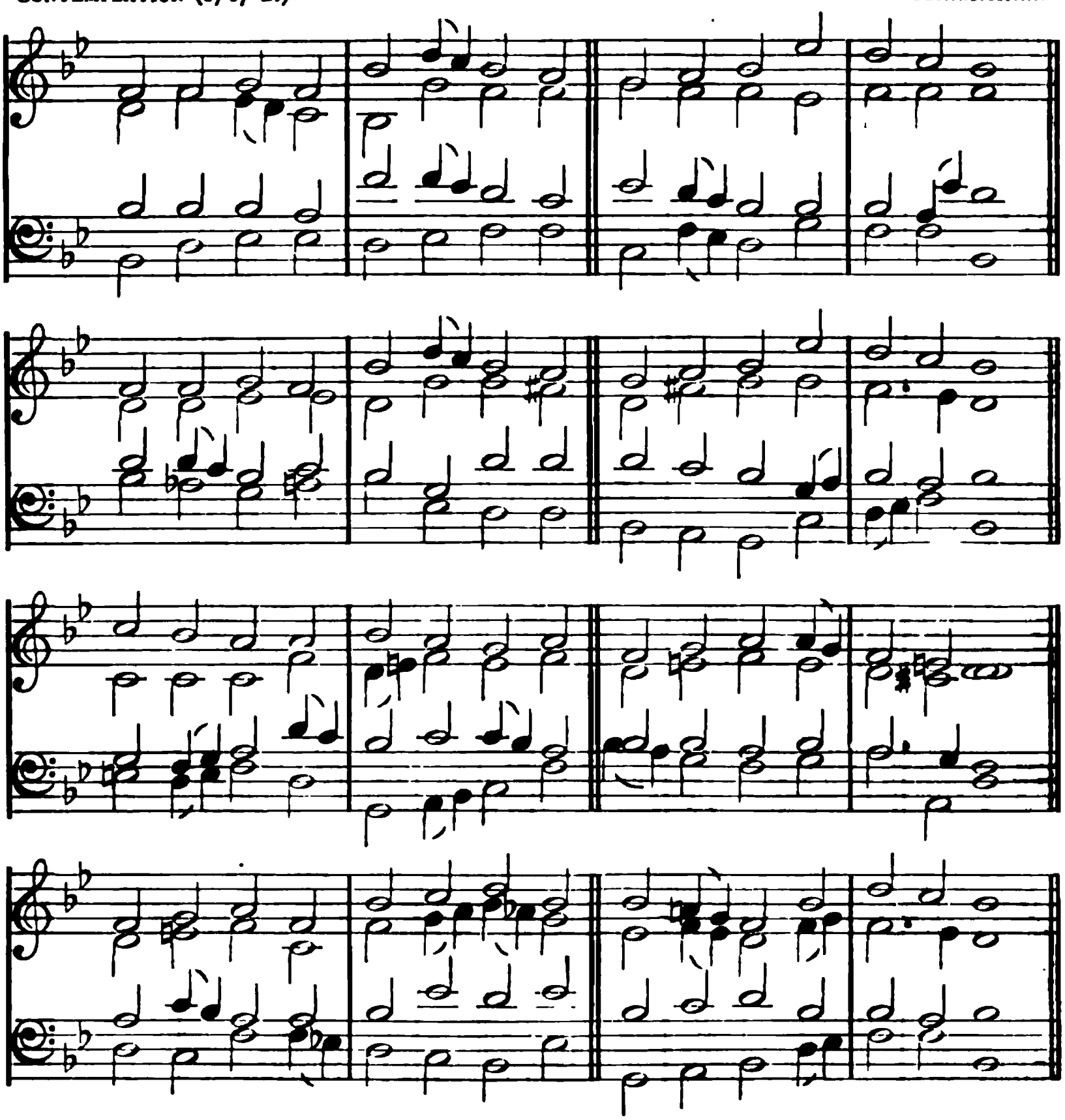
4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is Love.

Hymn 110 (241)

CONTEMPLATION (87 87 D.) *Mendelssohn.*



"So shall He sprinkle many nations."

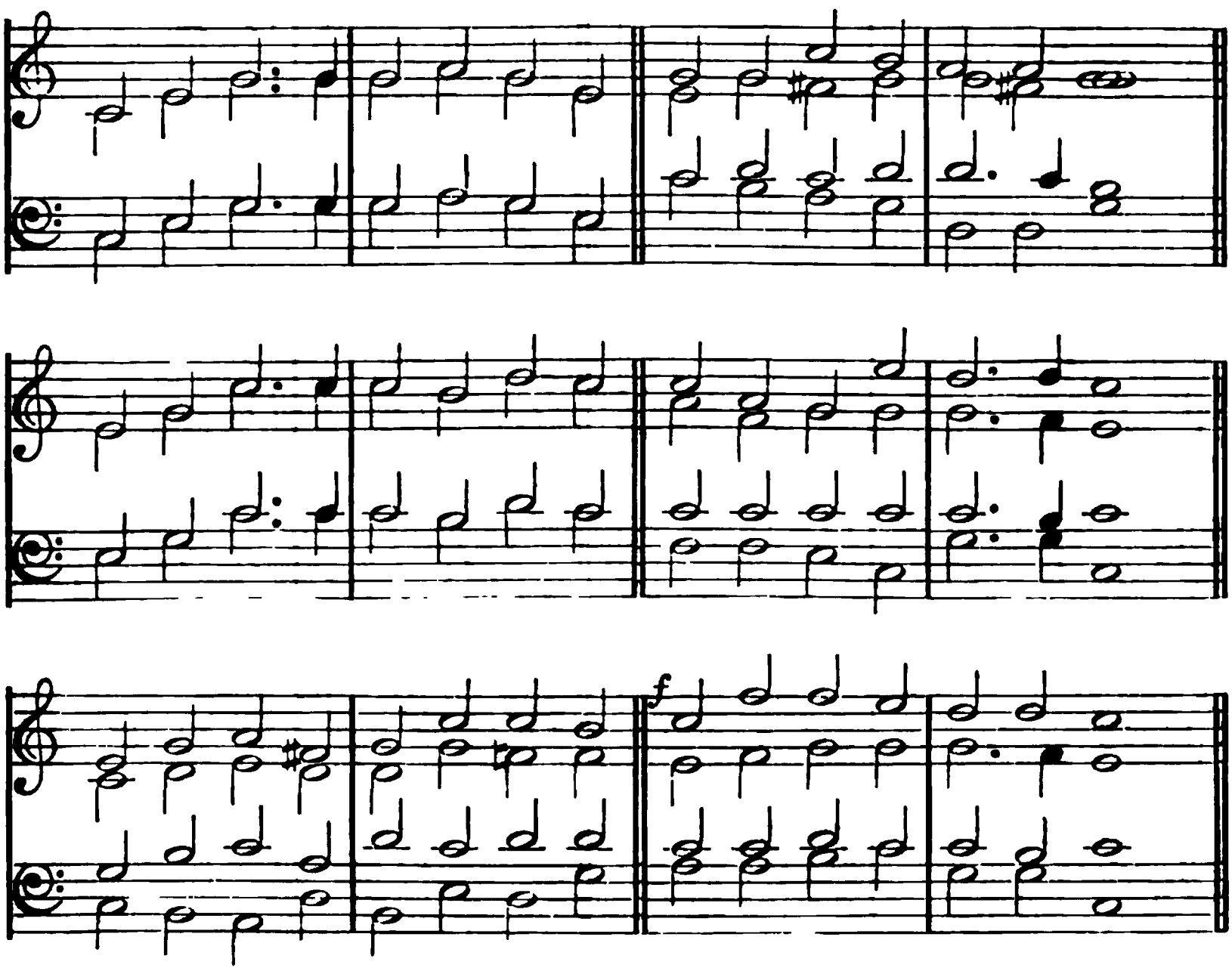
1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the nations unto Thee.
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word! and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

Hymn 111 (243)

TRIUMPH (87 87 87). *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"Thy kingdom come."

1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee!
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

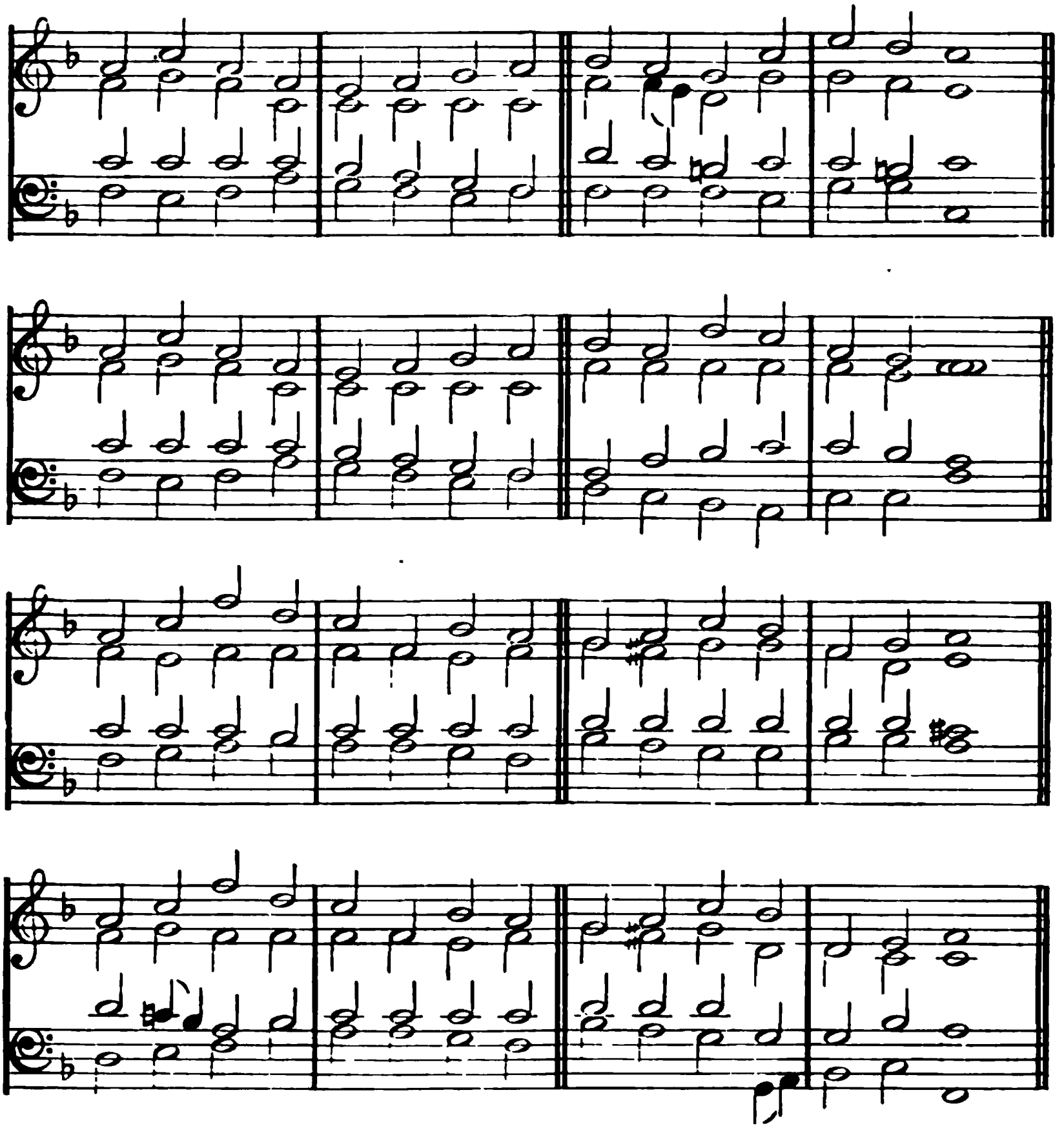
3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May Thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
May Thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.

Hymn 112 (245)

DEERHURST (87 87 D.)

James Langran, Mus. B.



"Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

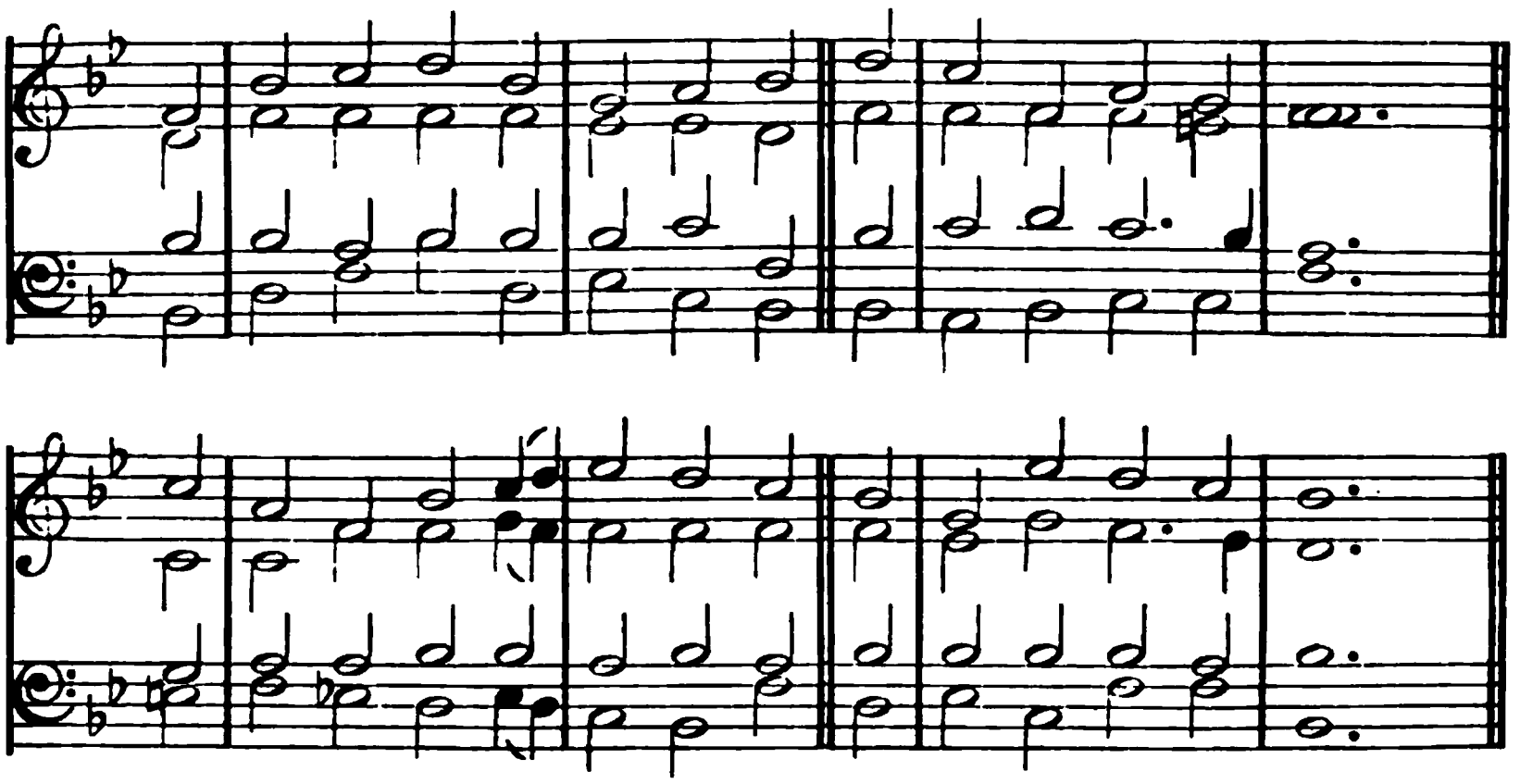
1 LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping,
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word.
Give the word; in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end: Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin:
Gone for ever, parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping,
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

Hymn 113 (248)

TIVERTON (C.M.) *Rev. Joseph Grigg.*



" The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day !
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

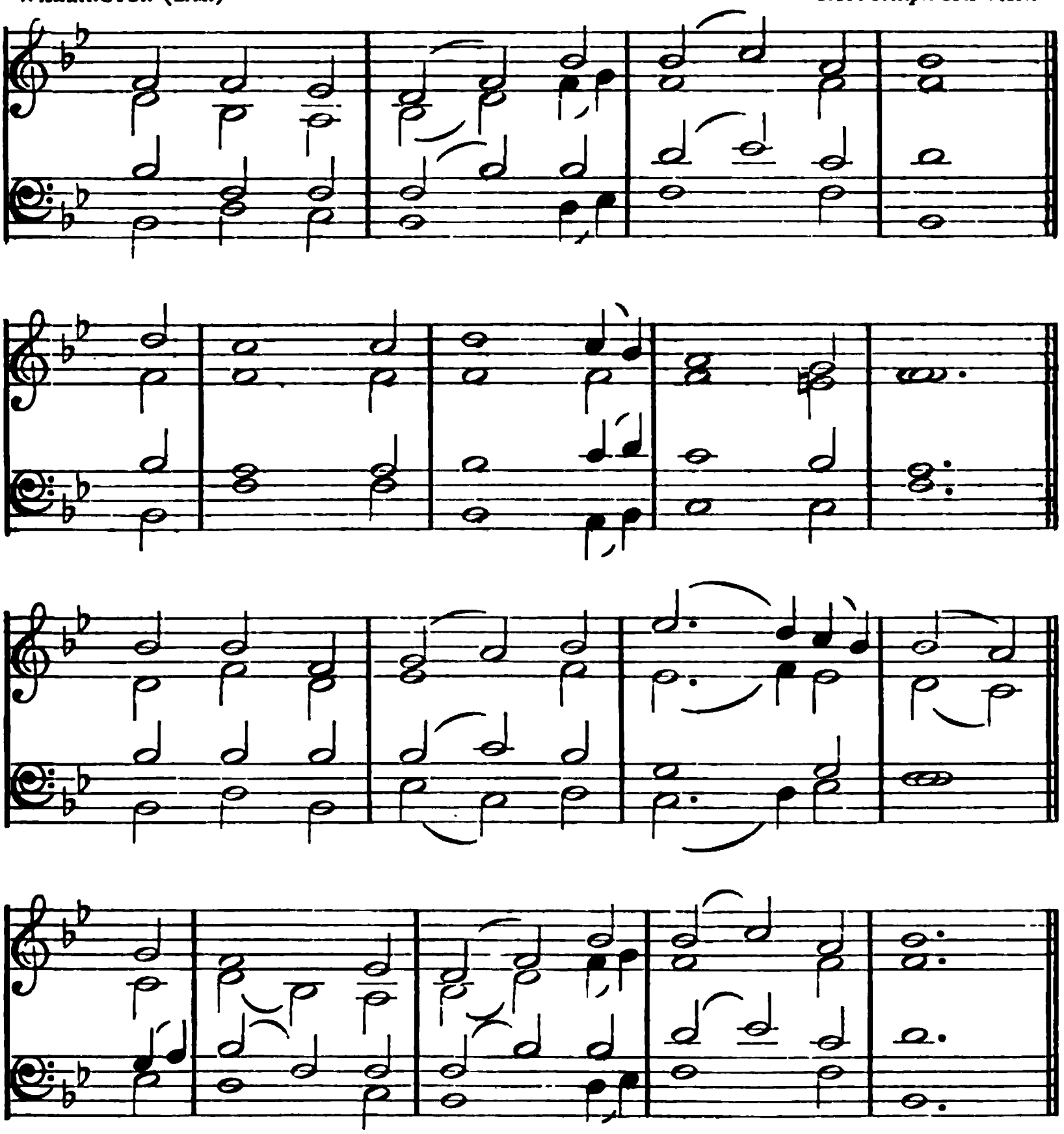
3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine :
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

Hymn 114 (70)

WARRINGTON (L.M.) *Rev. Ralph Harrison.*



"All nations shall serve Him."

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

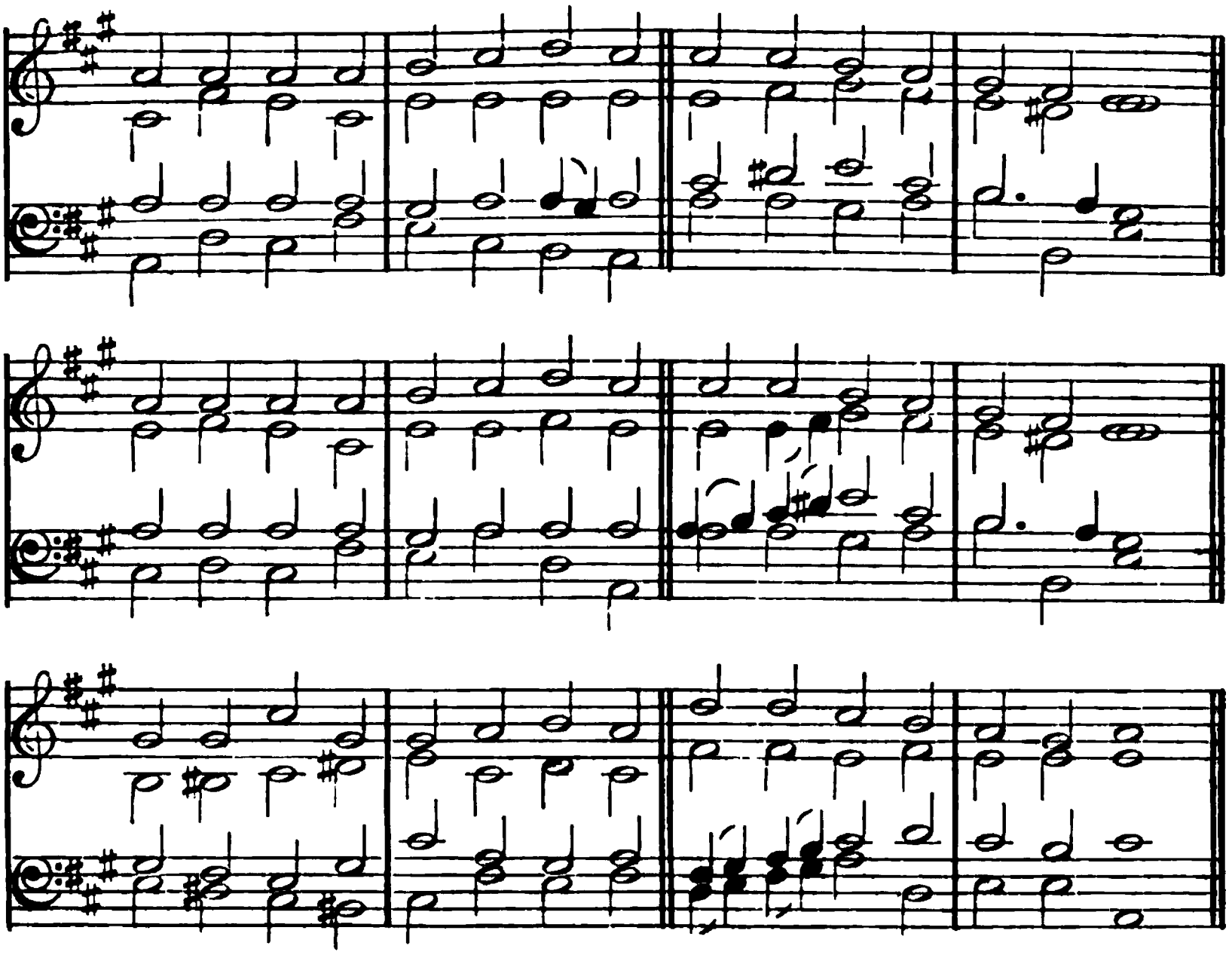
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Hymn 115 (246)

ORIEL (87 87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Ancient "Tantum Ergo."*



"Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified."

1 SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them,
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be thou with them!
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land;
O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

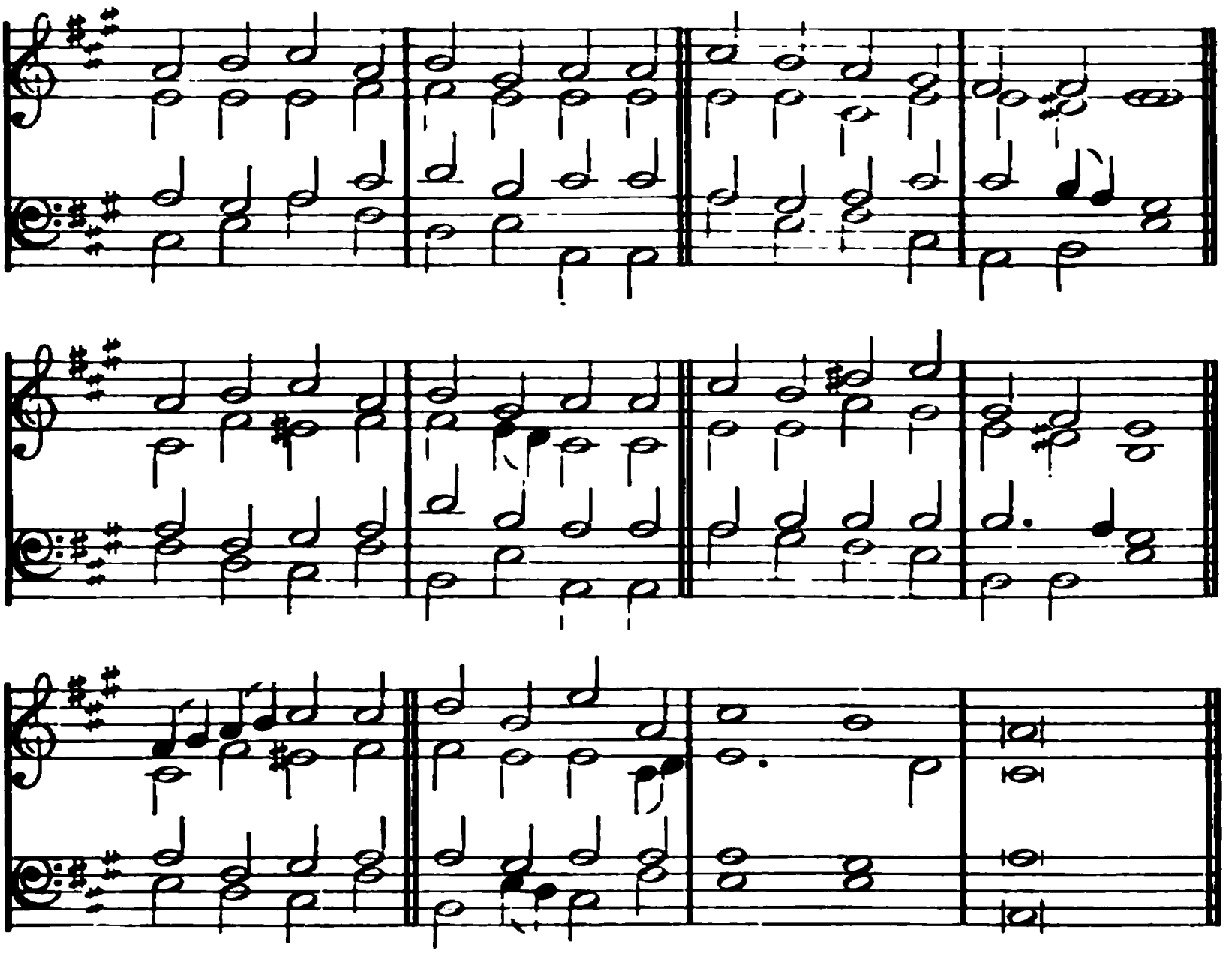
3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them!
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain;
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

5 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see.

Hymn 115 (246)

GERUM (87 87 47). SECOND TUNE. *German Chorale by Gerum.*



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Now they go to free the slaves;
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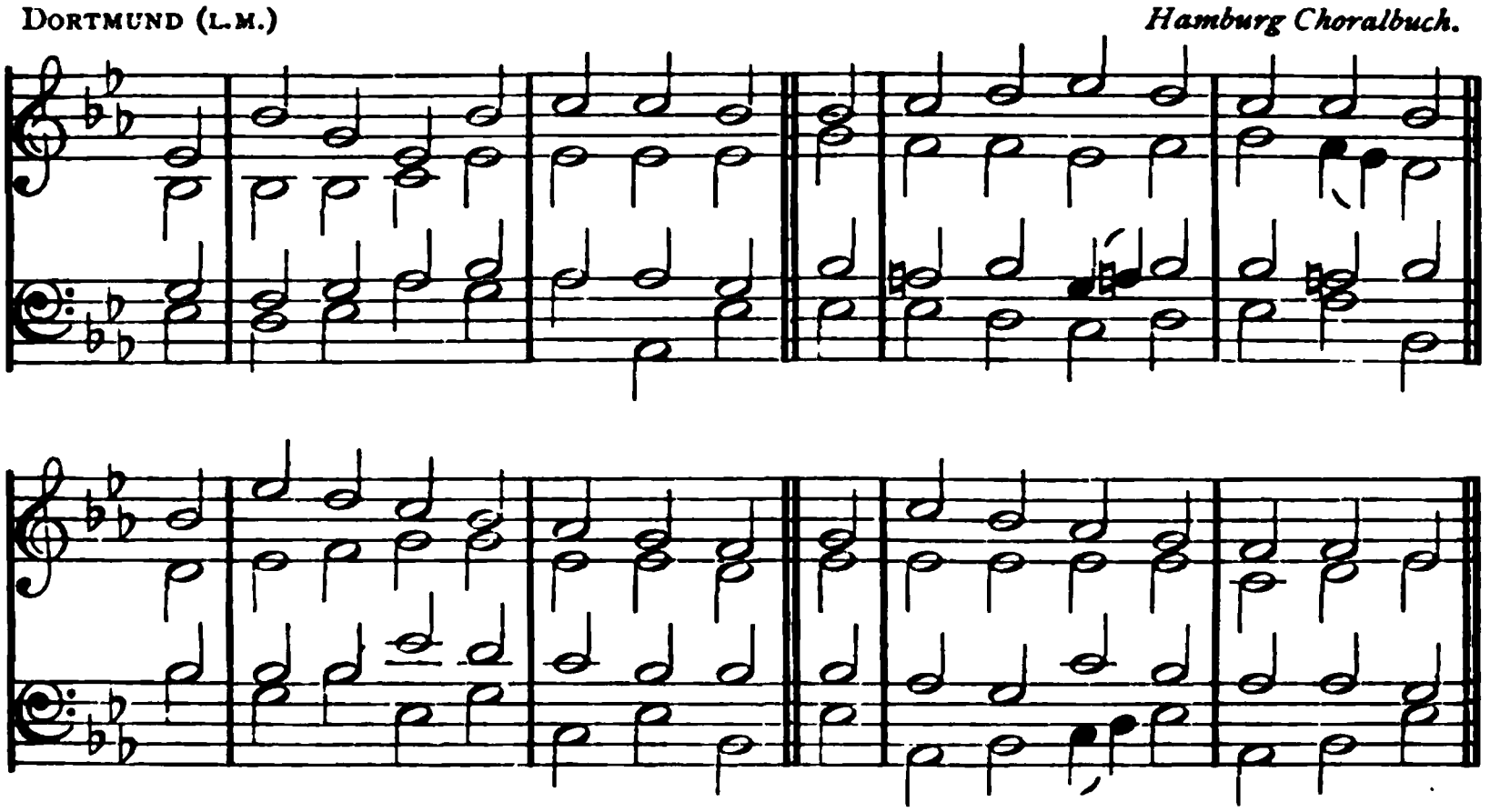
Hymn 116 (247)

DORTMUND (L.M.) *Hamburg Choralbuch.*



"Fear not, for I am with thee."

1 NOW we must leave our fatherland,
And wander far o'er ocean's foam;
Broken is kinship's dearest band,
Forsaken stands our ancient home.

2 But One will ever with us go
Through busiest day and stillest night;
The heavens above, the deeps below,
Stand all unveiled before His sight.

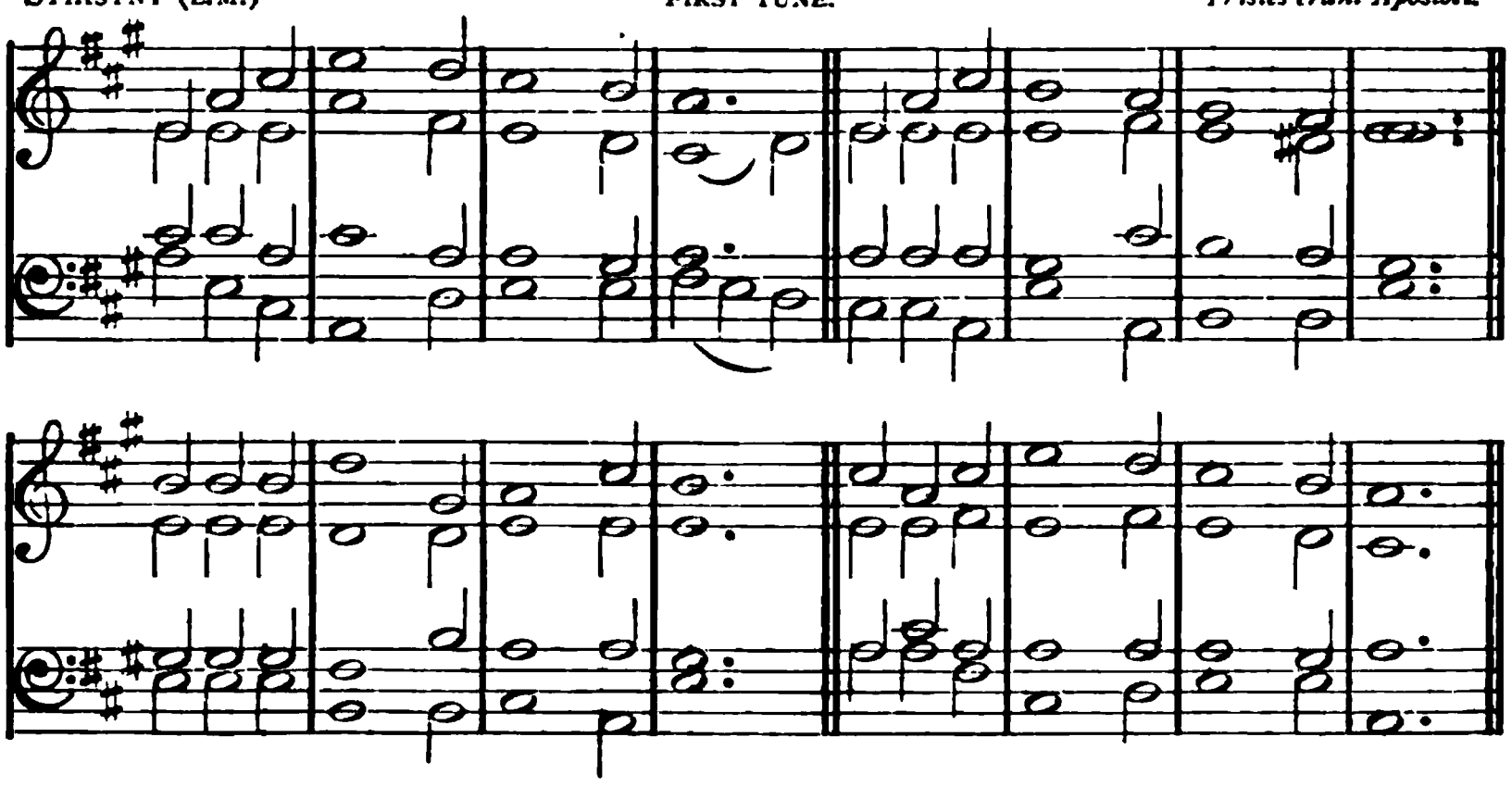
3 If but His hand still hold us fast,
His presence hourly fold us round,
The anchor of our souls is cast
Firm on the one eternal ground.

4 Though scattered be our brethren now
O'er land and ocean far apart,
Yet to one Master still they bow,
In Him they still are one in heart.

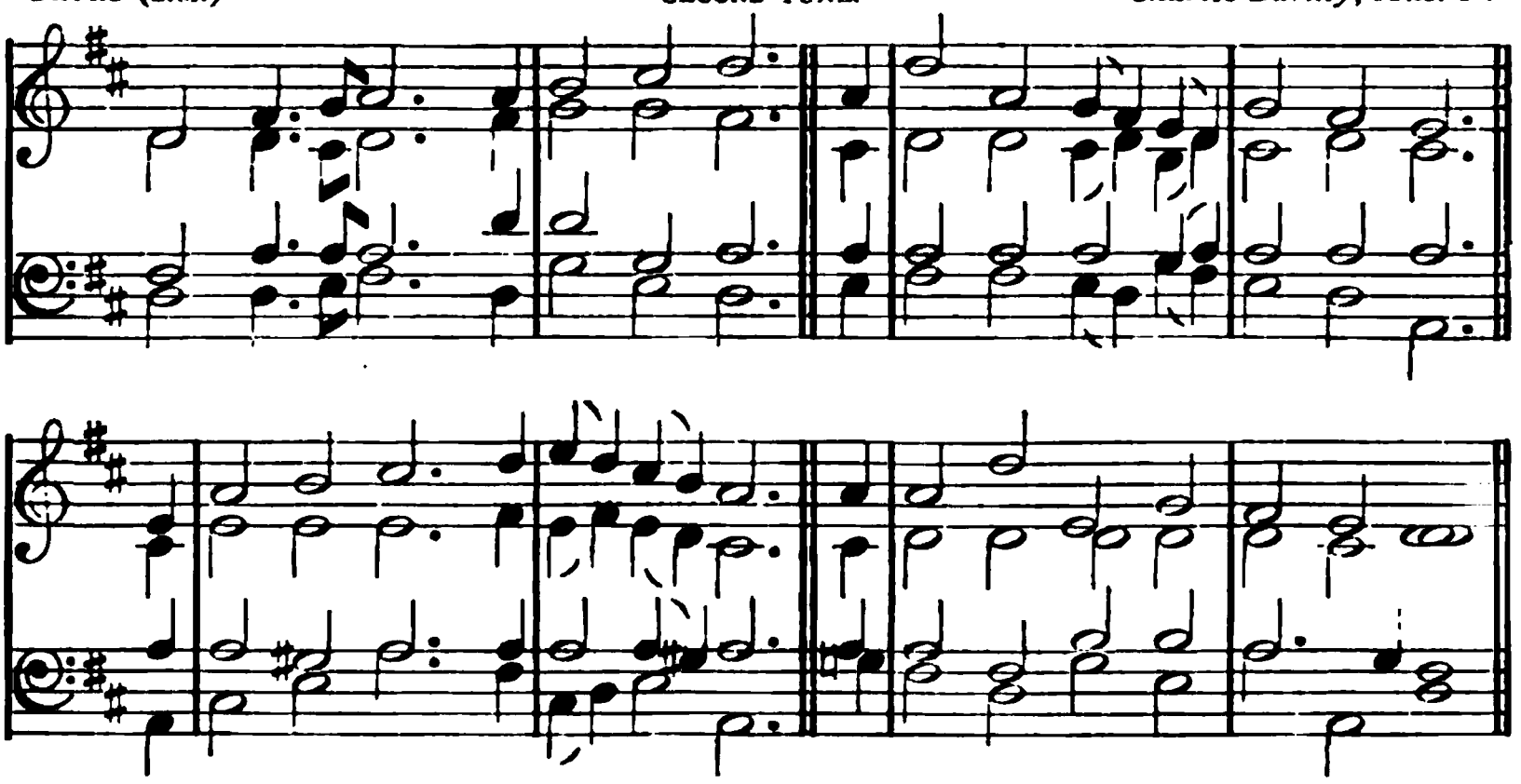
5 Soon time for us shall cease to reign,
The Saviour call us home in peace;
At last we all shall meet again,
And partings shall for ever cease.

Hymn 117 (242)

STIASTNY (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Stiastny.* *"Tristes erant Apostoli."*



TRURO (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Charles Burney, Mus. D.*



"The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations."

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

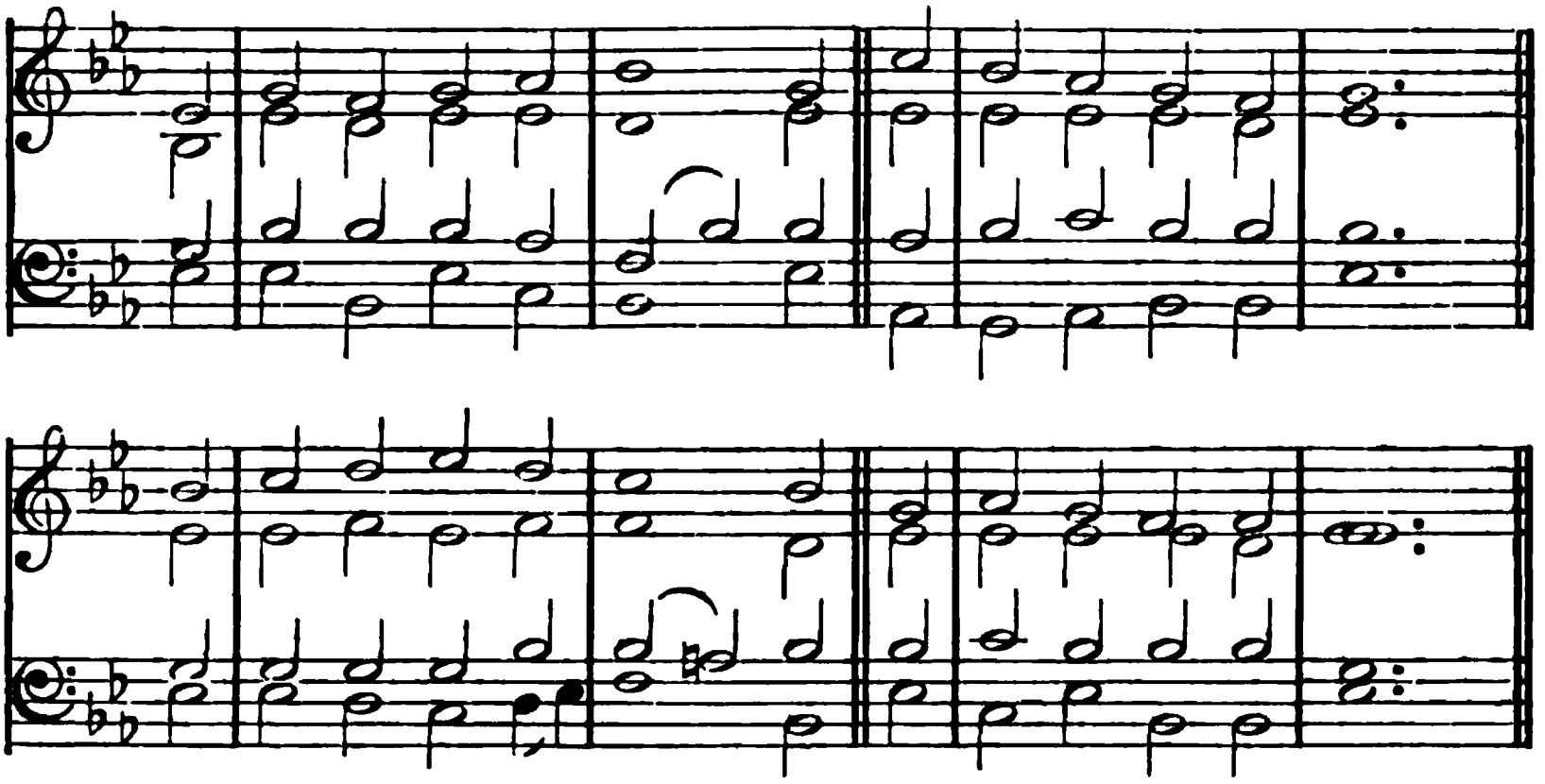
2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come:
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

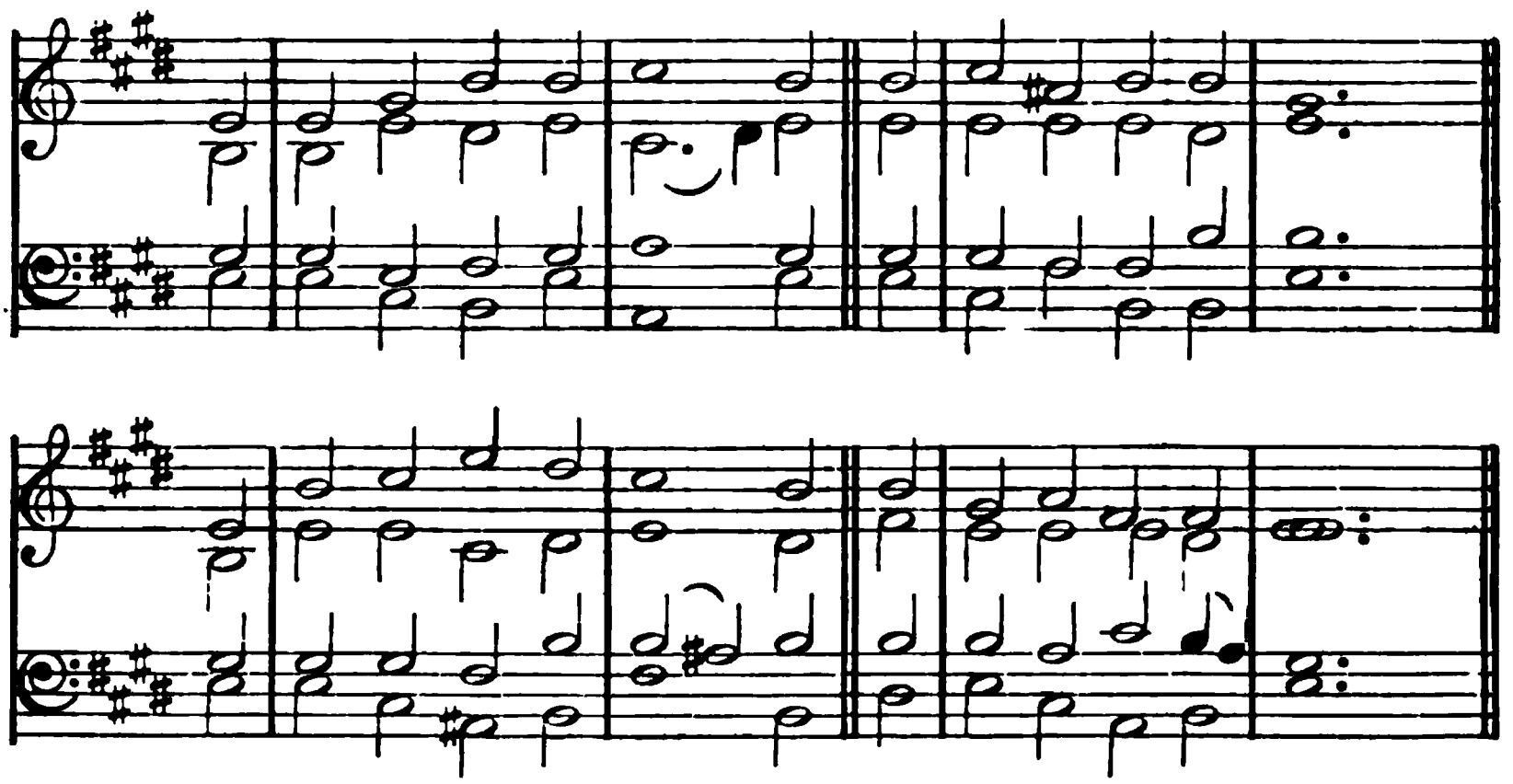
4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Hymn 118 (71)

BREMEN (76 76). FIRST TUNE. *Melchior Vulpius.*



S. BENET (76 76). SECOND TUNE. *Ancient Church Melody. Arranged by Dr. Gauntlett.*



"When God bringeth back the captivity of His people."

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

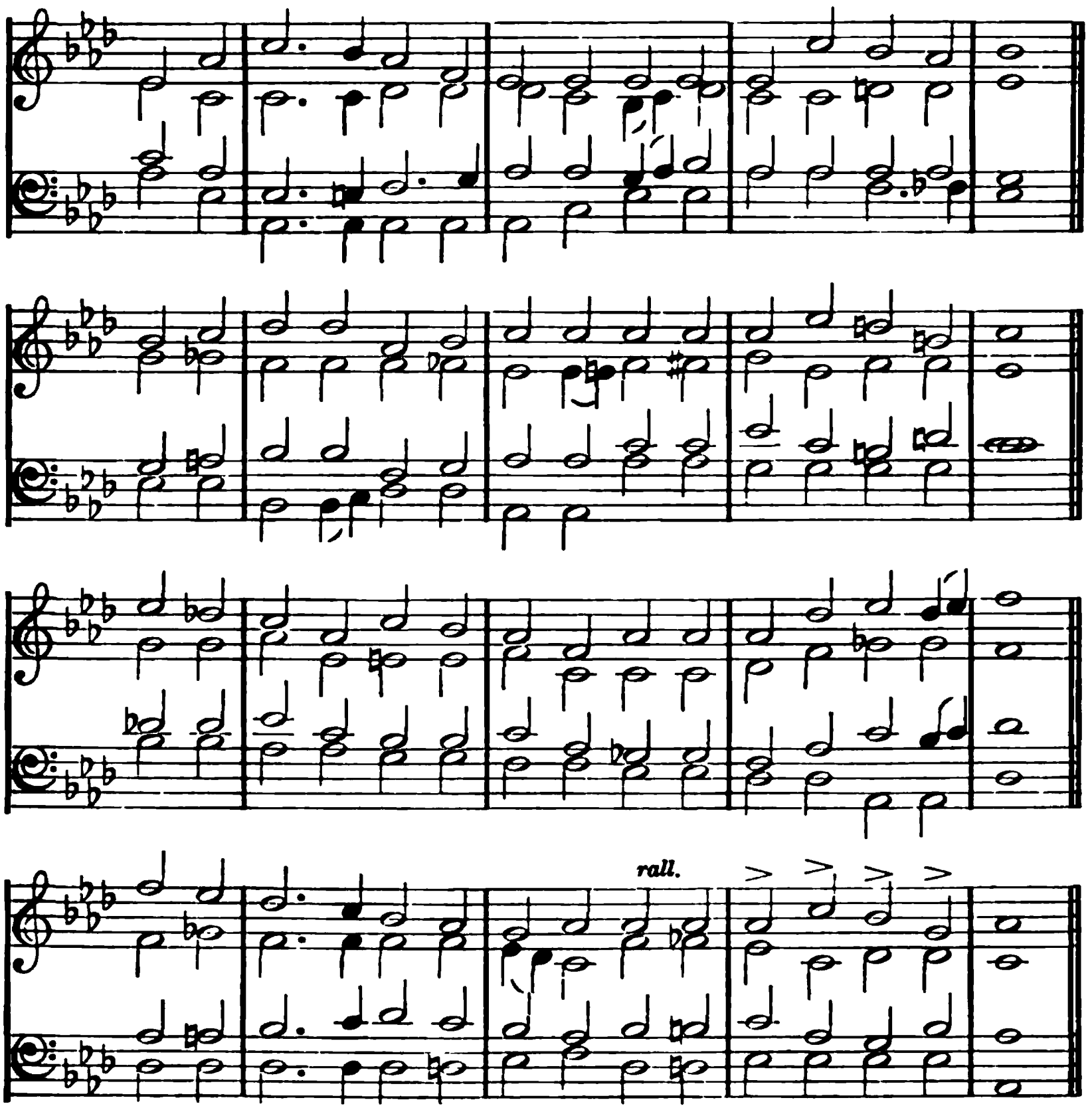
2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity!
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Hymn 119 (244)

SANCTUARY (87 87 D.) *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

1 HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me"?

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Hymn 119 (244)

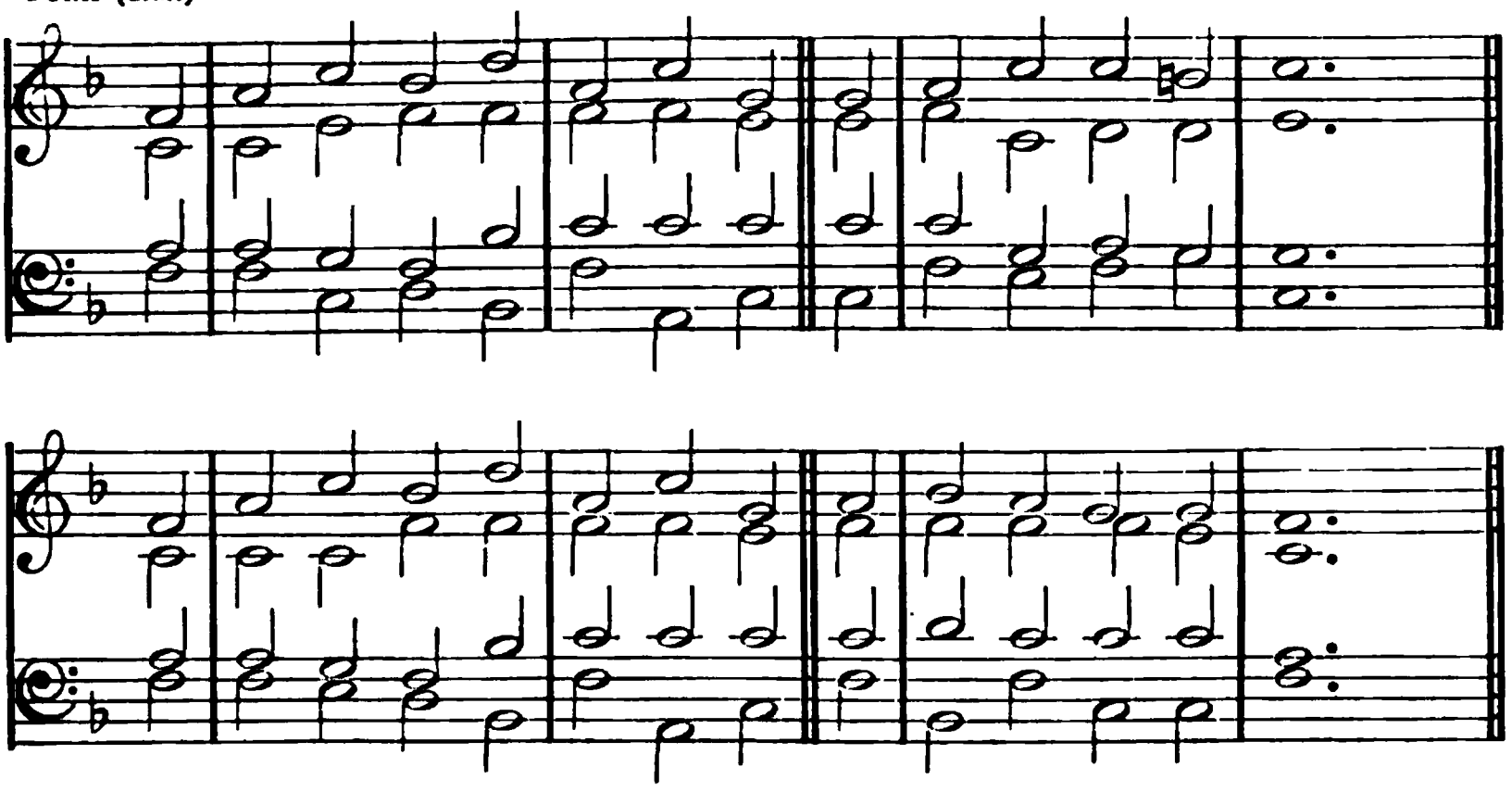
4 If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heavèn,
Off'ring life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd—
Place the food within their reach.
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels
When you reach the better land.

Hymn 120 (72)

YORK (C.M.)

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



"The land Thou gavest unto our fathers."

1 LORD, while for all mankind we
Of every clime and coast, [pray,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell;
Our children, too;—how should we
Another land so well? [love

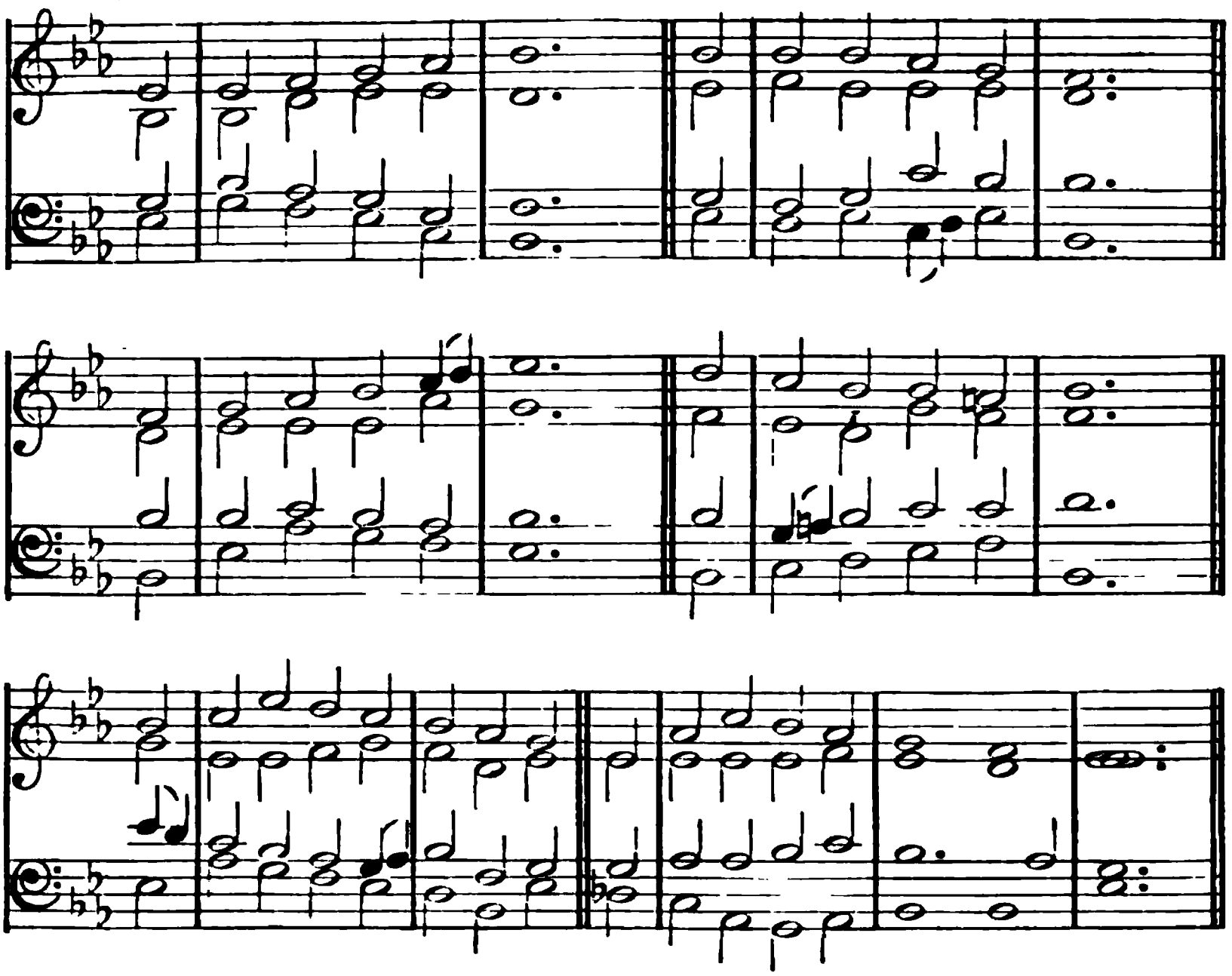
3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou our refuge and our trust,
Our everlasting friend

Hymn 121 (249)

BEVAN (66 66 88). *Sir John Goss, Mus. D.*



"Lord, Thou hast been favourable unto Thy land."

1 TO Thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of Hosts,
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Hymn 121 (249)

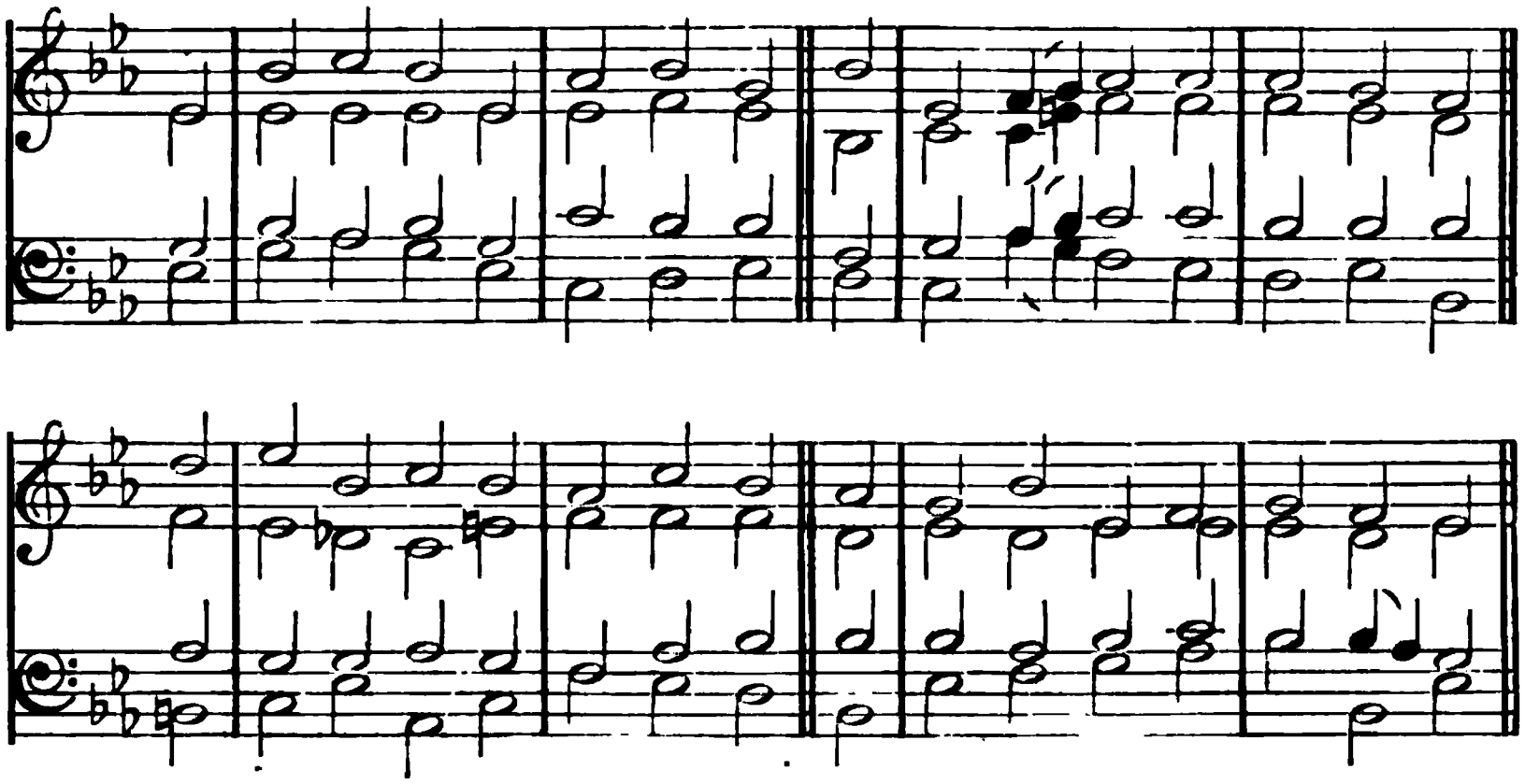
7 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

8 Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

MISSIONS OF BENEFICENCE.

Hymn 122 (250)

S. Sepulchre (L.M.) *George Cooper.*



"I will strengthen that which was sick."

1 O THOU through suffering perfect made,
On whom the bitter cross was laid;
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

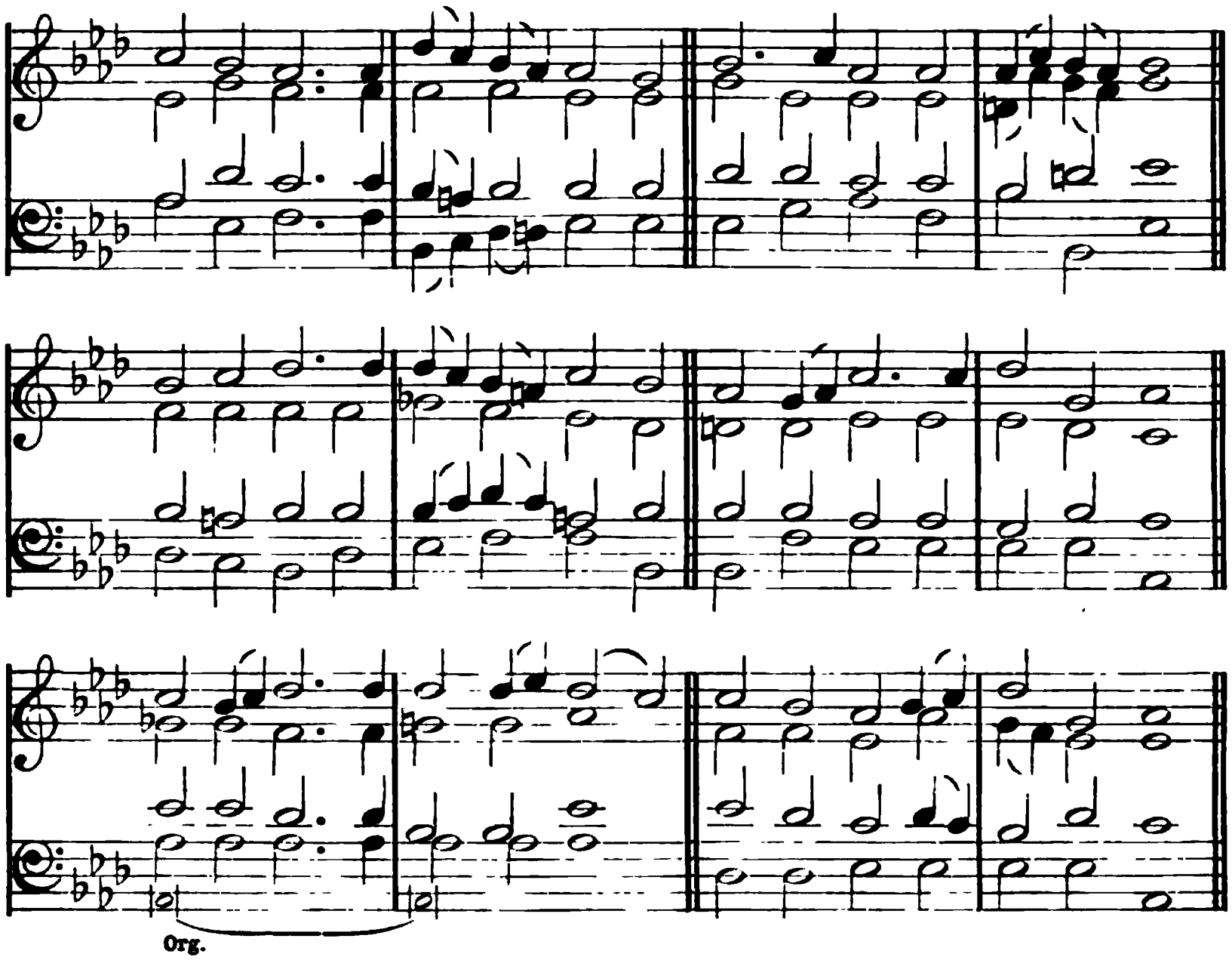
3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure:
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm, we supplicate.

4 But, oh! far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,—
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

5 O heal the bruisèd heart within!
O save our souls all sick with sin!
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore.

Hymn 123 (251)

REQUIEM (87 87 77). *Wilhelm Schulthes.*



" They brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases ;.... and He healed them."

1 THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

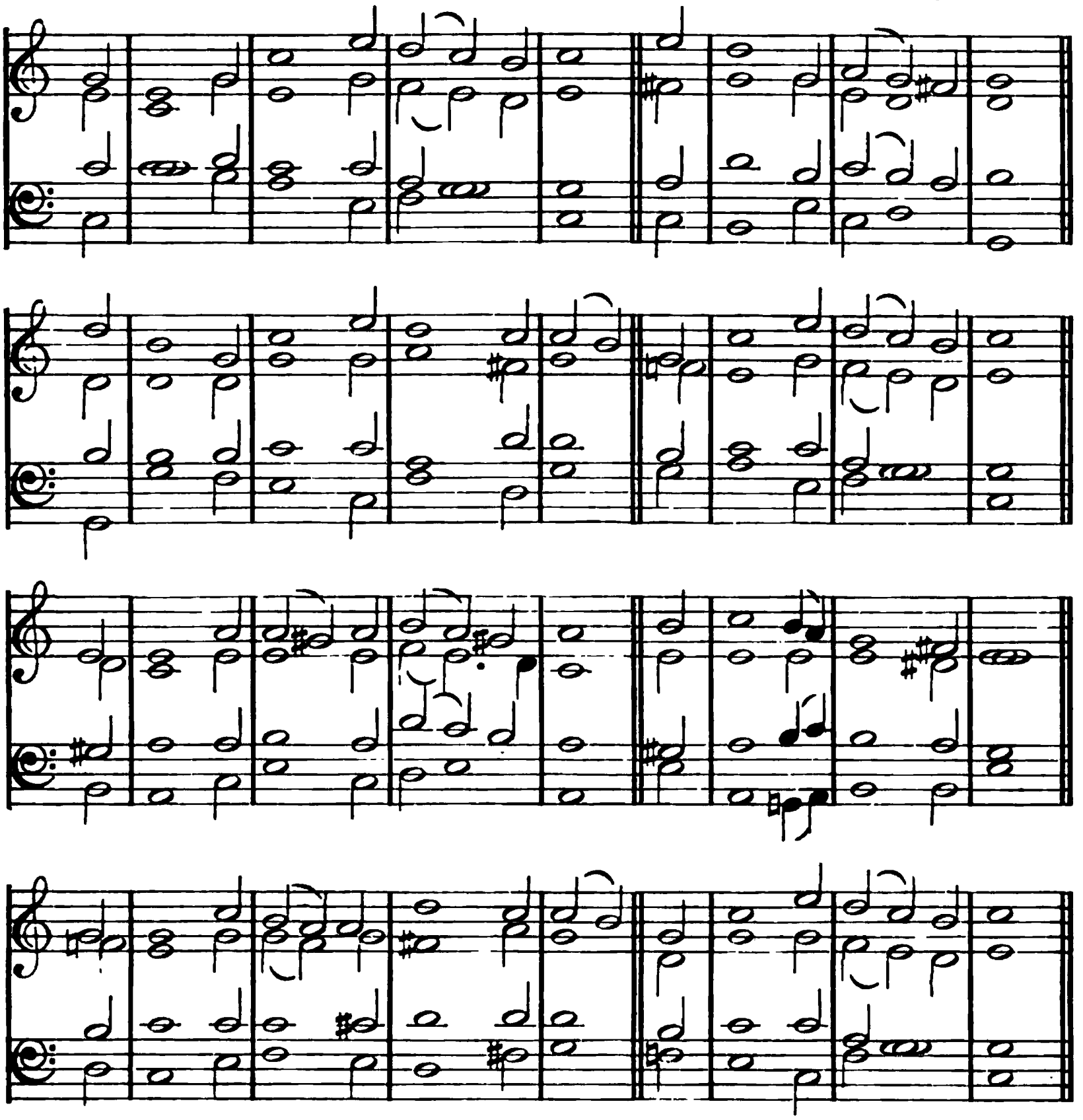
2 Still the weary, sick, and dying,
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart ;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

Hymn 124 (252)

S. MATTHEW (D.C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *William Croft, Mus. D.*



" They brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."

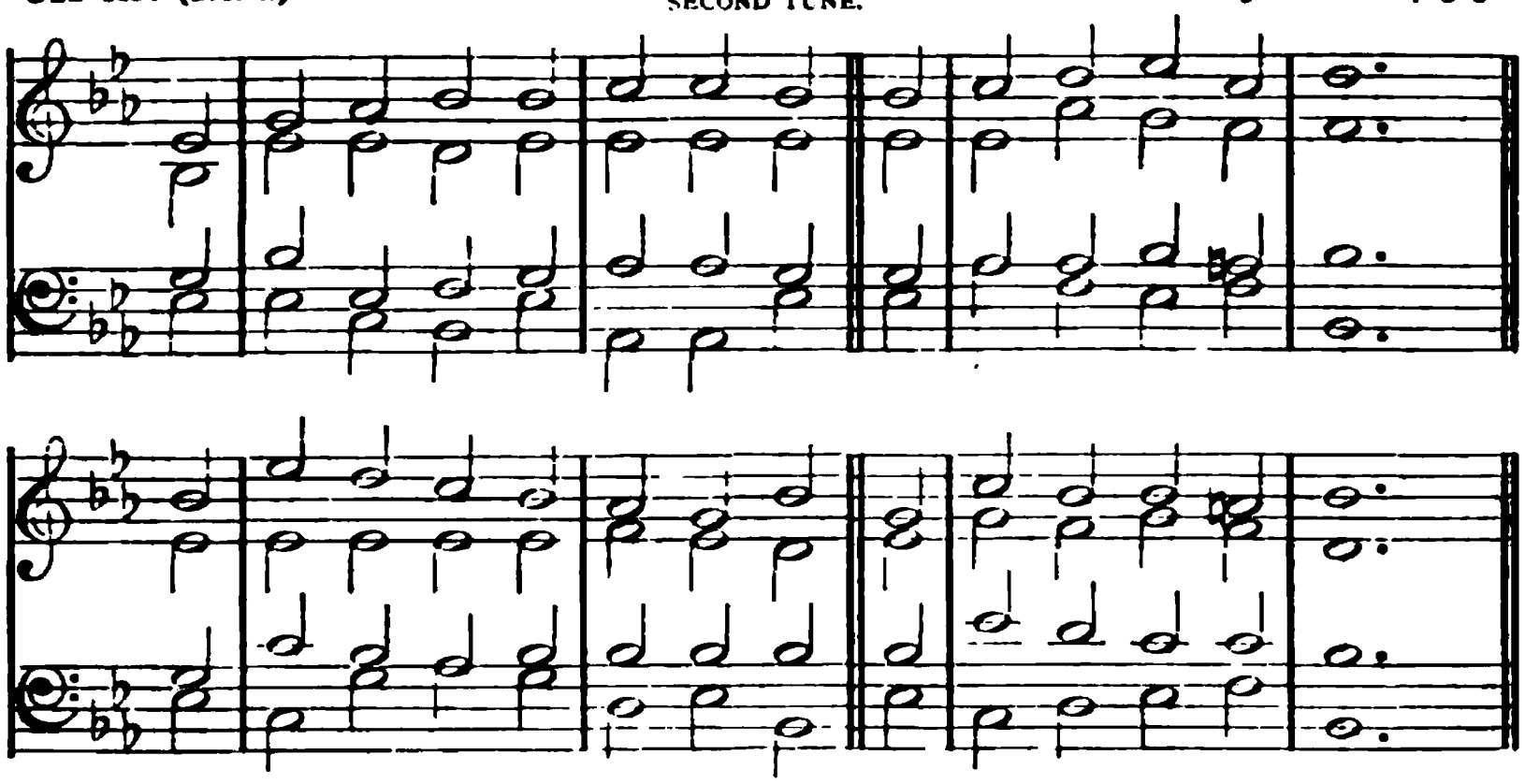
1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

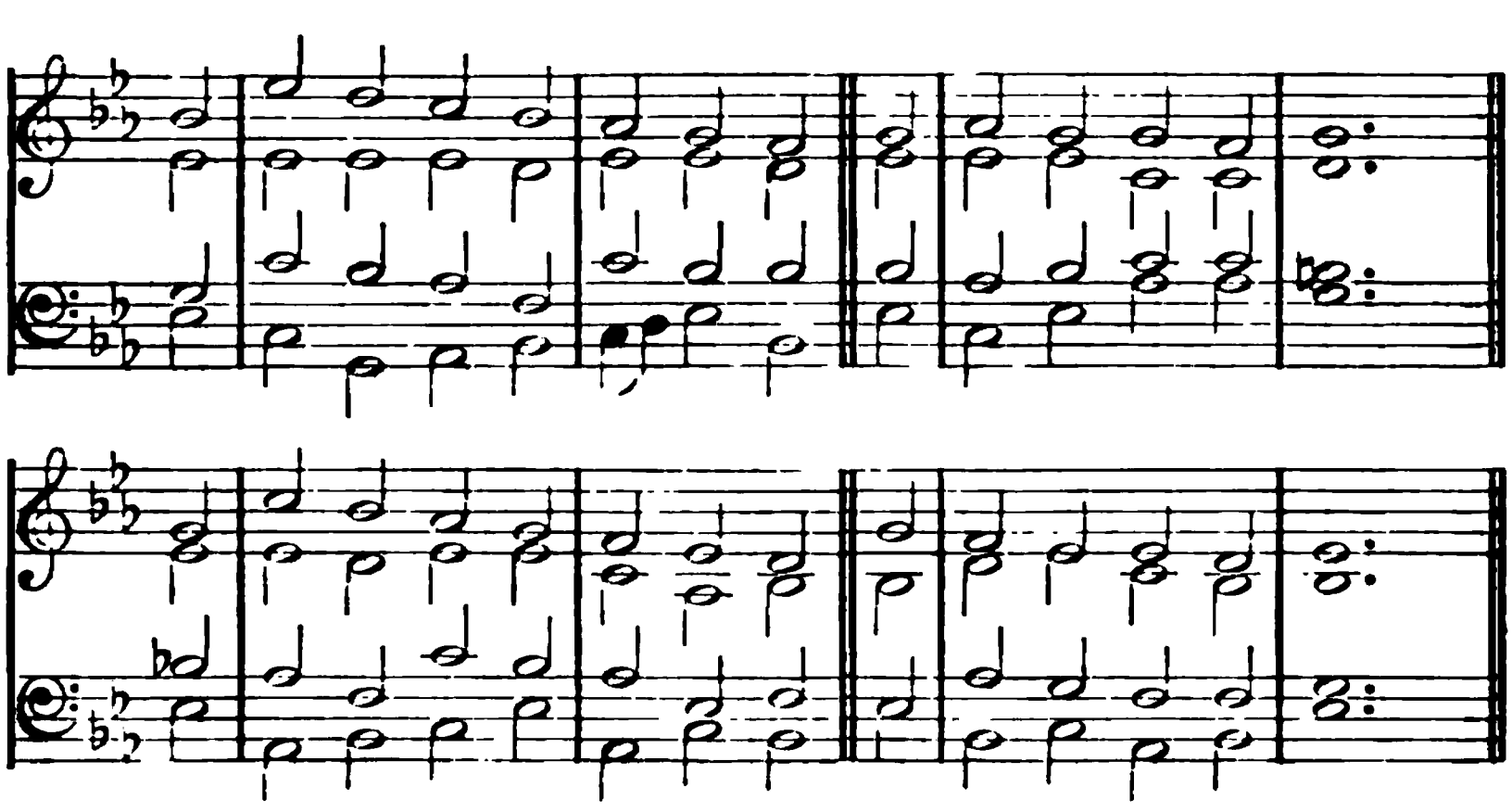
2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine Almighty breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

Hymn 124 (252)

OLD 81ST (D.C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Daye's Psalter, 1563.*





" They brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment ; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."

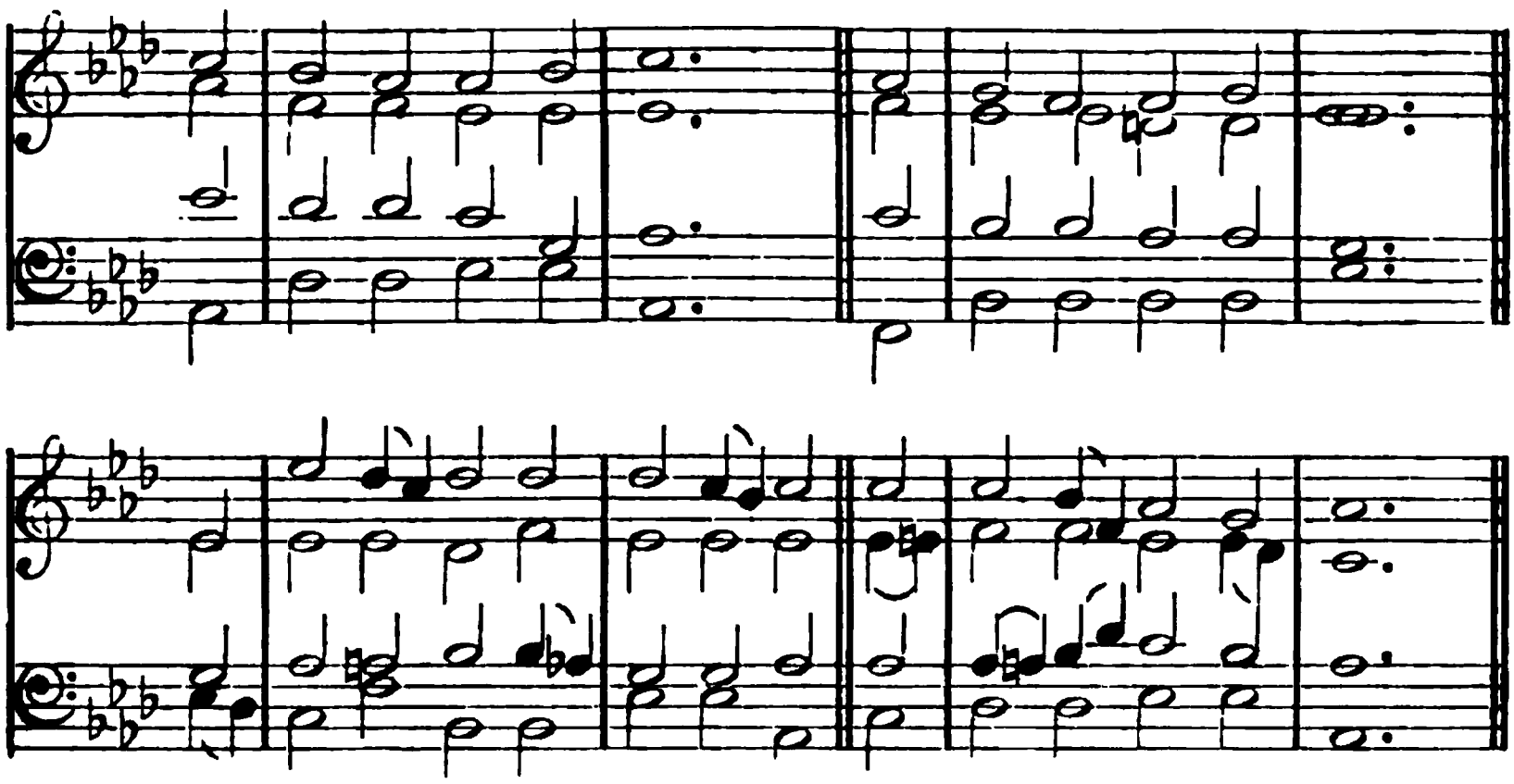
1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light ;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine Almighty breath ;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

Hymn 125 (253)

S. Giles (s.m.) *J. Montgomerie Bell.*



"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

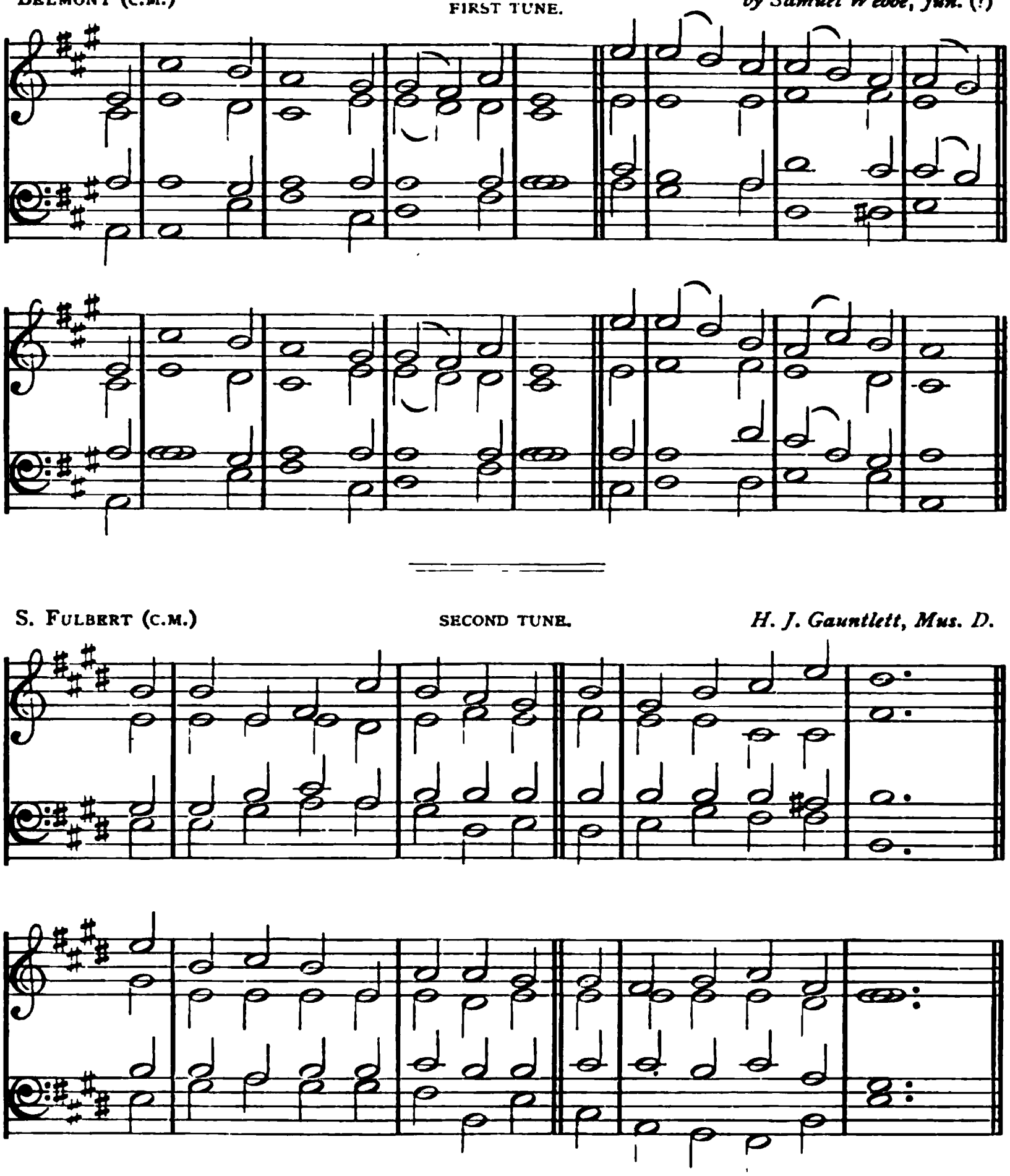
6 And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Hymn 126 (120)

BELMONT (C.M.)

FIRST TUNE.

Adapted from Mozart (?)
by Samuel Webbe, jun. (?)



S. FULBERT (C.M.)

SECOND TUNE.

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

1 FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

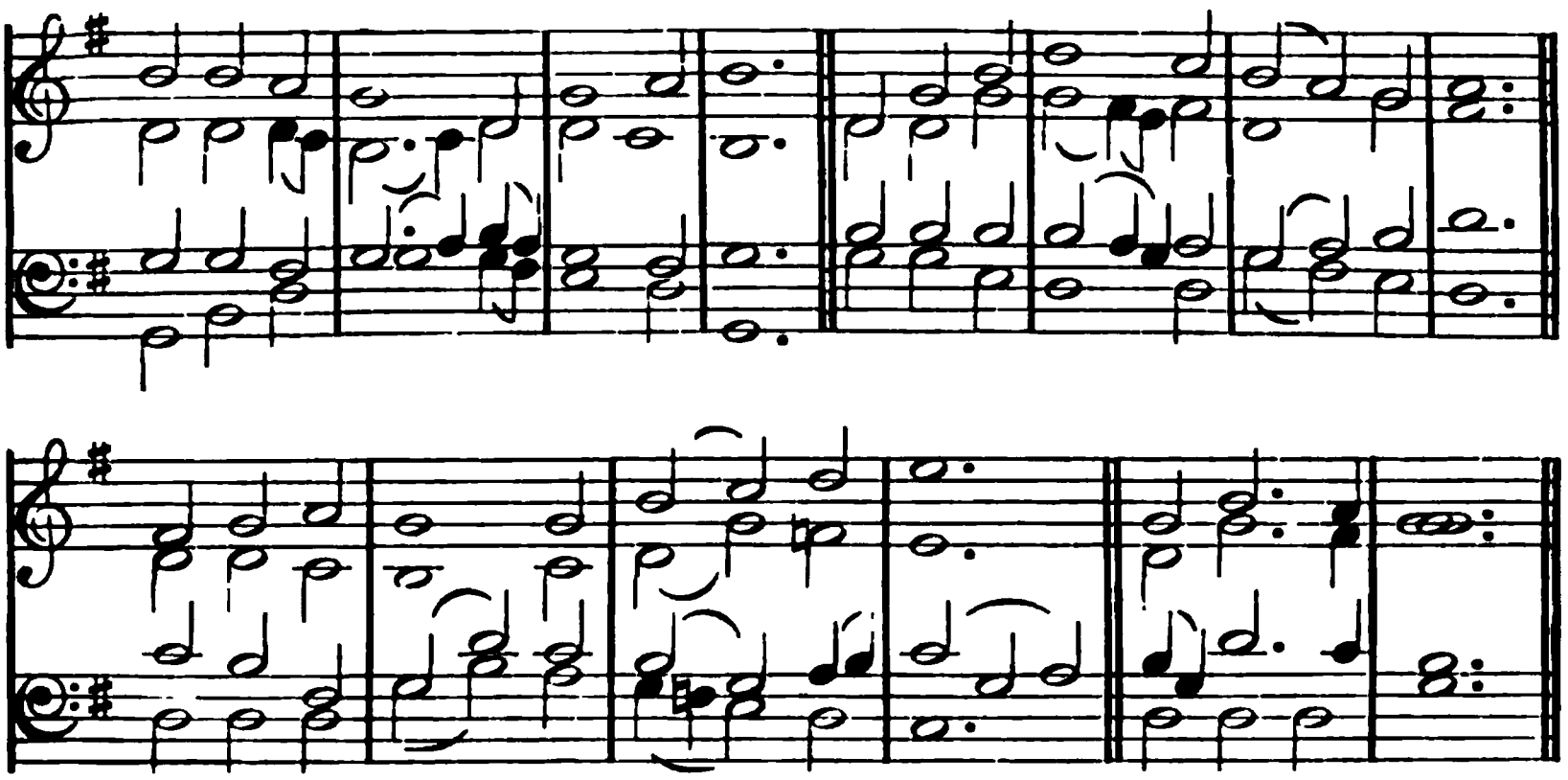
2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou mayst be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

Hymn 127 (254)

ALMSGIVING (88 84). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"Freely ye have received, freely give."

1 O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all!

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all!

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

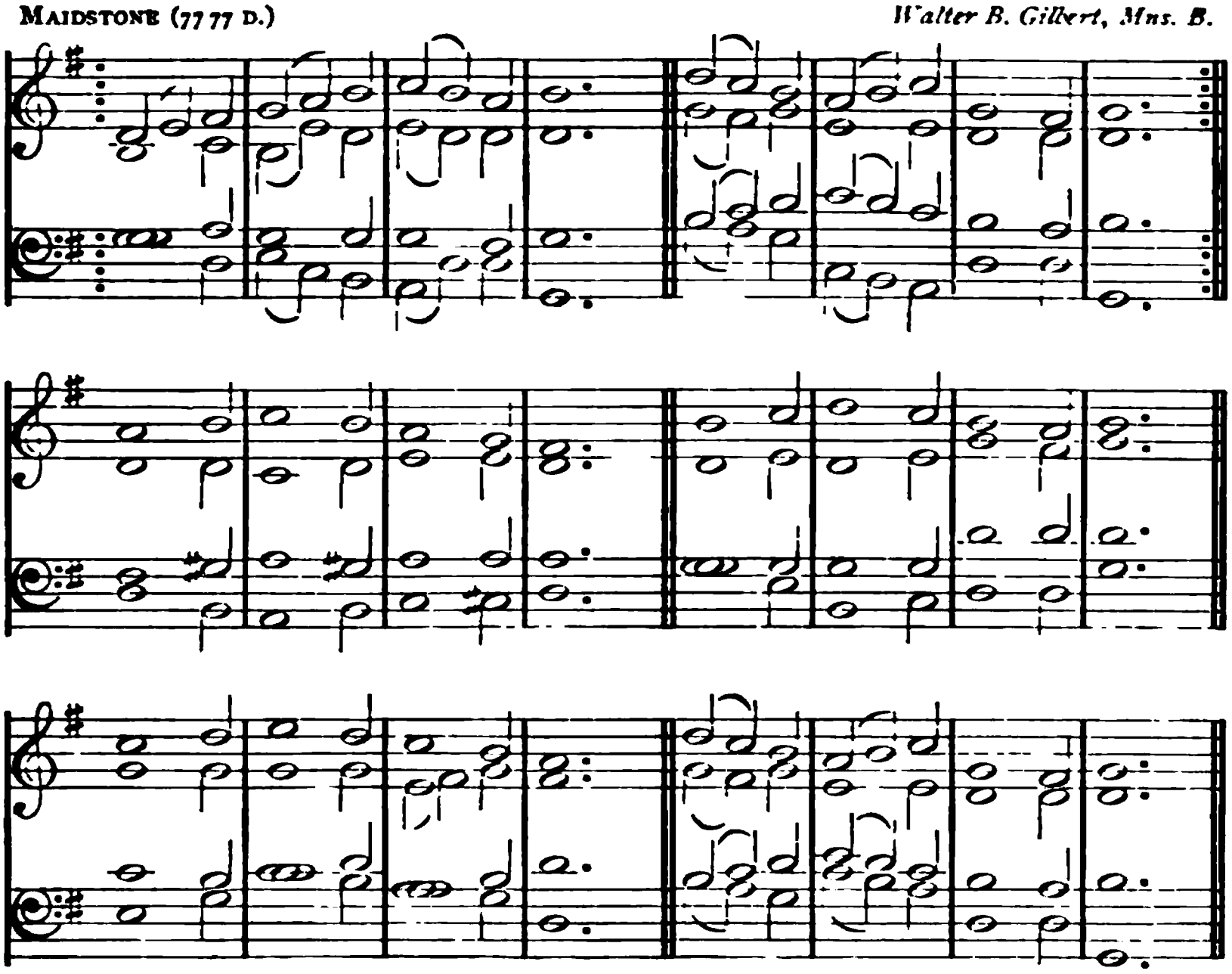
8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all!

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all!

PUBLIC WORSHIP AND PRAYER.

Hymn 128 (73)

MAIDSTONE (77 77 D.) *Walter B. Gilbert, Mus. B.*



"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!"

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

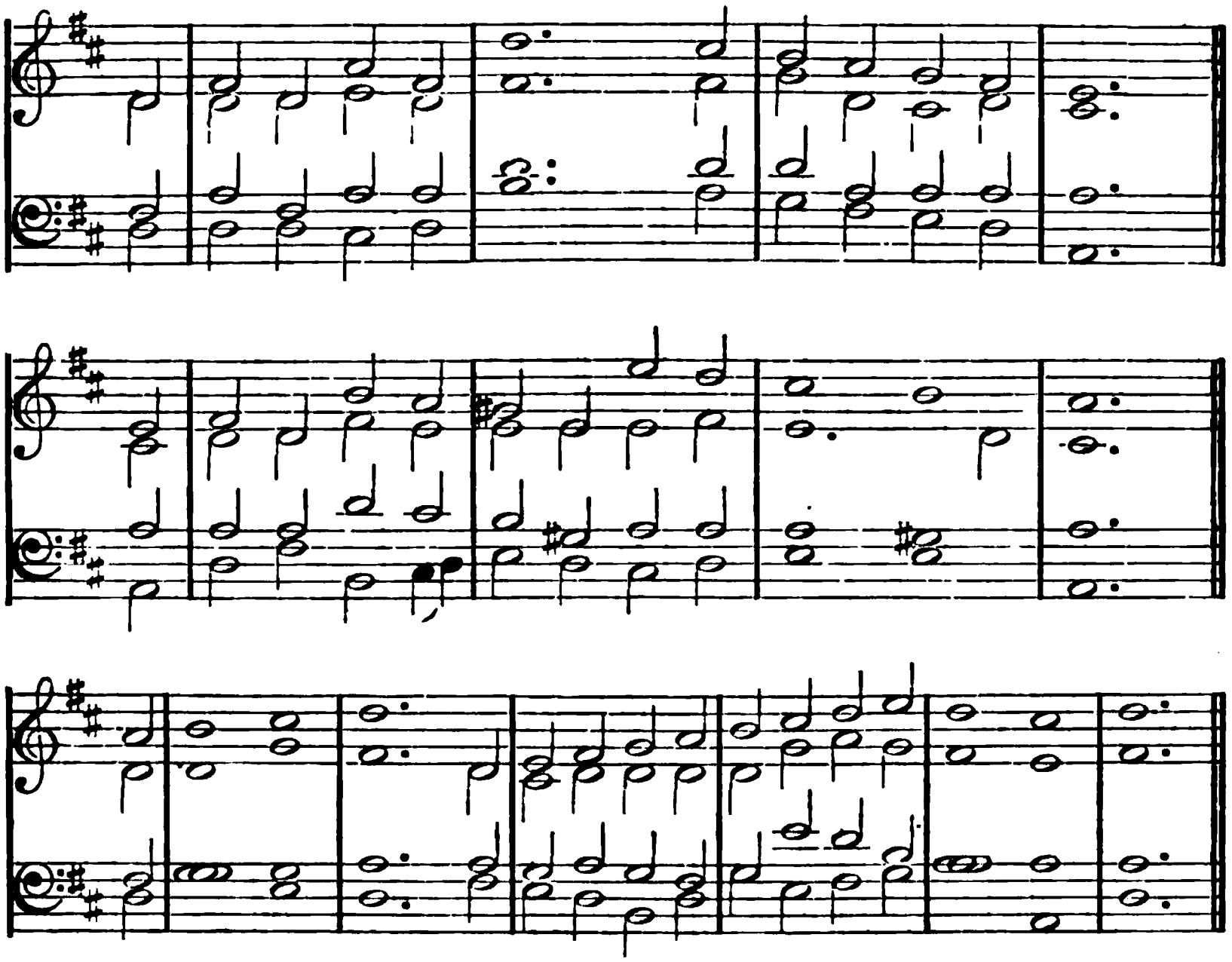
2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin:
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place:
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Hymn 129 (74)

DARWALL'S 148TH (66 66 88). *Rev. John Darwall.*



"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!"

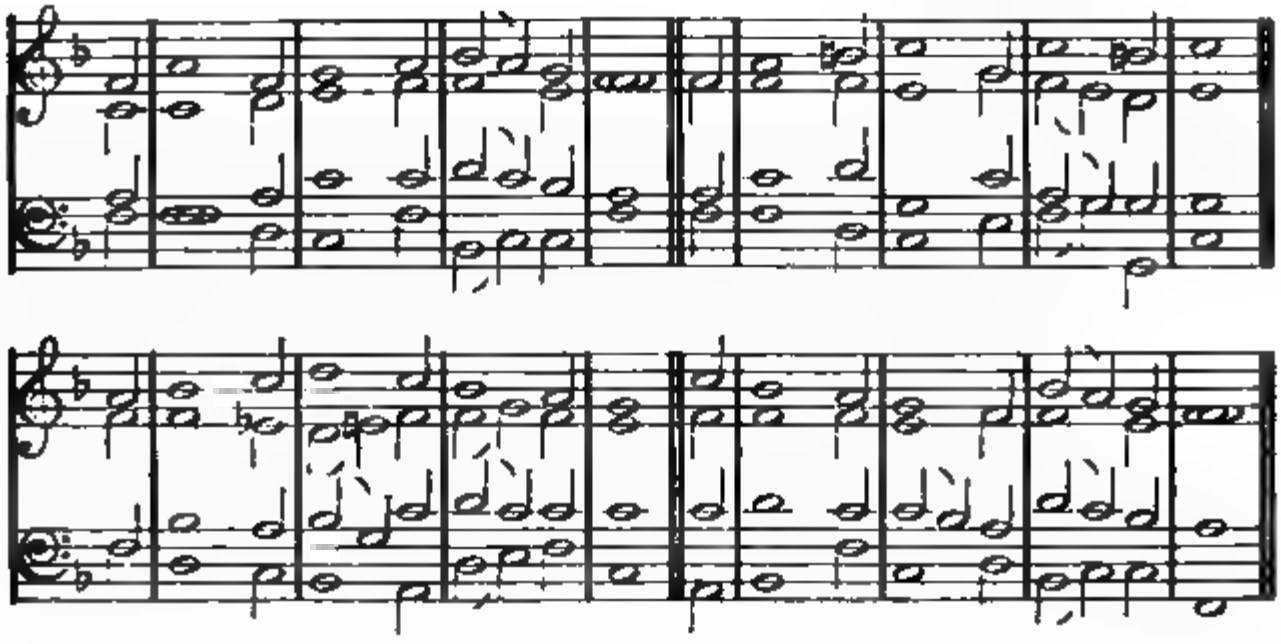
1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

Hymn 130 (75)

ANGELS' SONG (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Adapted from Orlando Gibbons, Mus. D.*



WARRINGTON (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Rev. Ralph Harrison.*

"In the midst of the Church will I sing praise."

1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

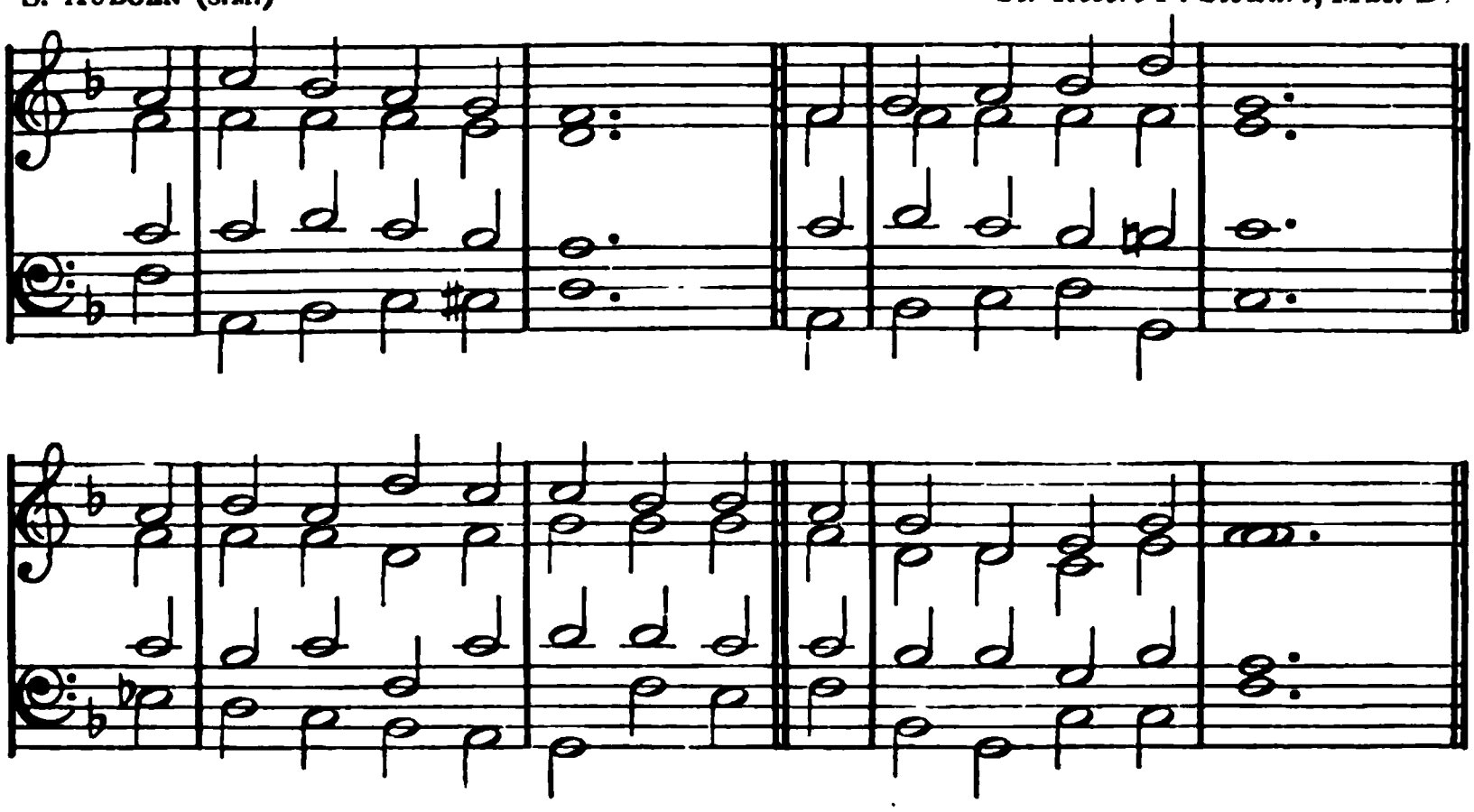
2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for worship meet;
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love,
And imitate the blessèd throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

4 Within these walls may peace abound;
May all our hearts in one agree!
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be!

Hymn 131 (258)

S. Audoën (s.m.) *Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. D.*



"They shall prosper that love Thee."

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

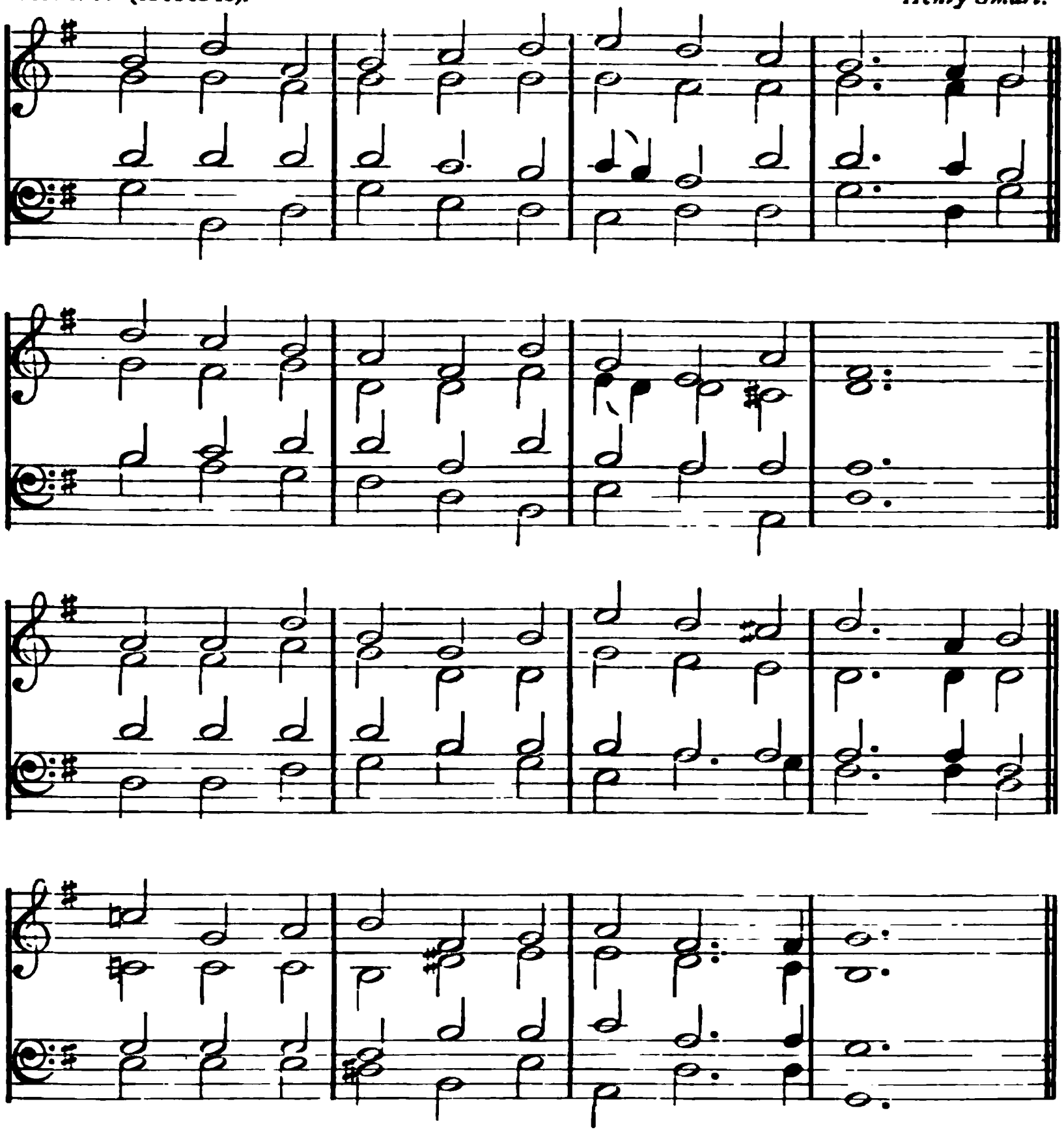
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Hymn 132 (255)

MOREDUN (12 10 12 10). *Henry Smart.*



"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Fear before Him, all the earth."

1 WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness ;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him ; the Lord is His Name.

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness ;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness ;
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts, in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine ;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,—
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

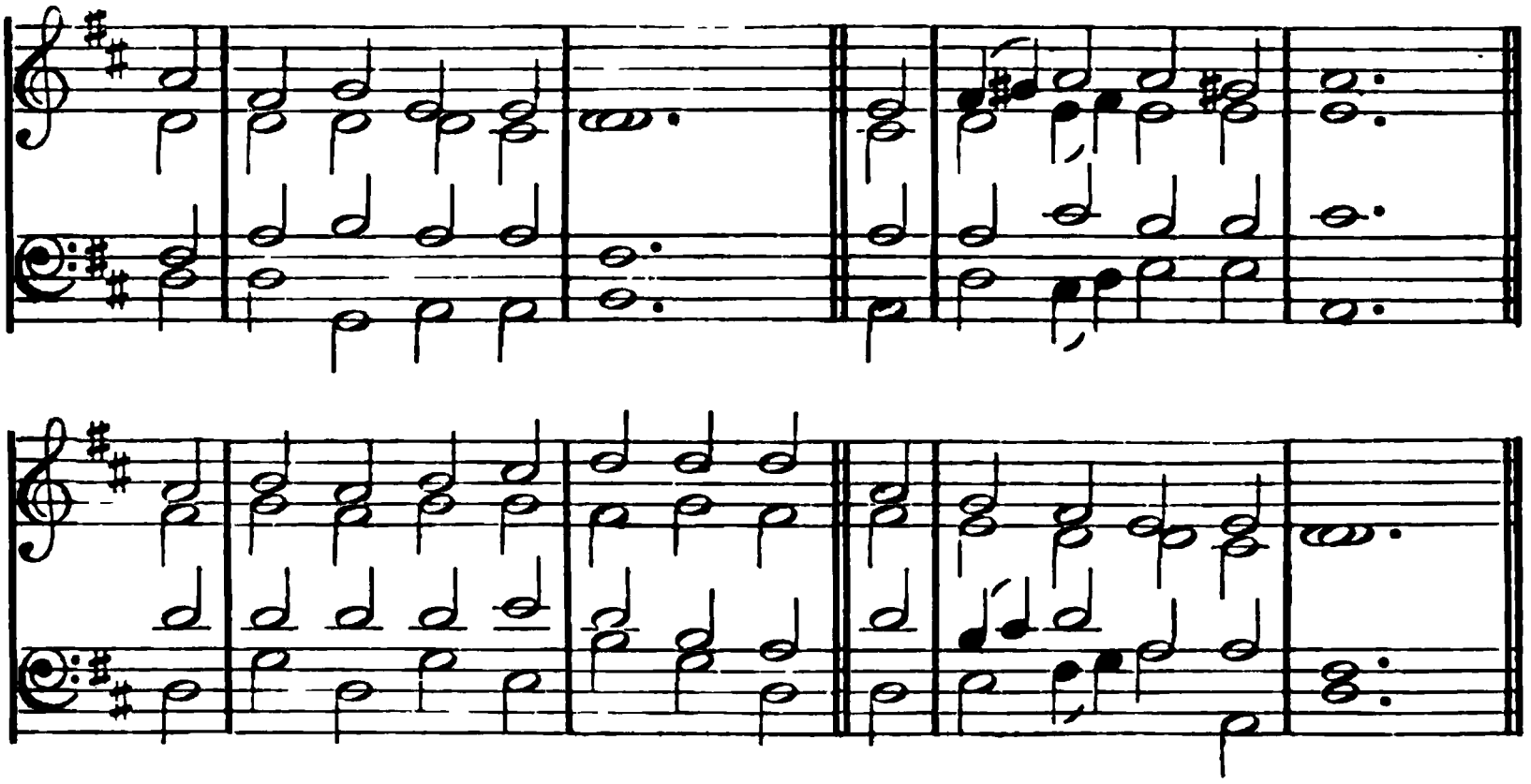
Hymn 132 (255)

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His Name!

Hymn 133 (256)

SWABIA (S.M.) *Ancient German Melody.*



"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

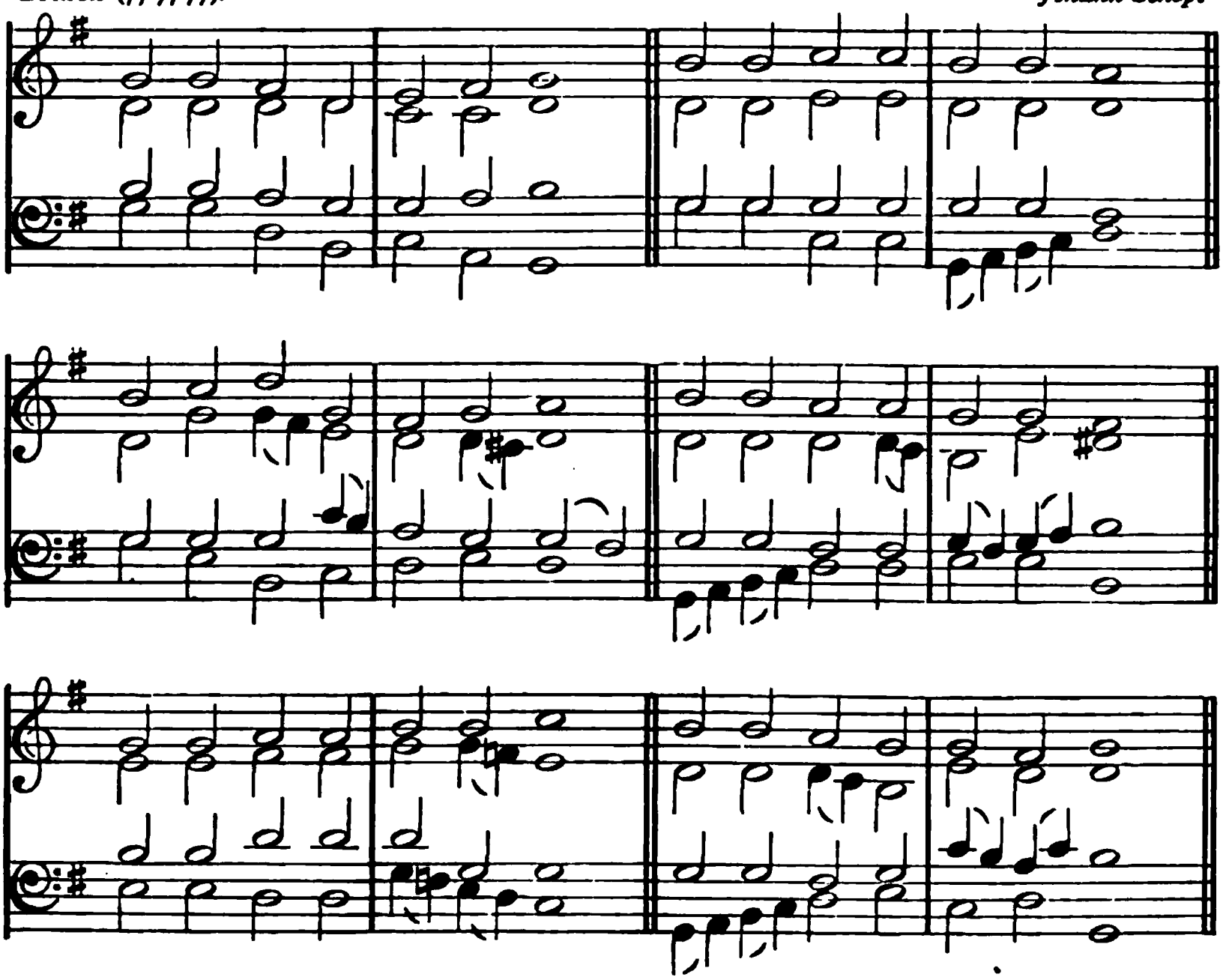
2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek,—
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

Hymn 134 (76)

ZURICH (77 77 77). *Johann Schop.*



"God be merciful unto us, and bless us."

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

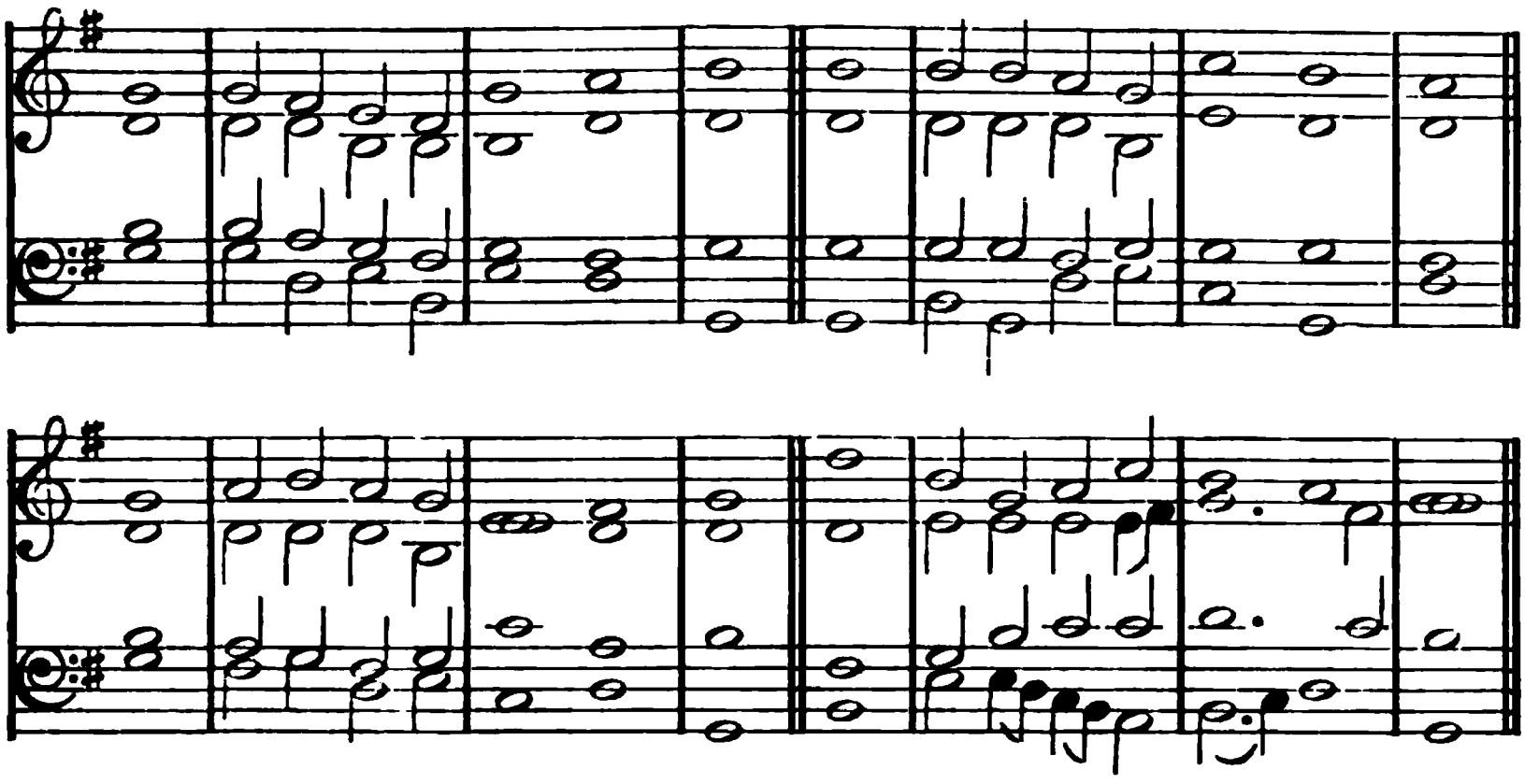
3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Hymn 135 (77)

OLD HUNDREDTH (L.M.)

FIRST TUNE.

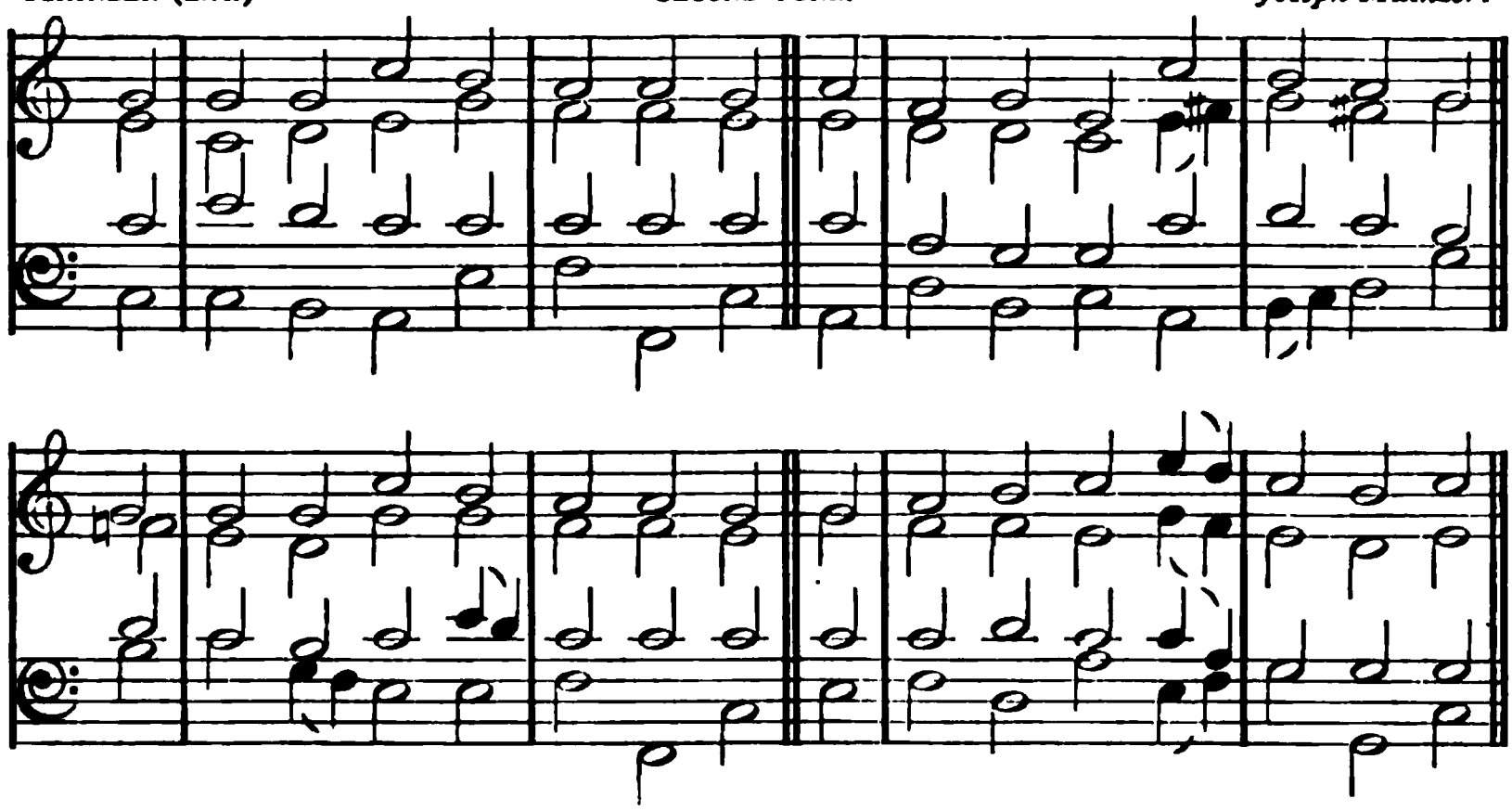
Guillaume Franc (?).
Genevan Psalter, 1554.



MAINZER (L.M.)

SECOND TUNE.

Joseph Mainzer.



"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

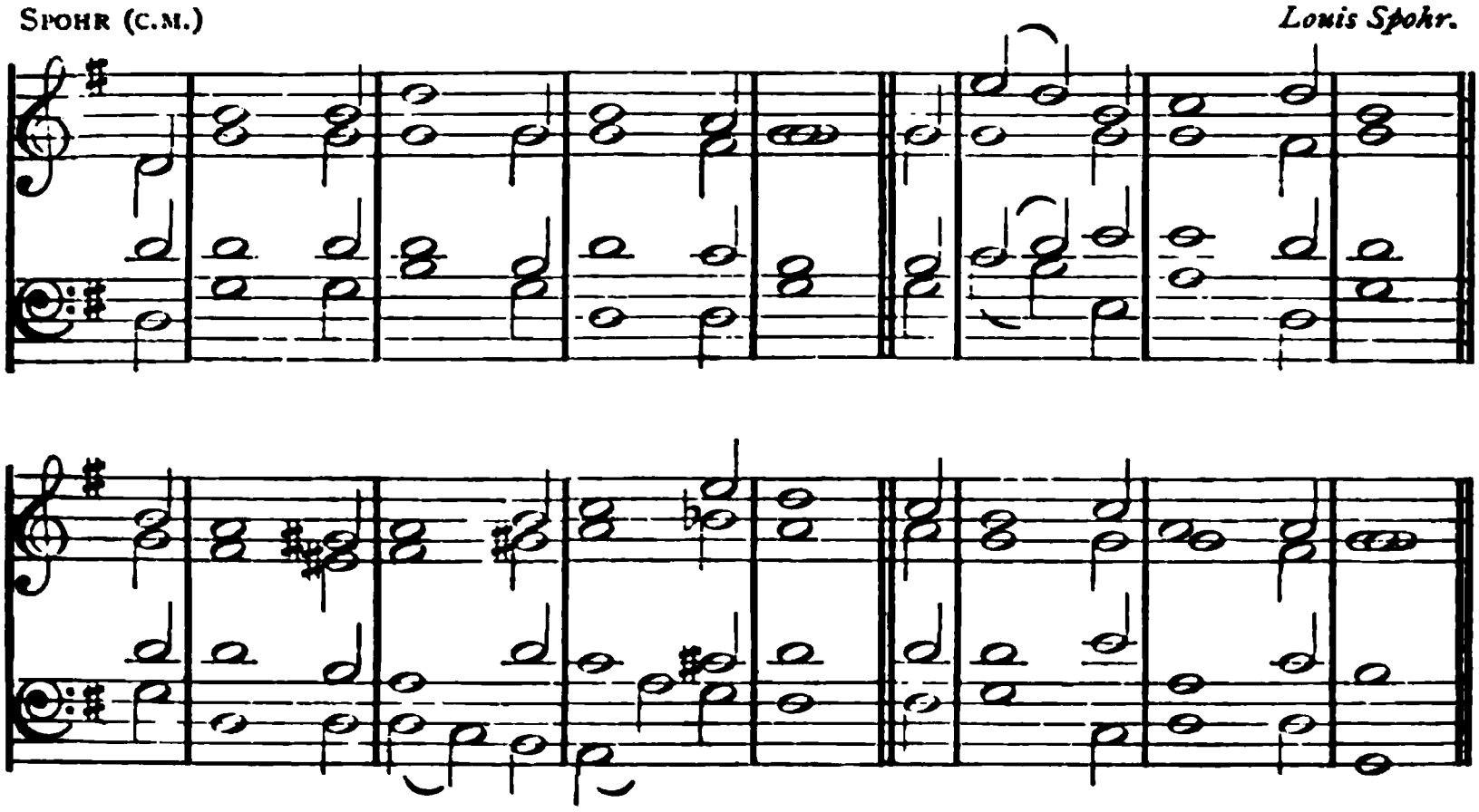
3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding [praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Hymn 136 (78)

SPOHR (C.M.)

Louis Spohr.



"Ask, and it shall be given you."

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

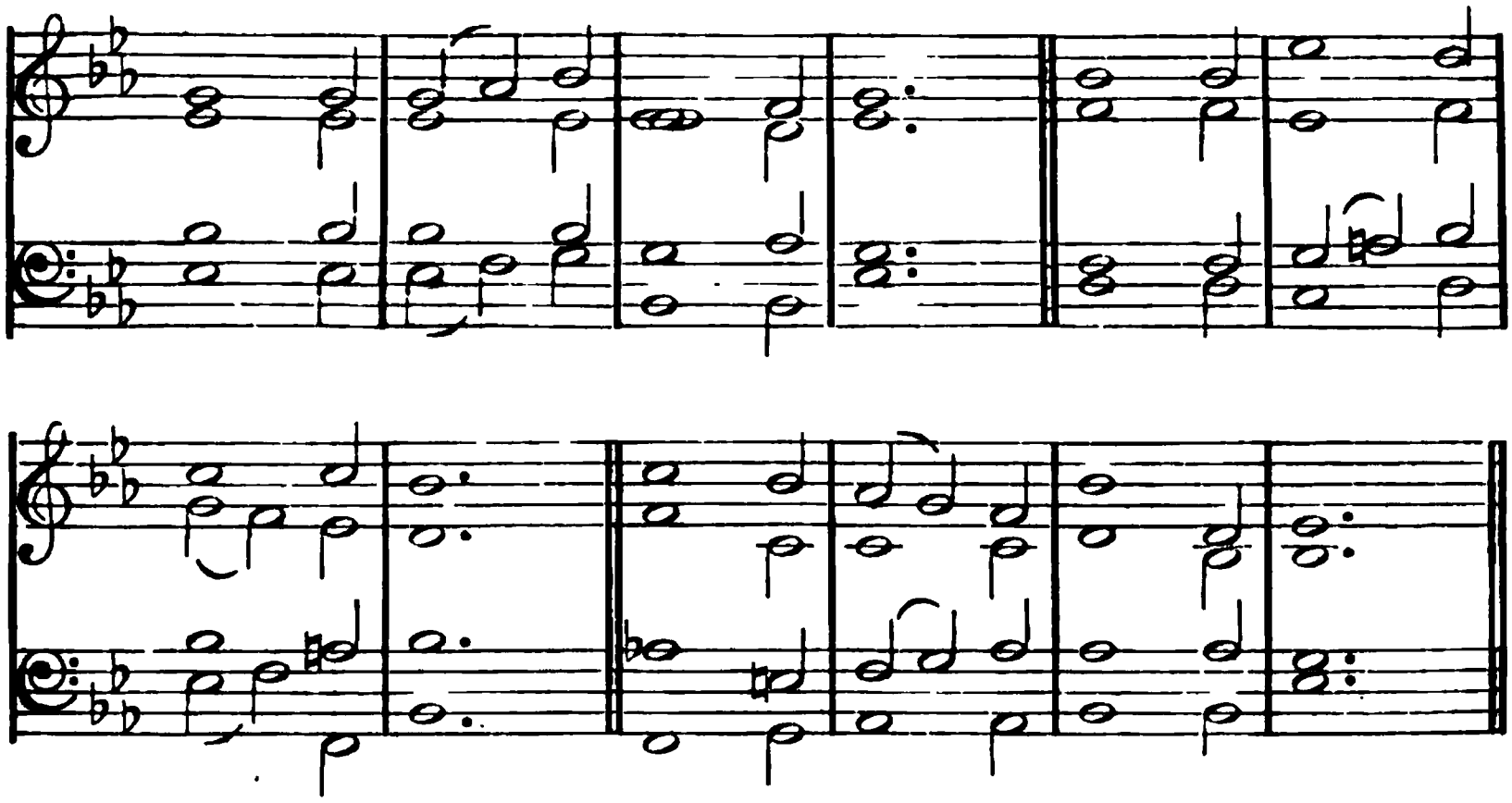
3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name!

Hymn 137 (257)

LACRYMÆ (7 7 7). *Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.*



" Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

1 PRESENT with the two or three,
Deign, most gracious God, to be,
While we lift our souls to Thee.

2 Jesus ! by Thy blood alone,
Who didst for our sins atone,
Dare we come before Thy throne.

3 Thou who knowest all our need,
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,
Teach us how to intercede.

4 Thou hast led us in the way,
And hast taught us how to say,
" Abba, Father," when we pray.

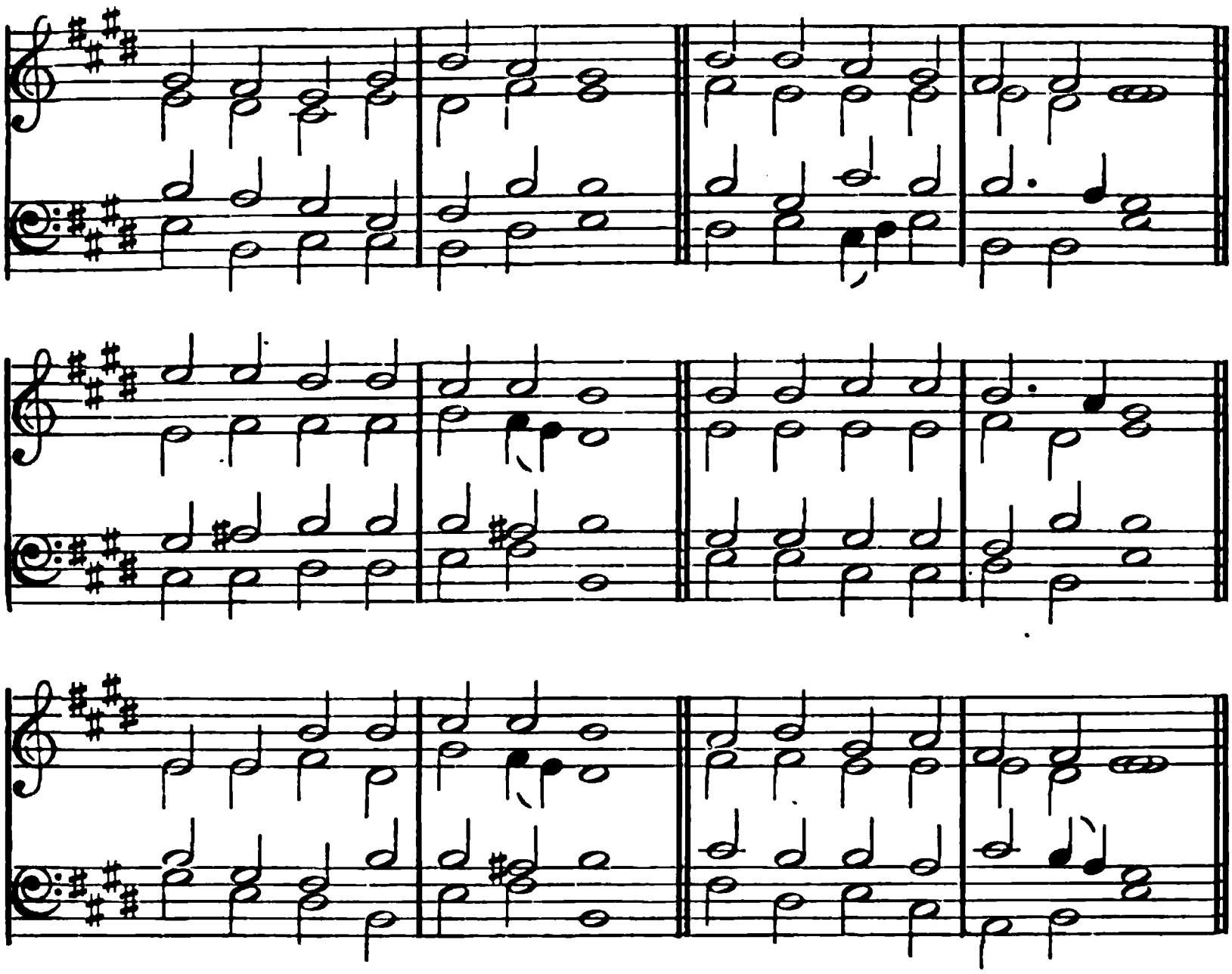
5 Holy Spirit, from on high
Helping our infirmity,
Aid us in our feeble cry.

6 Flesh and heart would faint and fail,
But there stands within the Veil
One who ever doth prevail.

7 Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run.

Hymn 138 (79)

MEINAU (77 77 77). *Braun.*



" Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !"

1 'TIS a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree,
Children of a God of love,
Live as they shall live above,
Acting each a Christian part,
One in life, and one in heart.

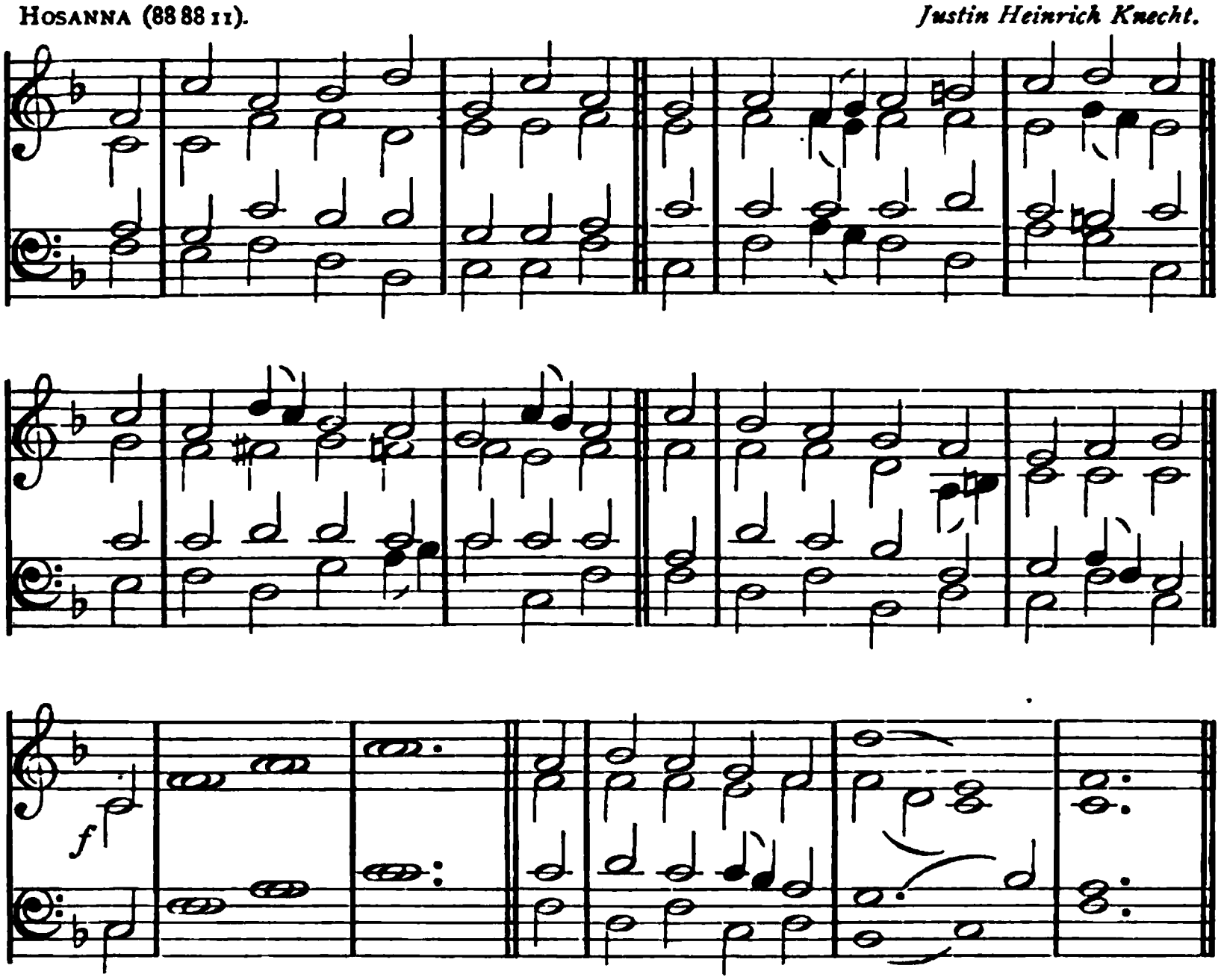
2 As the precious ointment shed
Upon Aaron's hallowed head
Downward through his garments stole,
Spreading odour o'er the whole,
So from our High Priest above
To His Church flows heavenly love.

3 Gently as the dews distil
Down on Sion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all ;
Such is Christian union, shed
Through the members from the Head.

4 Where divine affection lives,
There the Lord His blessing gives,
There on earth His will is done,
There His heaven is half begun ;
Lord, our great example prove,
Teach us all like Thee to love.

Hymn 139 (80)

HOSANNA (88 88 11). *Justin Heinrich Knecht.*



"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 "Hosanna!" Lord, Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna!" Lord, Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

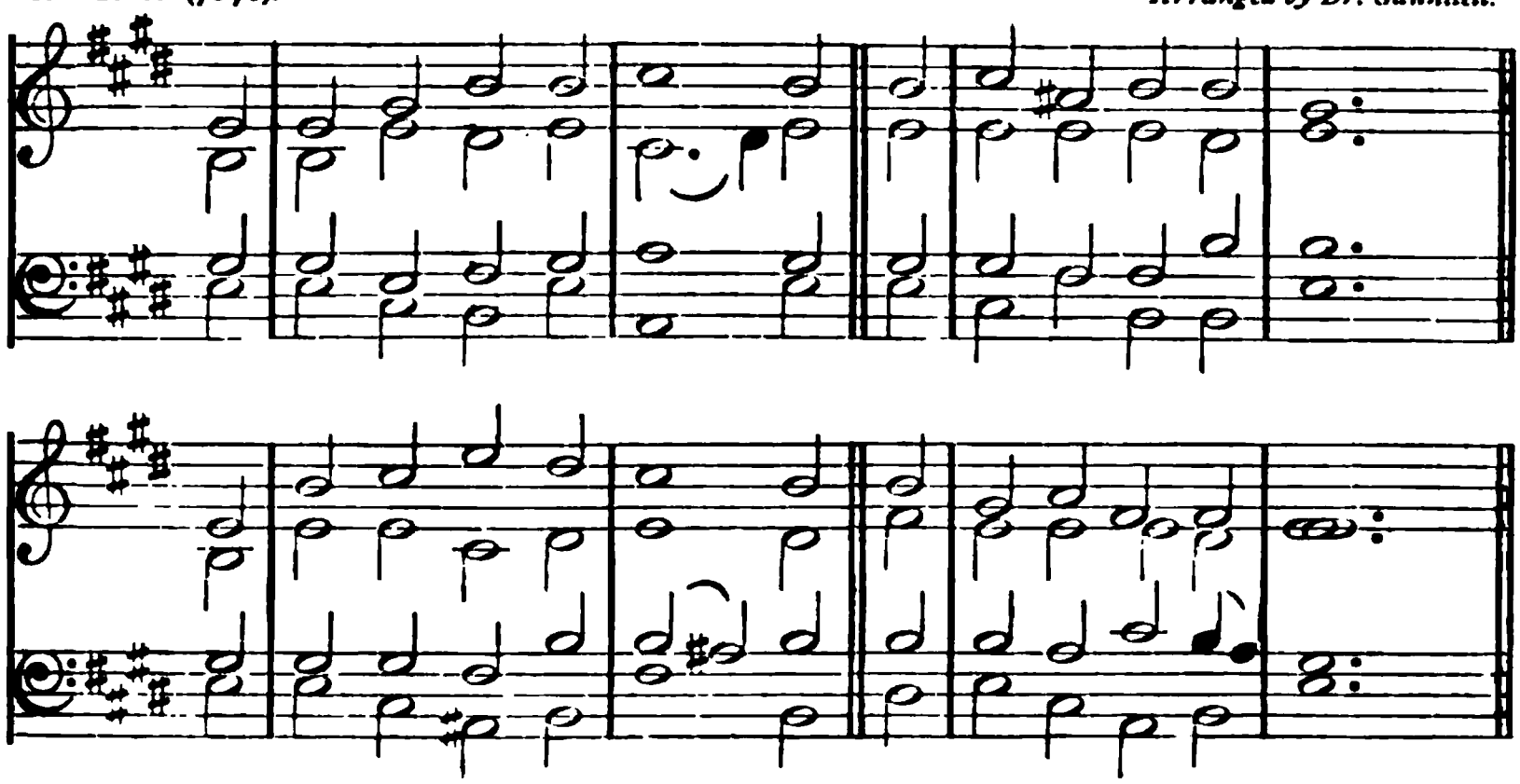
4 But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hymn 140 (260)

S. Benet (7676).

Ancient Church Melody.
Arranged by Dr. Gauntlett.



"The commandment is a lamp; and the law is light."

1 O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;

2 We praise Thee for the radiance
That, from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

3 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

4 It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

5 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.

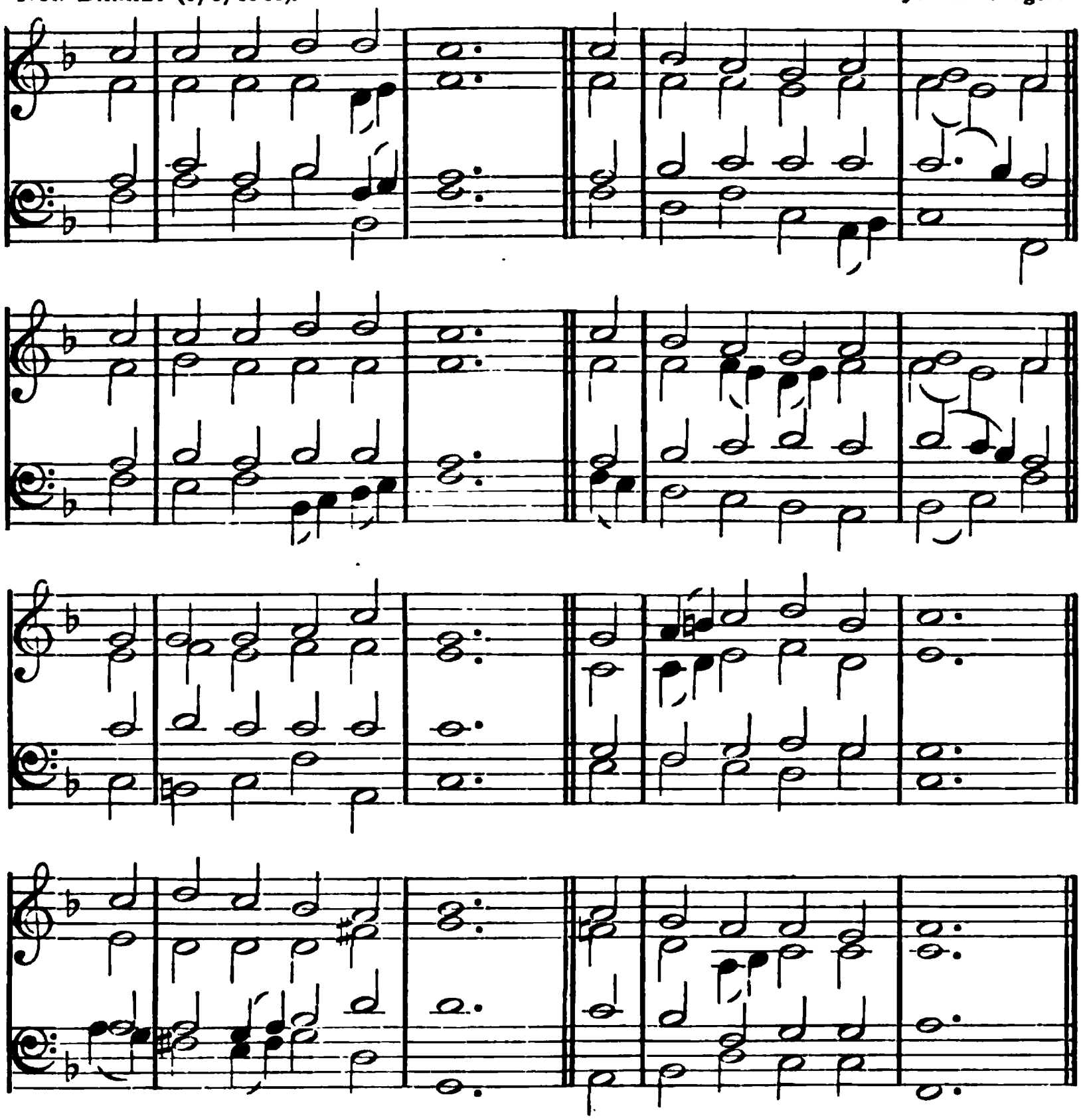
6 It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

7 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old!

8 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face!

Hymn 141 (259)

NUN DANKET (67 67 66 66). *Johann Crüger.*



"Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious Name."

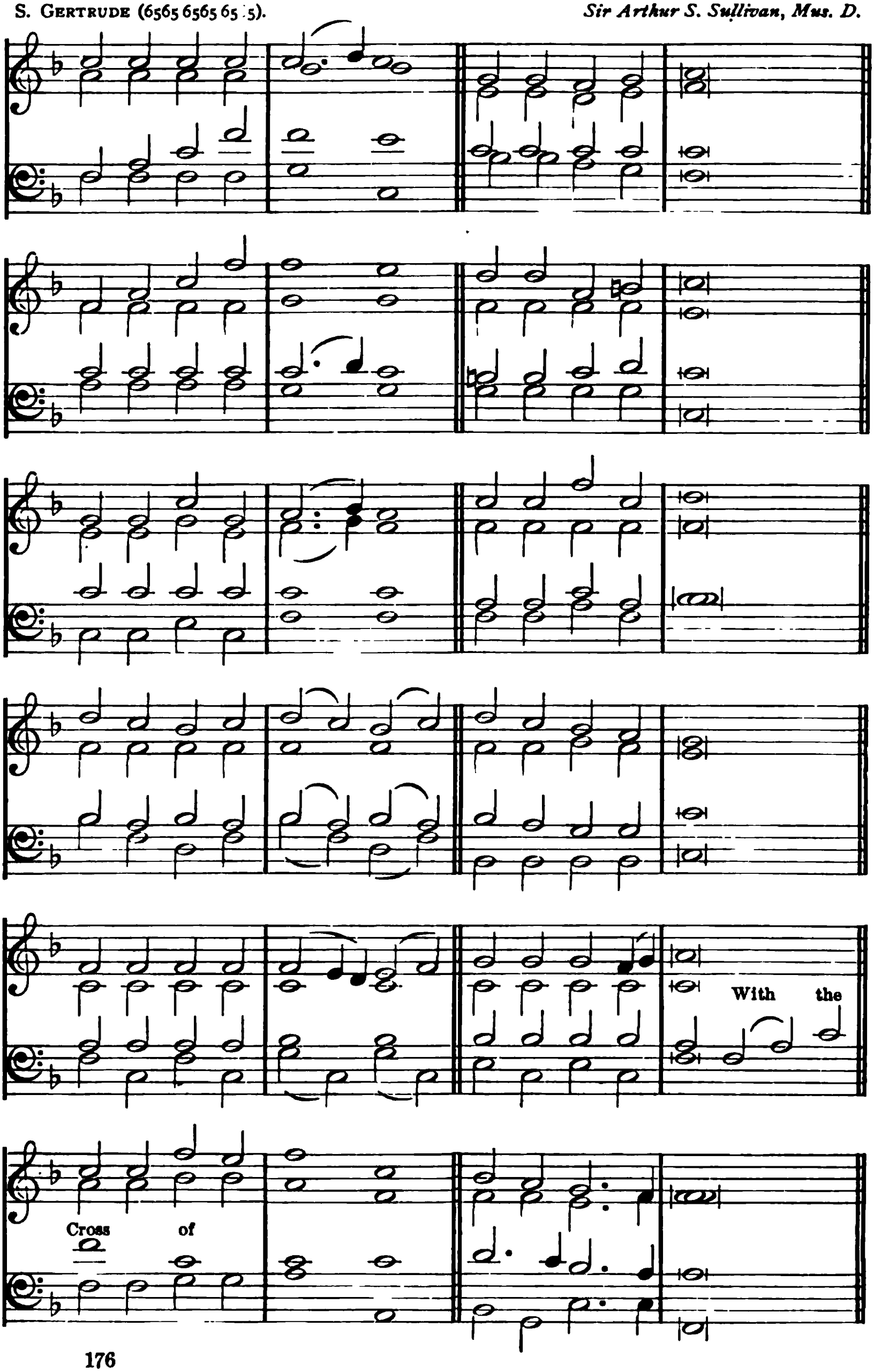
1 NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be givèn,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heavèn,—
The one, eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Hymn 142 (261)

S. Gertrude (6565 6565 65 5). *Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.*



Hymn 142 (261)

"Be strong and of a good courage....And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee."

1 ONWARD! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before;
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See! His banners go.

Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!

Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

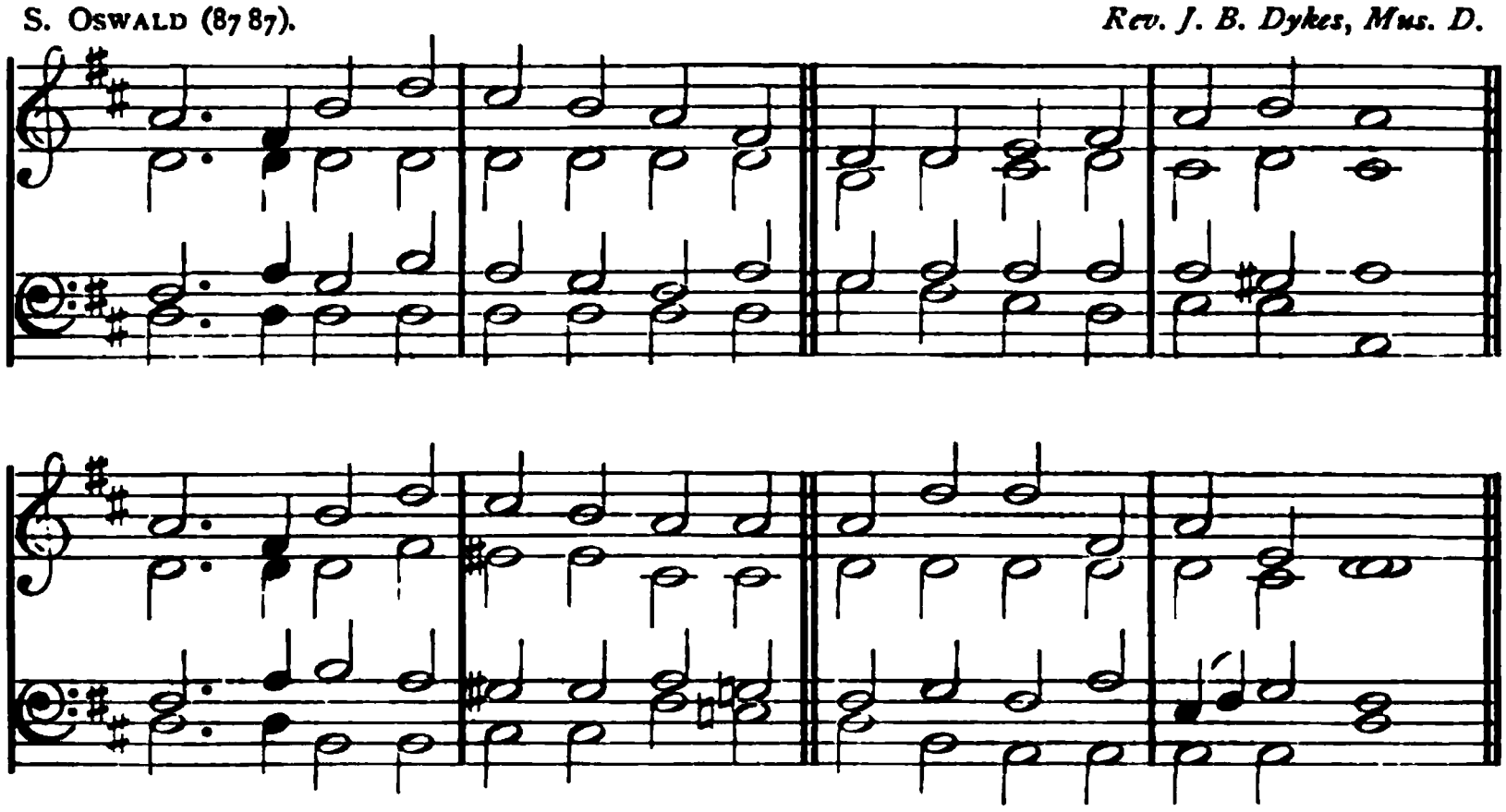
Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

5 Onward! then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song,—
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King!
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Hymn 143 (262)

S. Oswald (87 87). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"One hope of your calling."

1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

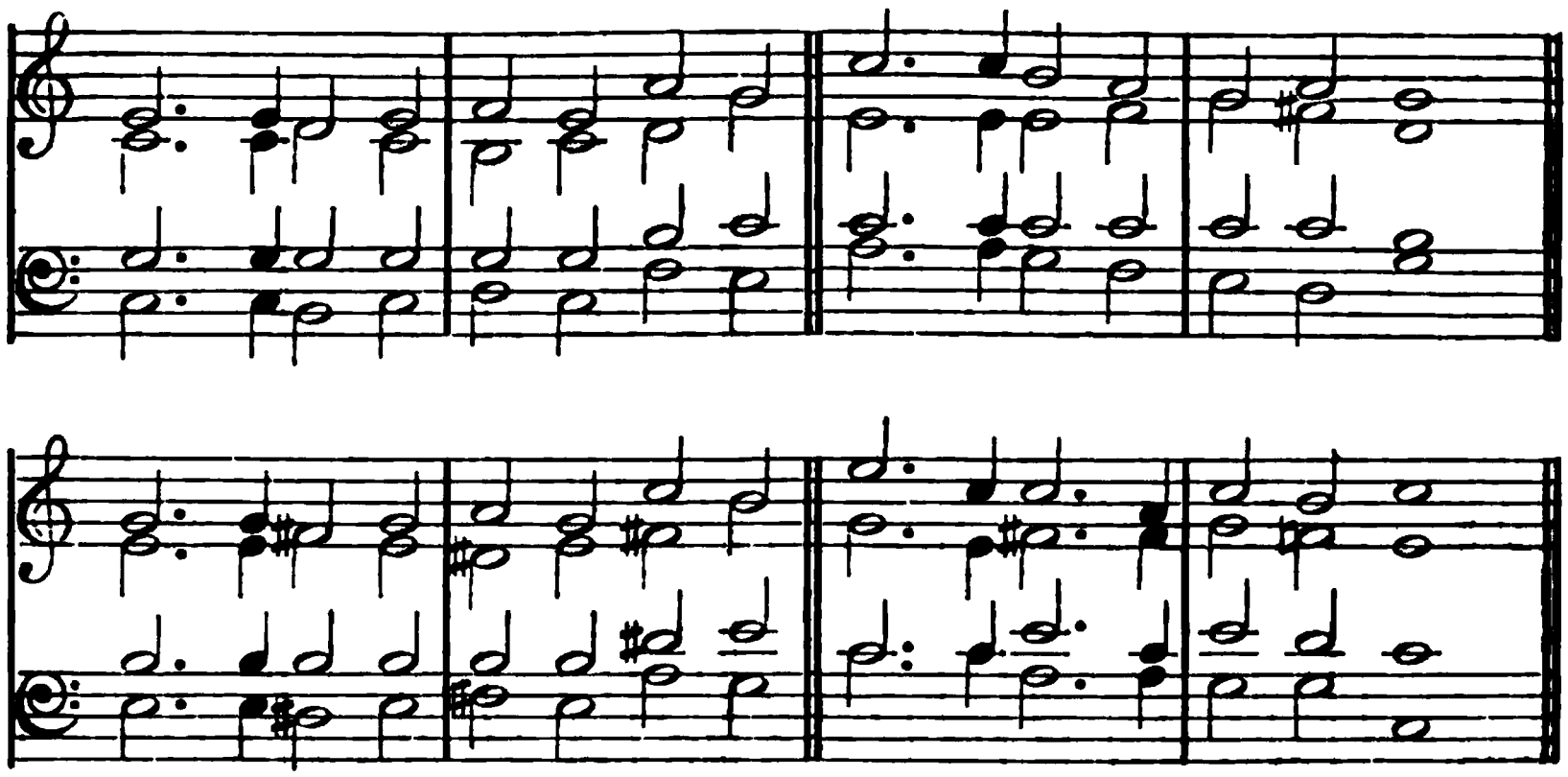
6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

7 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

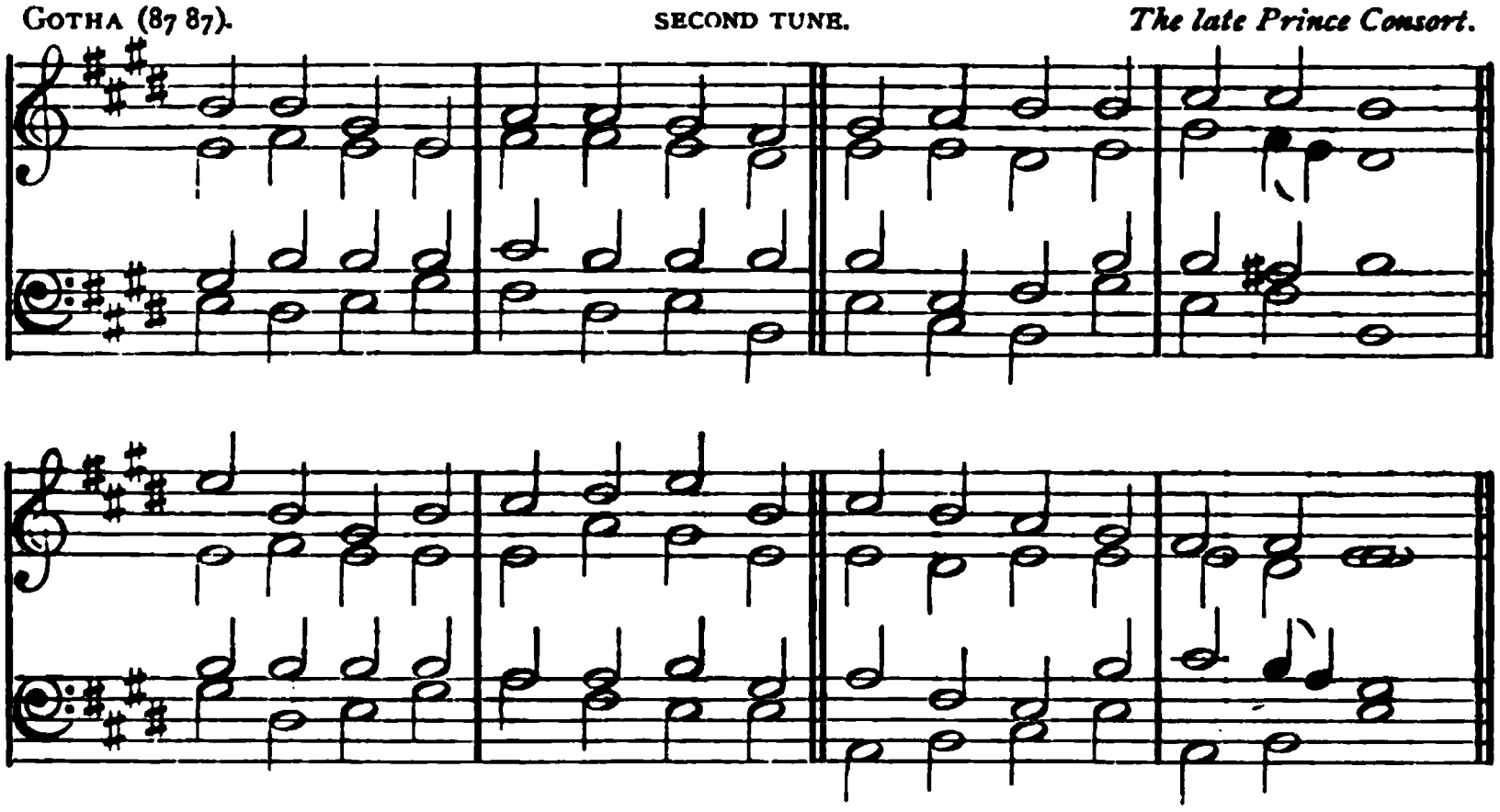
8 Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

Hymn 144 (263)

S. ANDREW (87 87). FIRST TUNE. *E. H. Thorne.*



GOTHA (87 87). SECOND TUNE. *The late Prince Consort.*



"He left all, rose up, and followed Him."

1 JESUS calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

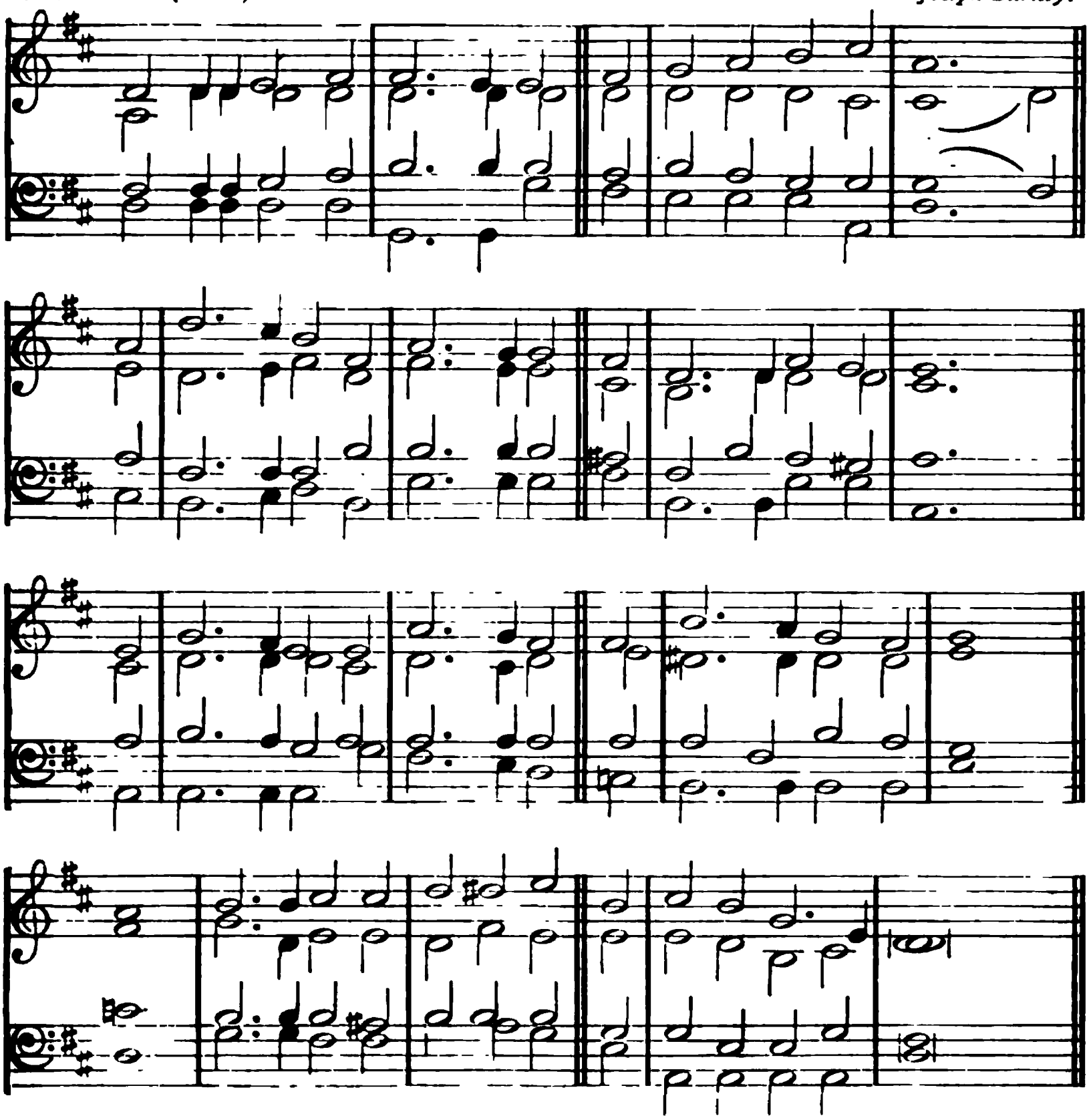
3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Hymn 145 (264)

S. Silvester (D.C.M.) *Joseph Barnby.*



"We have sinned with our fathers."

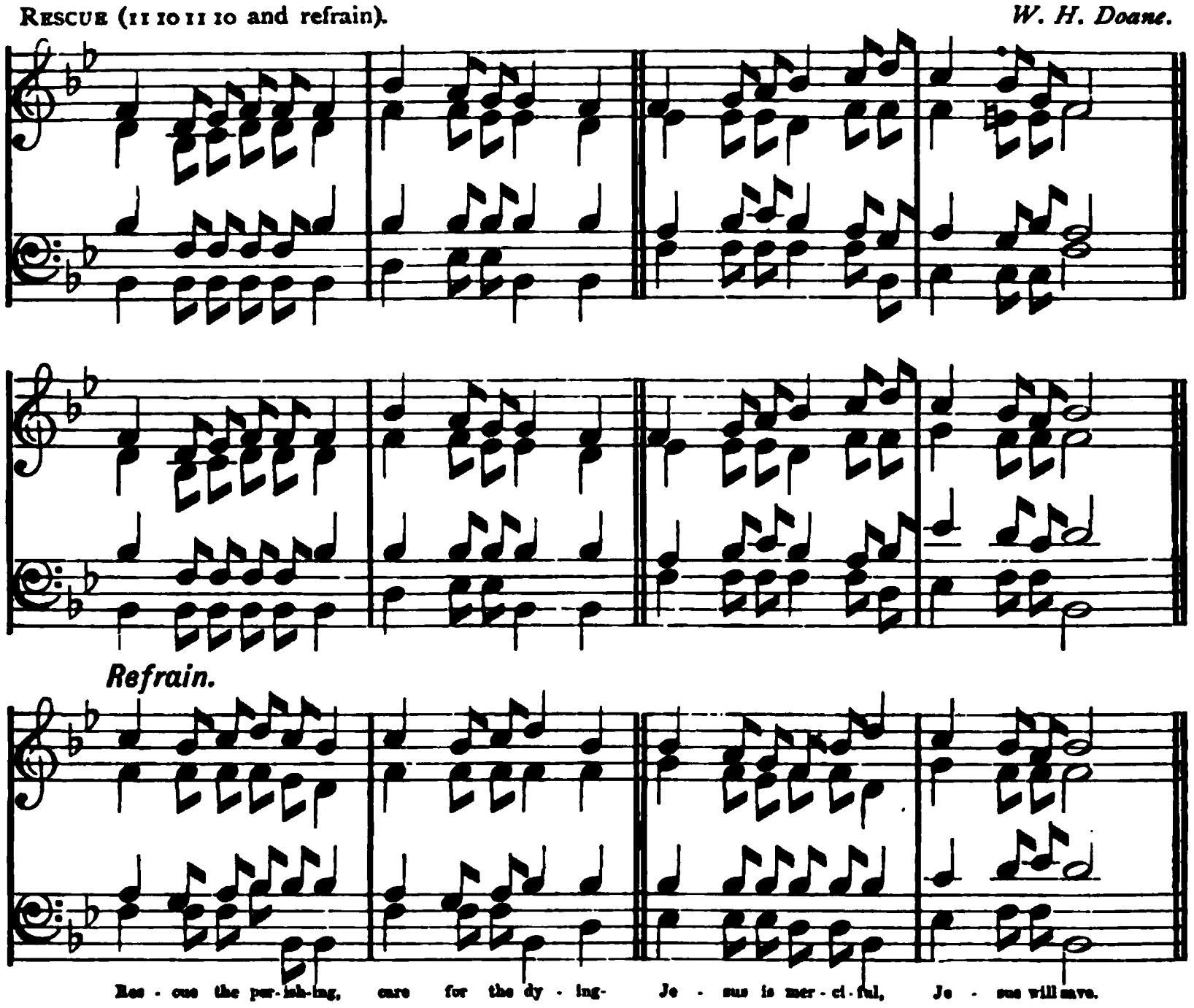
1 GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land:
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

Hymn 146 (269)

RESCUE (11 10 11 10 and refrain). *W. H. Doane.*



"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

1 RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying—
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen—
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying—
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

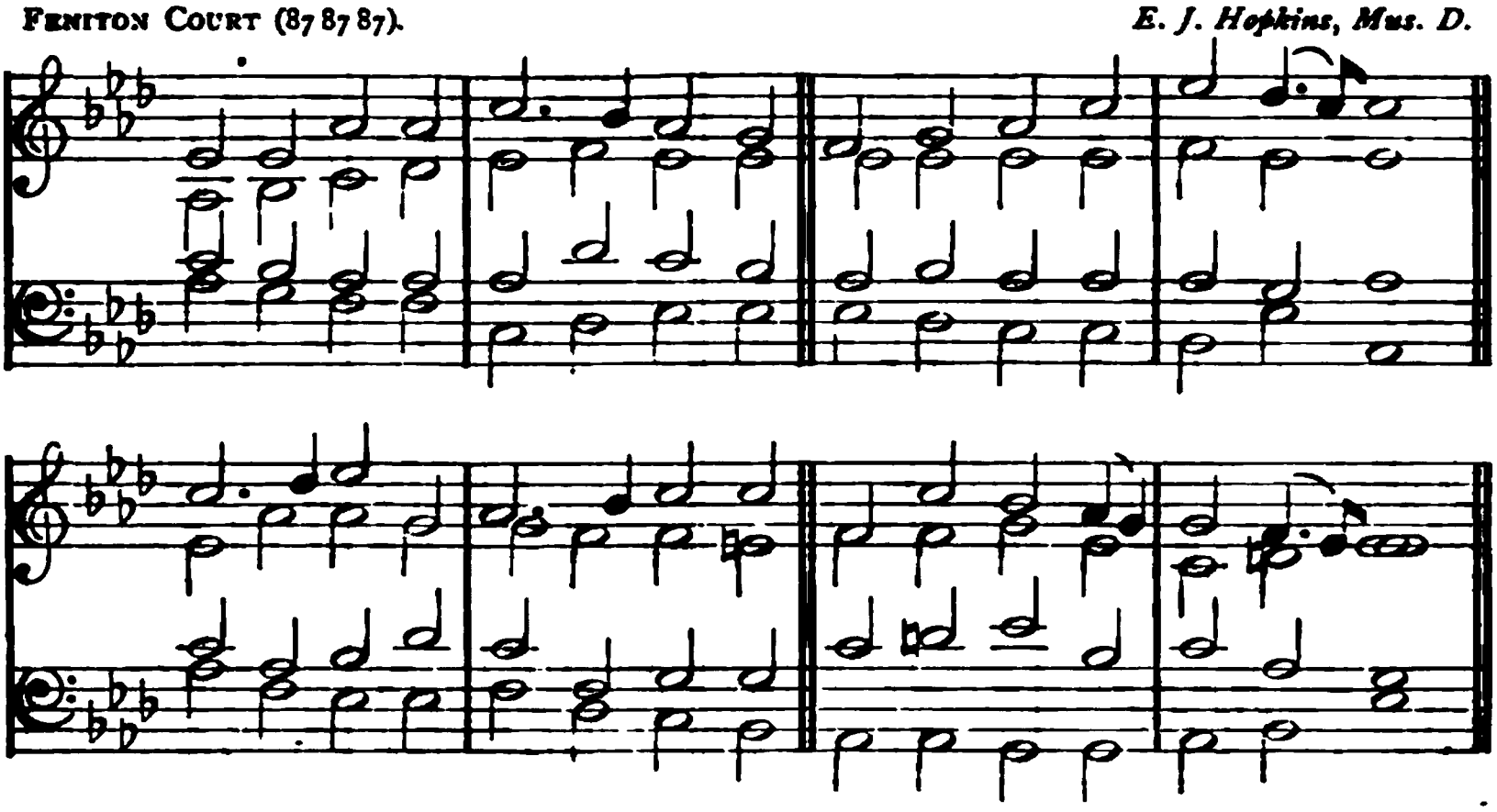
2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting—
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

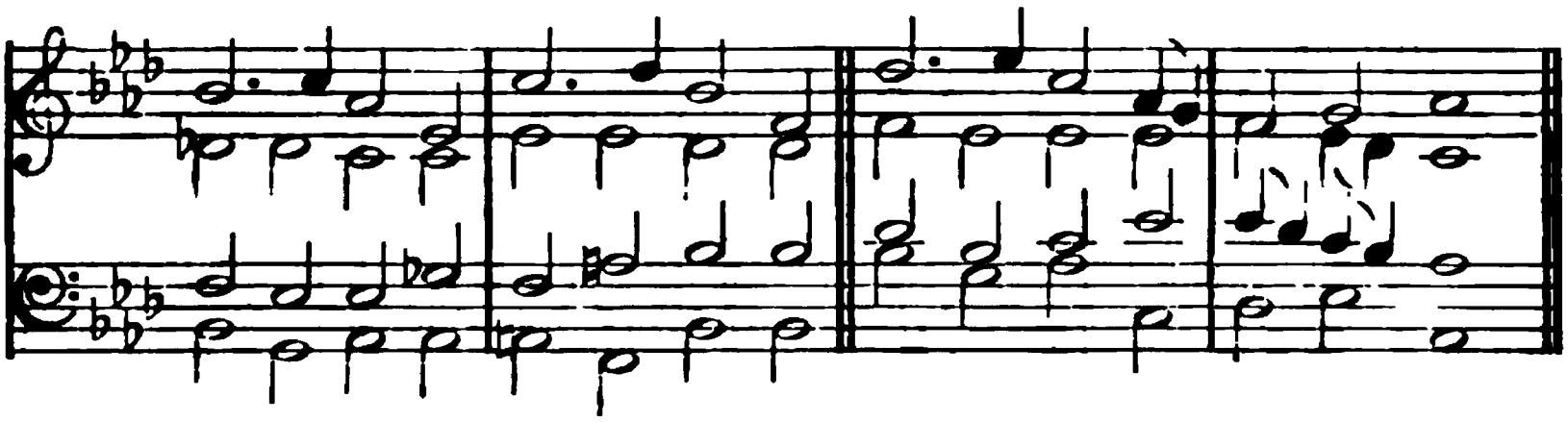
3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing—duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Hymn 147 (266)

FENITON COURT (87 87 87). *E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.*





"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

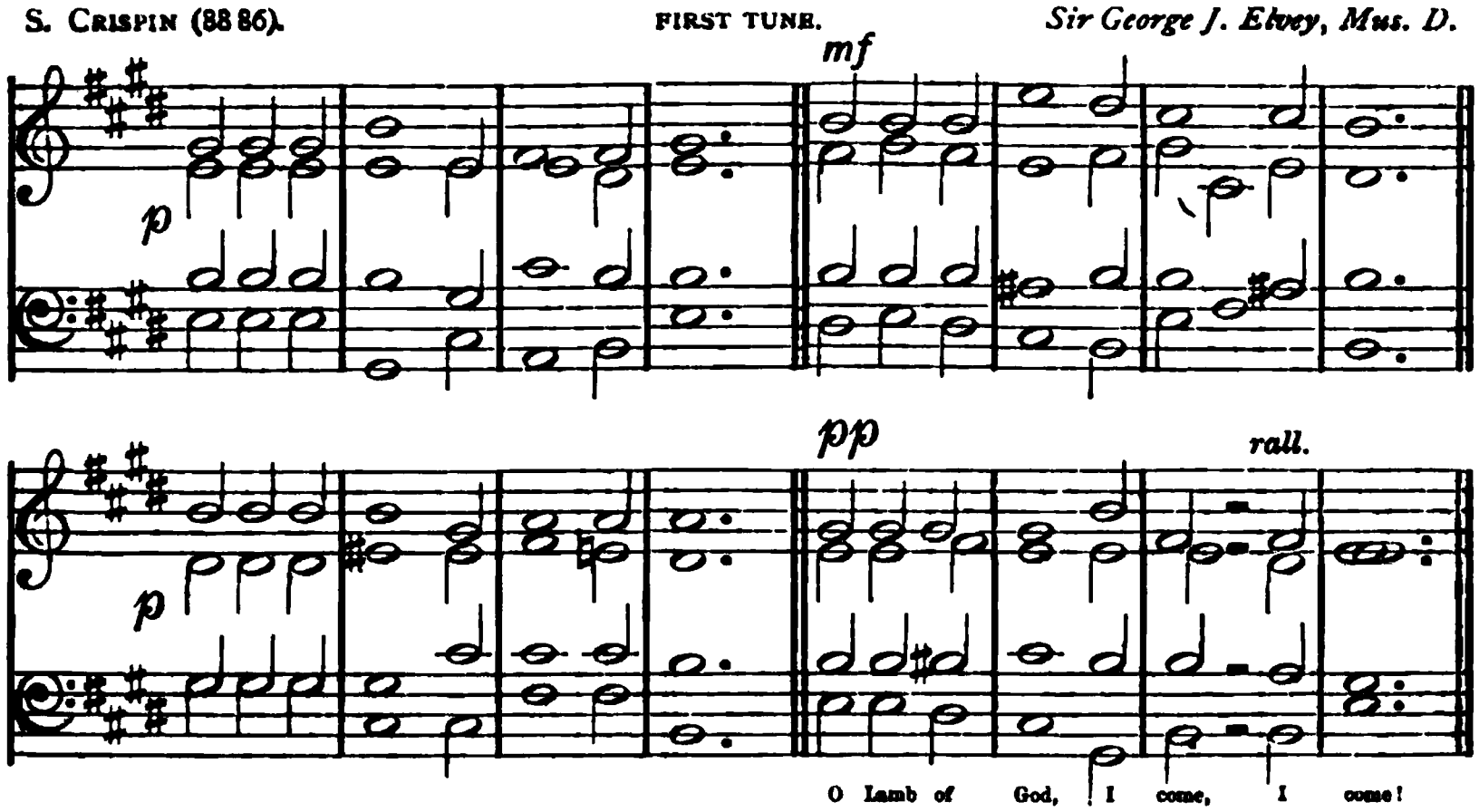
5 View Him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name!
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

Hymn 148 (81)

S. Crispin (88 86). FIRST TUNE. *Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.*



"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

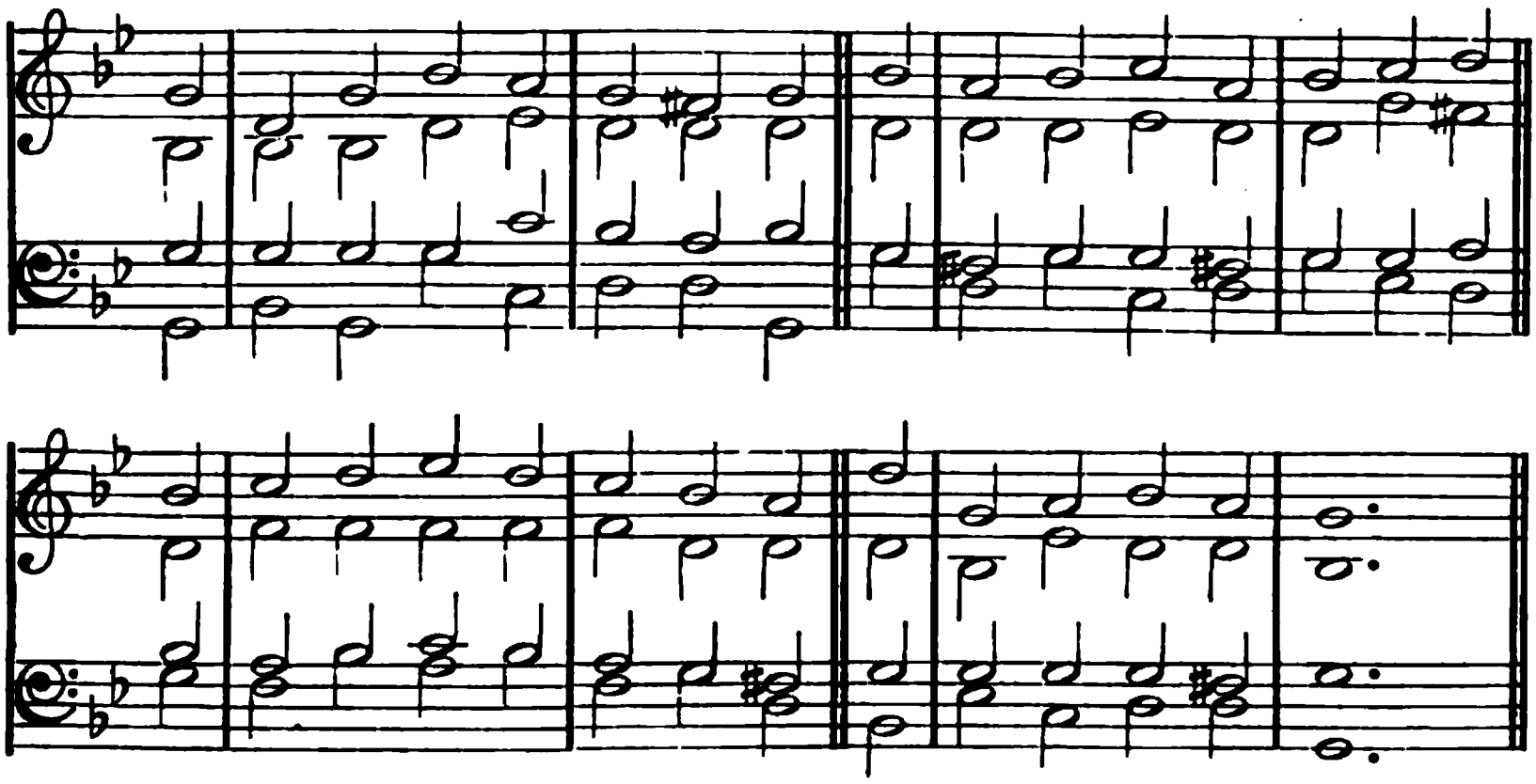
5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Hymn 148 (81)

ELLIOTT (88 86). SECOND TUNE. *Lowell Mason, Mus. D.*



"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each [spot,
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With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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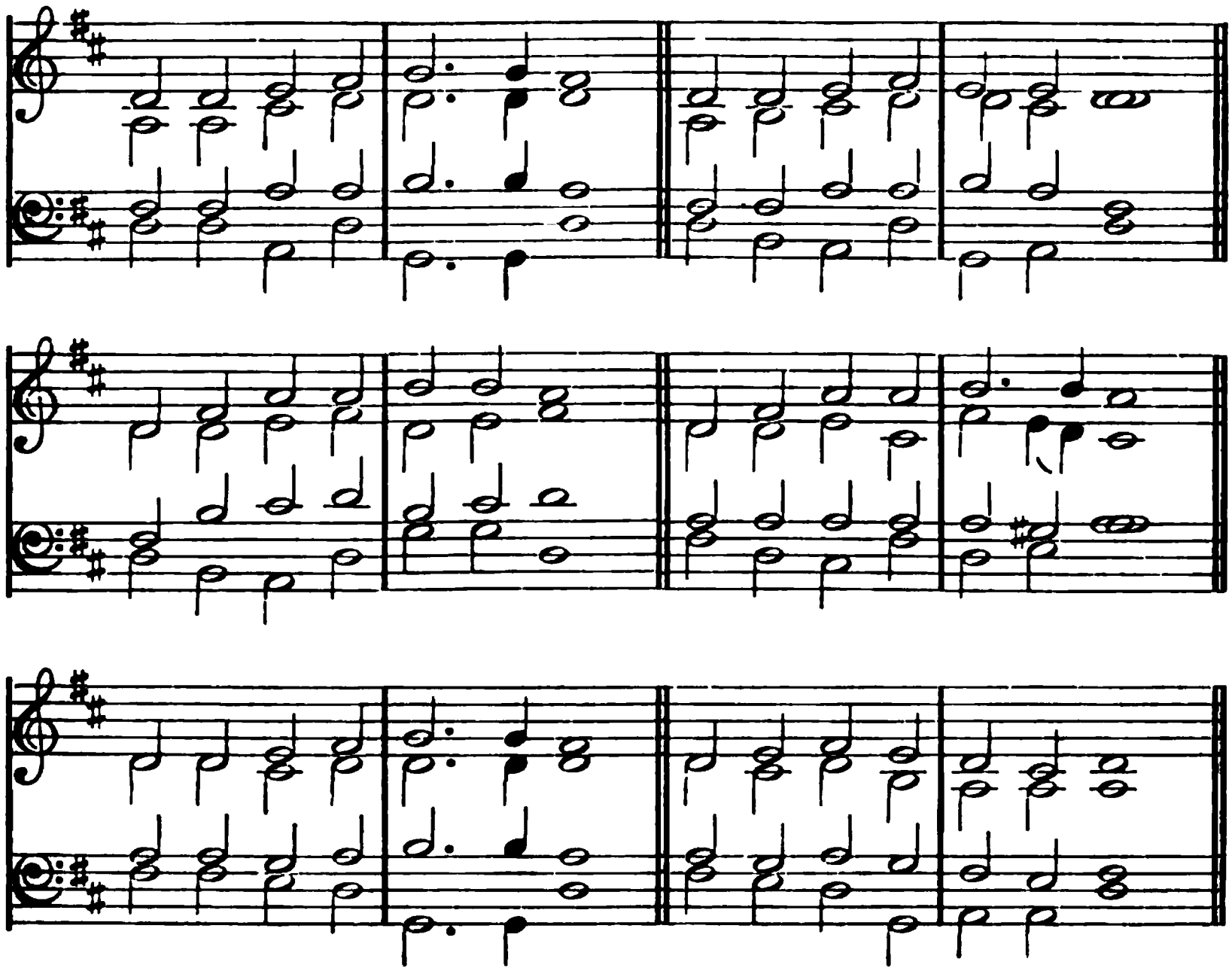
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Hymn 149 (82)

PETRA (77 77 77). FIRST TUNE. *Richard Redhead.*



"That Rock was Christ."

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

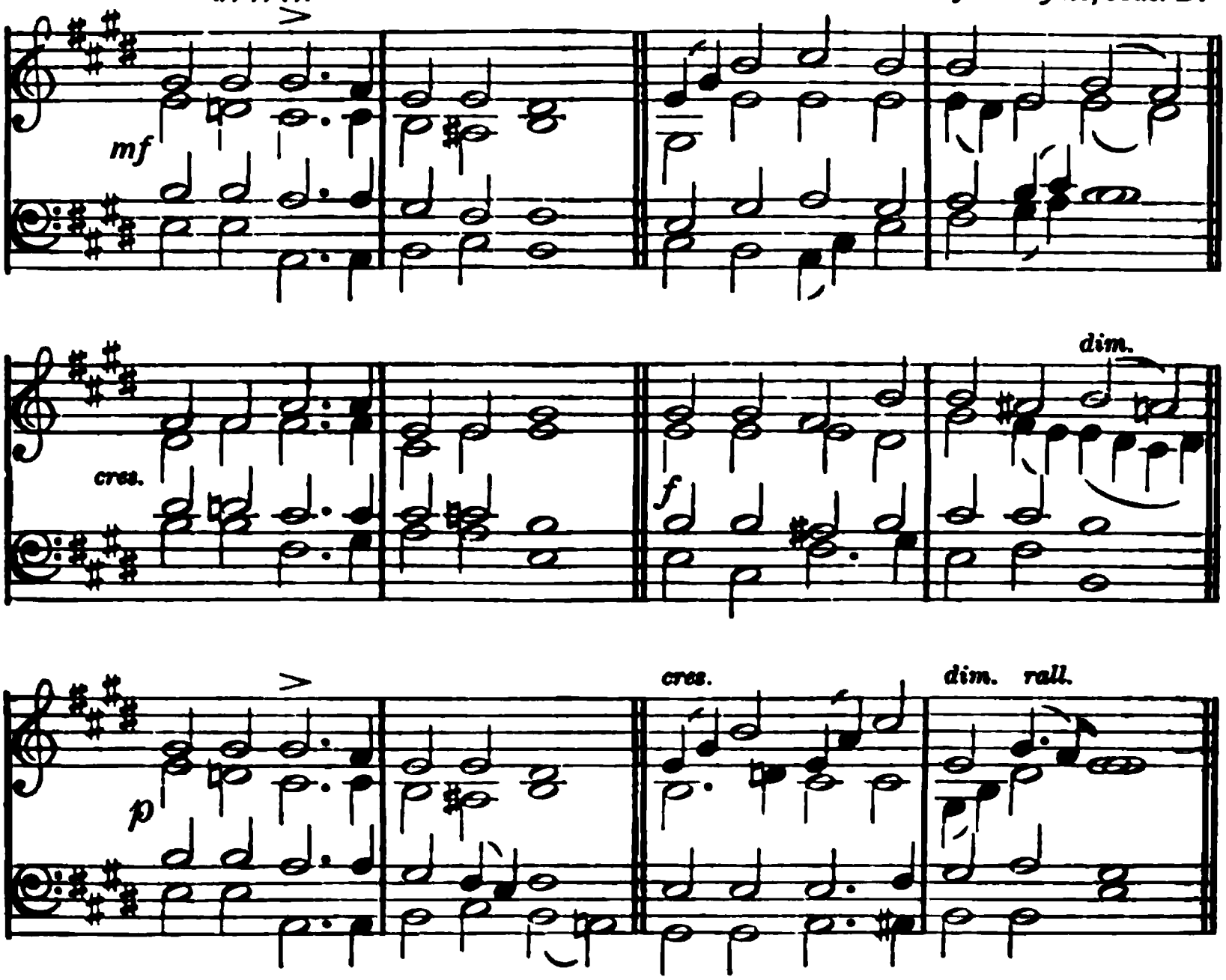
2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling:
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Hymn 149 (82)

ROCK OF AGES (77 77 77). SECOND TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"That Rock was Christ."

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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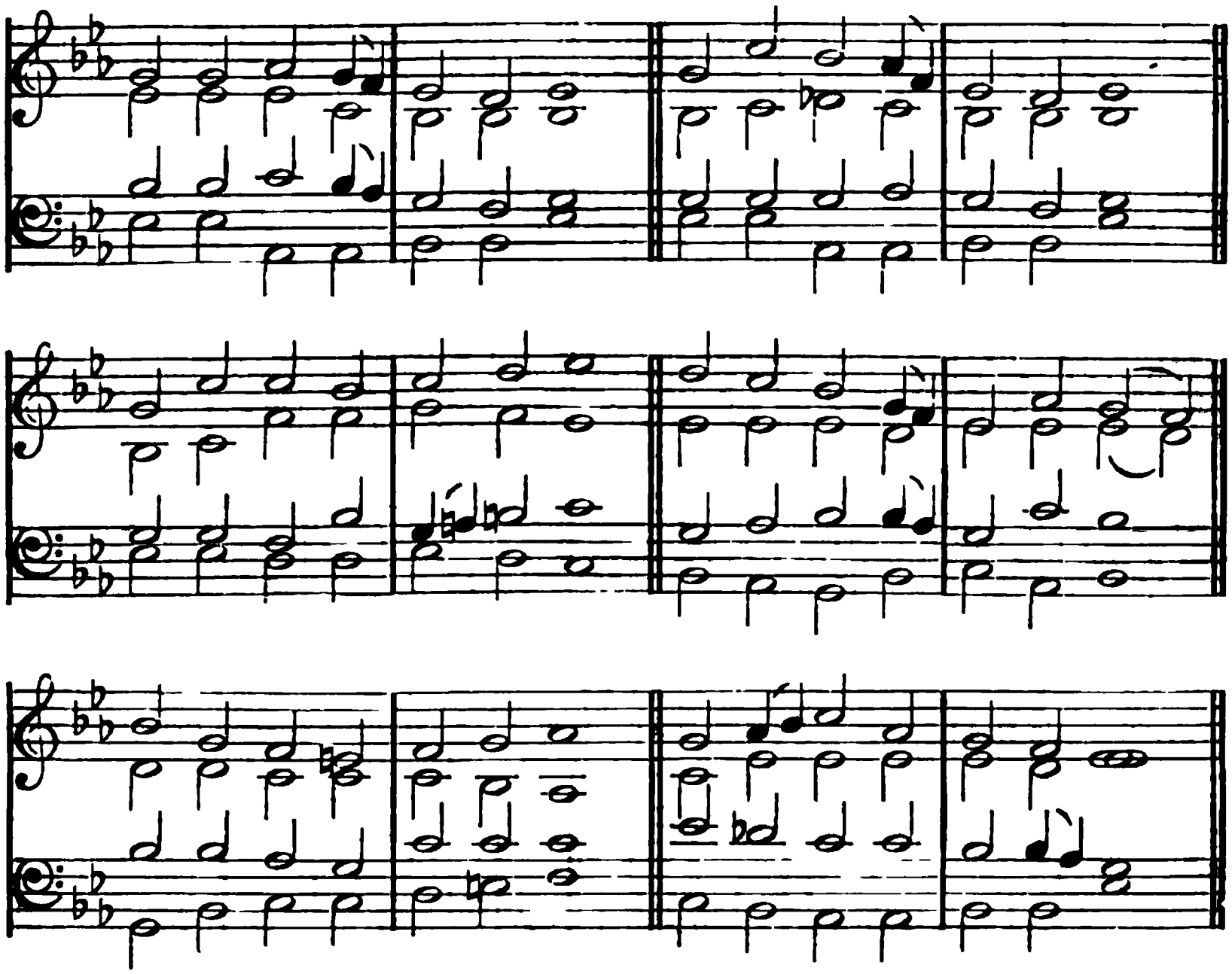
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Hymn 150 (83)

S. Sebastian (77 77 77). *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

1 NOT in anything we do,
Thought that's pure, or word that's true,
Saviour, would we put our trust:
Frail as vapour, vile as dust,
All that flatters we disown:
Righteousness is Thine alone.

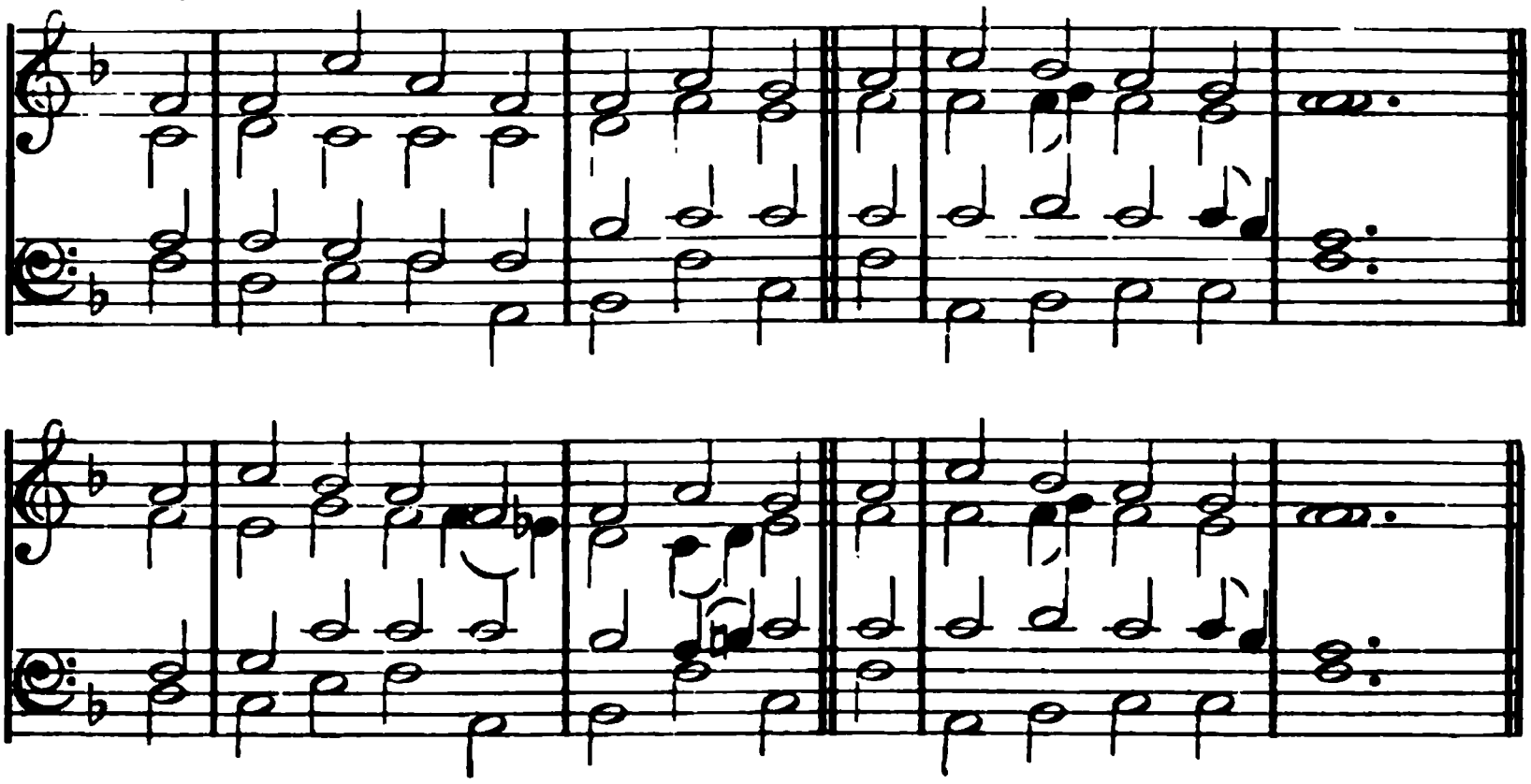
2 Though we underwent for Thee
Perils of the land and sea,
Though we cast our lives away,
Dying for Thee day by day,
Boast we never of our own,
Grace and strength are Thine alone.

3 Native cumberers of the ground,
All our fruit from Thee is found:
Grafted in Thine olive, Lord,
New-begotten by Thy word,
All we have is Thine alone:
Life and power are not our own.

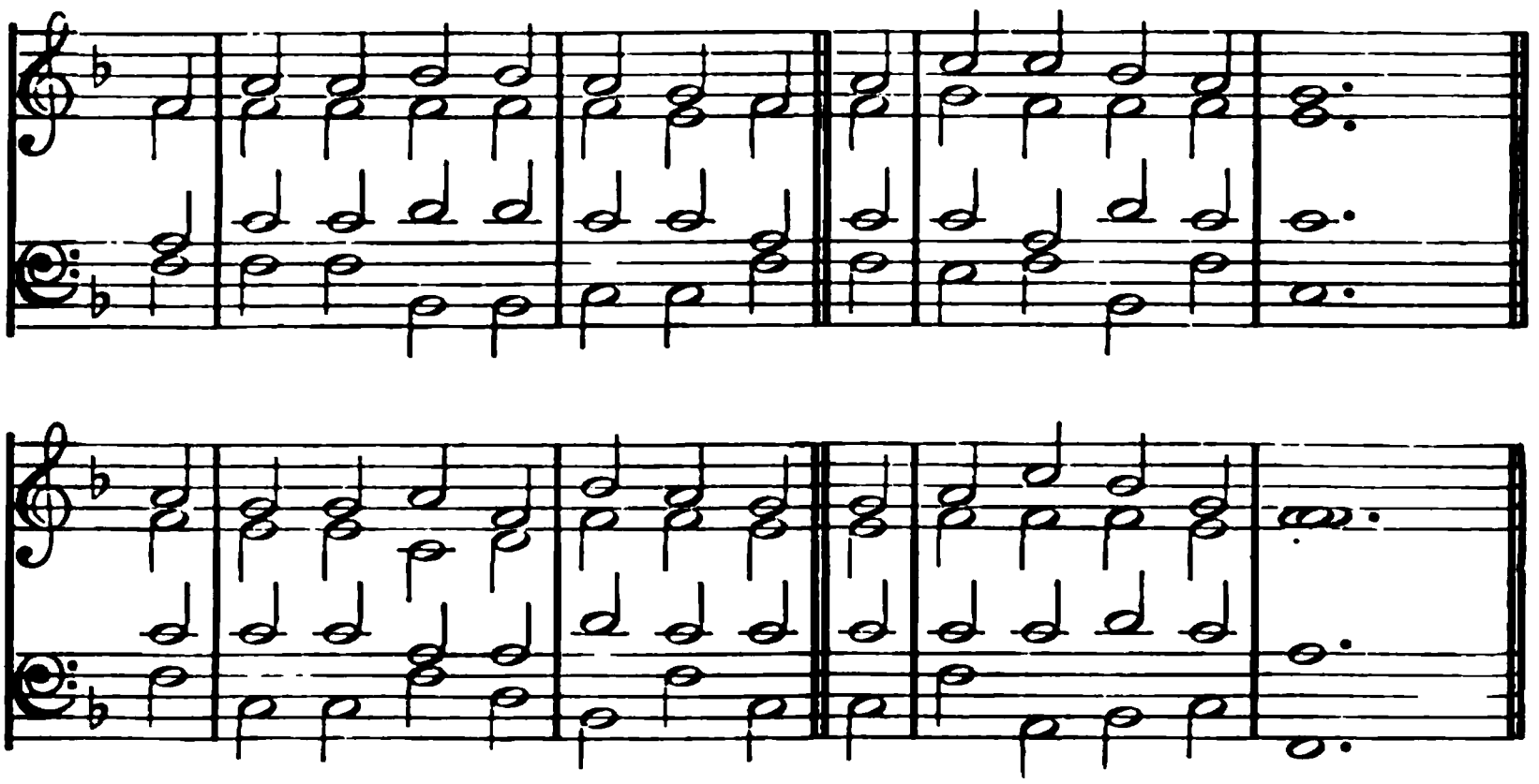
4 And when Thy returning voice
Calls Thy faithful to rejoice—
When the countless throng to Thee
Cast their crown of victory,
We will sing before the throne,
"Thine the glory, not our own!"

Hymn 151 (84)

MORAVIA (C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Nicolaus Hermann.*



PETERBOROUGH (C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Harrison's Sacred Harmony, 1790.*



"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness."

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Hymn 151 (84)

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

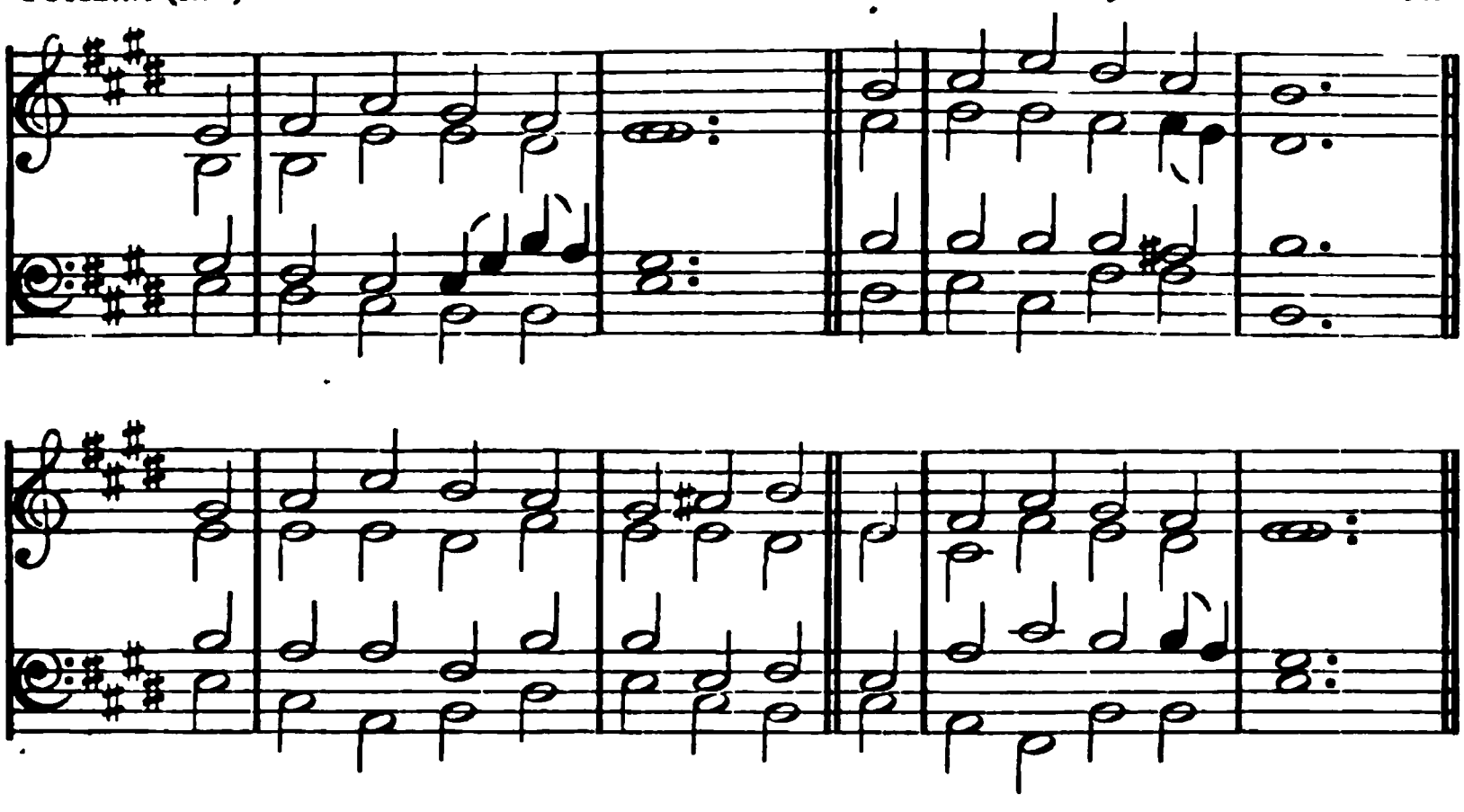
6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me;

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

Hymn 152 (85)

POTSDAM (S.M.)

Adapted from
Johann Sebastian Bach.



"By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place."

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

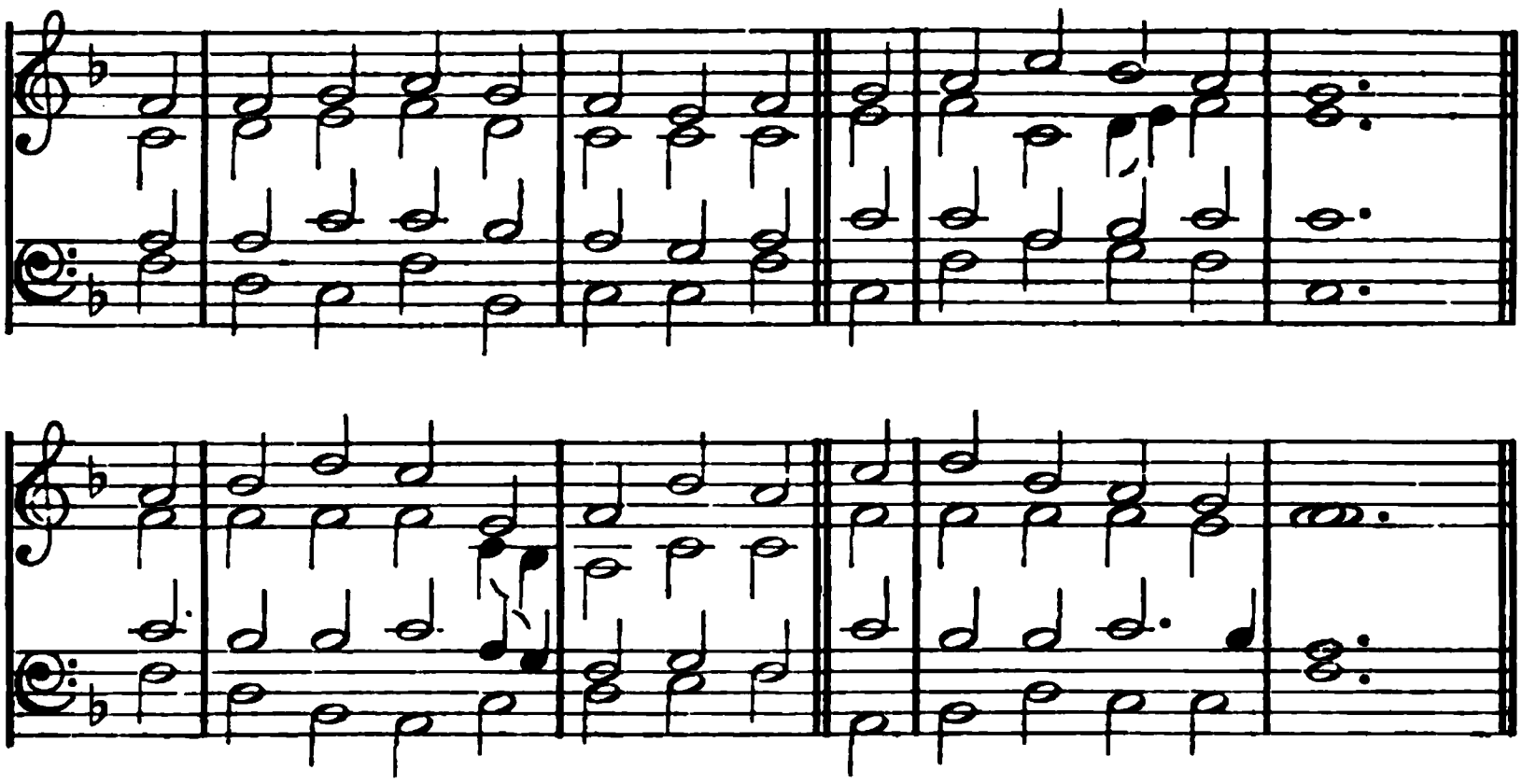
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear Head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

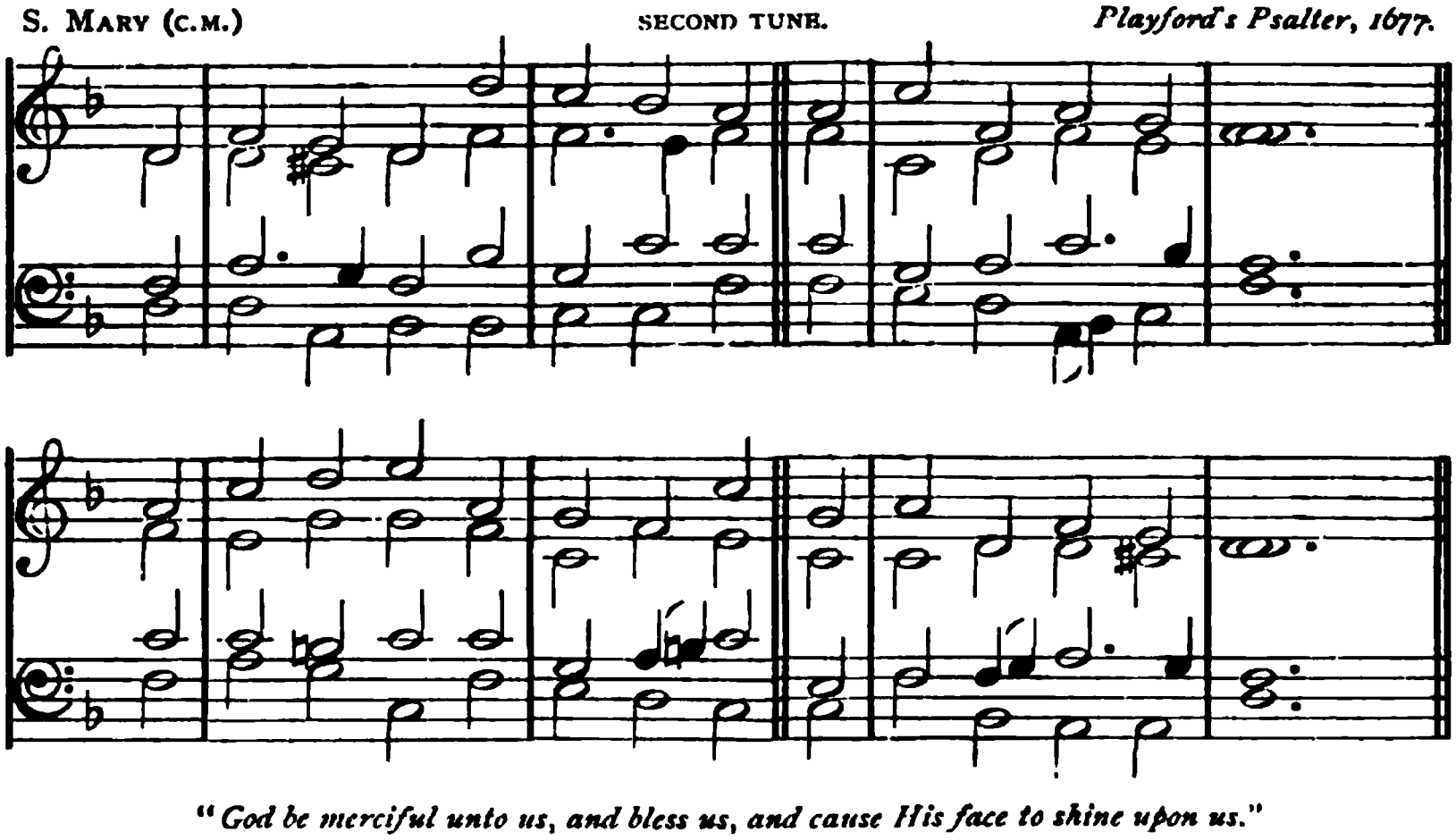
5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His dying love.

Hymn 153 (86)

S. Ethelreda (c.m.) — First tune. — *Bishop Turton.*



S. Mary (c.m.) — Second tune. — *Playford's Psalter, 1677.*



"God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us."

1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry;

2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well;

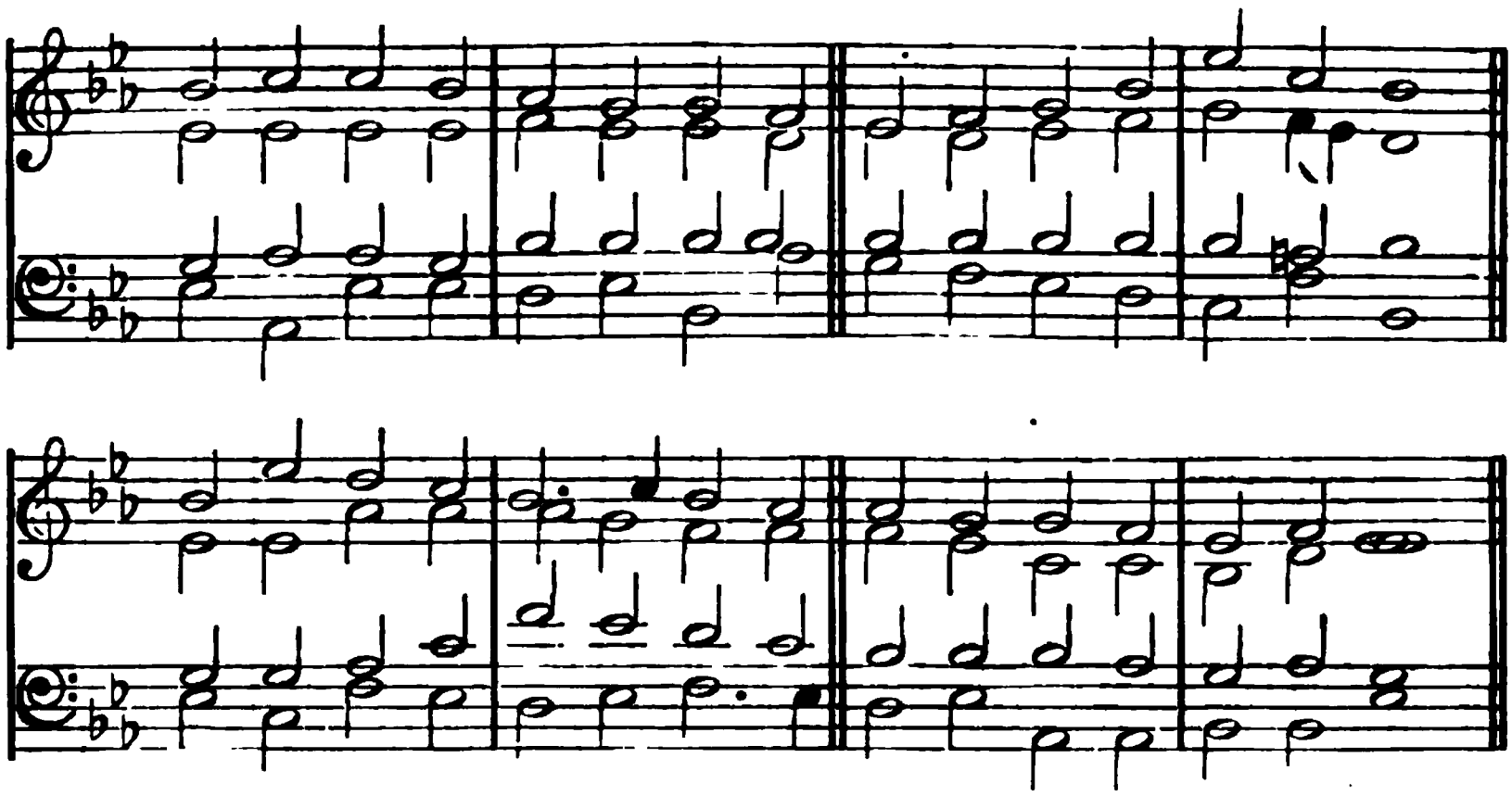
4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

Hymn 154 (265)

S. Nicolas (87 87). *Richard Redhead.*



"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

1 LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall,
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy Name we humbly call.

2 Sinful thoughts, and words unloving,
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone.

3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the soul to Thee:

4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded,
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.

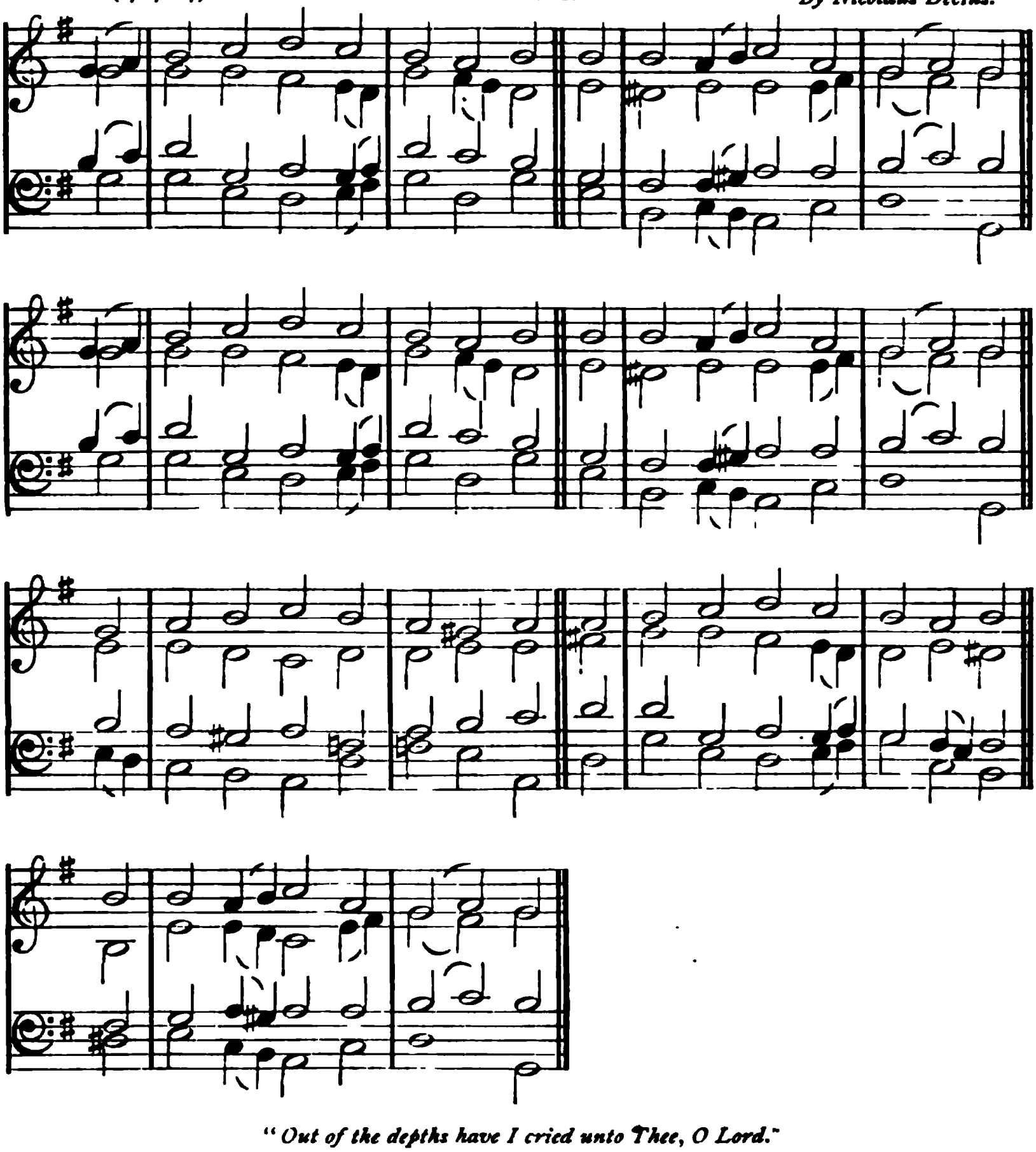
5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

6 Heavenly Father, bless Thy children;
Hearken from Thy throne on high;
Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,
Hear and heed our humble cry.

Hymn 155 (87)

STETTIN (87 87 887). FIRST TUNE.

Melody of old Latin "Gloria."
By Nicolaus Decius.



"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."

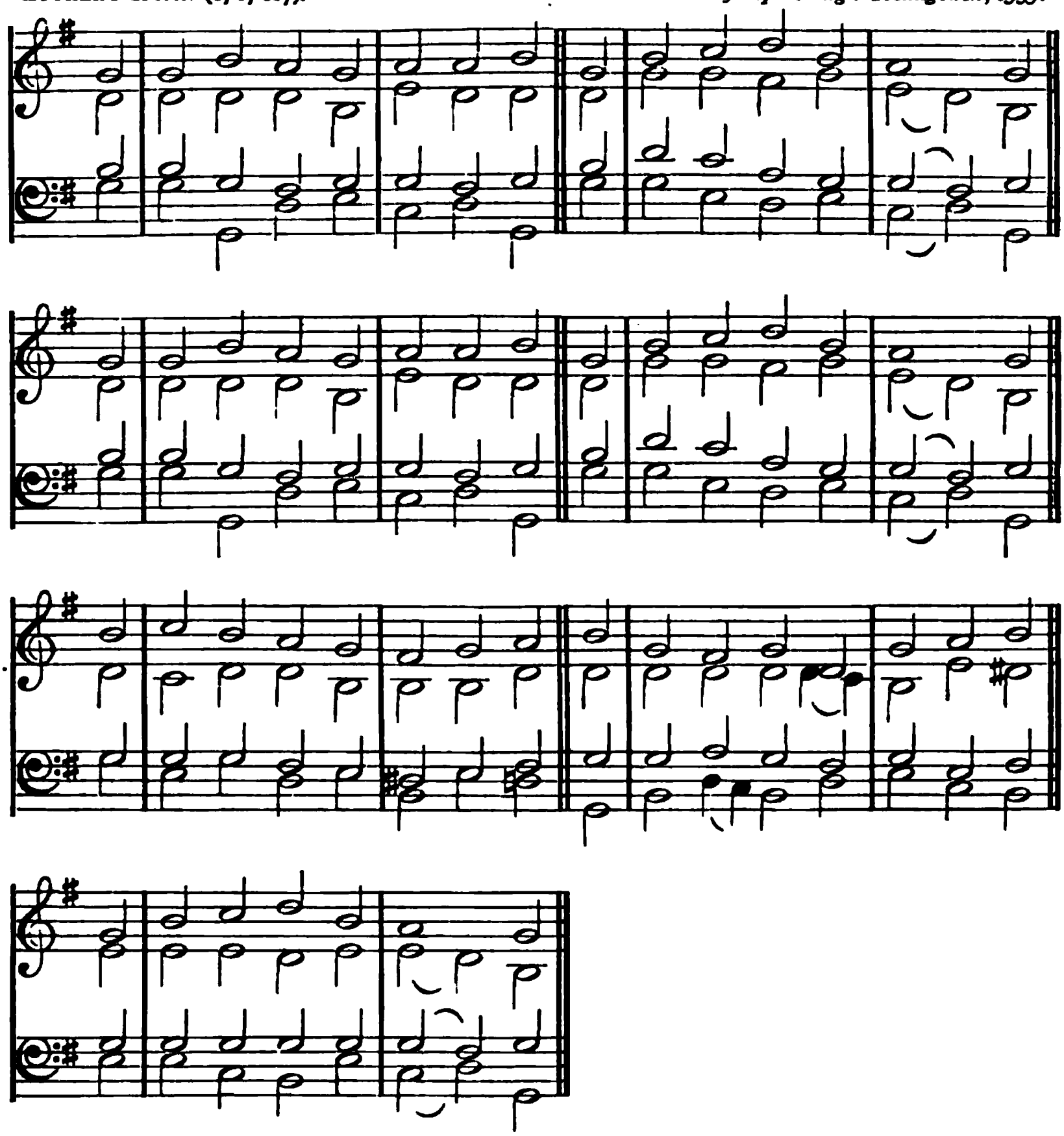
1 FROM depths of woe I raise to Thee
The voice of lamentation ;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me,
And hear my supplication :
If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark
Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
Oh ! who could stand before Thee ?

2 To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth ;
Our works, alas ! are all in vain,
In much the best life faileth ;
No man can glory in Thy sight,
All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

3 Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit ;
On Him my soul shall rest, His word
Upholds my fainting spirit.
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support-
I wait for it with patience.

Hymn 155 (87)

LUTHER'S HYMN (87 87 887). SECOND TUNE. *Joseph Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535.*

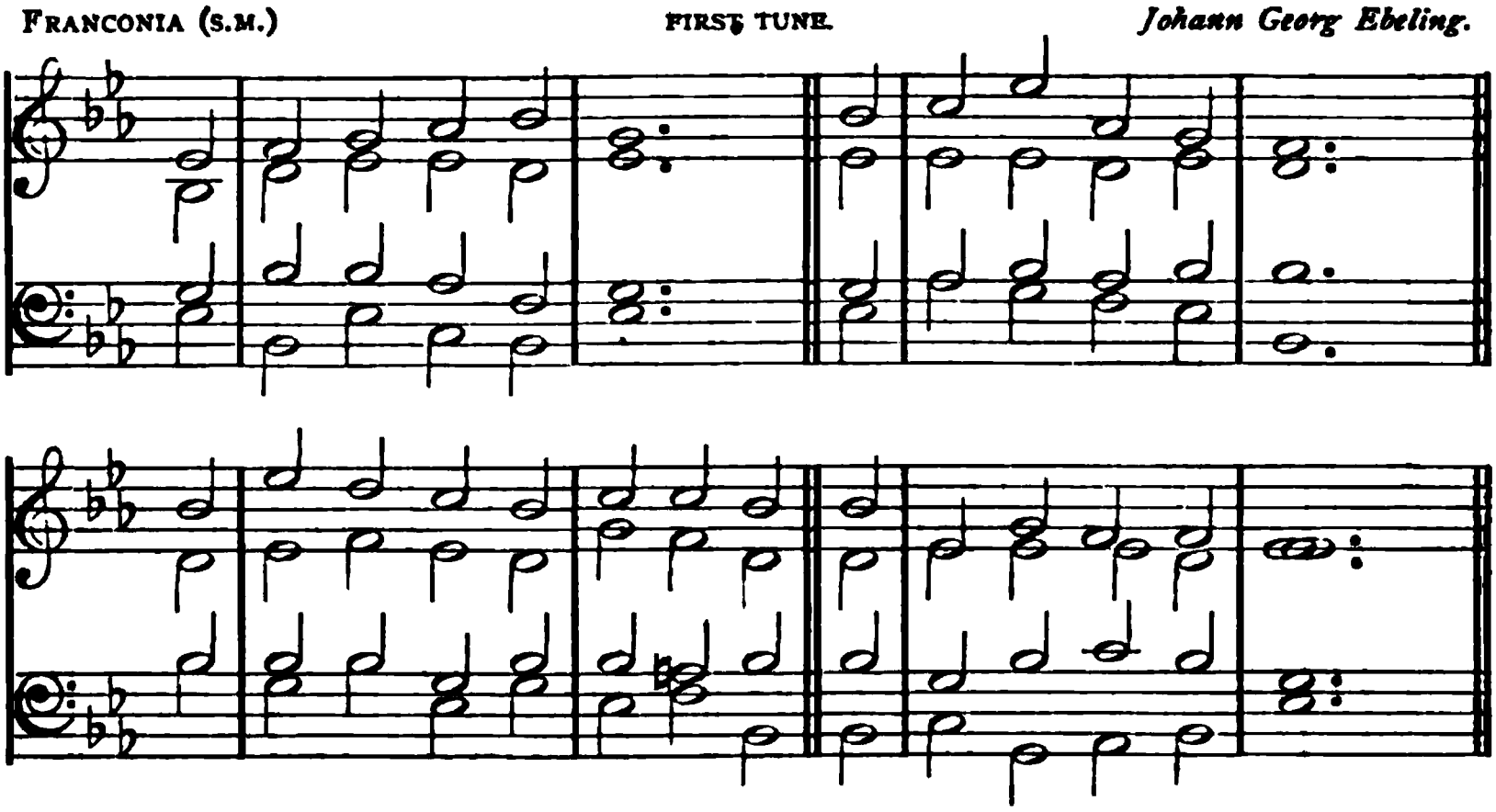


4 What though I wait the livelong night,
And till the dawn appeareth?
My heart still trusteth in His might,
It doubteth not, nor feareth:
So let the Israelite in heart,
Born of the Spirit, do his part,
And wait till God appeareth.

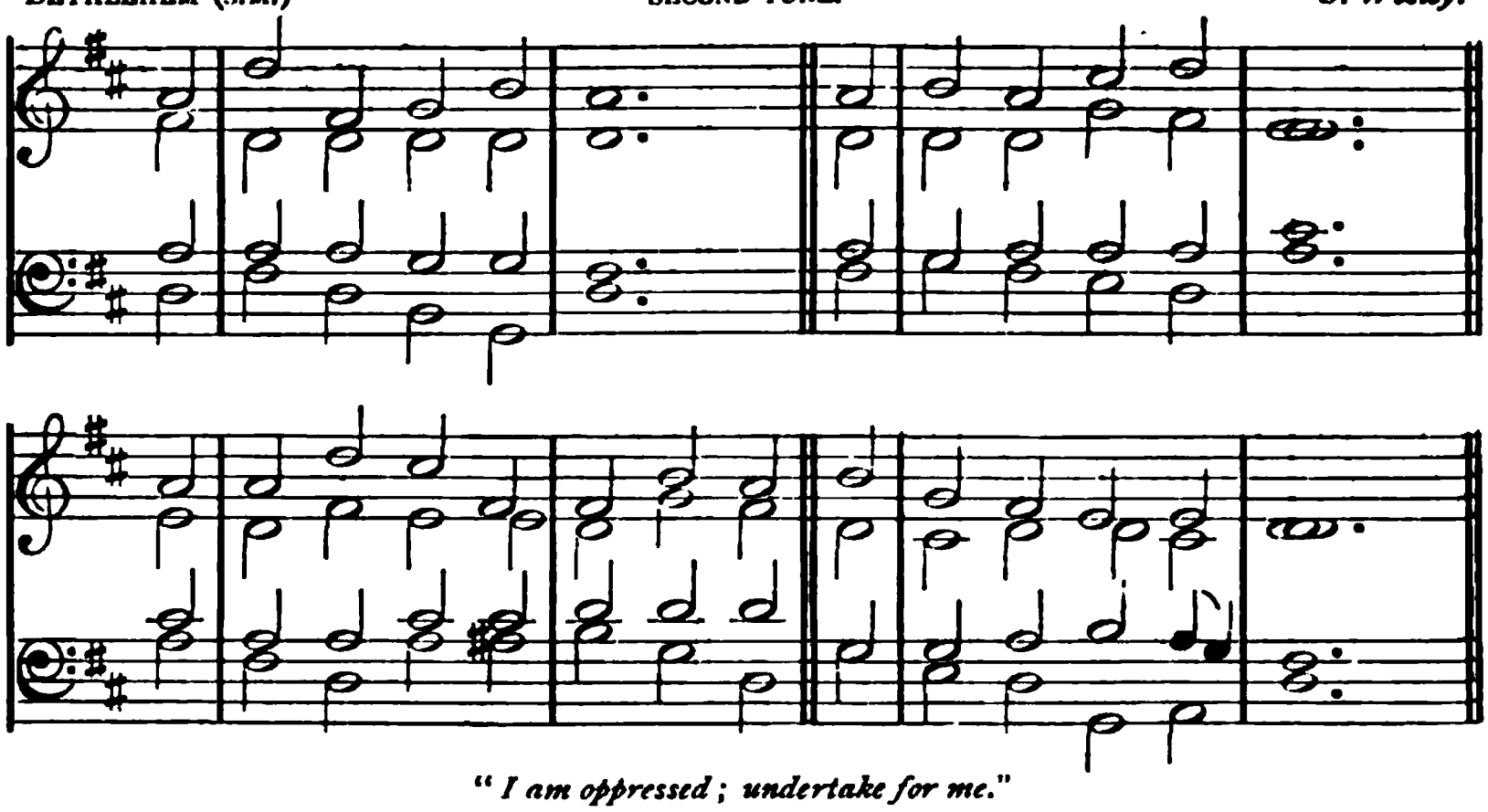
5 Although our sin is great indeed,
God's mercies far exceed it:
His hand can give the help we need,
However much we need it:
He is the shepherd of the sheep,
Who Israel doth guard and keep,
And shall from sin redeem him.

Hymn 156 (88)

FRANCONIA (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Johann Georg Ebeling.*



BETHLEHEM (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *S. Wesley.*



"I am oppressed; undertake for me."

1 OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
But I will not despair.

2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou, who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

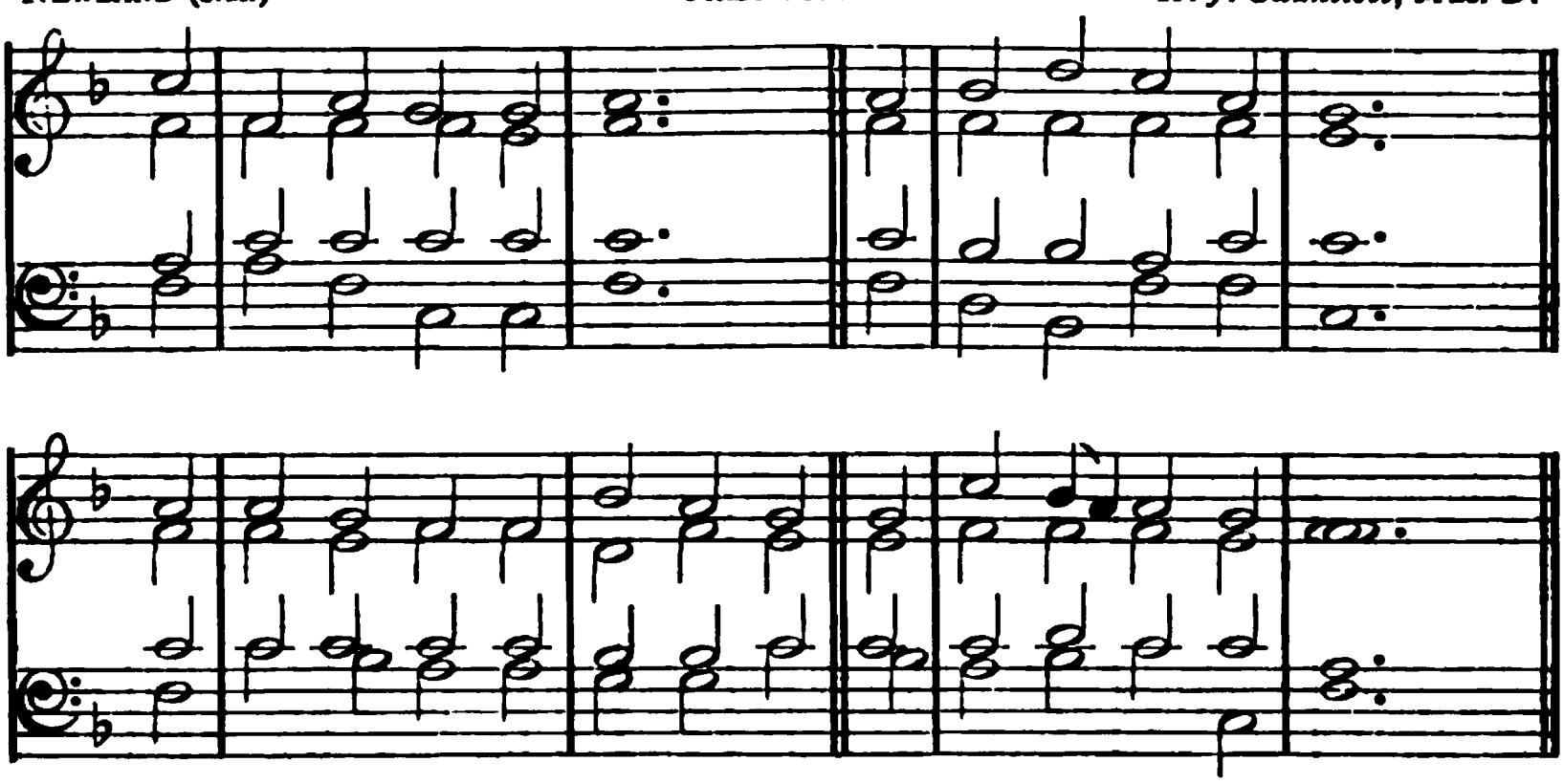
4 Far as this earth may be
From yonder starry skies,
Remoter still am I from Thee,
Yet Thou wilt not despise.

5 I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

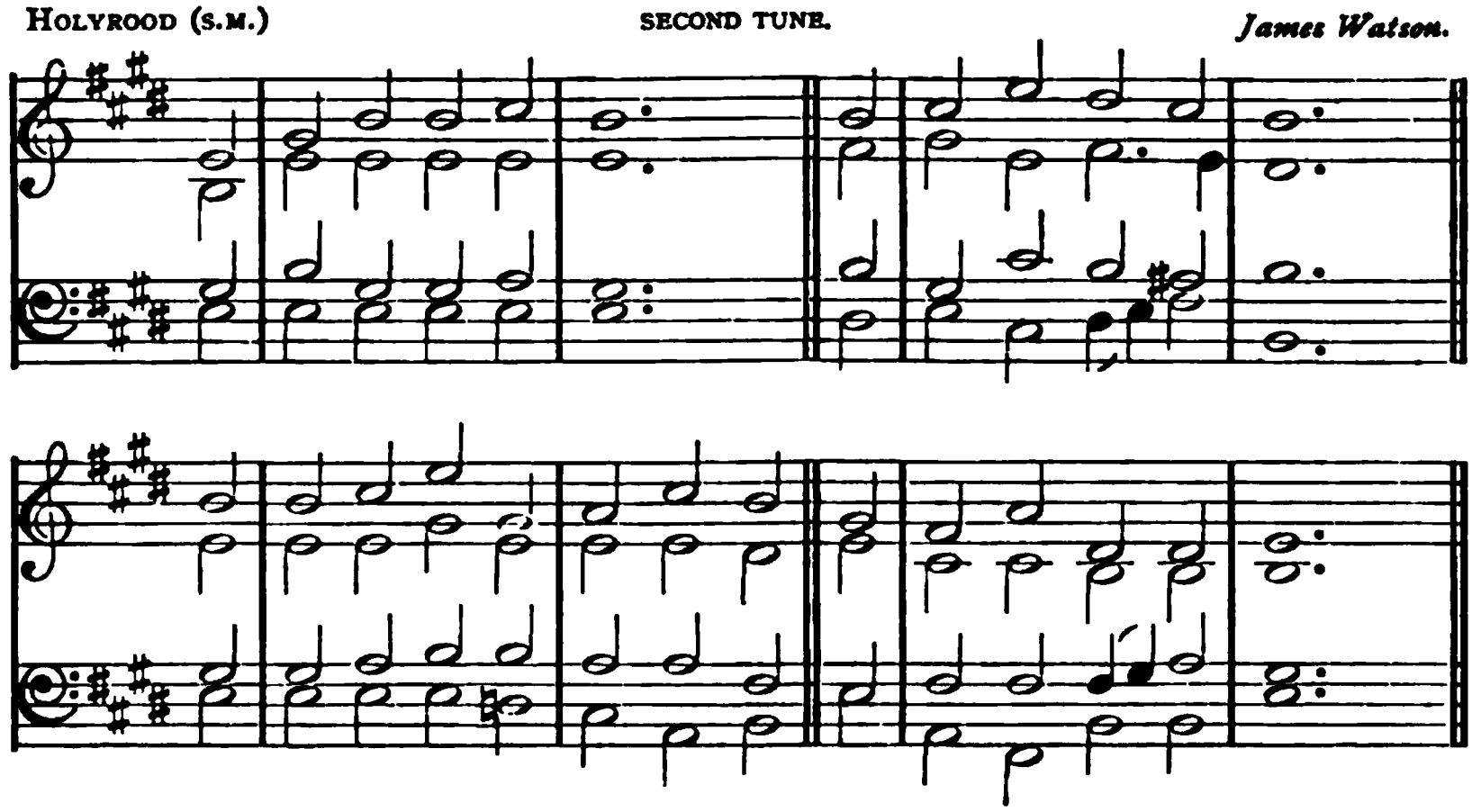
6 In my Redeemer's name
I give myself to Thee;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

Hymn 157 (89)

NEWLAND (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



HOLYROOD (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *James Watson.*



" Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die!"

1 RETURN, and come to God;
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey!

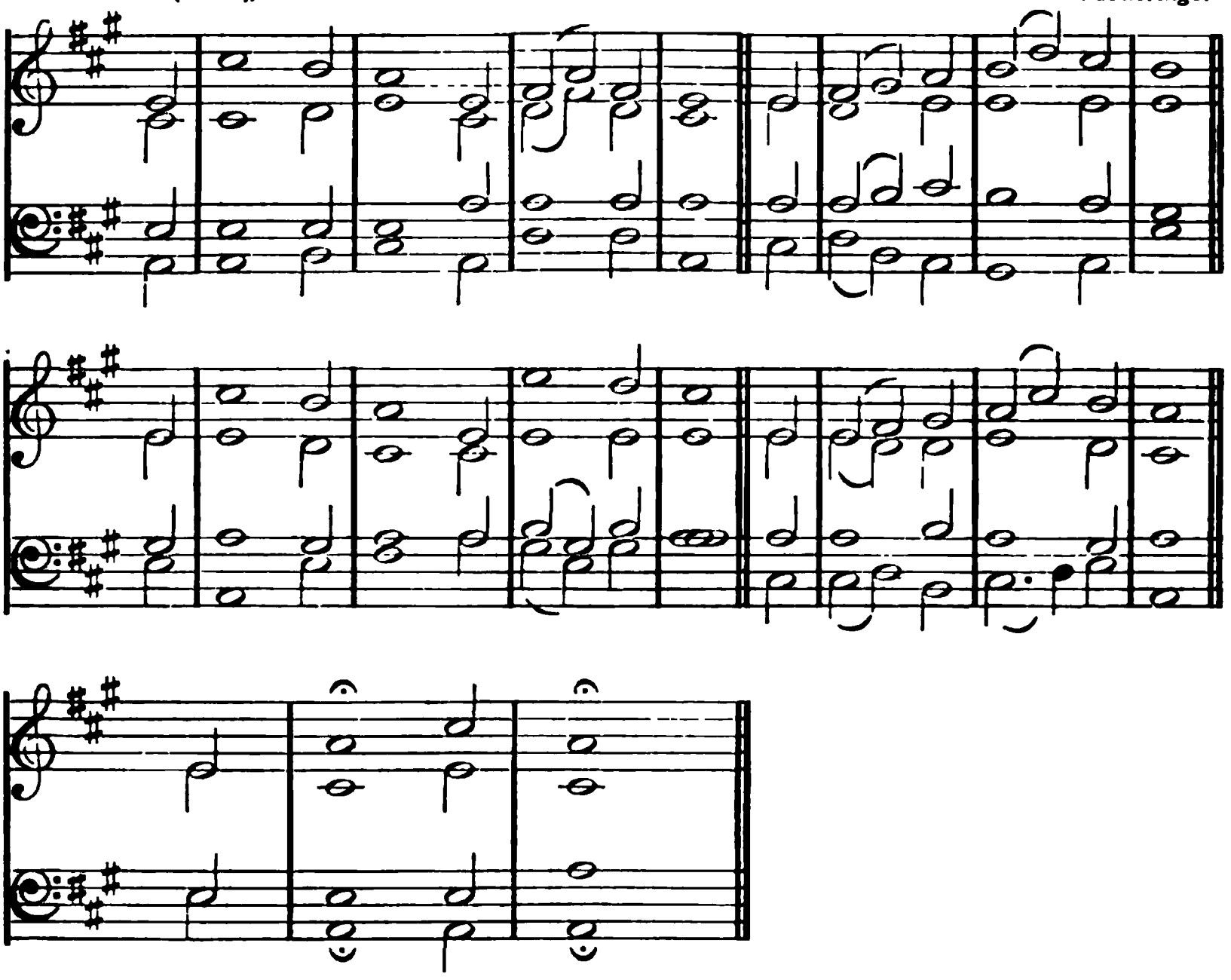
2 Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call;
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom His wrath shall fall.

4 Come, then, whoever will;
Come, while 'tis called to-day;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey!

Hymn 158 (90)

INVITATION (86 86 4). FIRST TUNE. *Dr. T. Hastings.*



"Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him."

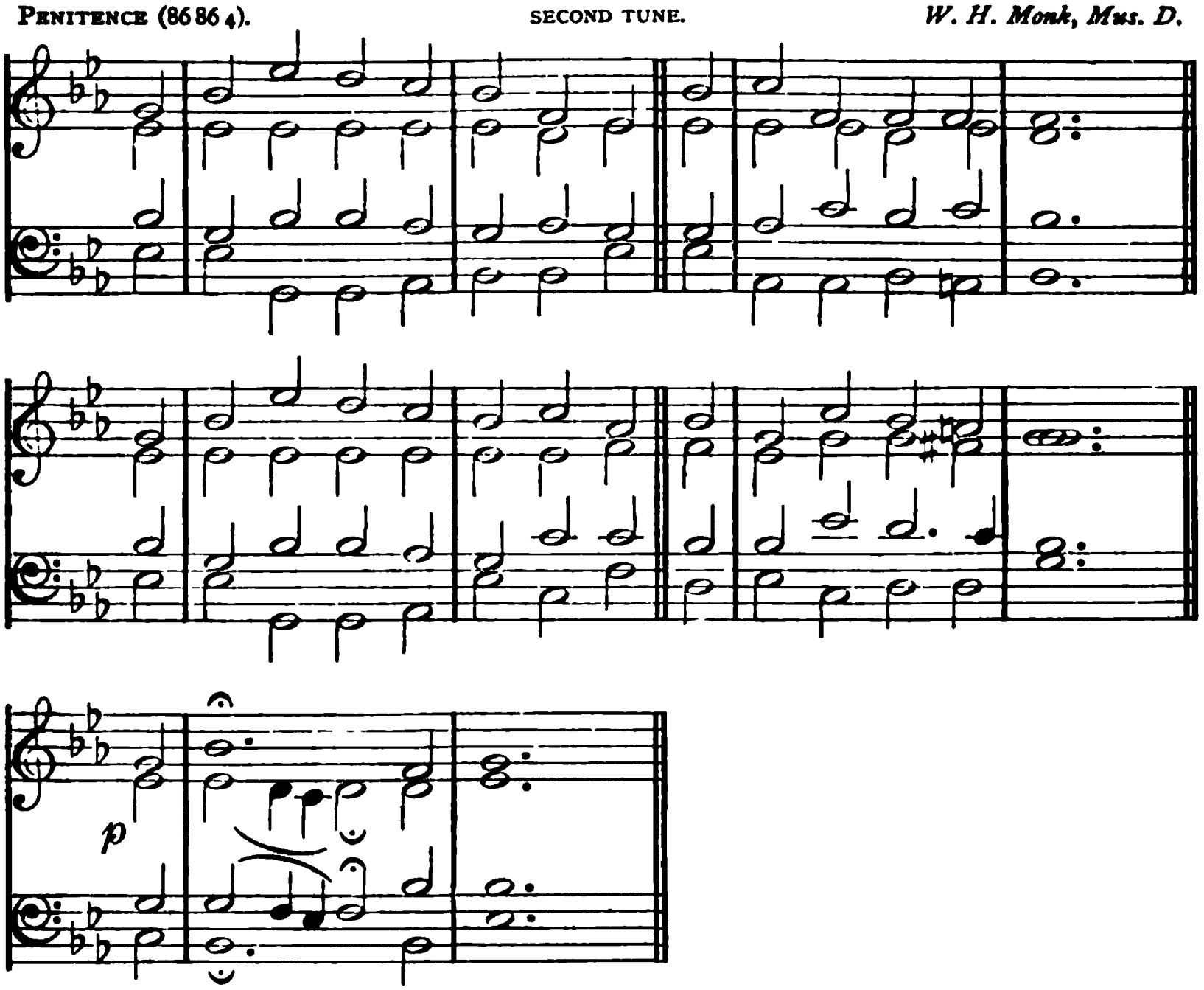
1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee ;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery ;
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee :
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;
O now for refuge flee ;
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay :
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return, return.

Hymn 158 (90)

PENITENCE (8686 4). SECOND TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him."

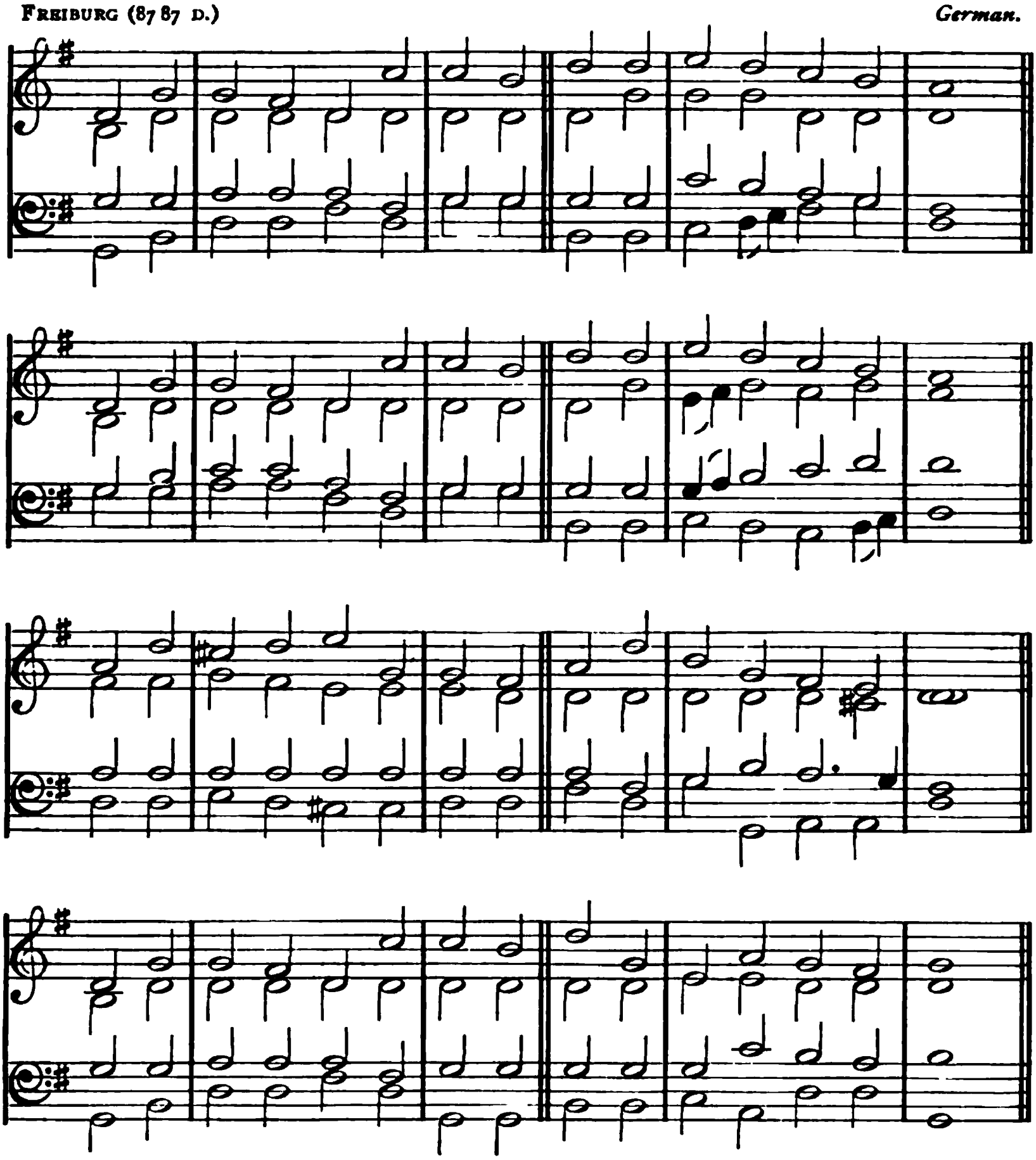
1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery;
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
O now for refuge flee;
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return, return.

Hymn 159 (267)

FREIBURG (87 87 D.) *German.*



"I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."

1 SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest Shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather at His feet?

3 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But 'tis mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father, and His fondness
Goes out far beyond our dreams.

4 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

Hymn 159 (267)

5 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

6 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

7 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

8 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

9 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

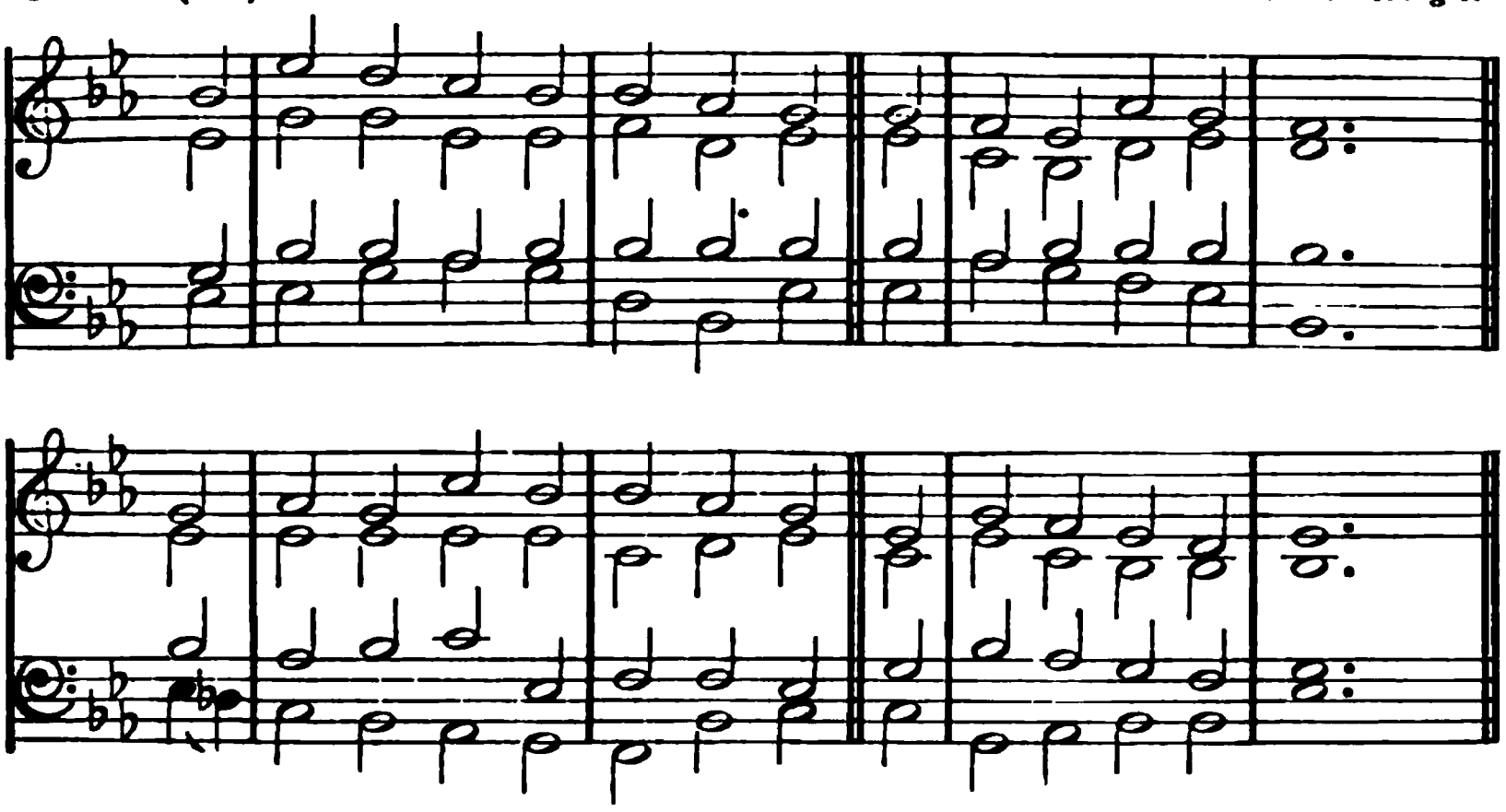
10 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed,
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

11 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
And O come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

12 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Hymn 160 (91)

S. Peter (c.m.) *A. R. Reinagle.*



"I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh."

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

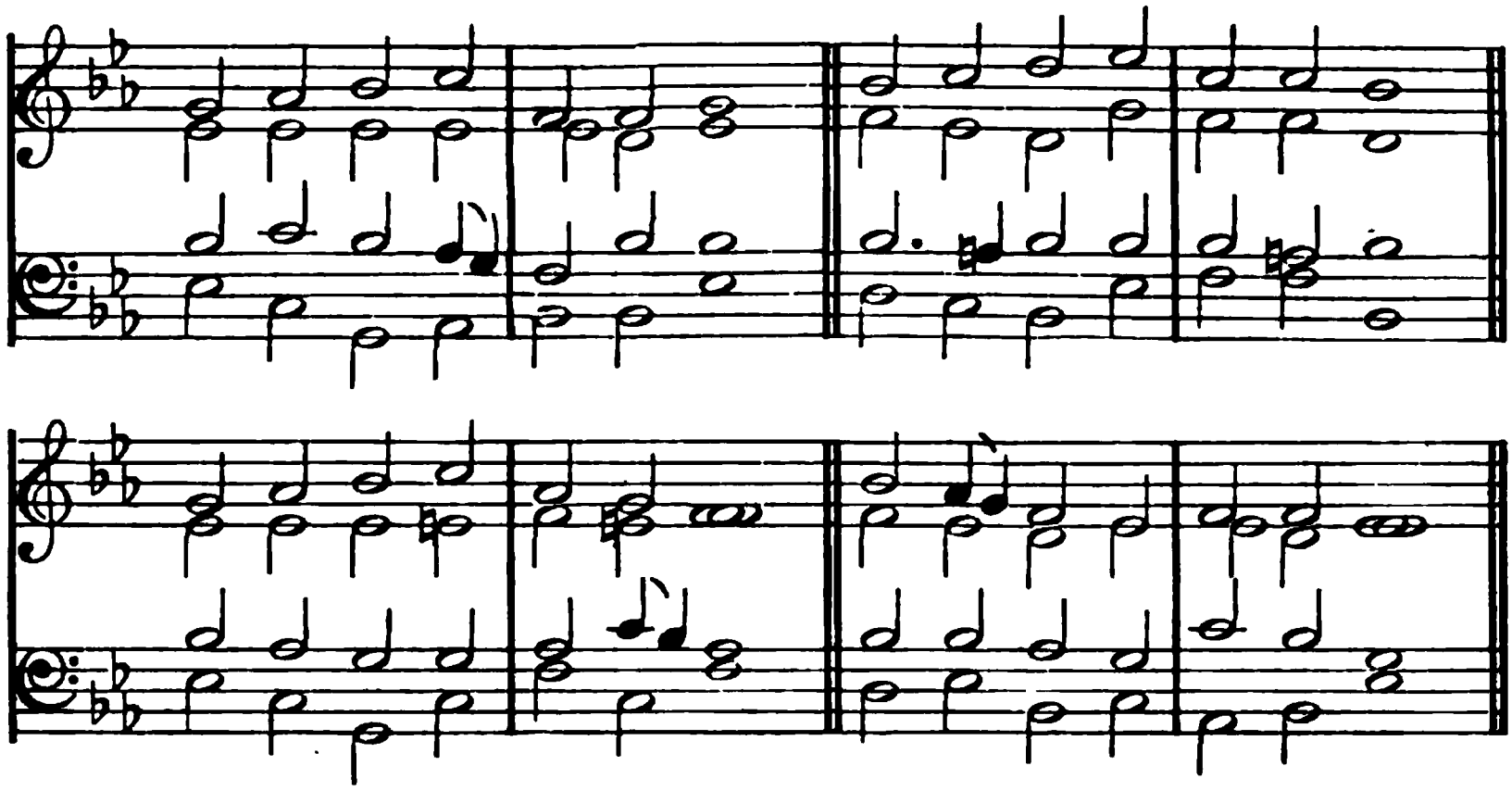
3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither death nor life can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

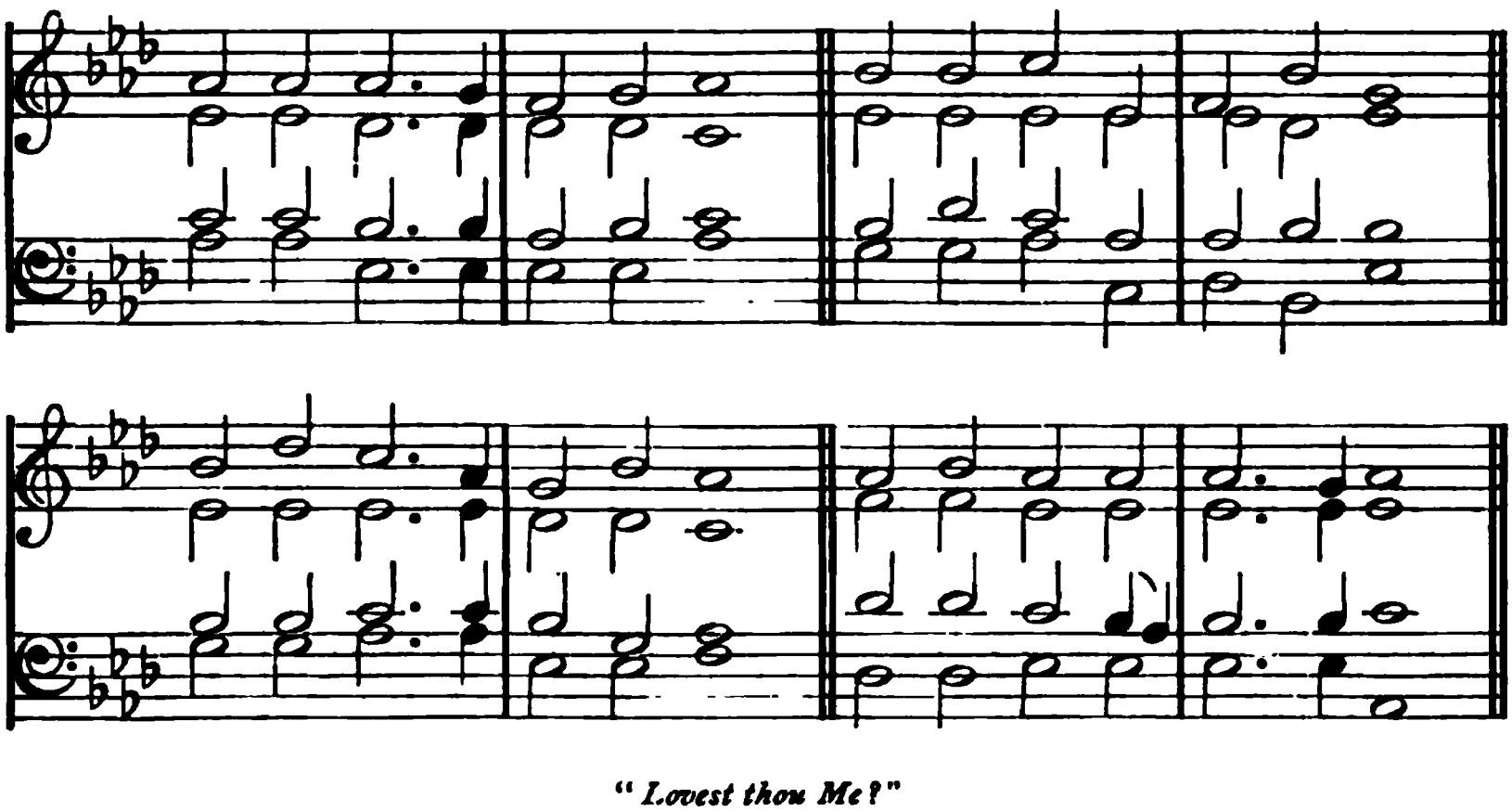
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Hymn 161 (92)

GIBBONS (77 77). FIRST TUNE. *Orlando Gibbons, Mus. D.*



S. BEES (77 77). SECOND TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"Lovest thou Me?"

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

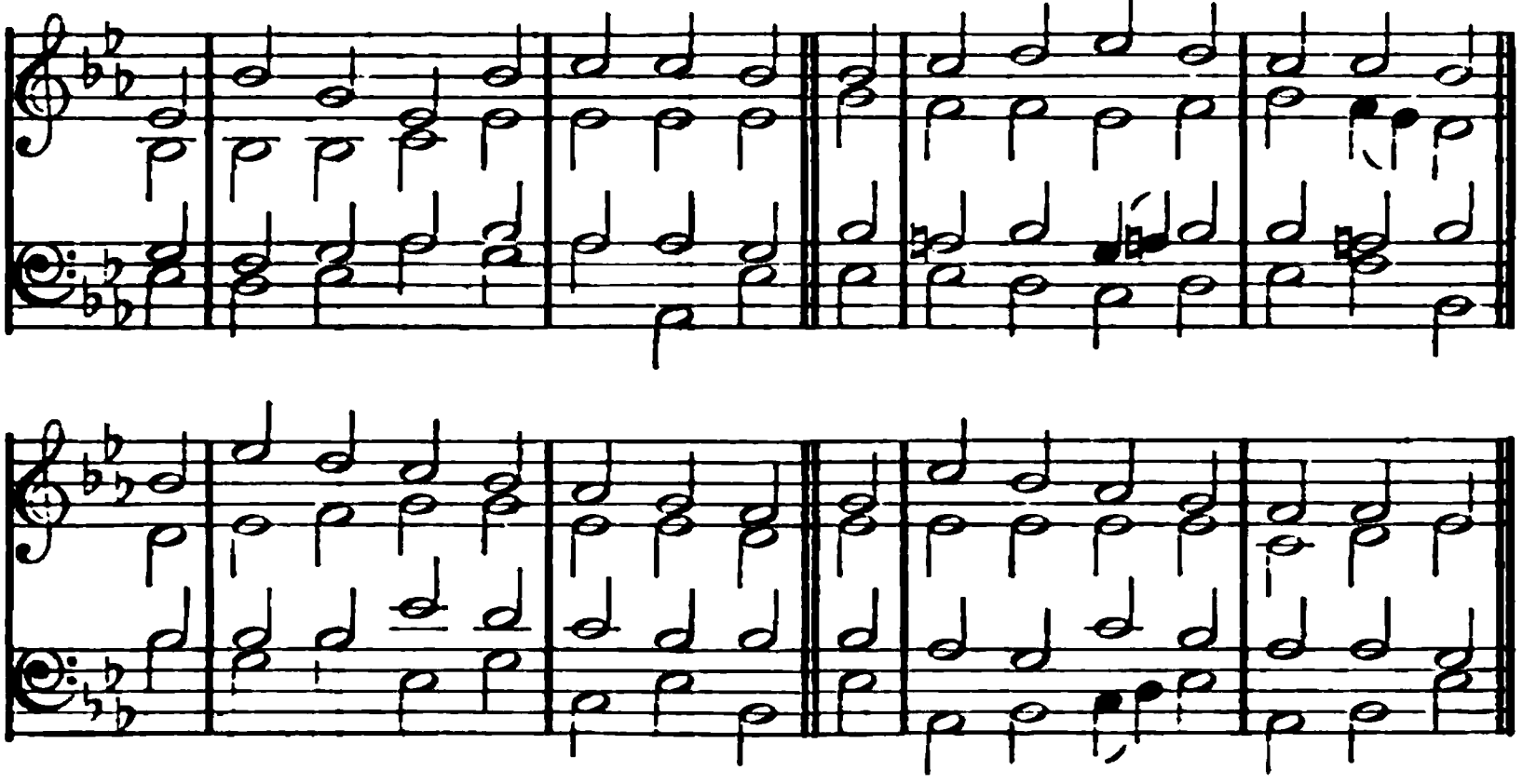
4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

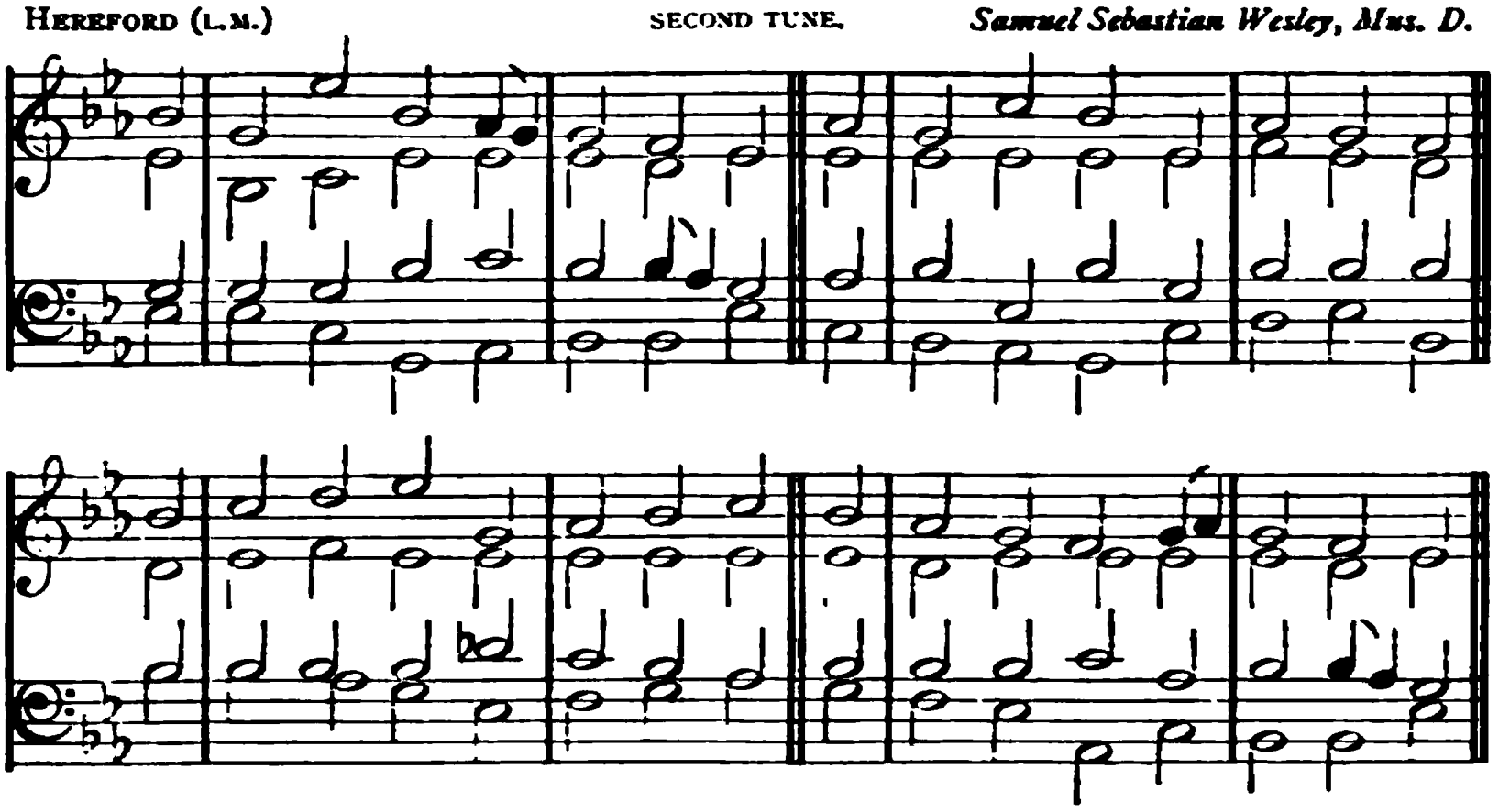
6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O for grace to love Thee more!

Hymn 162 (93)

DORTMUND (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Hamburg Choralbuch.*



HEREFORD (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



"The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar: it shall never go out."

1 O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

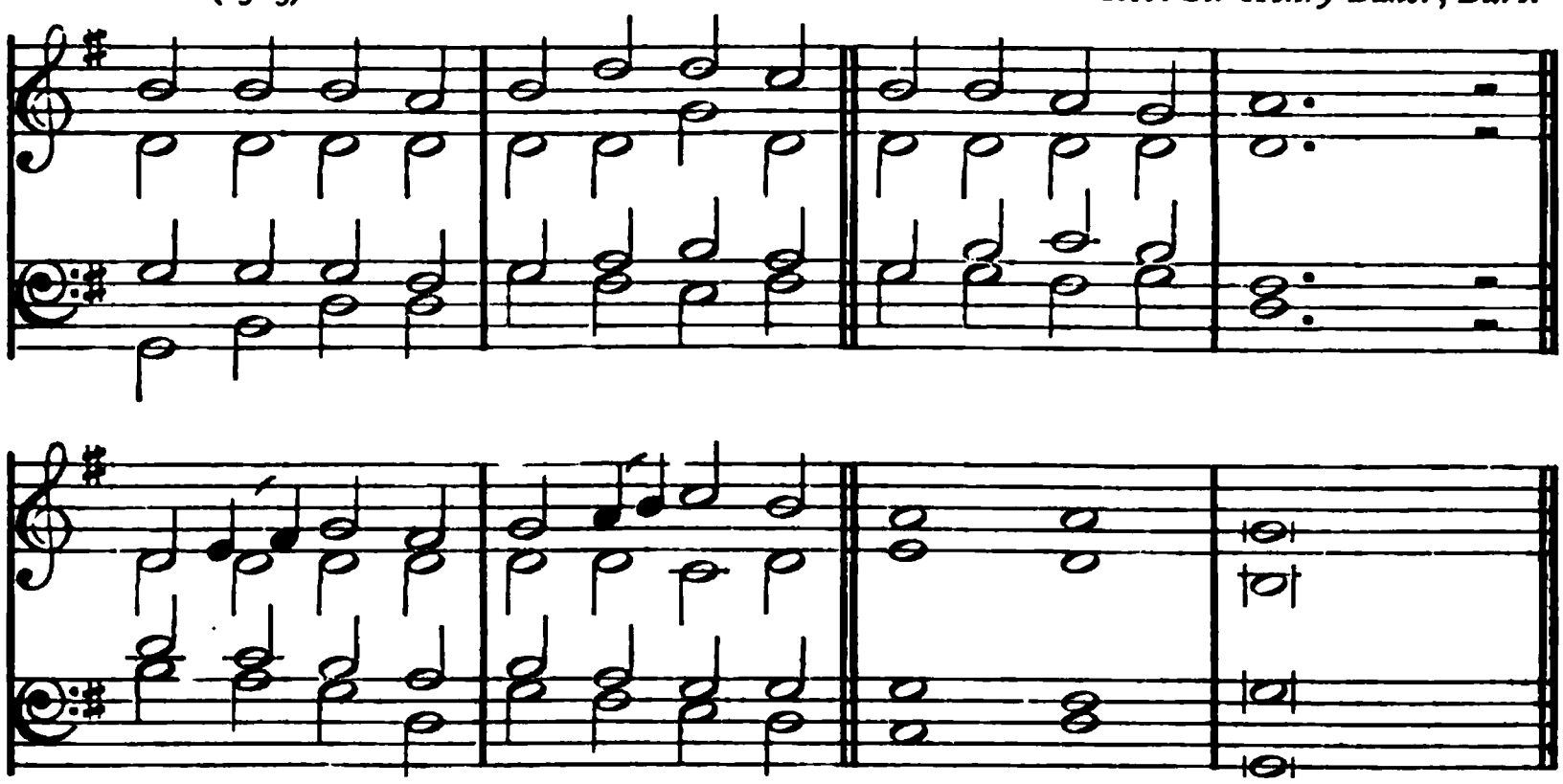
2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And, trembling, to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus! confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me;

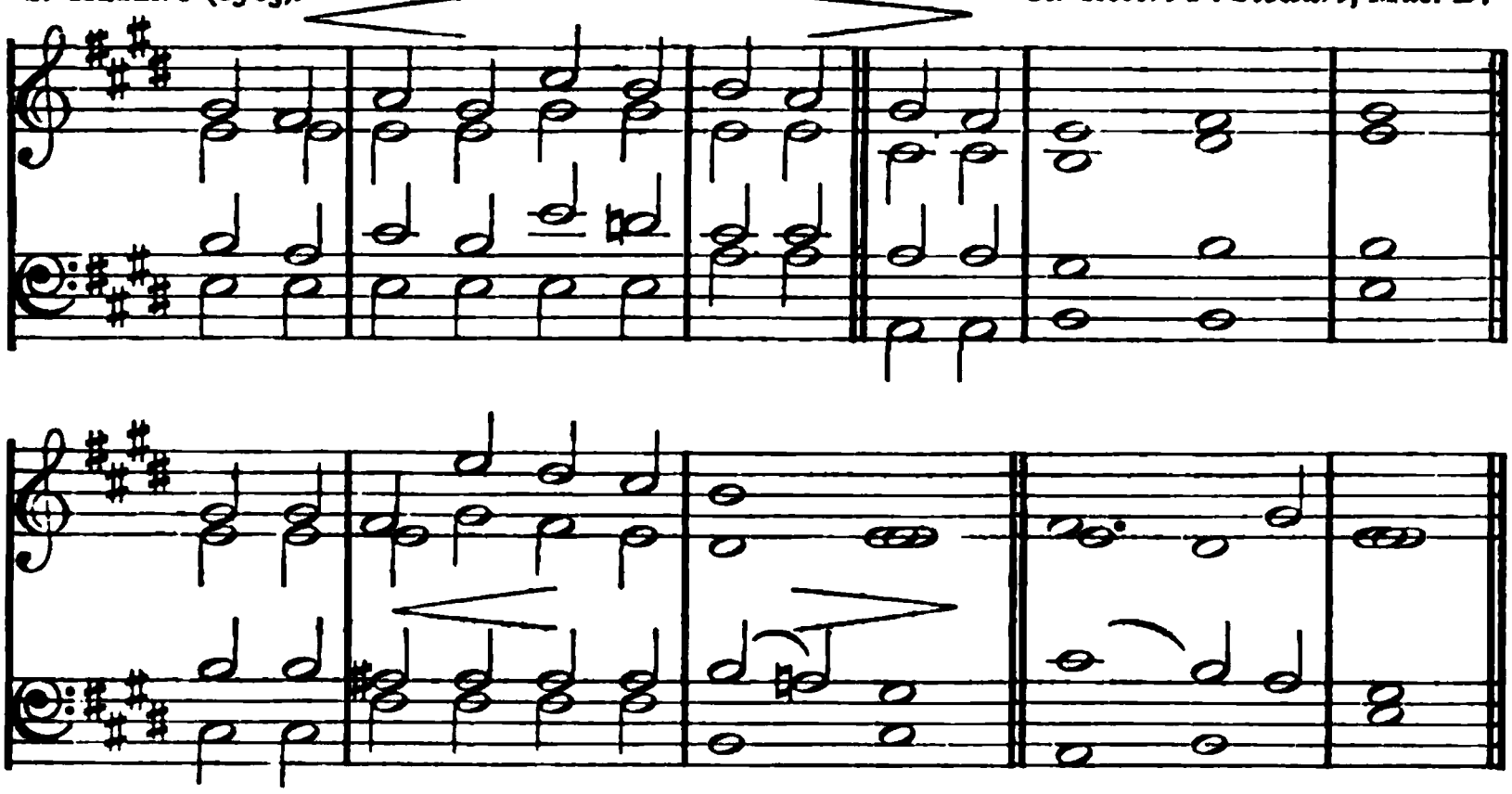
4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

Hymn 163 (94)

STEPHANOS (8583). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. Sir Henry Baker, Bart.*



S. HELEN'S (8583). SECOND TUNE. *Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. D.*



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."

1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

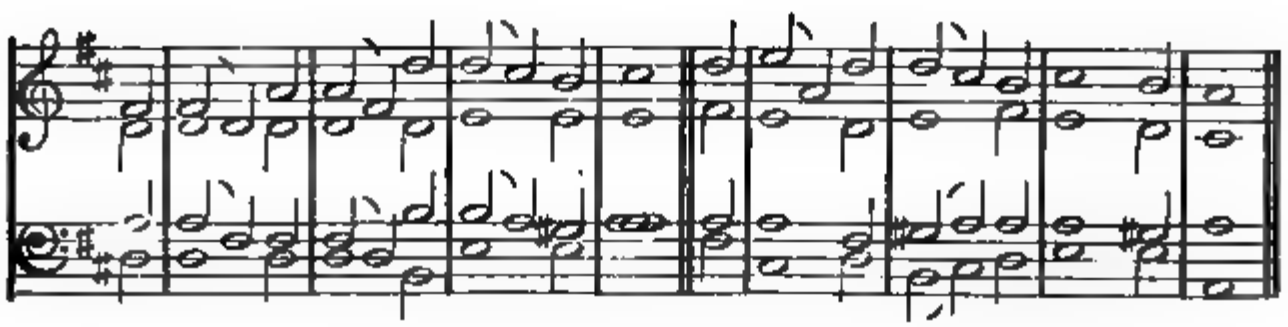
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, saints, and prophets,
Answer, Yes!"

Hymn 164 (268)

GIESSEN (8 6 8 6 8 6).

London Tune Book.



"Return unto Me, and I will return unto you."

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

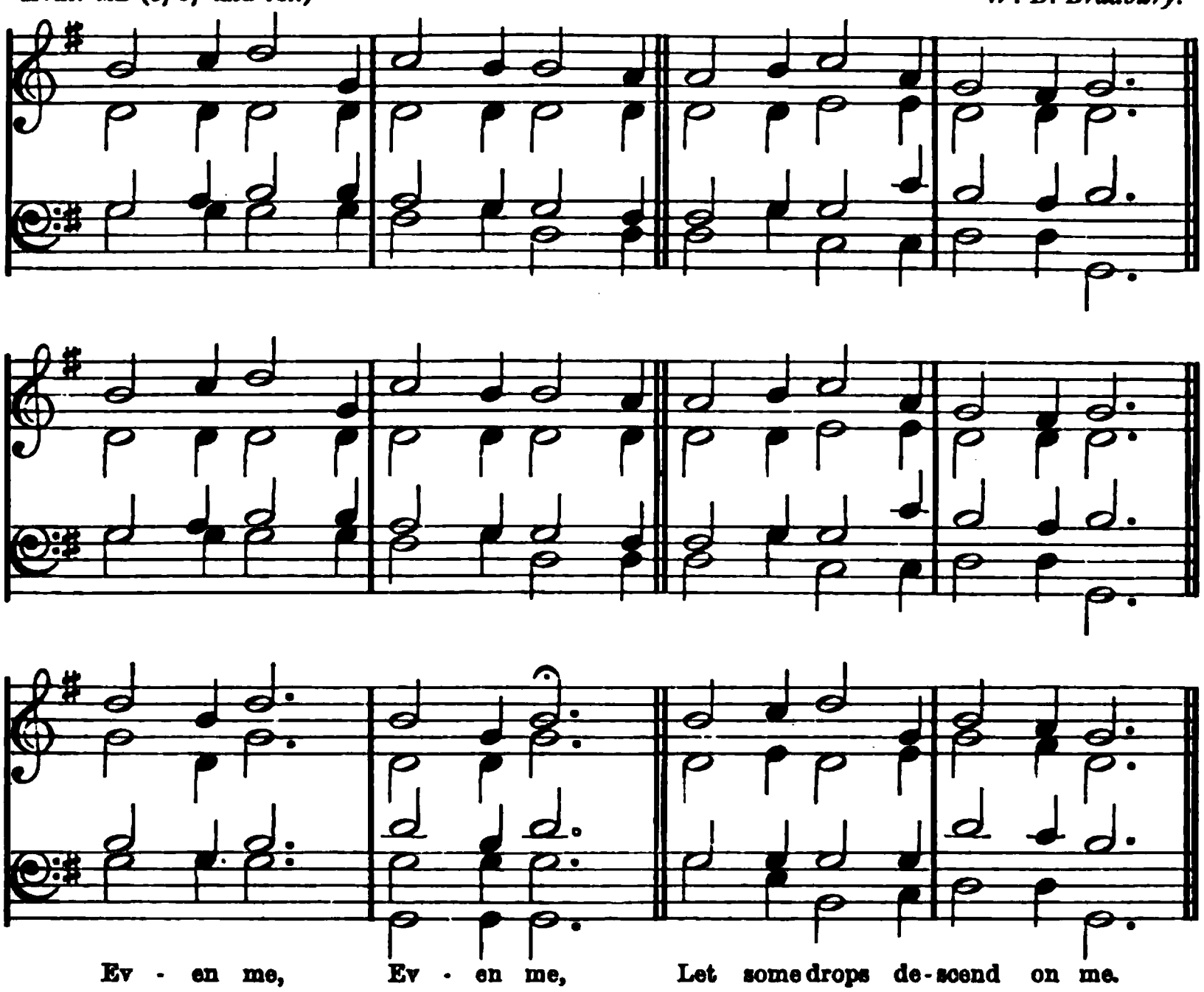
3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

Hymn 165 (270)

EVEN ME (87 87 and ref.)

W. B. Bradbury.



"There shall be showers of blessing."

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst spurn me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour,
When Thou comest call for me,
Even me.

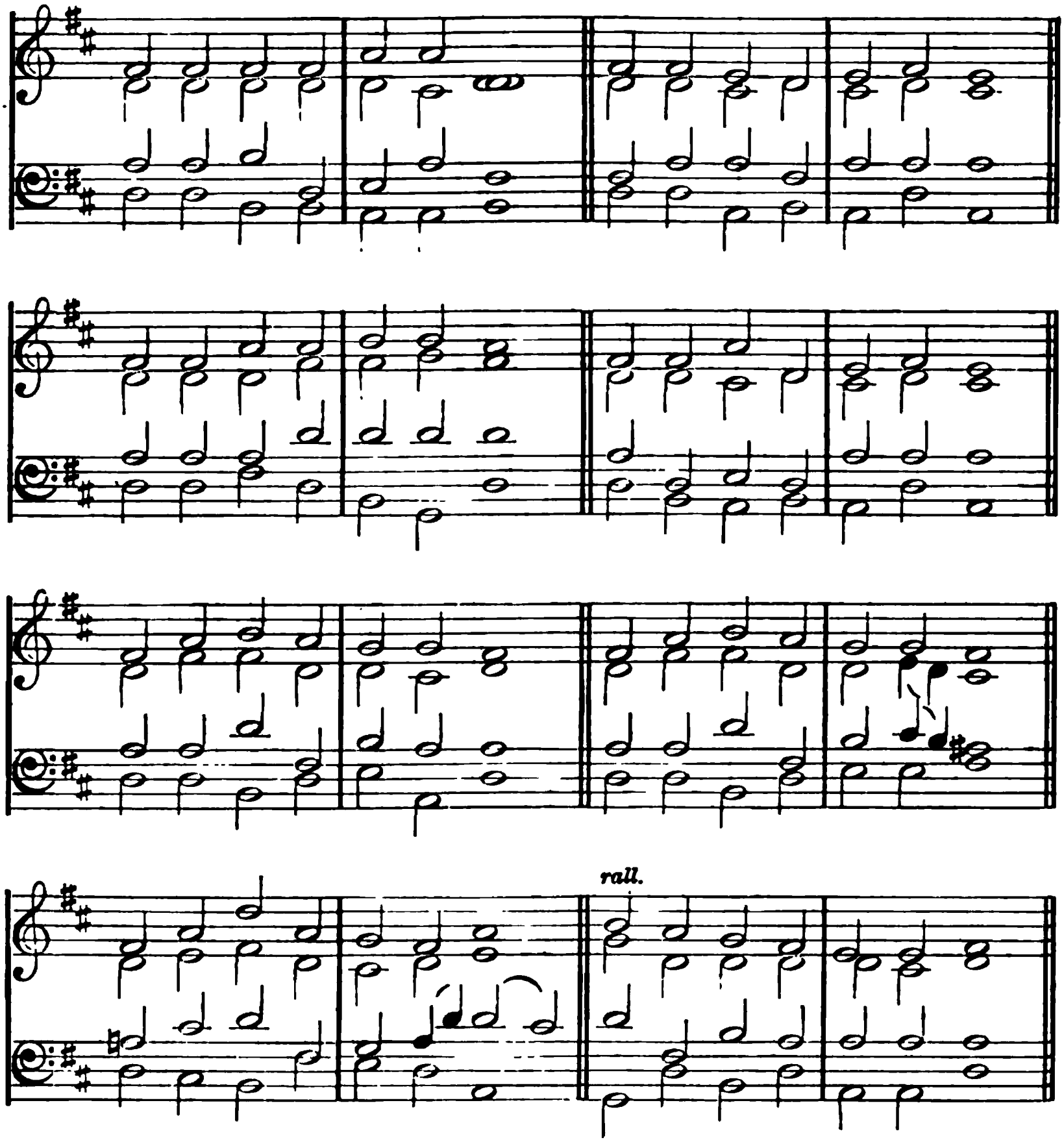
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and bound-
Magnify them all in me, [less,—
Even me.

Hymn 166 (95)

MISERERE (77 77 D.) FIRST TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us!"

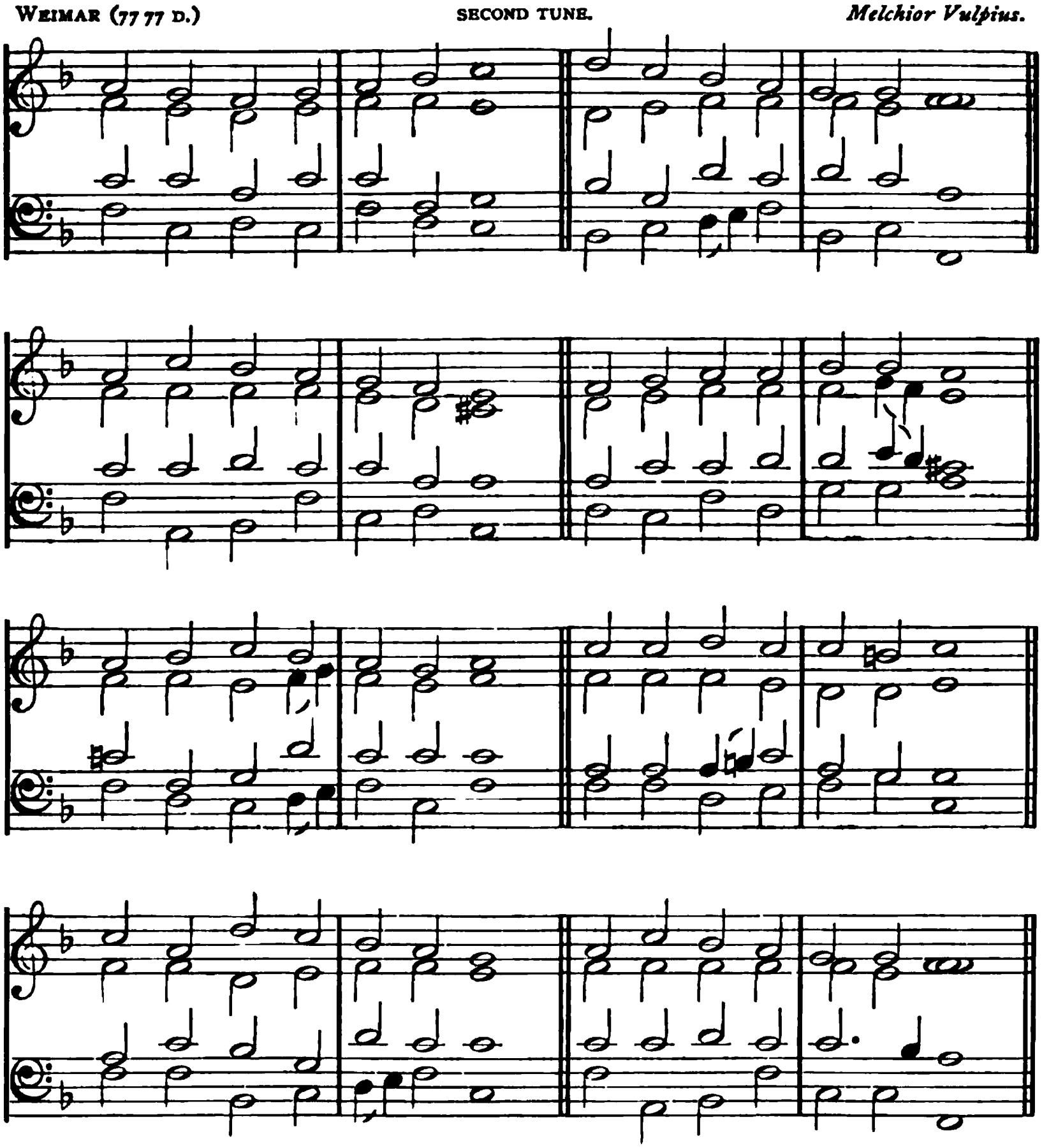
1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye!
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;

Hymn 166 (95)

WEIMAR (77 77 D.) SECOND TUNE. *Melchior Vulpius.*



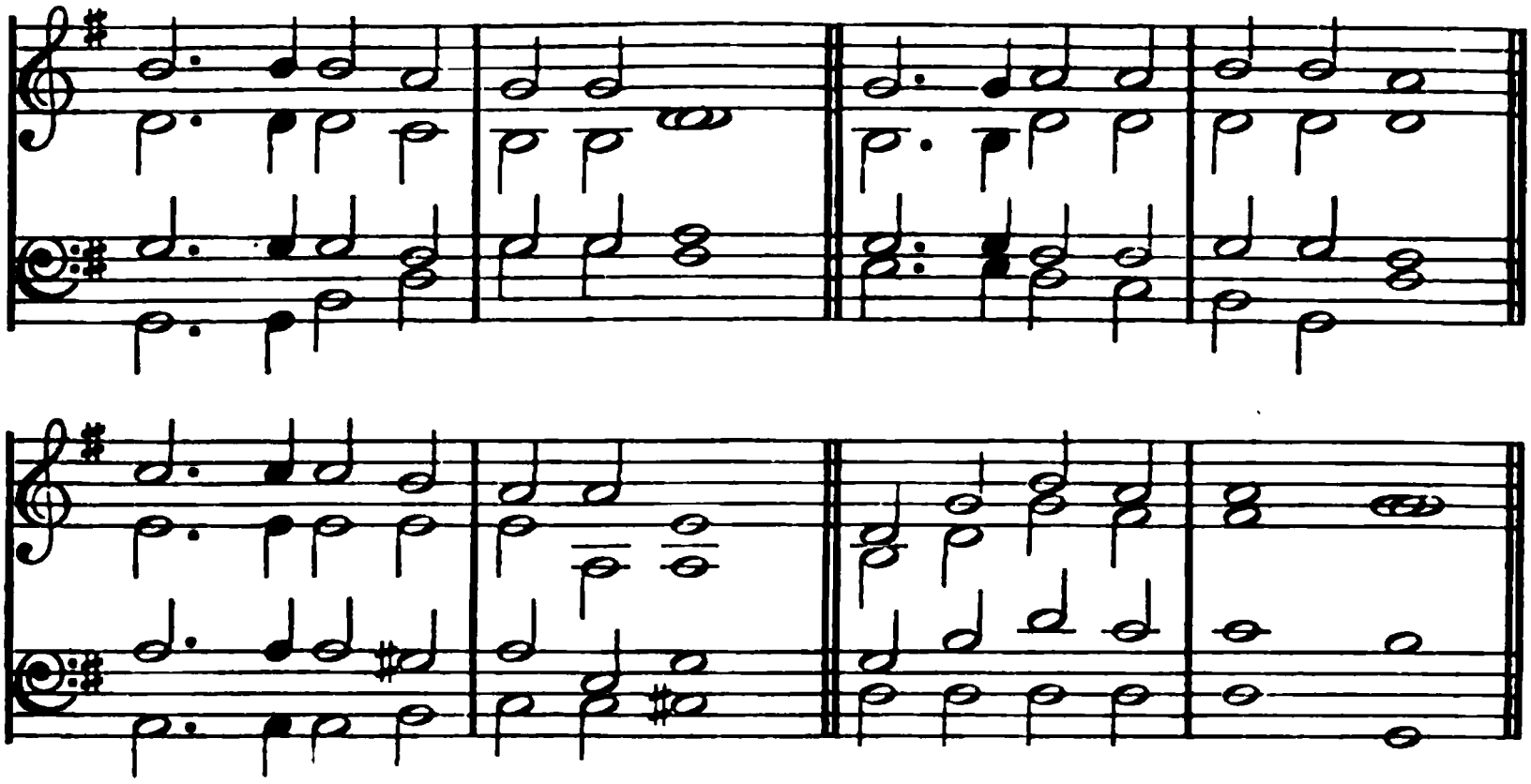
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany !

4 By Thine hour of dire despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany !

5 By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany !

Hymn 167 (271)

LITANY No. 1 (77 76). FIRST TUNE. *Anonymous.* *Harmonized by Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.*



"Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in Thee."

1 JESUS, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

2 Deeper has the darkness grown;
Saviour, come to seek Thine own,
Leave, O leave us not alone:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

3 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

4 Keep us lowly, that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

5 On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

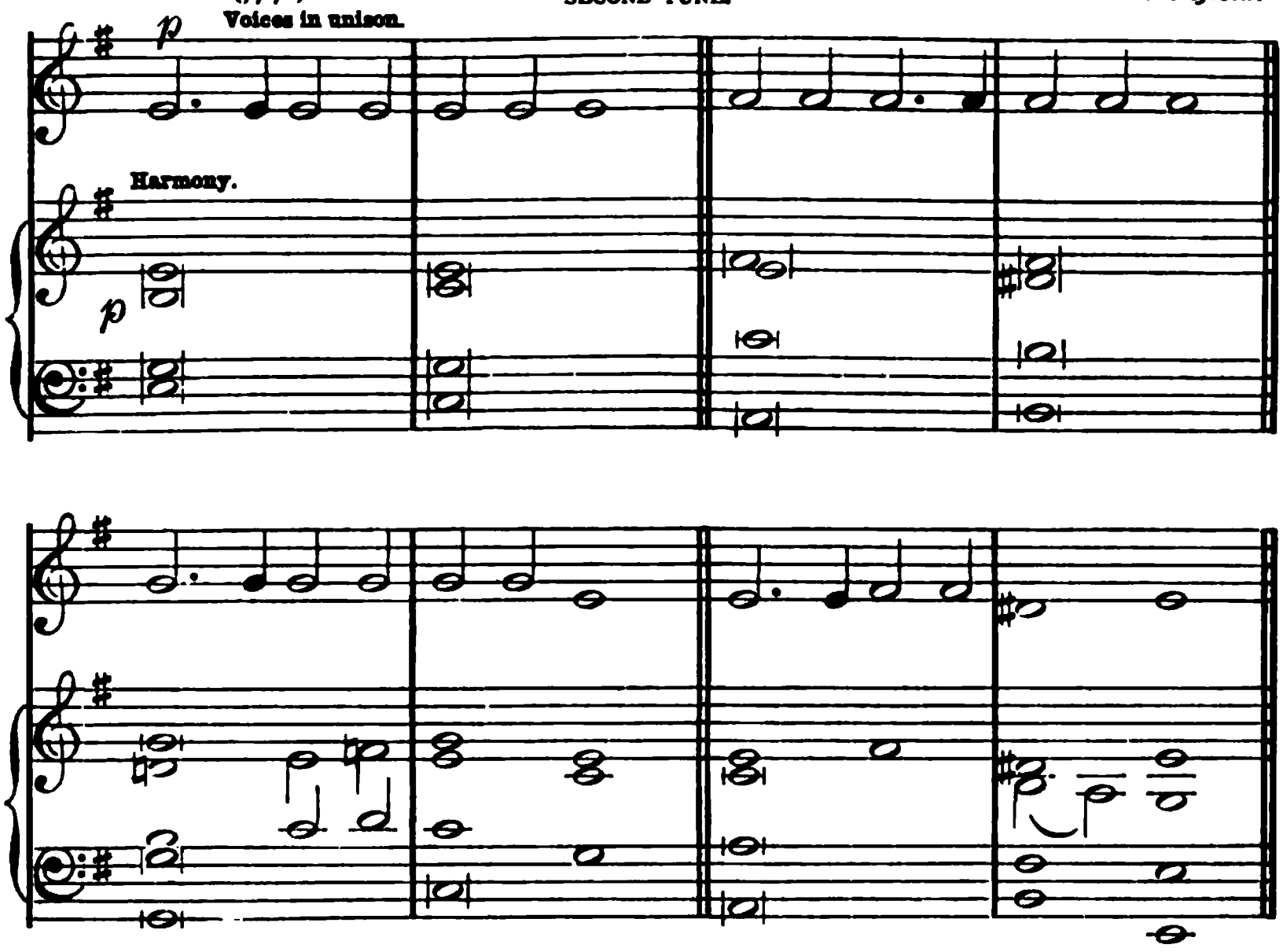
6 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

7 May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

8 When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Hymn 167 (271)

LITANY No. 2 (7776). SECOND TUNE. *Rev. C. C. Scholefield.*



9 May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow-creatures' weal :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

10 May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

11 Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing, what we say :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

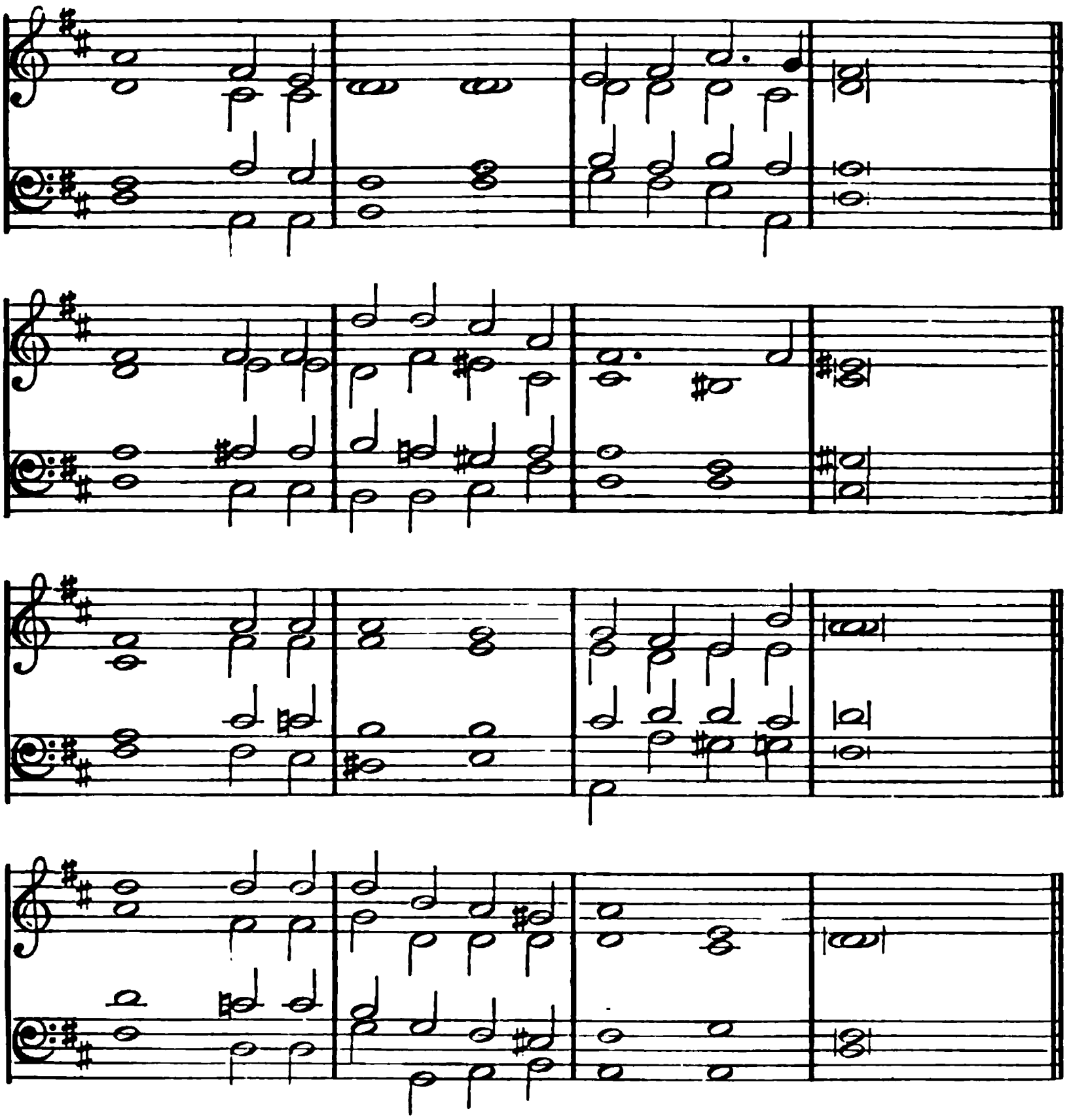
12 Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

13 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

14 So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
And for ever blessèd be :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Hymn 168 (272)

DALKEITH (10 10 10 10). FIRST TUNE. *Thomas Hewlett, Mus. B.*



"In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins."

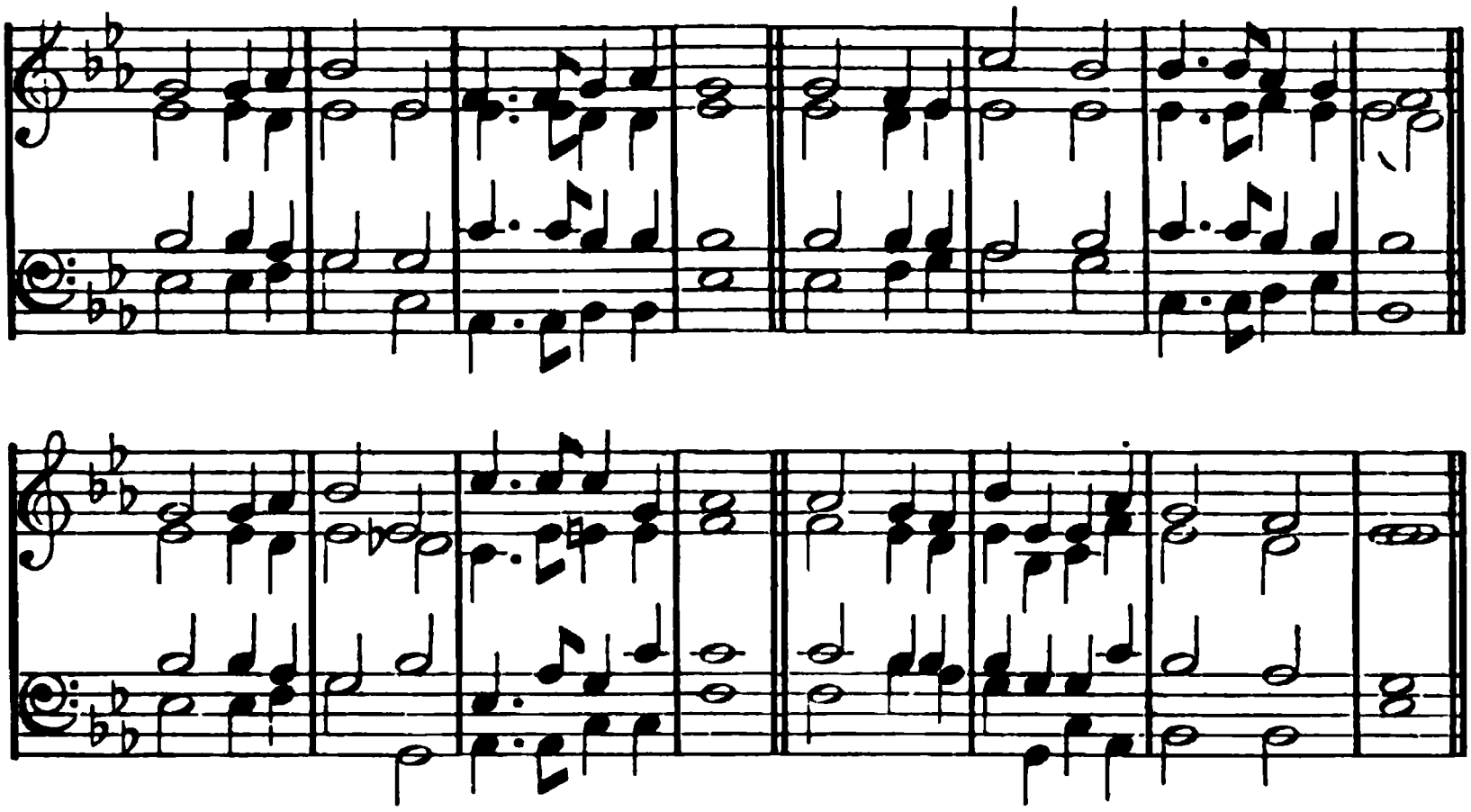
1 WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;

Hymn 168 (272)

PENITENTIA (10 10 10 10). SECOND TUNE. *Edward Dearle, Mus. D.*



Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

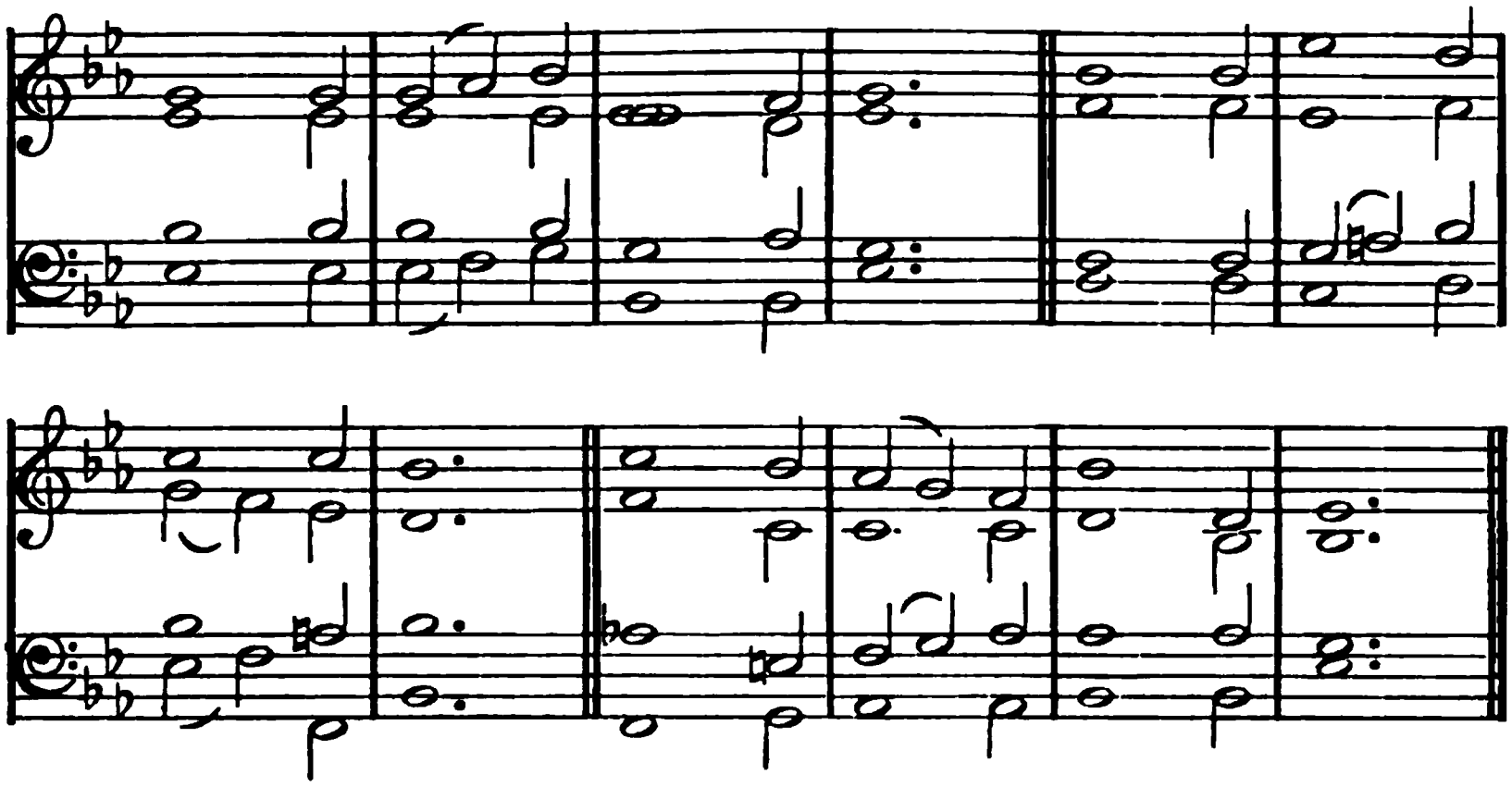
6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

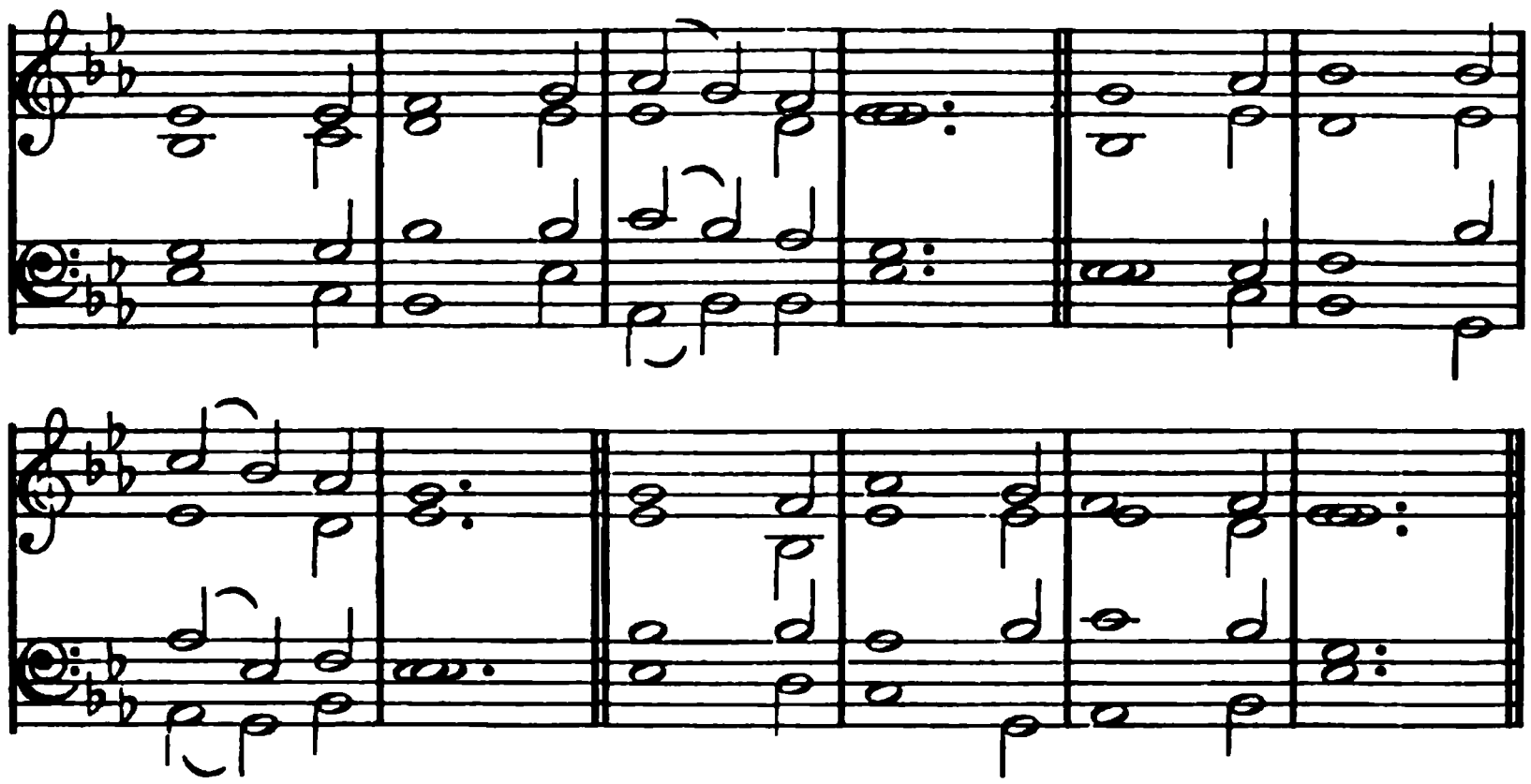
8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgivèn greatly, how I greatly love.

Hymn 169 (96)

LACRYMÆ (777). FIRST TUNE. *Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.*



S. PHILIP (777). SECOND TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

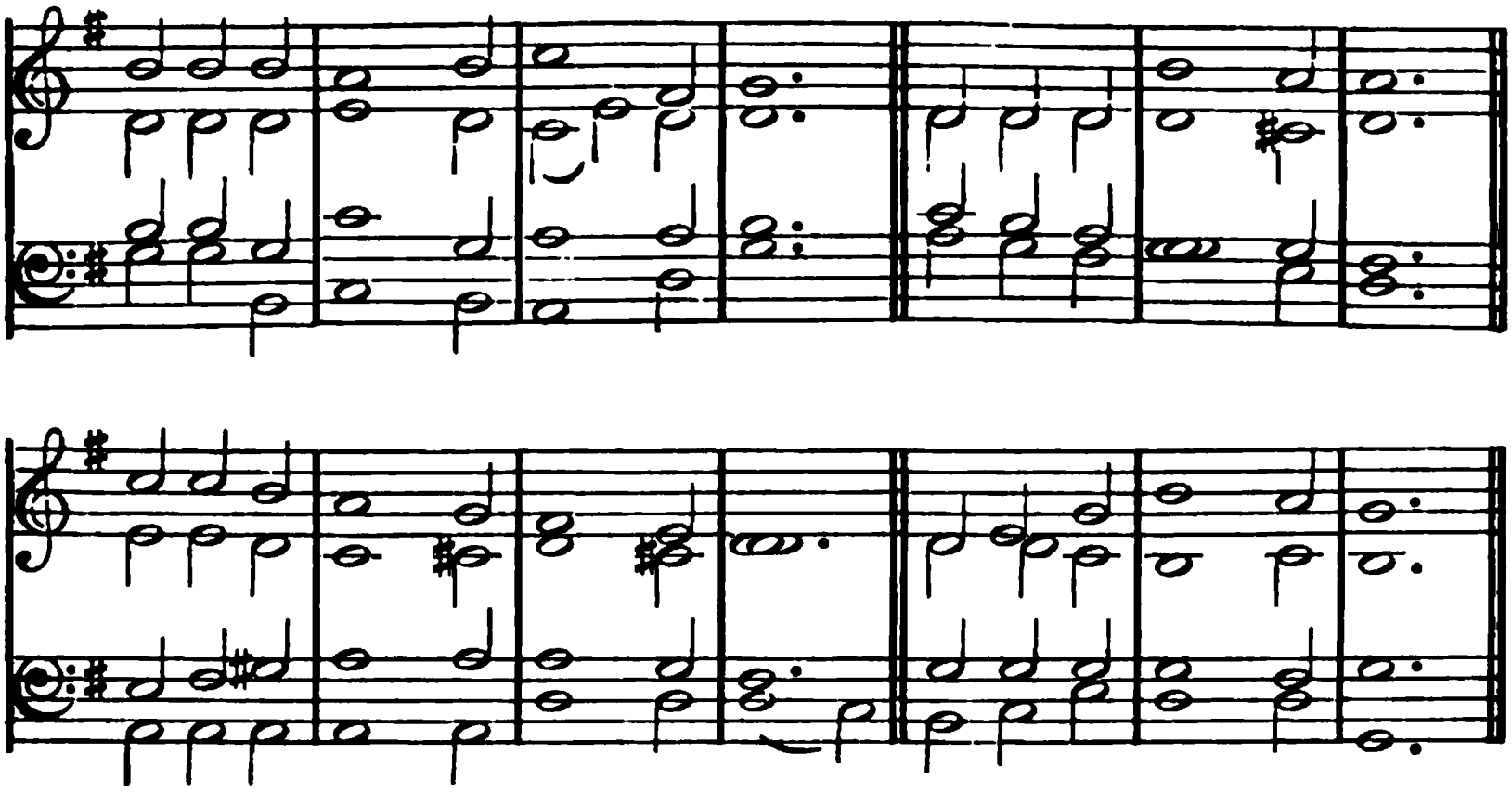
4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

Hymn 170 (280)

S. Agnes, Durham (c.m.) — *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

PART I.

1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

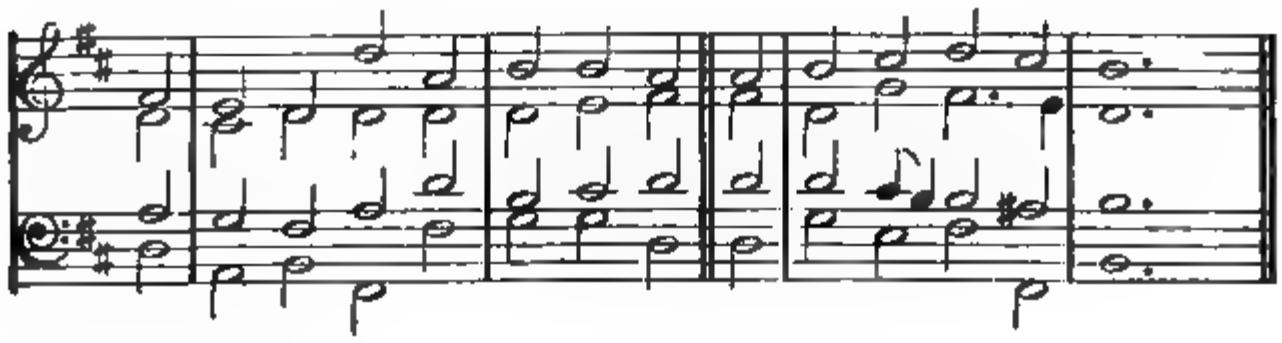
3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Hymn 170 (280)

METZLER'S REDHEAD, No. 66 (C.M.) *Richard Redhead.*



"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

PART II.

6 O JESUS, King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned!
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

7 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

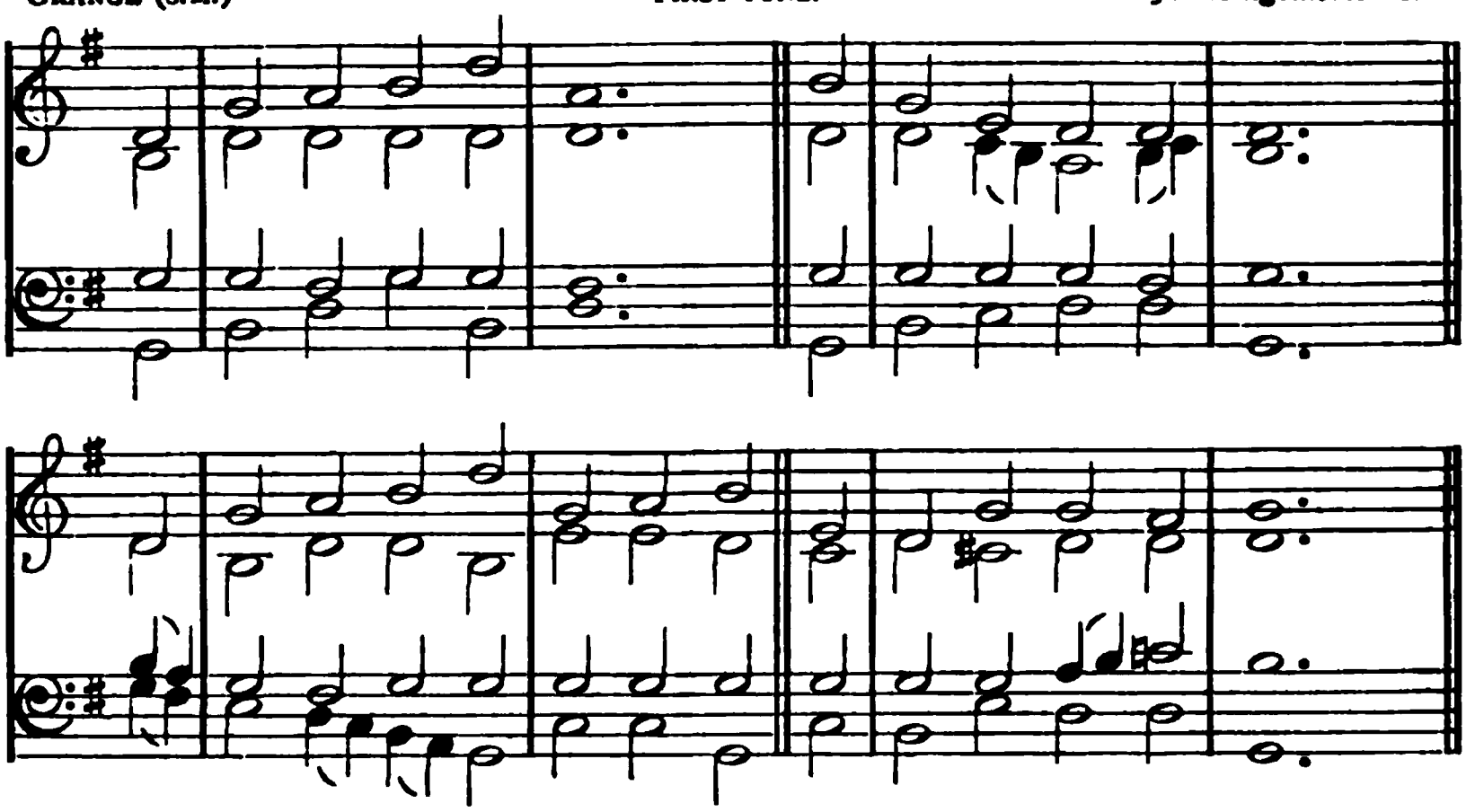
8 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire,—

9 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame,
To seek Thee more and more.

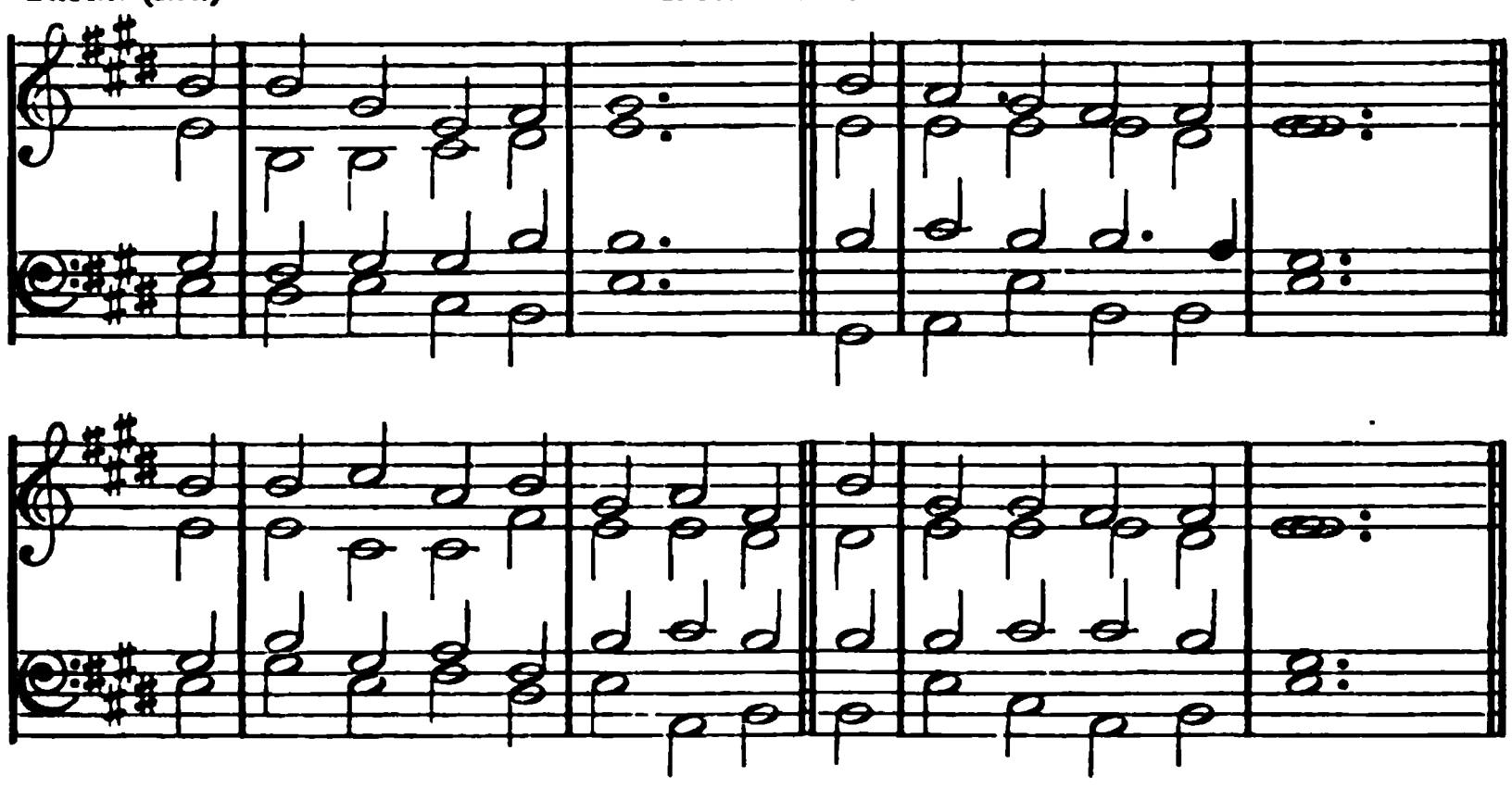
10 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Hymn 171 (274)

GRANGE (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *J. Montgomerie Bell.*



BRÜNN (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Old German.*



"The Lord God giveth them light."

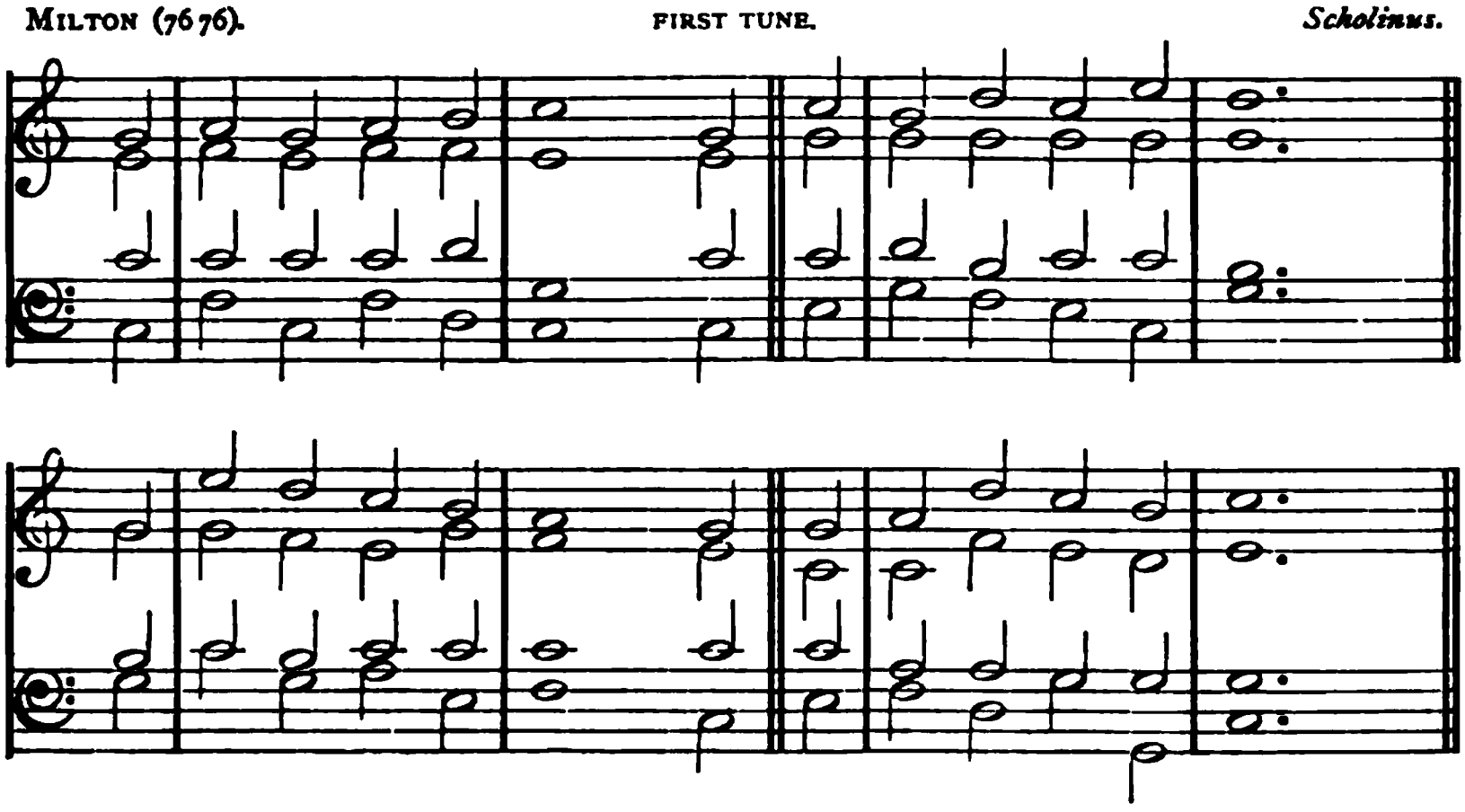
1 LIGHT of the anxious heart,
Jesus, Thou dost appear,
To bid the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed Thy sweetness here.

2 Joyous is he with whom,
God's Word, Thou dost abide;
Sweet Light of our eternal home,
To fleshly sense denied.

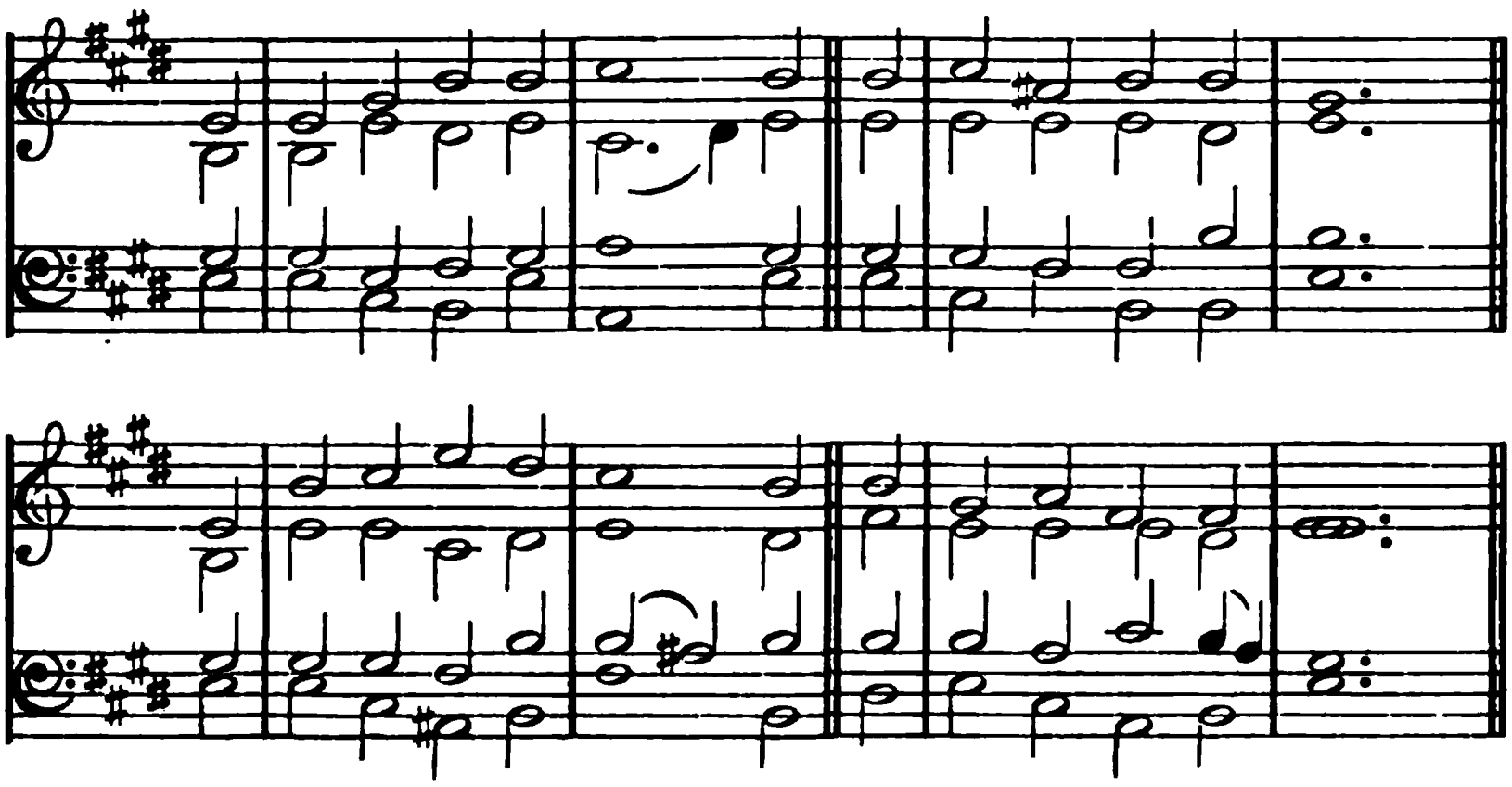
3 Brightness of God above,
Unfathomable grace,
Thy presence is a fount of love
Within Thy chosen place.

Hymn 172 (275)

MILTON (76 76). FIRST TUNE. *Scholinus.*



S. BENET (76 76). SECOND TUNE. *Ancient Church Melody. Arranged by Dr. Gauntlett.*



"I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried....And they shall say, The Lord is my God."

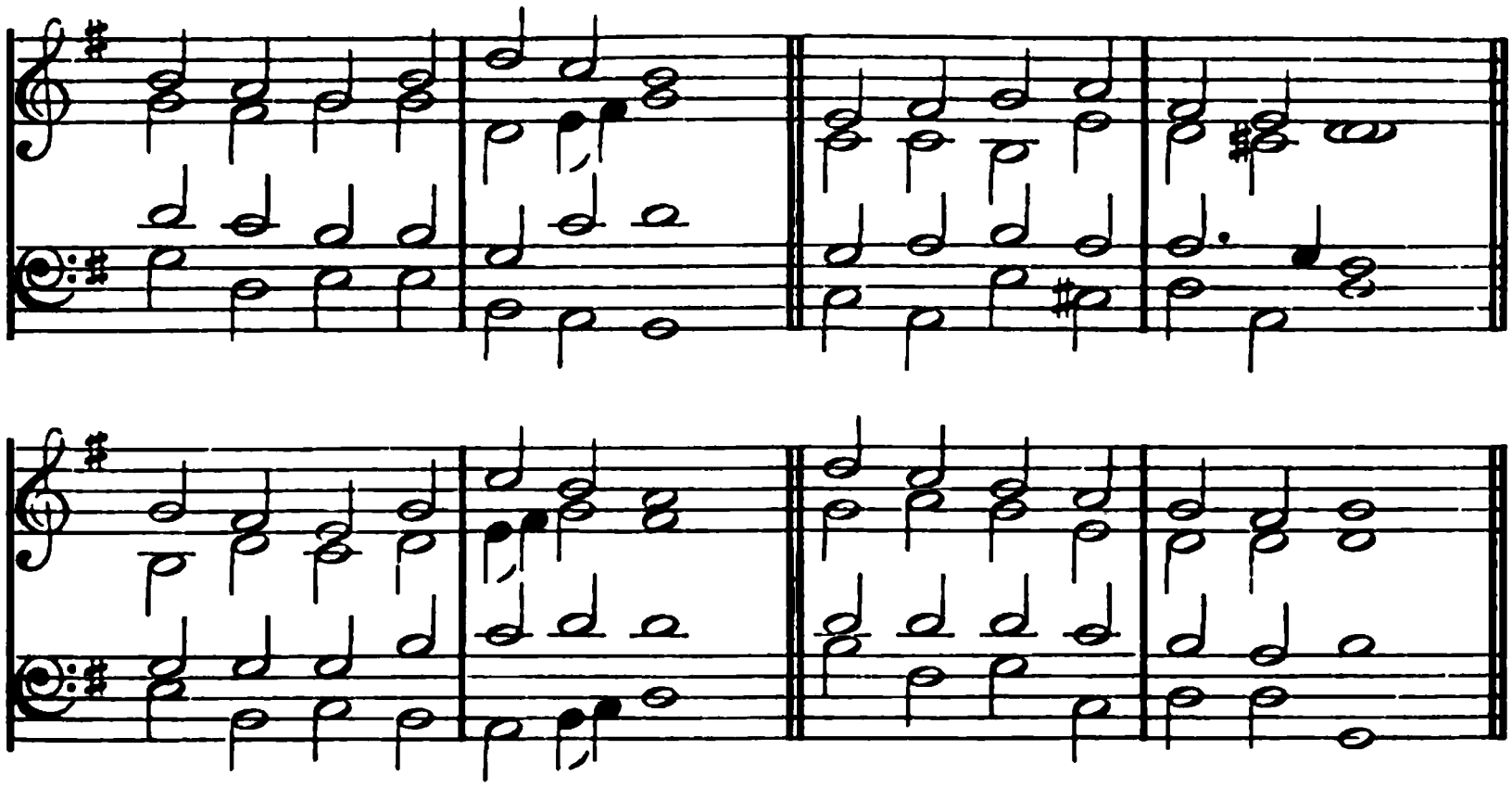
1 THERE is a fire in Zion
Whose flame is Jesus' love:
Its smoke is ever rising
In incense-clouds above.

2 O try us, blest Refiner,
As silver must be tried;
From all our dross and evil
Let us be purified.

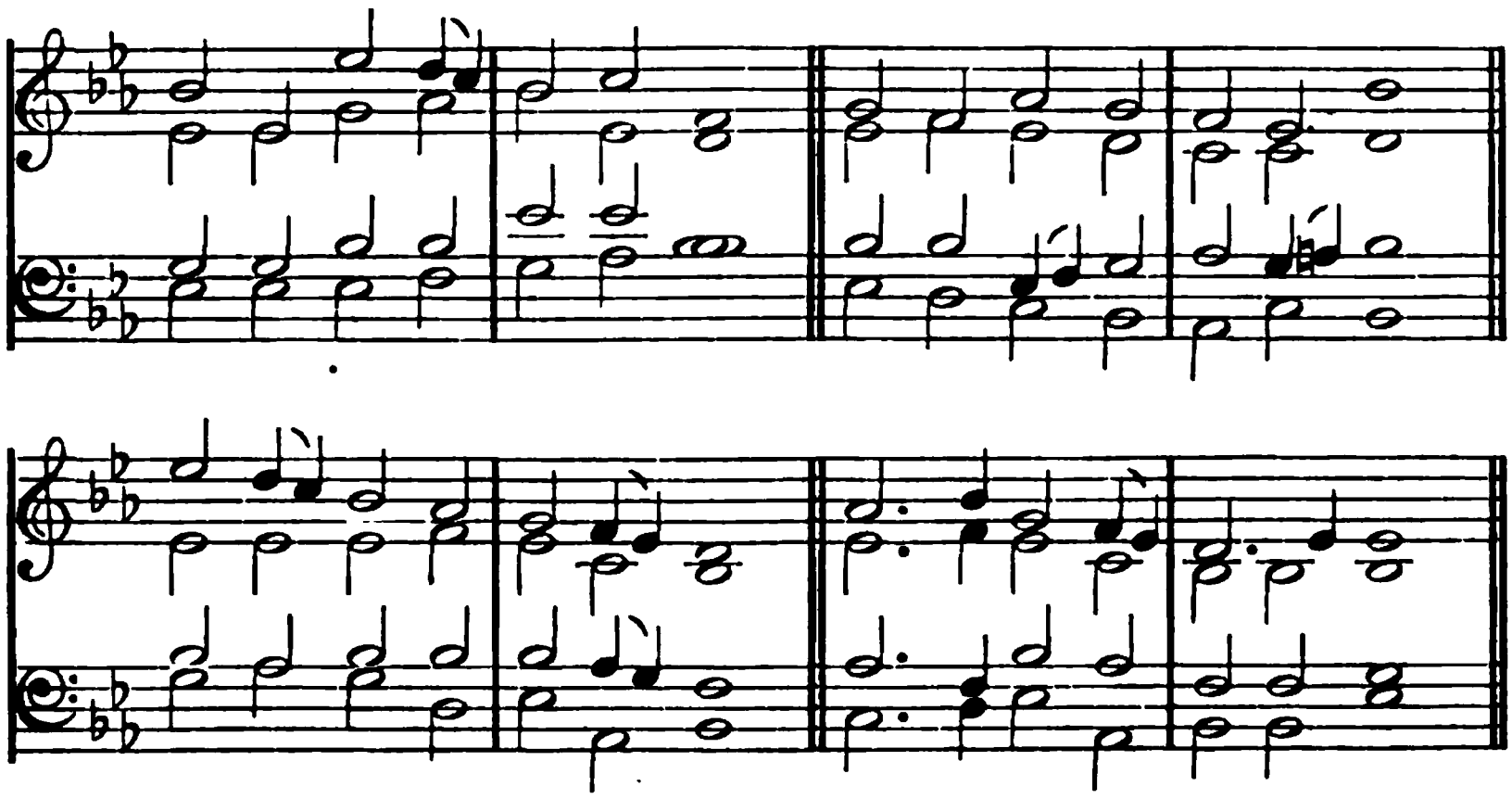
3 So shall Thy holy image
Be formed in every heart,
Till, like Thee, at Thy coming,
We see Thee as Thou art.

Hymn 173 (97)

VIENNA or RAVENNA (77 77) FIRST TUNE. *Justin Heinrich Knecht.*



THEODORA (77 77). SECOND TUNE. *Adapted from Handel.*



" With Thee is the fountain of life."

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me;
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.

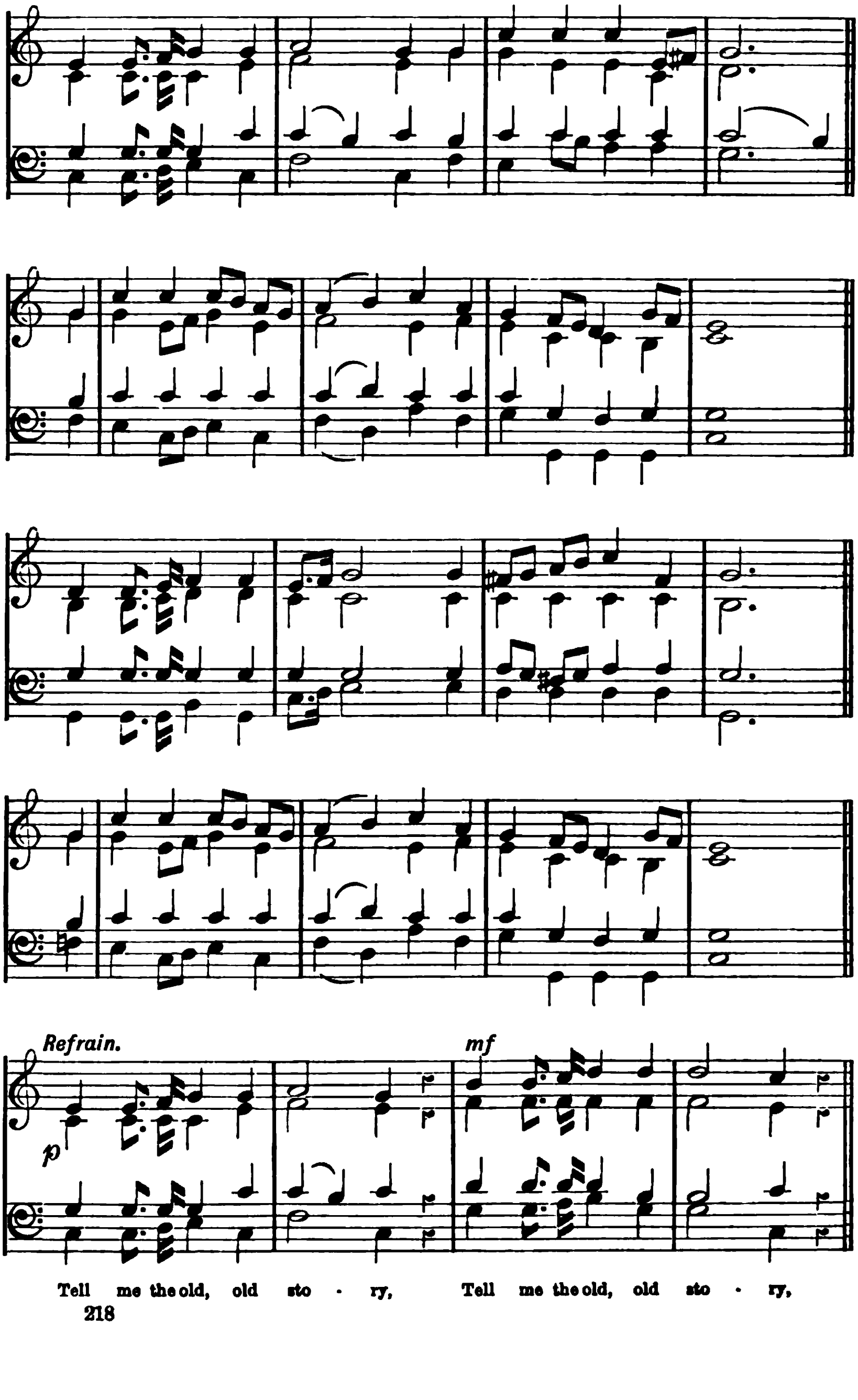
2 Thee to please and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy Presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy Presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die!

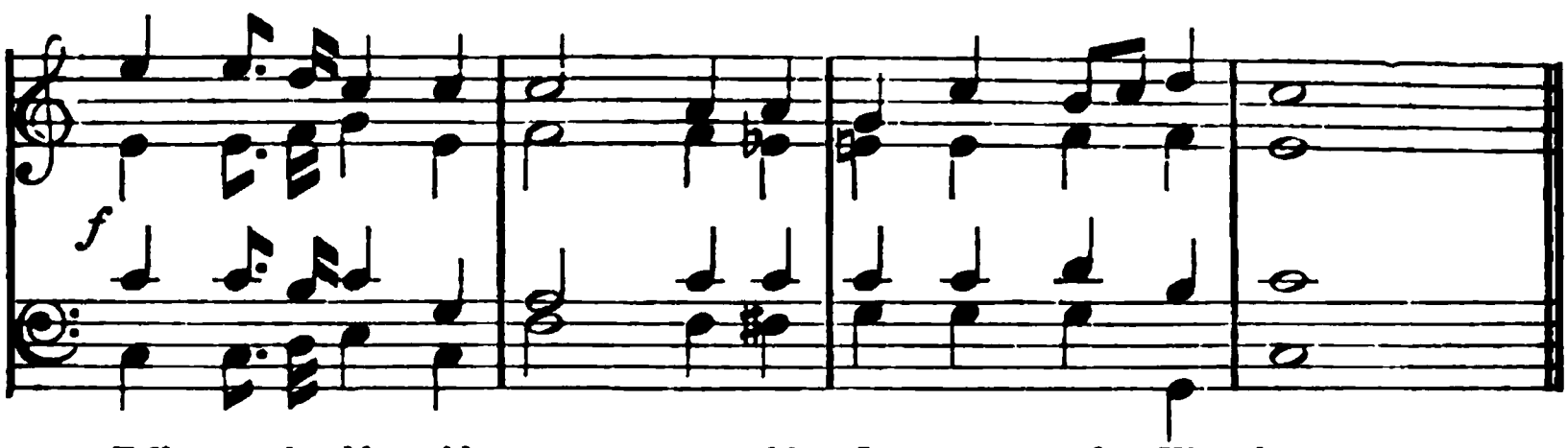
4 Source and giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are if Thou art mine.

Hymn 174 (273)

EVANGEL (76 76 D. and refrain). *W. H. Doane.*



Hymn 174 (273)



"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

1 TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

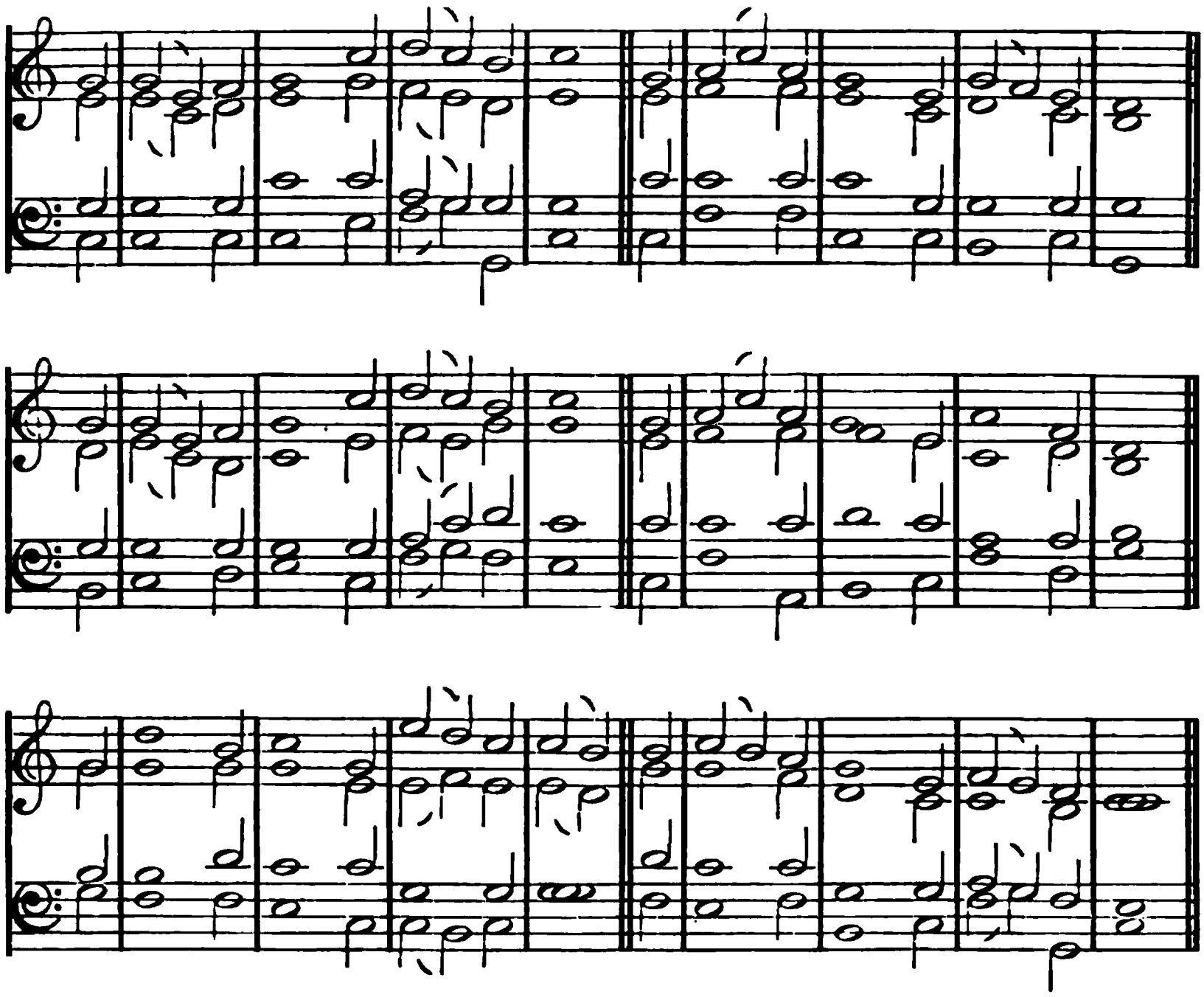
2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in;
That wonderful redemption
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

Hymn 175 (276)

S. Petersburg (88 88 88). *Dimitri Bortnianski.*



"Able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

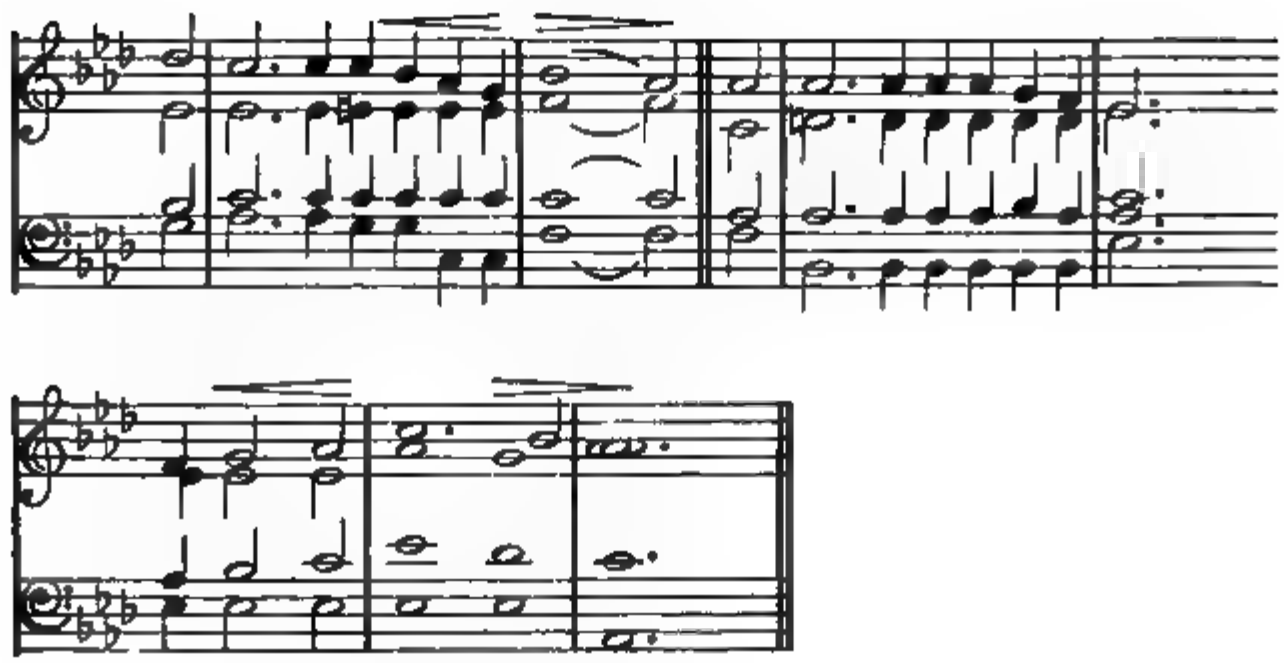
1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way:
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, — that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee:
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
O, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

4 O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father" cry.

Hymn 176 (277)



"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

1 O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

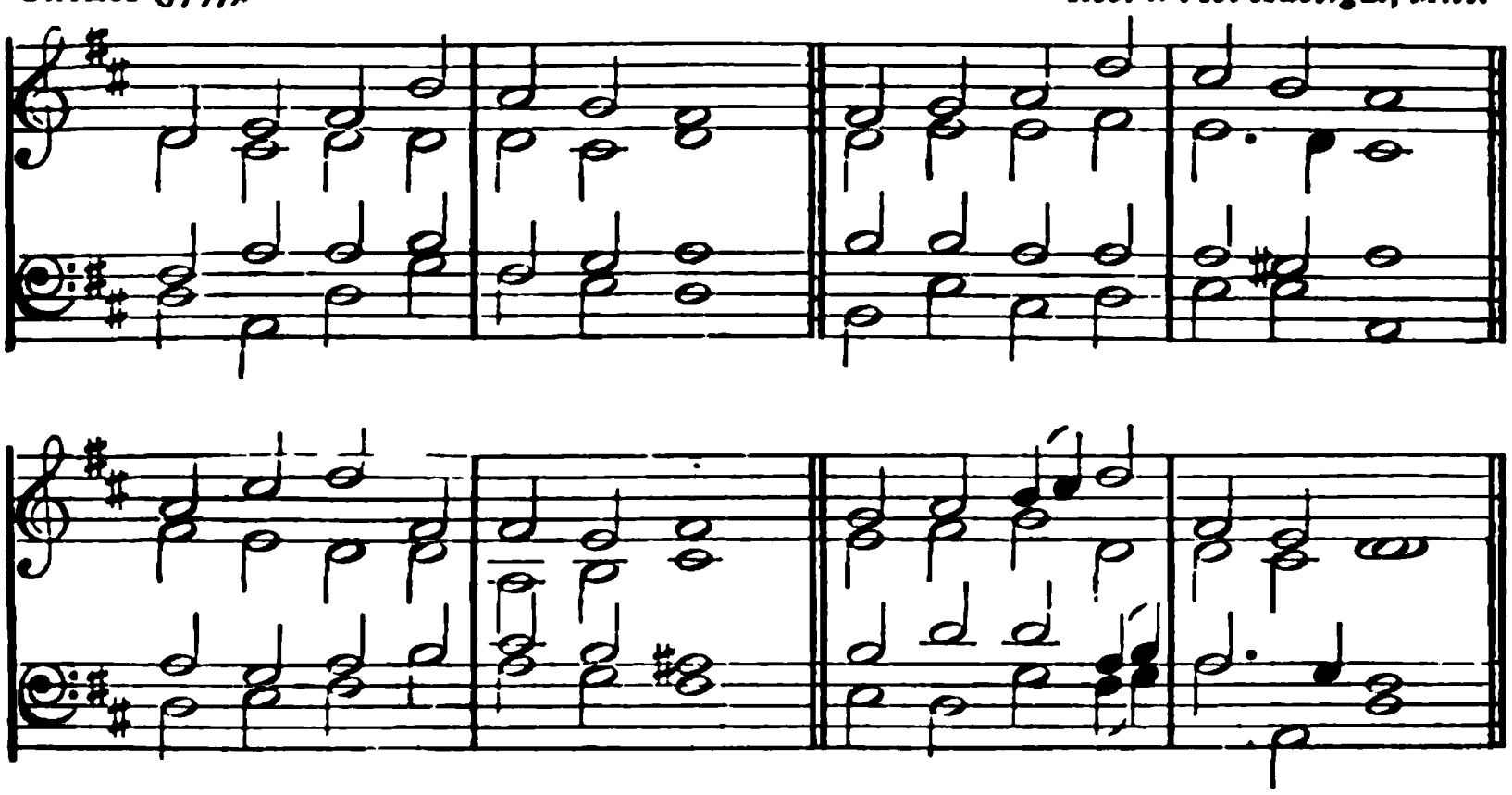
2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Hymn 177 (279)

PATMOS (7777). *Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A.*



"Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

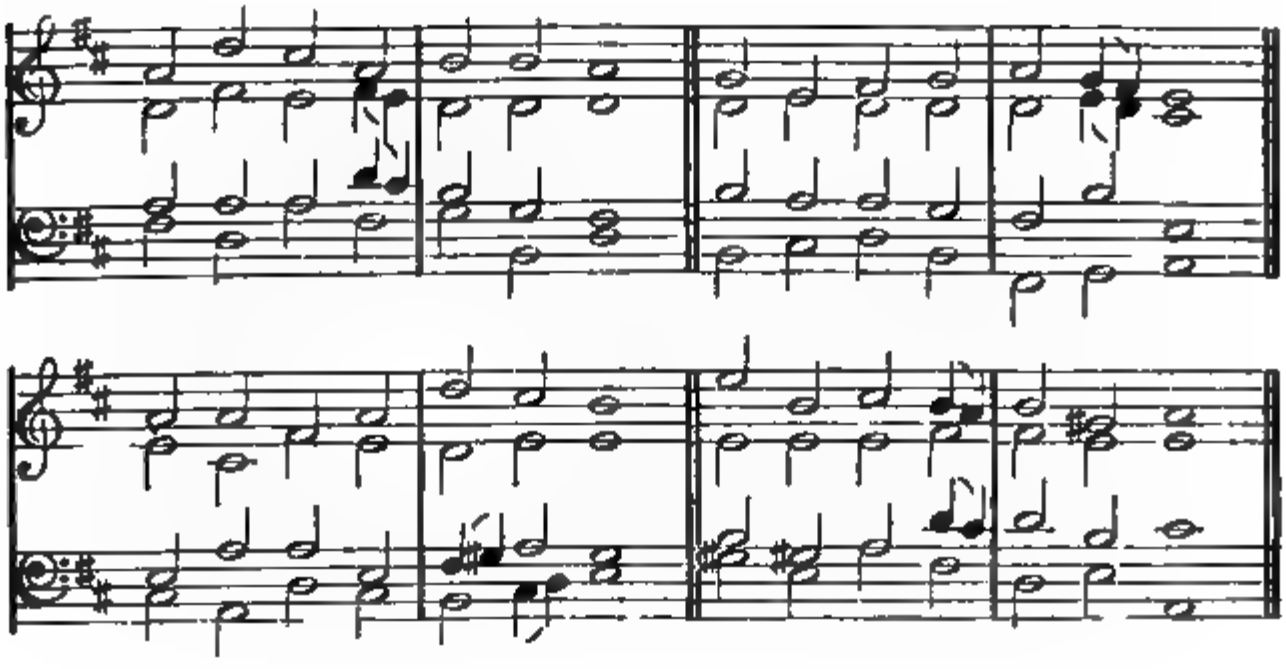
4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

Hymn 178 (281)

HEATHLANDS (77 77 77). *Henry Smart.*



"Whose I am, and whom I serve."

PART I.

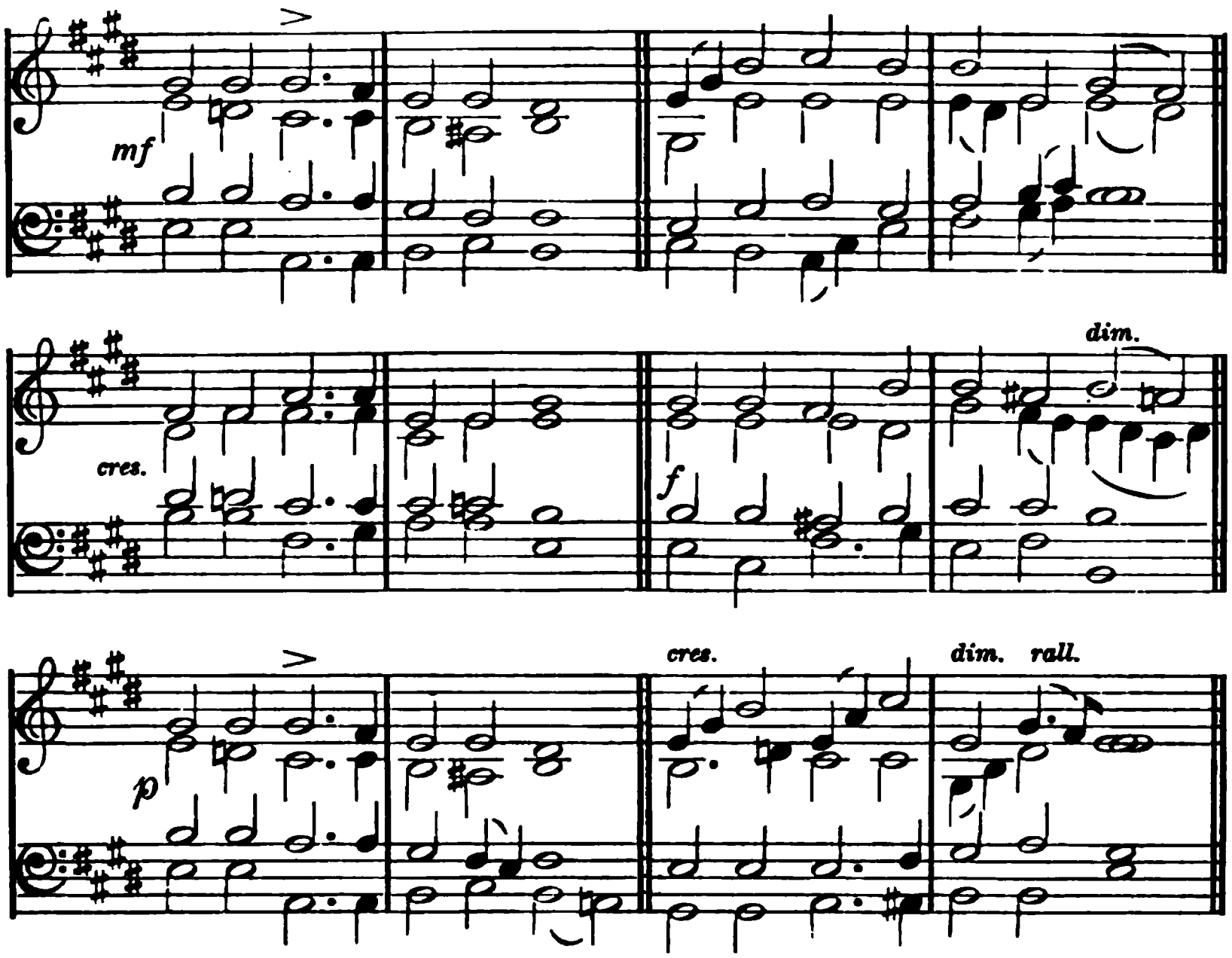
1 JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now, Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer:
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine:
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my all in all.

Hymn 178 (281)

ROCK OF AGES (77 77 77). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"Whose I am, and whom I serve."

PART II.

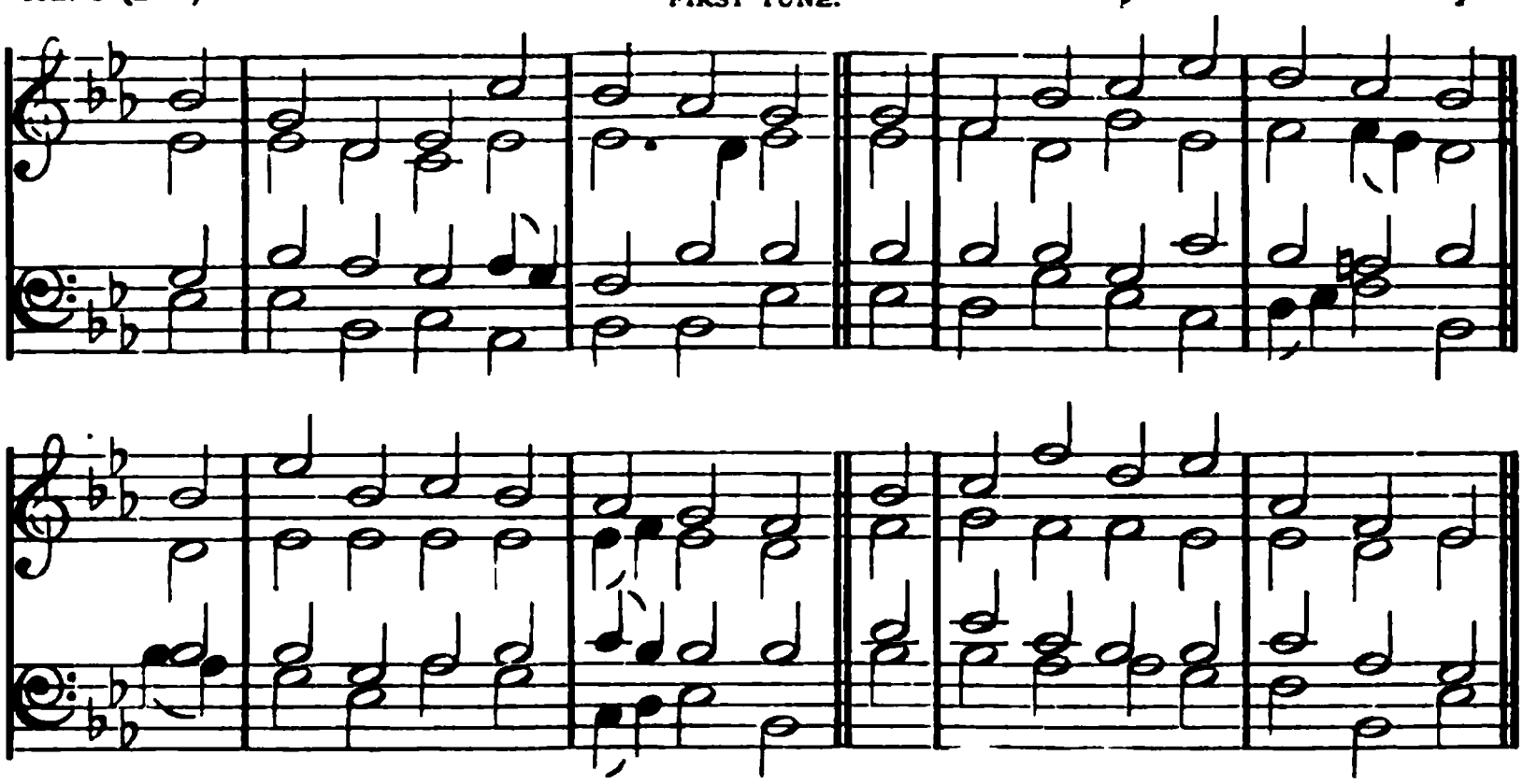
4 JESUS, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

5 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honour art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

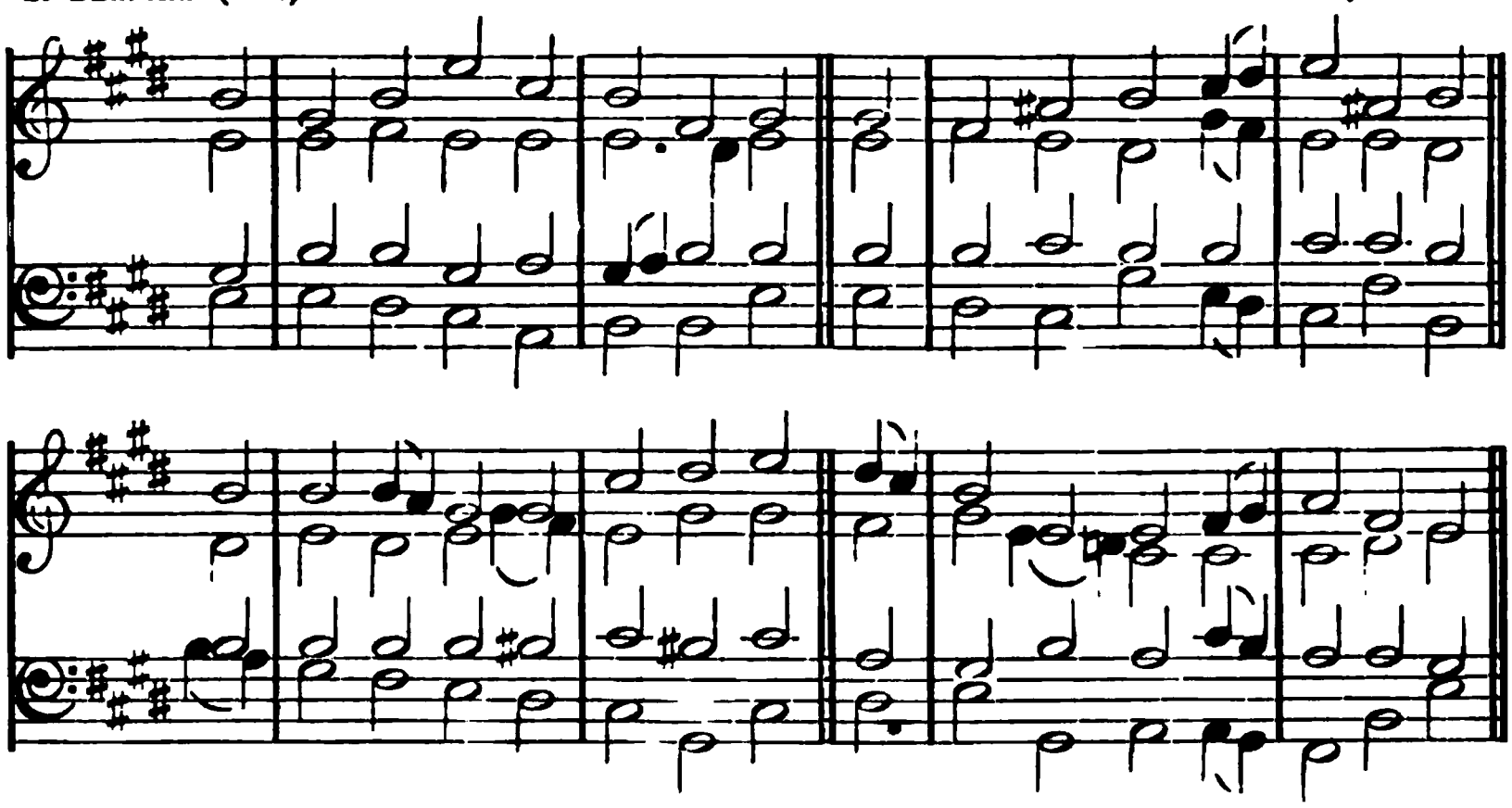
6 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free.

Hymn 179 (98)

KENT (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Johann Friedrich Lampe.*



S. BERNARD (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"The Lord is become my salvation."

1 ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath and heaven above:

2 Jesus! the weary wanderer's Rest!
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

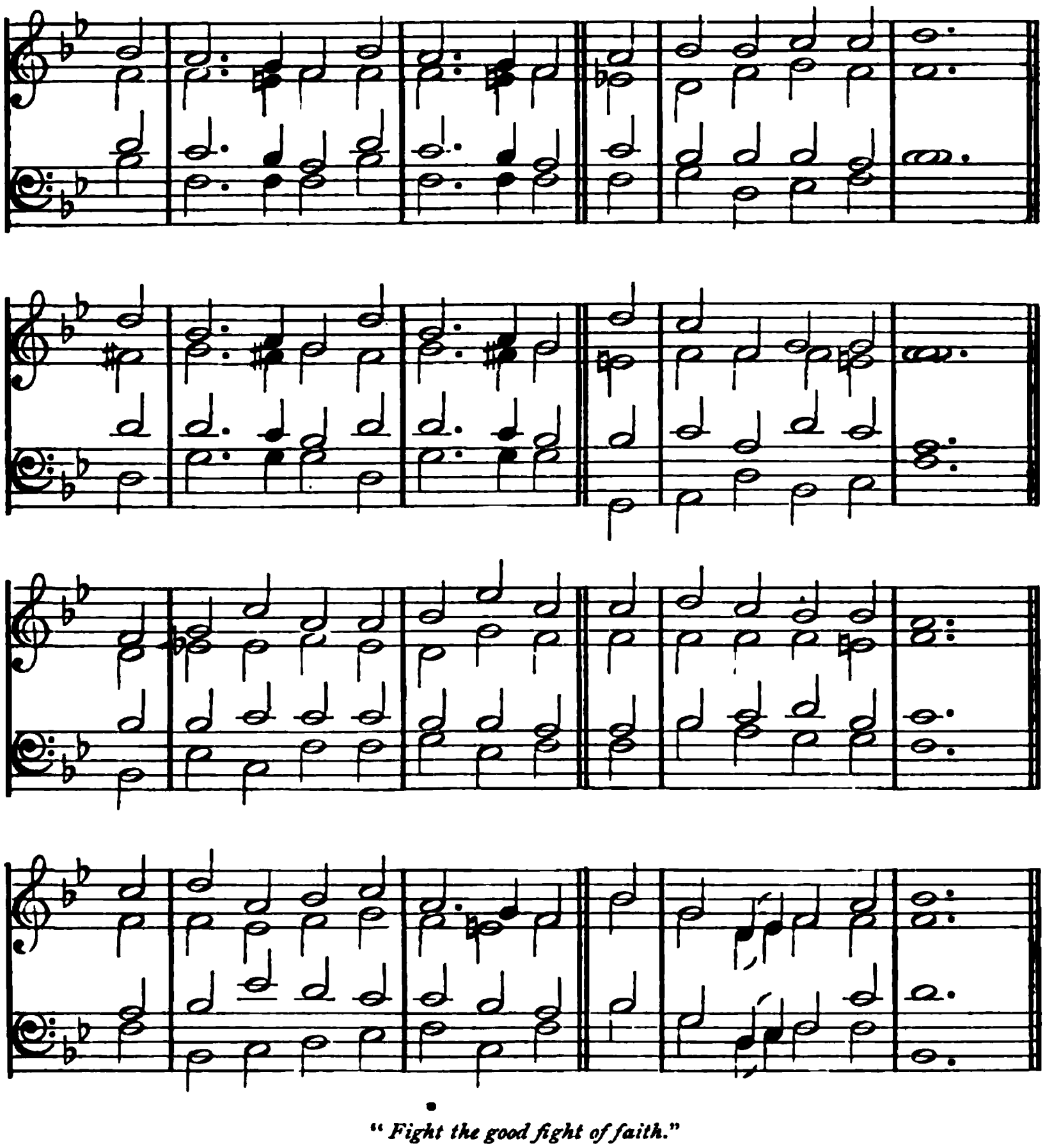
4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone:
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions peace;
Say to my trembling heart, Be still:
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

6 O Death, where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?
Who shall contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Hymn 180 (99)

FIGHT OF FAITH (D.C.M.) *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



"Fight the good fight of faith."

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain—
Who patient bears His cross below,—
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

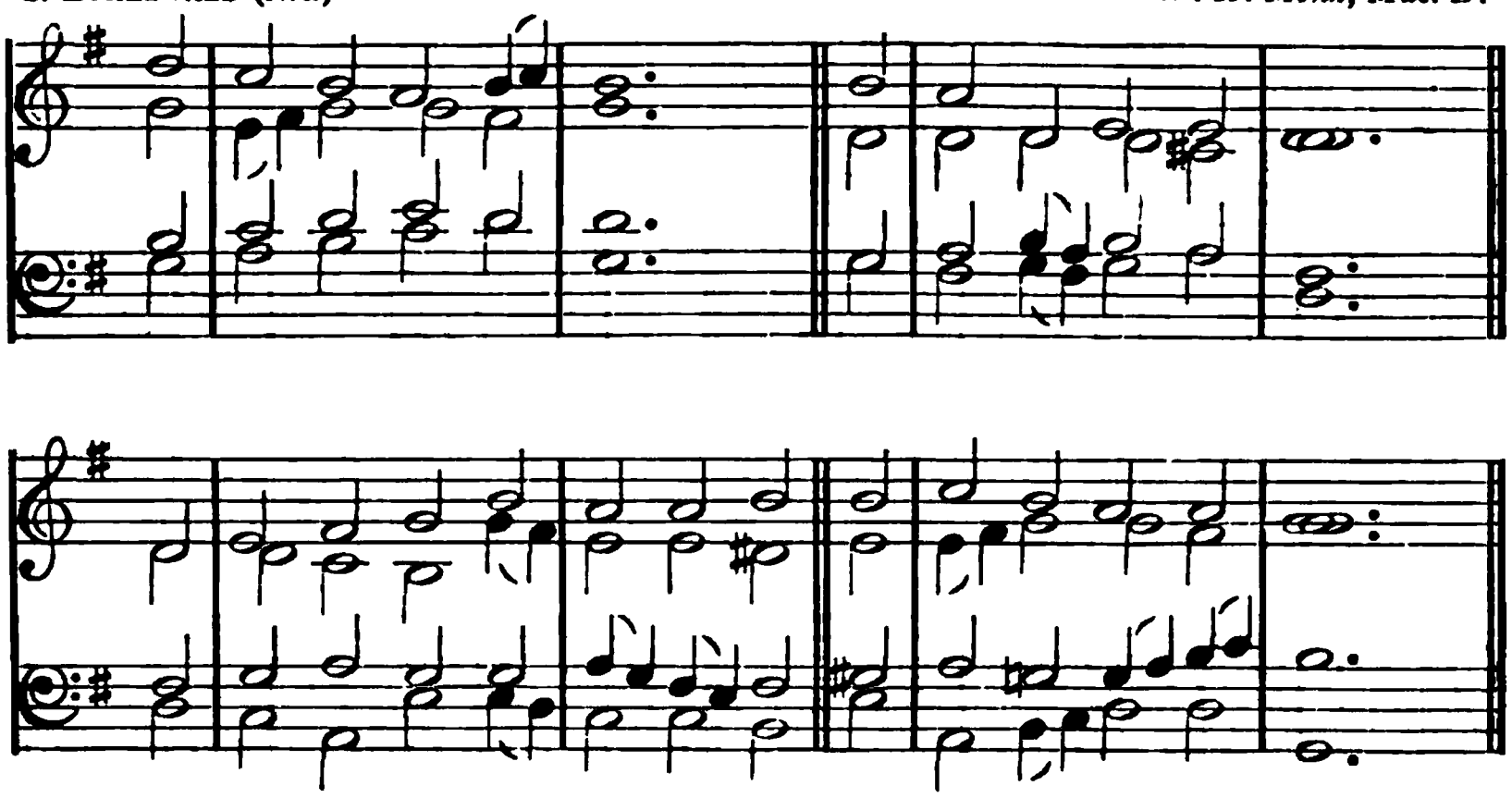
Hymn 180 (99)

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Hymn 181 (283)

S. Ethelwald (s.m.) *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"Put on the whole armour of God."

1 SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;

5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

Hymn 182 (284)

EIN' FESTE BURG (87 87 66 66 7). *Martin Luther.*

Hymn 182 (284)

"God is our refuge and strength."

1 A SURE stronghold our God is He,
A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be, and set us free
From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe;
Armed with the strength of hell,
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.

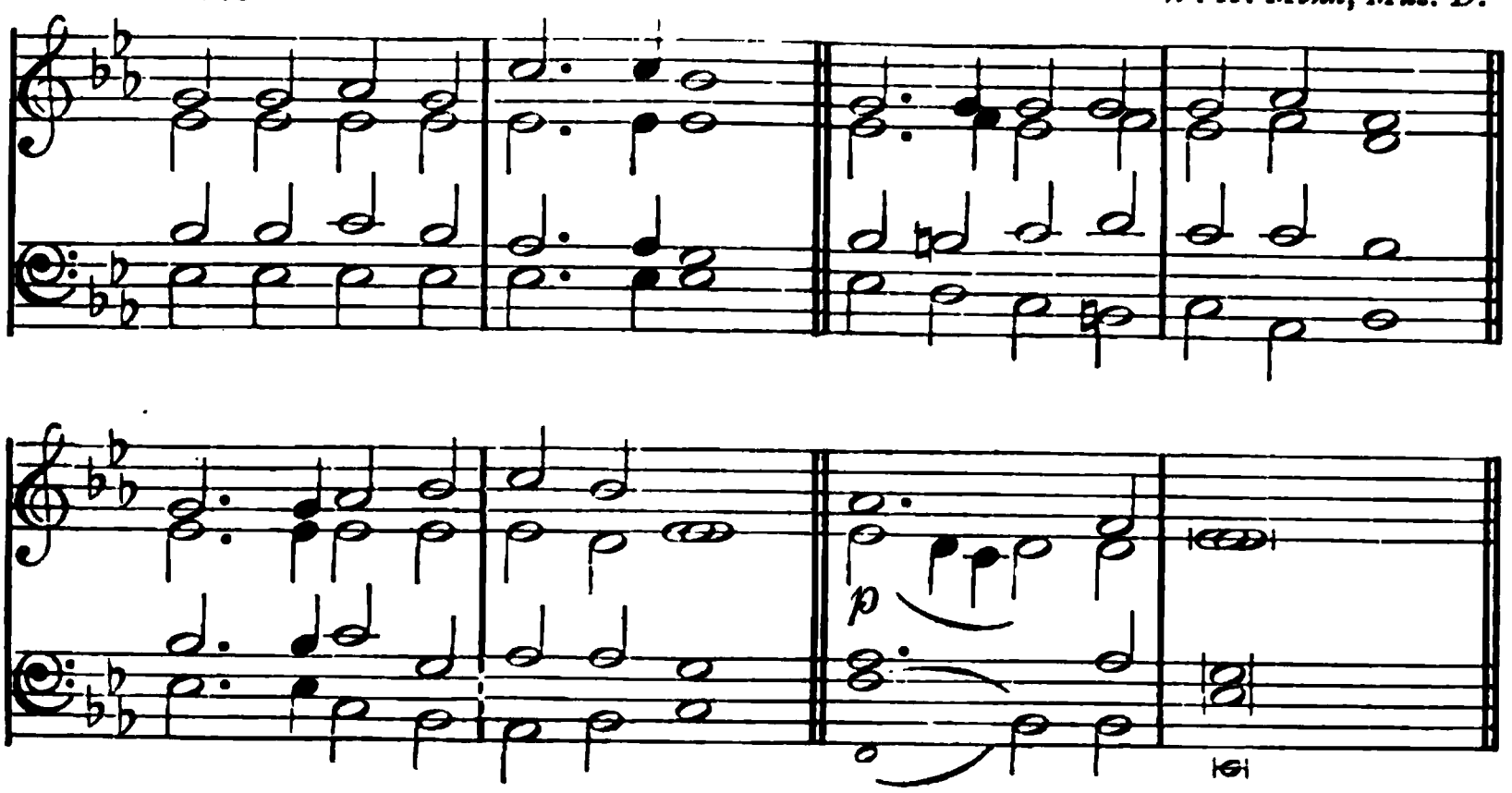
2 Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost for ever;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be?
Christ Jesus named is He,
Of Sabaoth the Lord;
Sole God to be adored;
'Tis He must win the battle.

3 And were the world with devils filled,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore;
Look grim as e'er he may,
Doomed is his ancient sway;
A word can overthrow him.

4 Still shall they leave that Word His might,
And yet no thanks shall merit;
Still is He with us in the fight,
By His good gifts and Spirit.
E'en should they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife—
Though all of these be gone,
Yet nothing have they won,
God's kingdom ours abideth!

Hymn 183 (282)

VIGILATE (77 73). *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"Watch and pray."

1 CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian angel say,
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

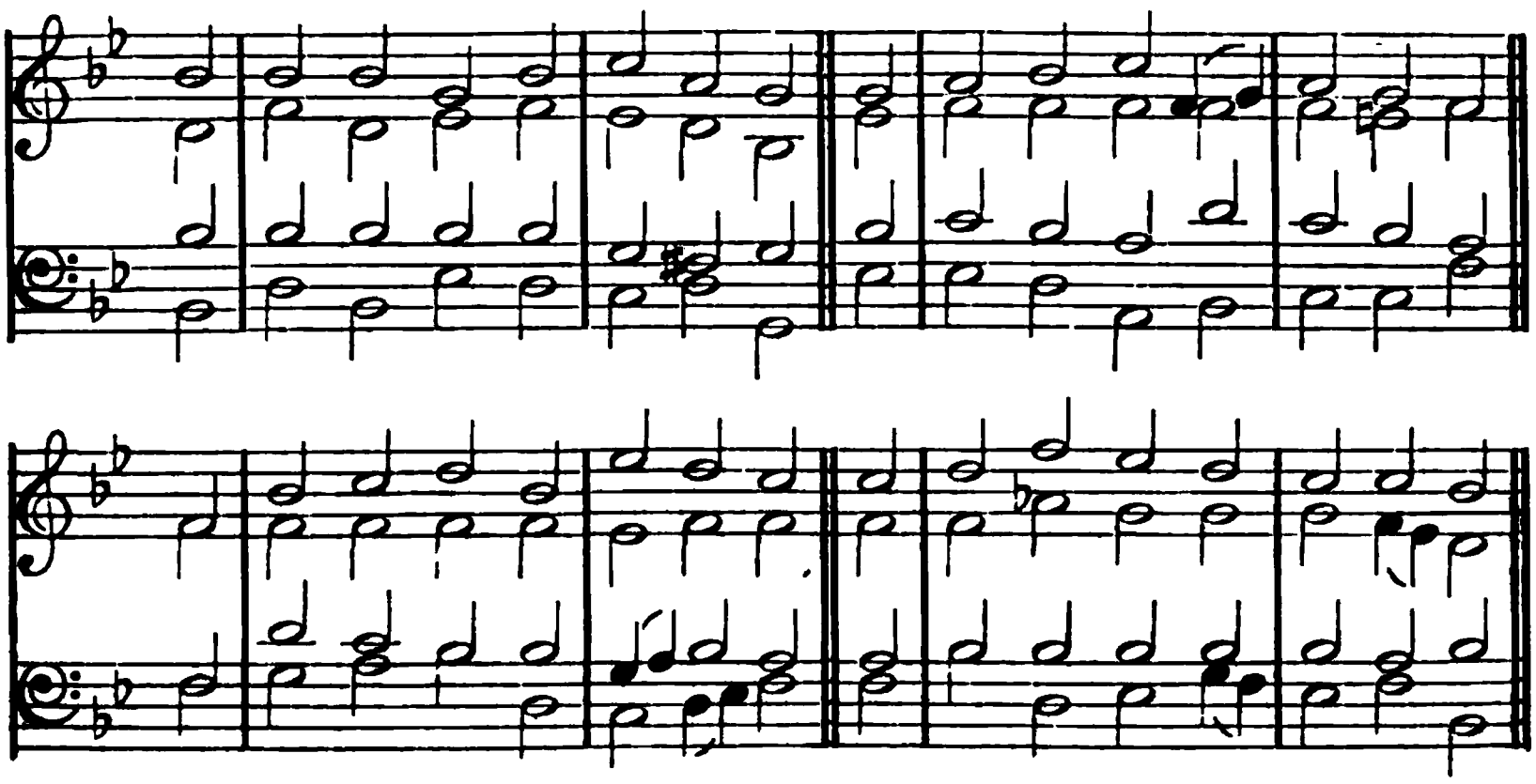
4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,—
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Hymn 184 (278)

BRESLAU (L.M.) *Claudev's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.*



"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

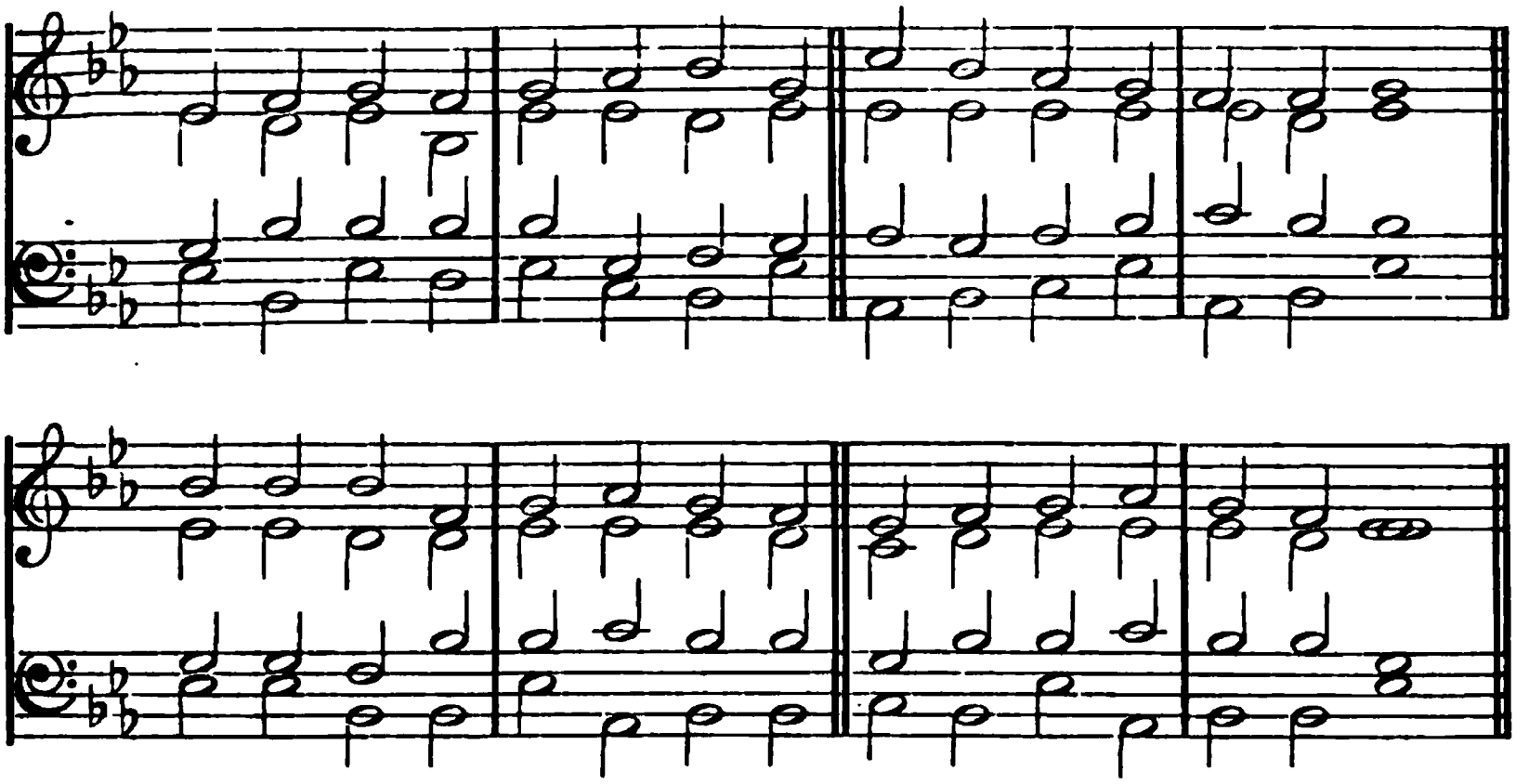
4 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Hymn 185 (100)

BATTY or TURNAU (87 87).

German.
Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch.



"I am crucified with Christ."

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

4 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:

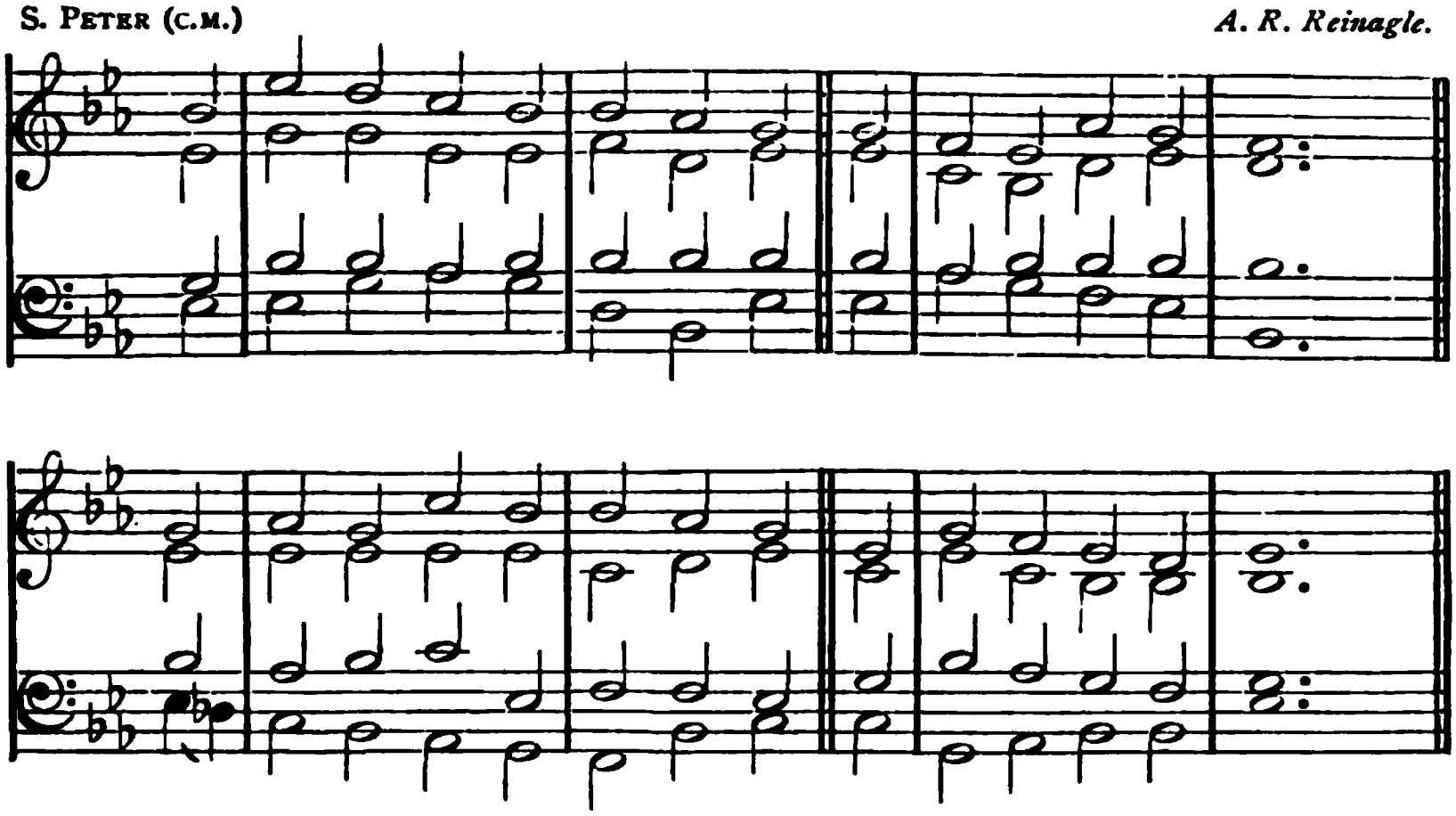
6 Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
What a Father's smile is thine!
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

7 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

8 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Hymn 186 (101)

S. Peter (c.m.) *A. R. Reinagle.*



"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

1 HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

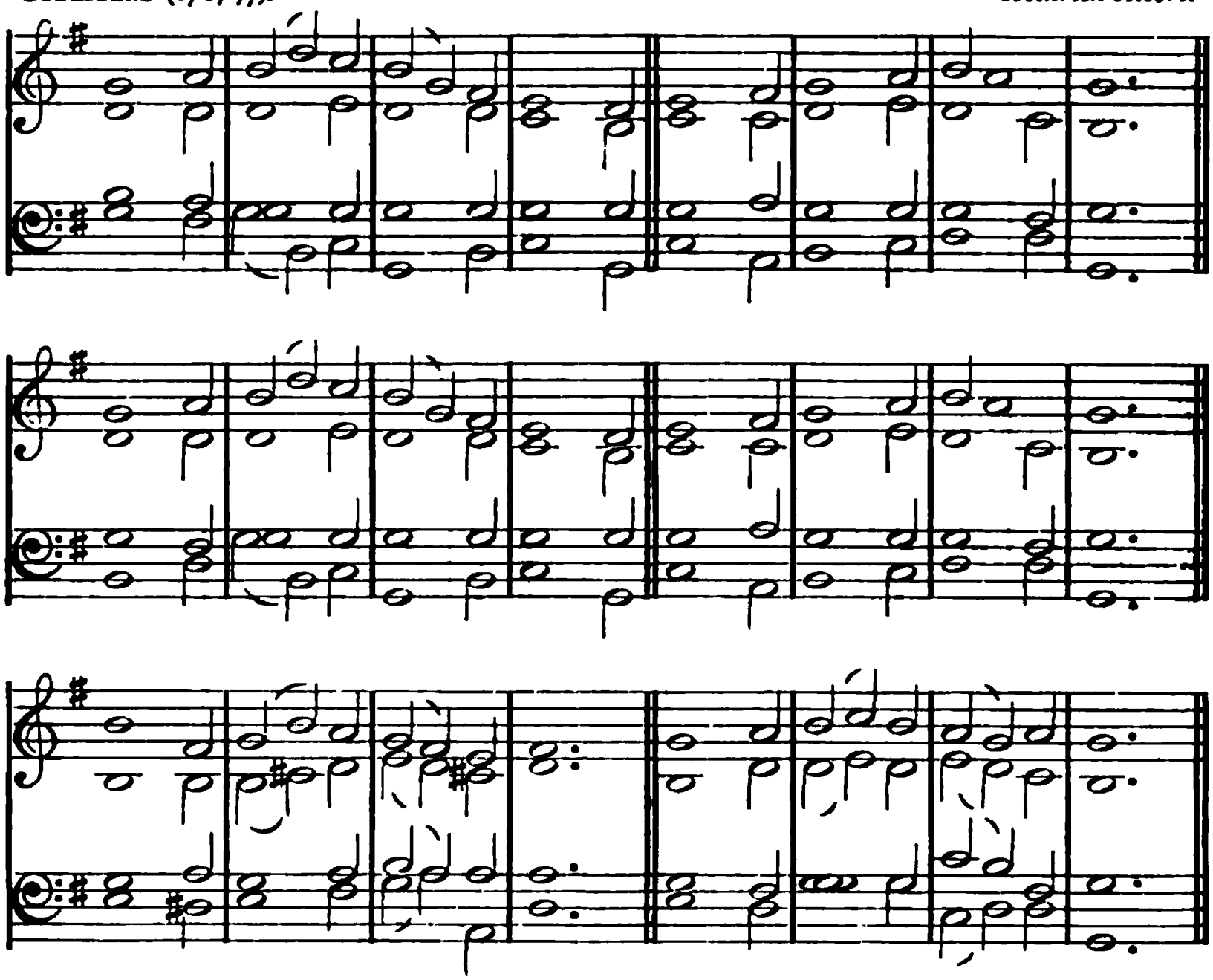
4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

Hymn 187 (102)

GODESBERG (87 87 77). *Heinrich Albert.*



"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

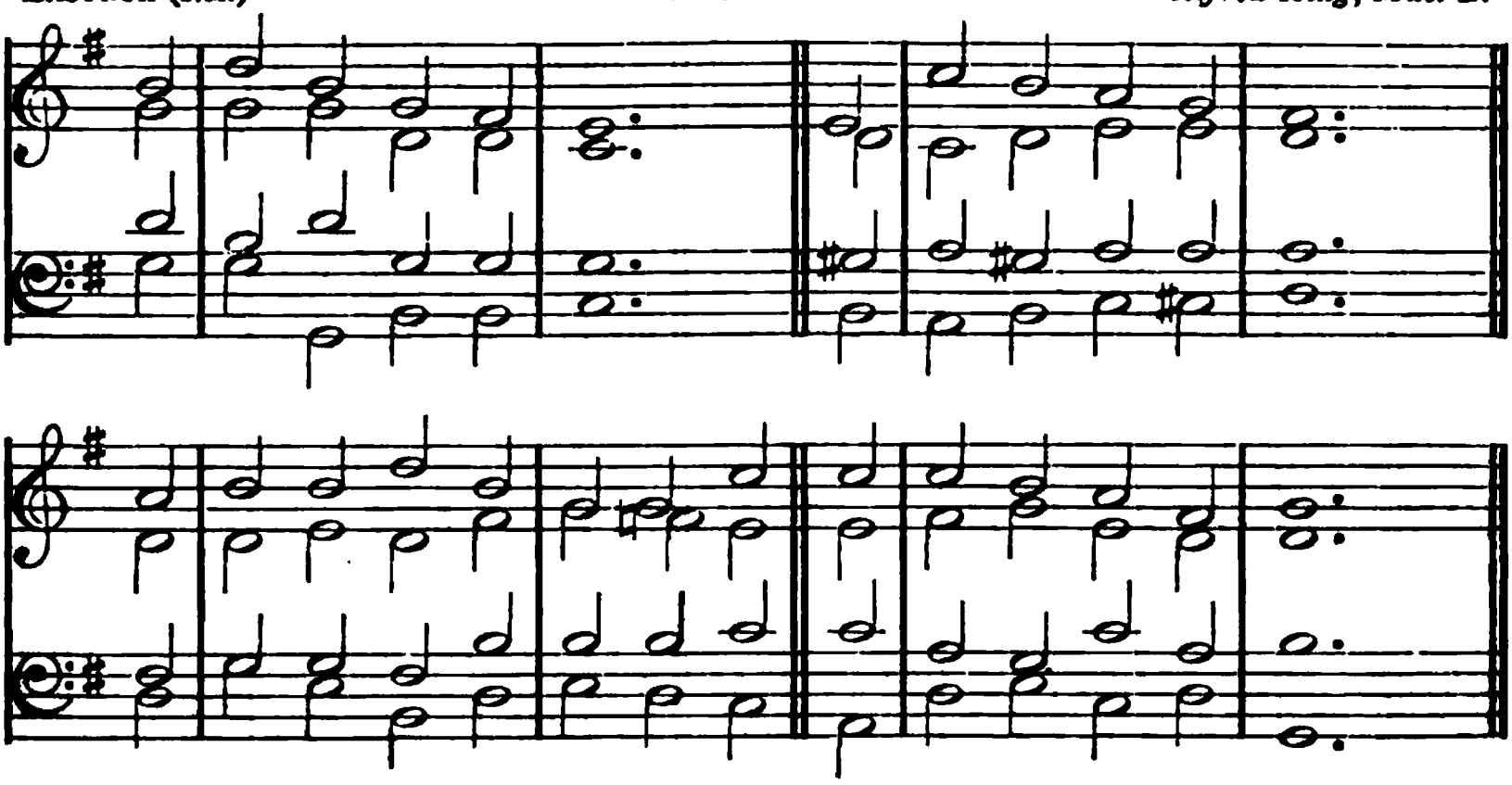
3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus.
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

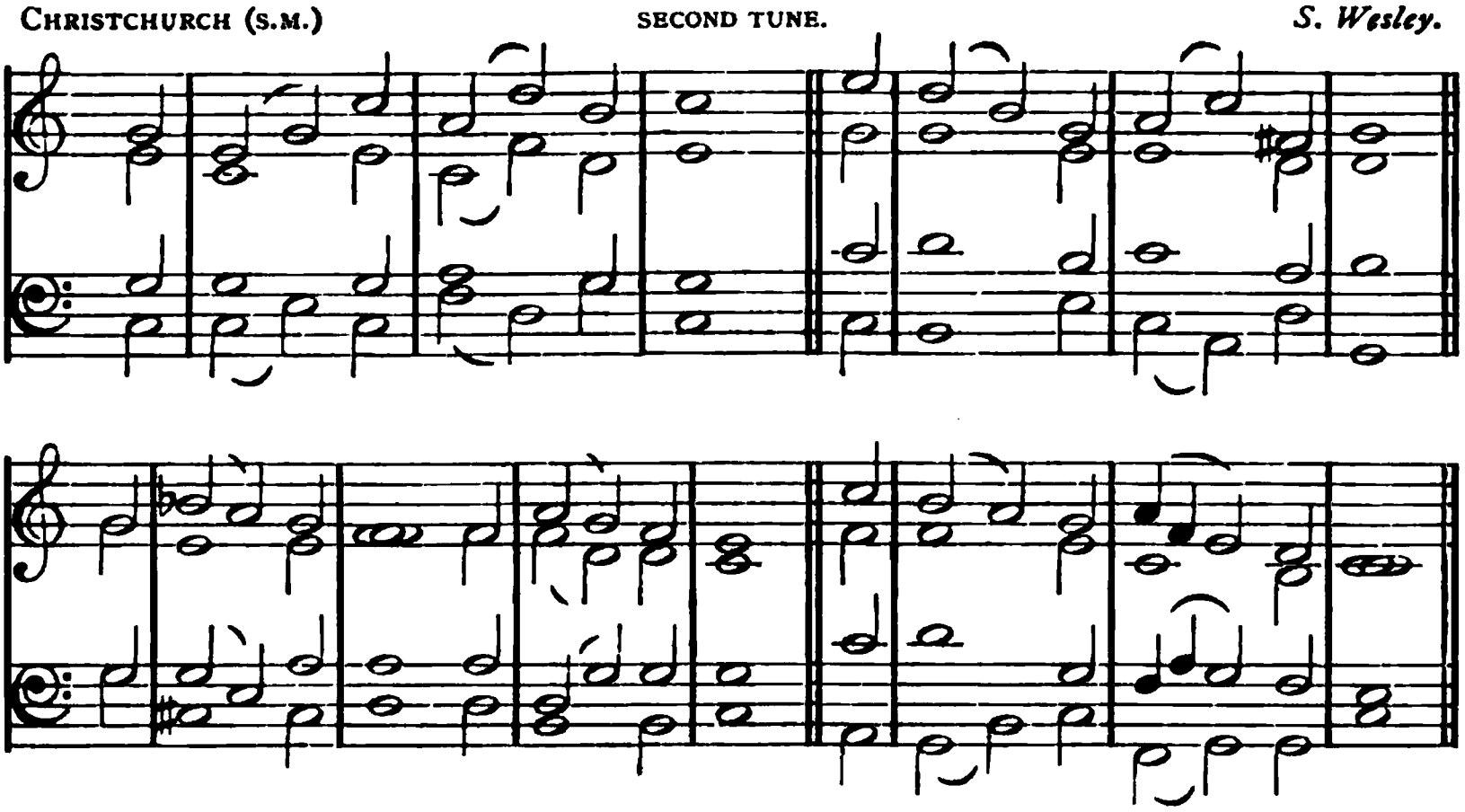
5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

Hymn 188 (103)

EASTNOR (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Alfred King, Mus. B.*



CHRISTCHURCH (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *S. Wesley.*



"Love is the fulfilling of the commandment."

1 BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

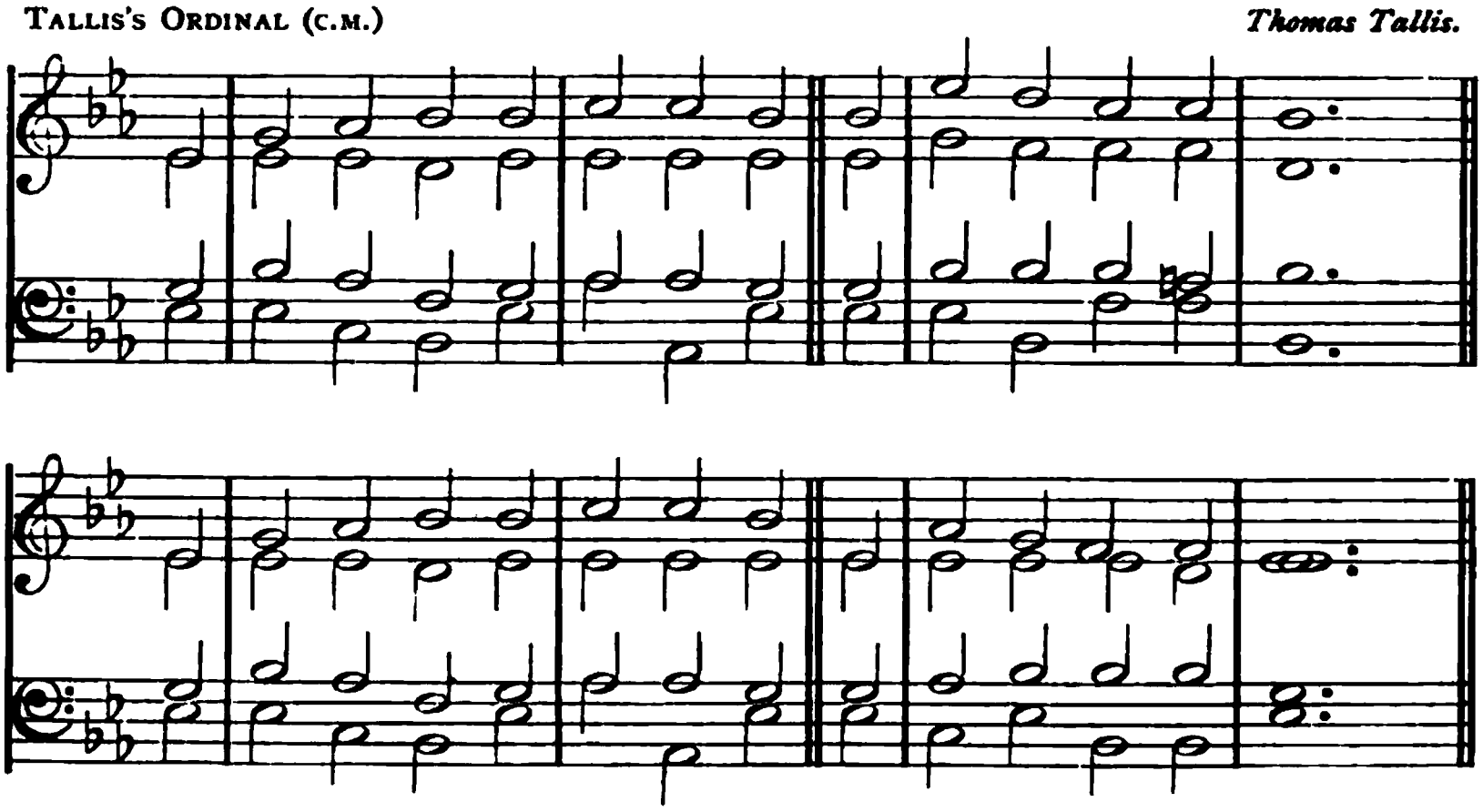
2 O Thou, our soul's chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect—
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

Hymn 189 (104)

TALLIS'S ORDINAL (C.M.) *Thomas Tallis.*



" Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy ; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright !
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears !
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

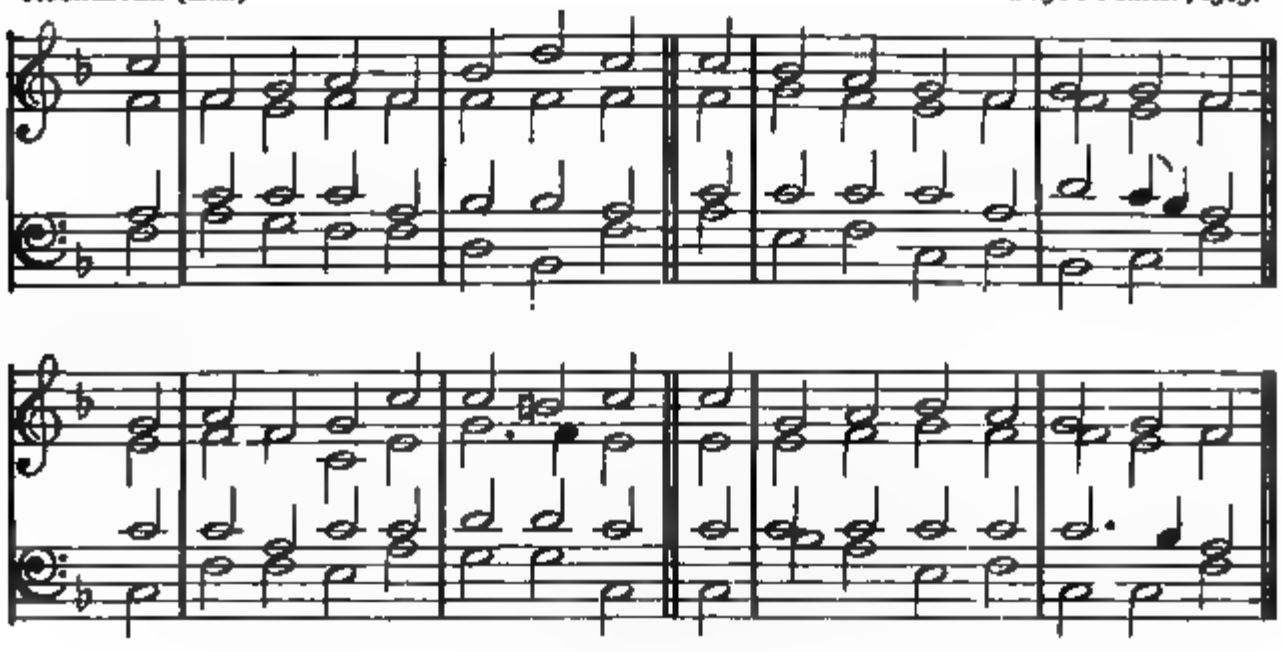
5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

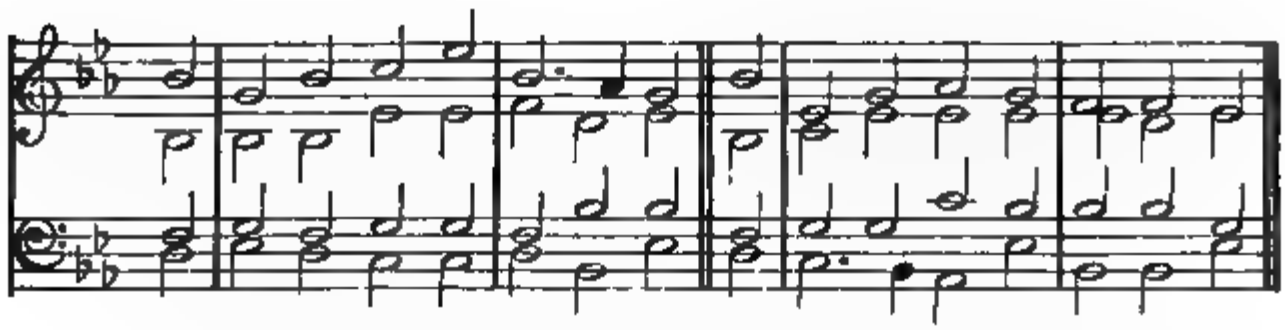
7 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee !

Hymn 190 (105)

ROCHESTER (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Day's Psalter, 1563.*



S. GREGORY (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen.*



"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou fount of life! Thou light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call:
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all!

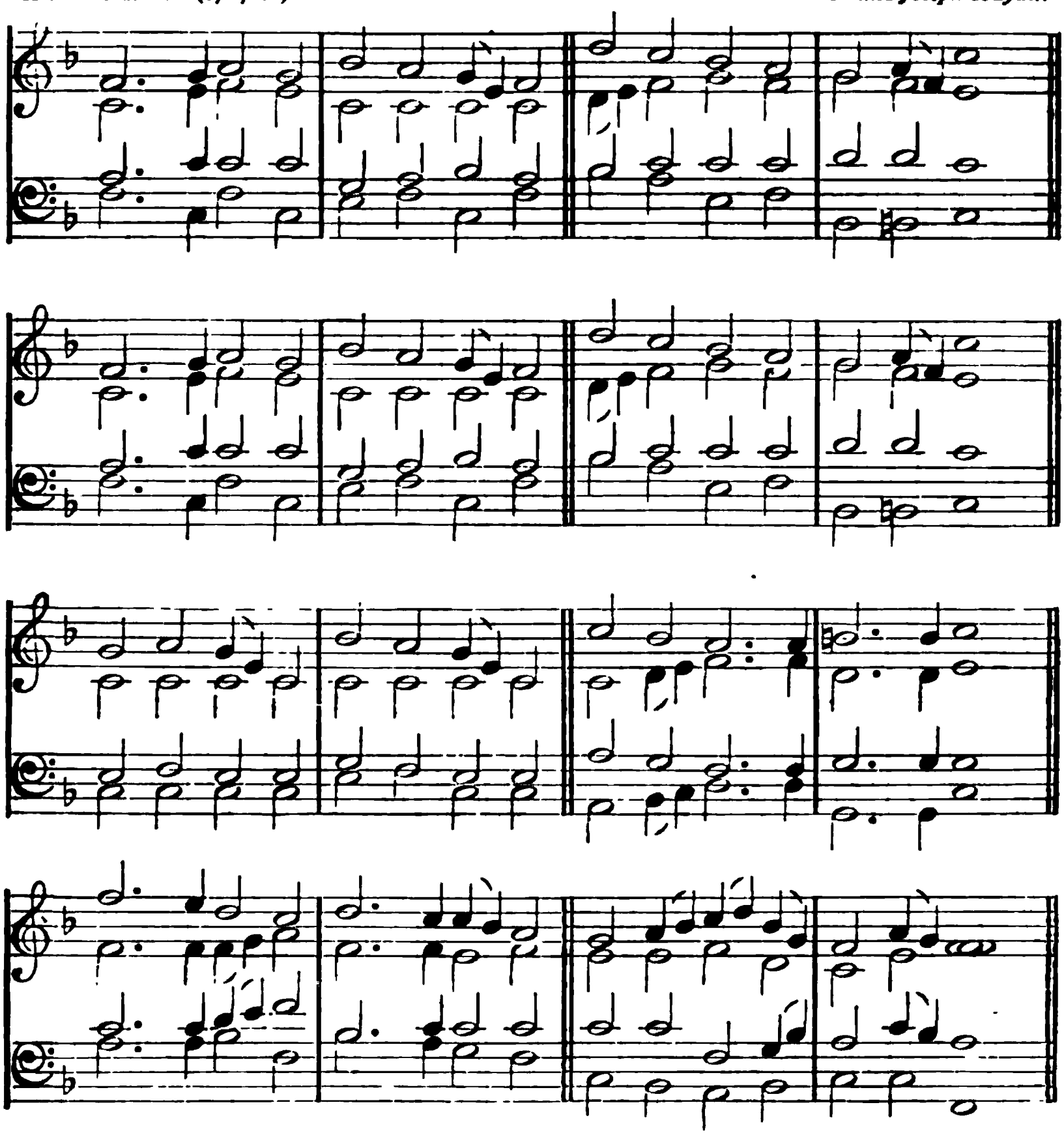
3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Hymn 191 (106)

HAYDN'S HYMN (87 87 D.) *Franz Joseph Haydn.*



"God commendeth His love toward us."

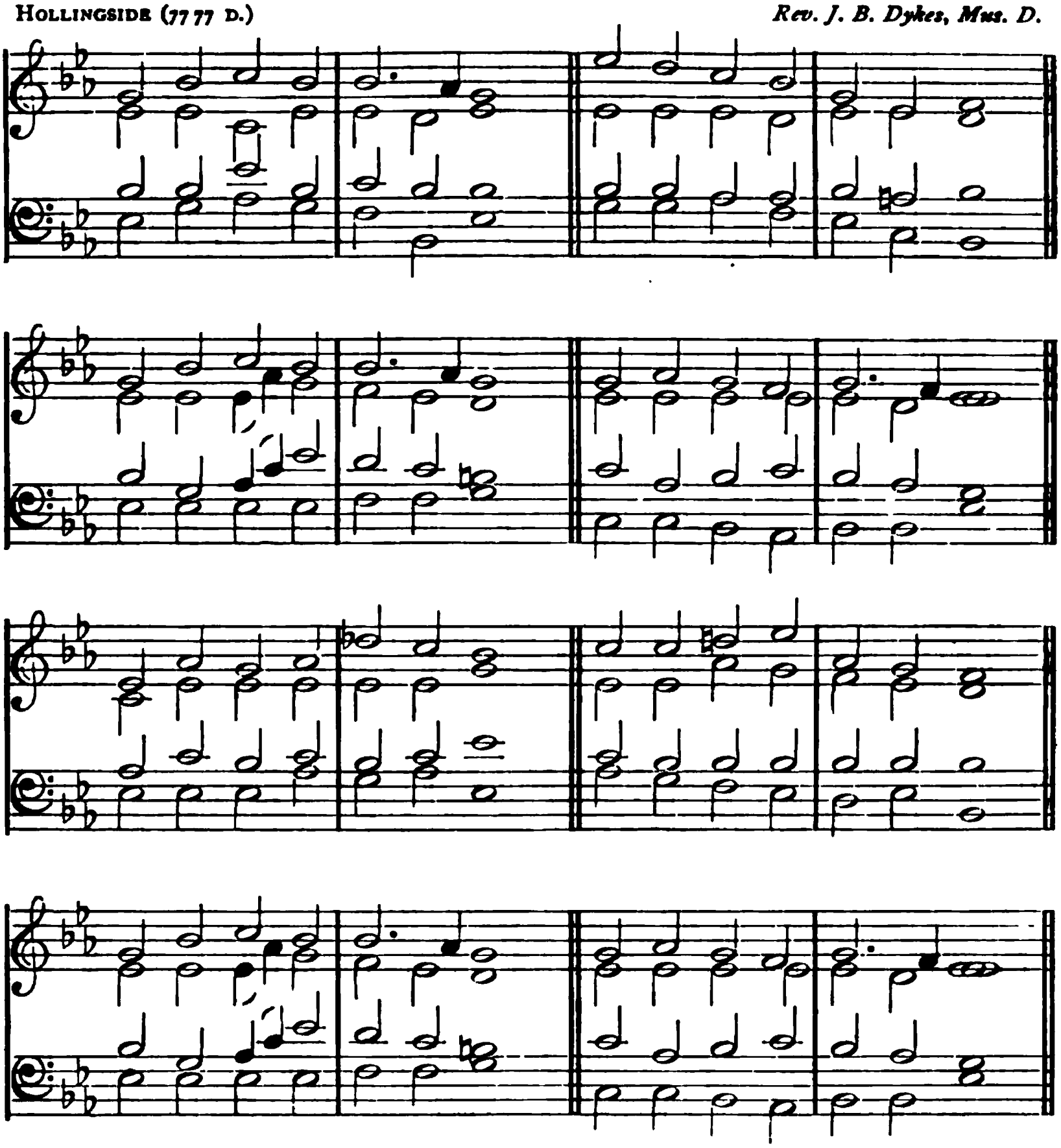
1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee would we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation!
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Hymn 192 (107)

HOLLINGSIDE (77 77 D.) *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

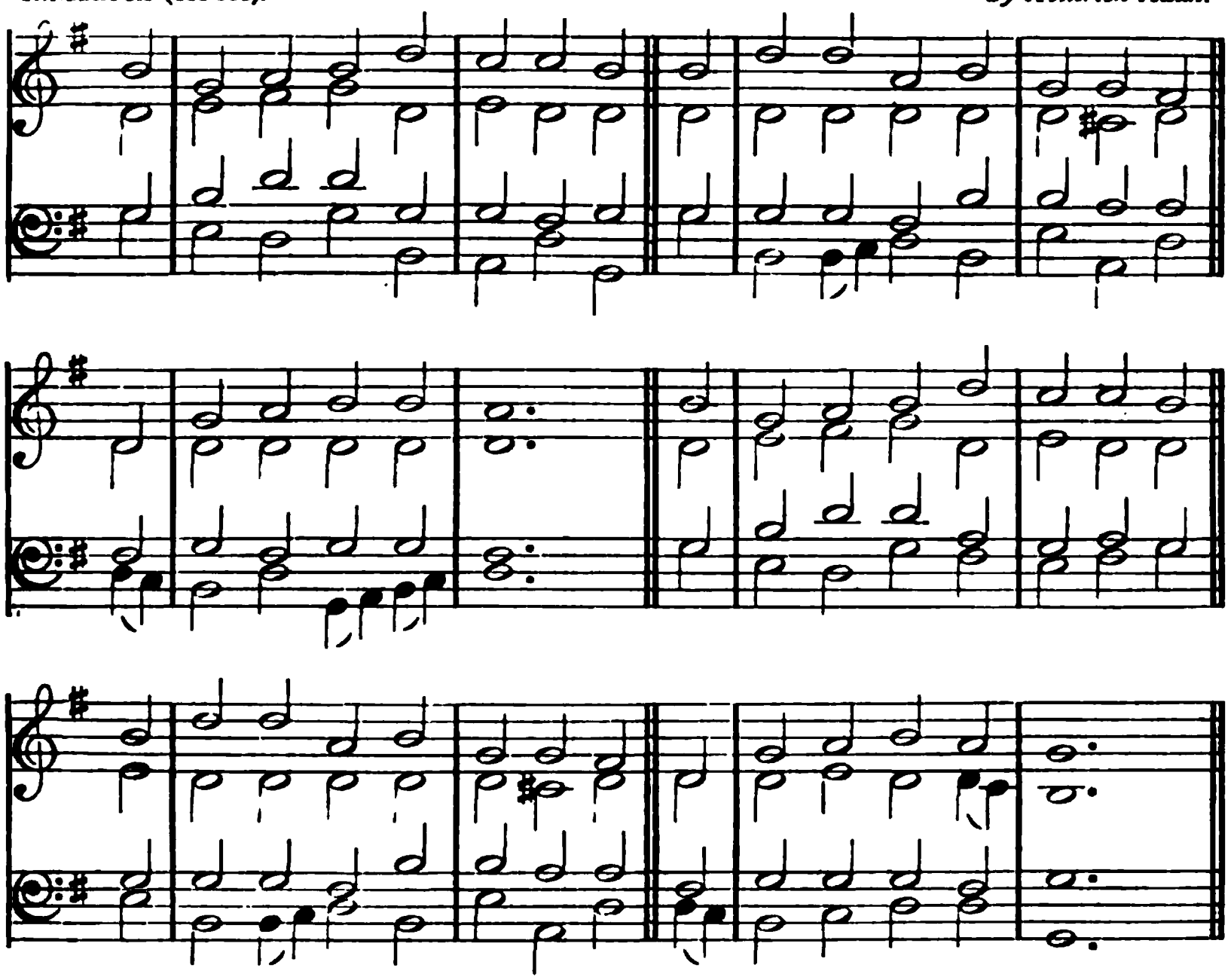
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

Hymn 193 (108)

INNSBRÜCK (886 886).

Old German Volkslied.
By Heinrich Isaak.



"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

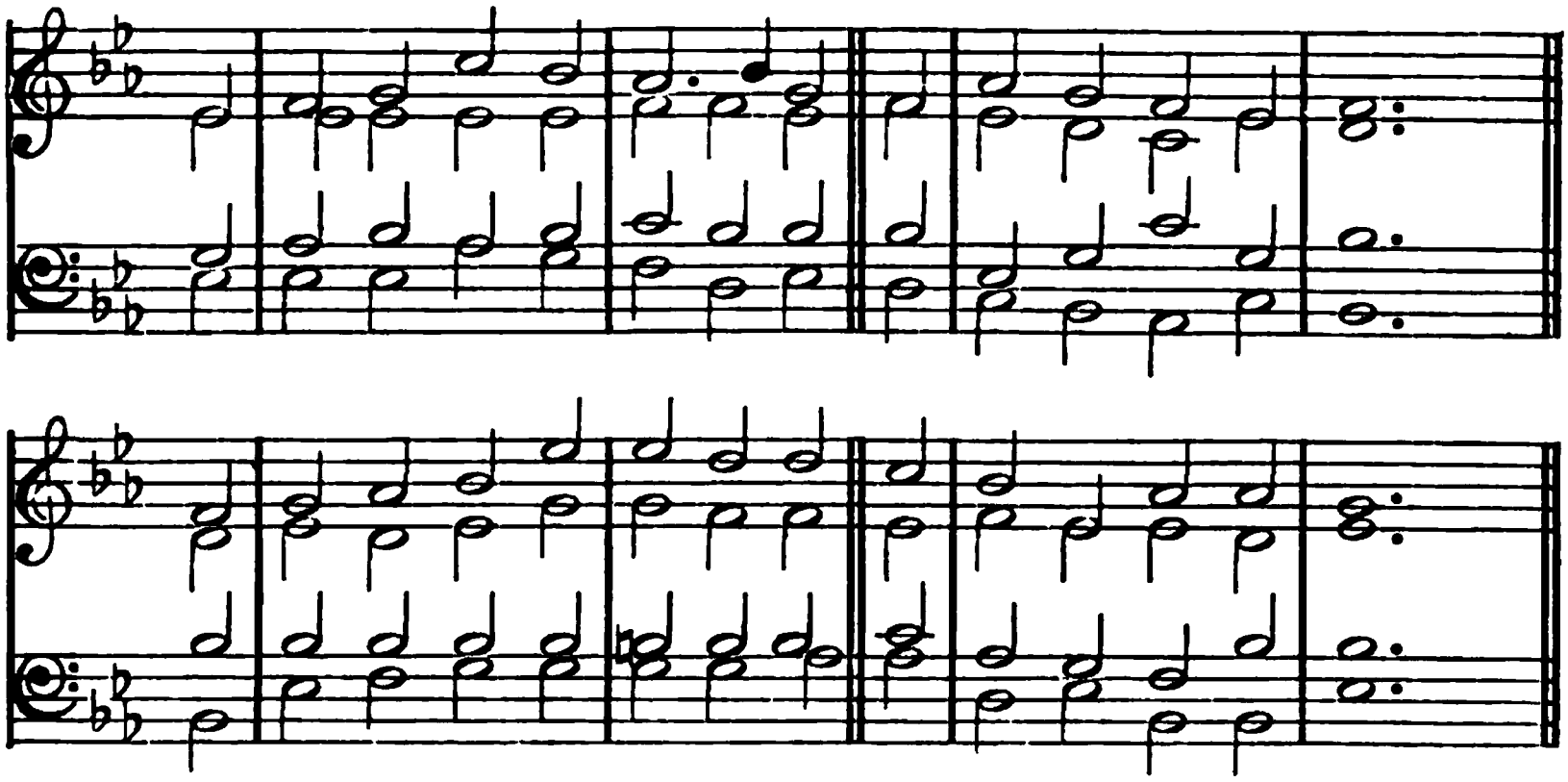
2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

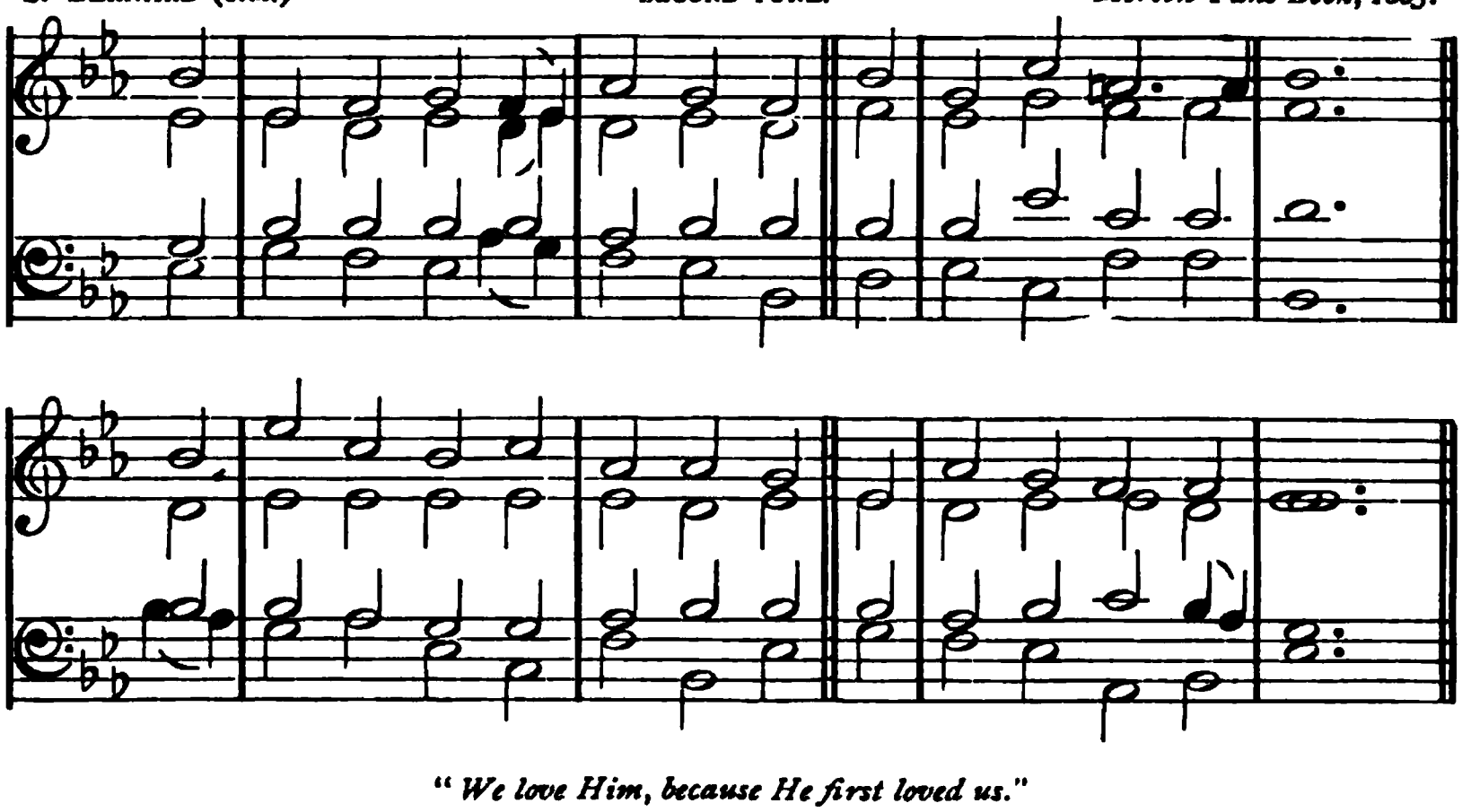
4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Hymn 194 (295)

S. Francis Xavier (c.m.) — first tune. — *John Stainer, M.A., Mus. D.*



S. Bernard (c.m.) — second tune. — *Merton Tune Book, 1863.*



"We love Him, because He first loved us."

1 MY God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,—
Yea, death itself; and all for me,
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

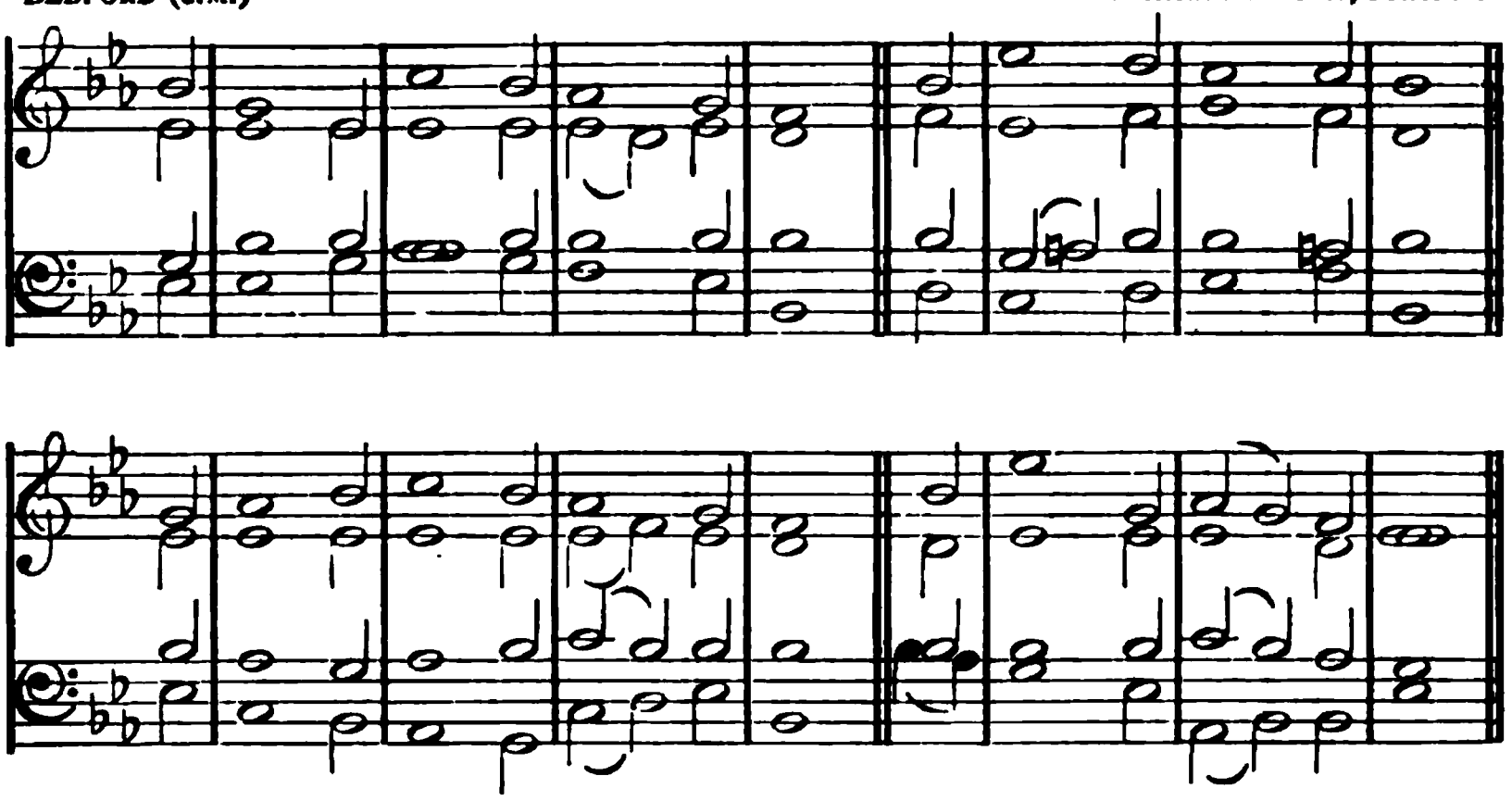
5 Not from the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my most loving King.

Hymn 195 (109)

BEDFORD (C.M.)

William Wheall, Mus. B.



" The Lord, which is my refuge.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul will cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

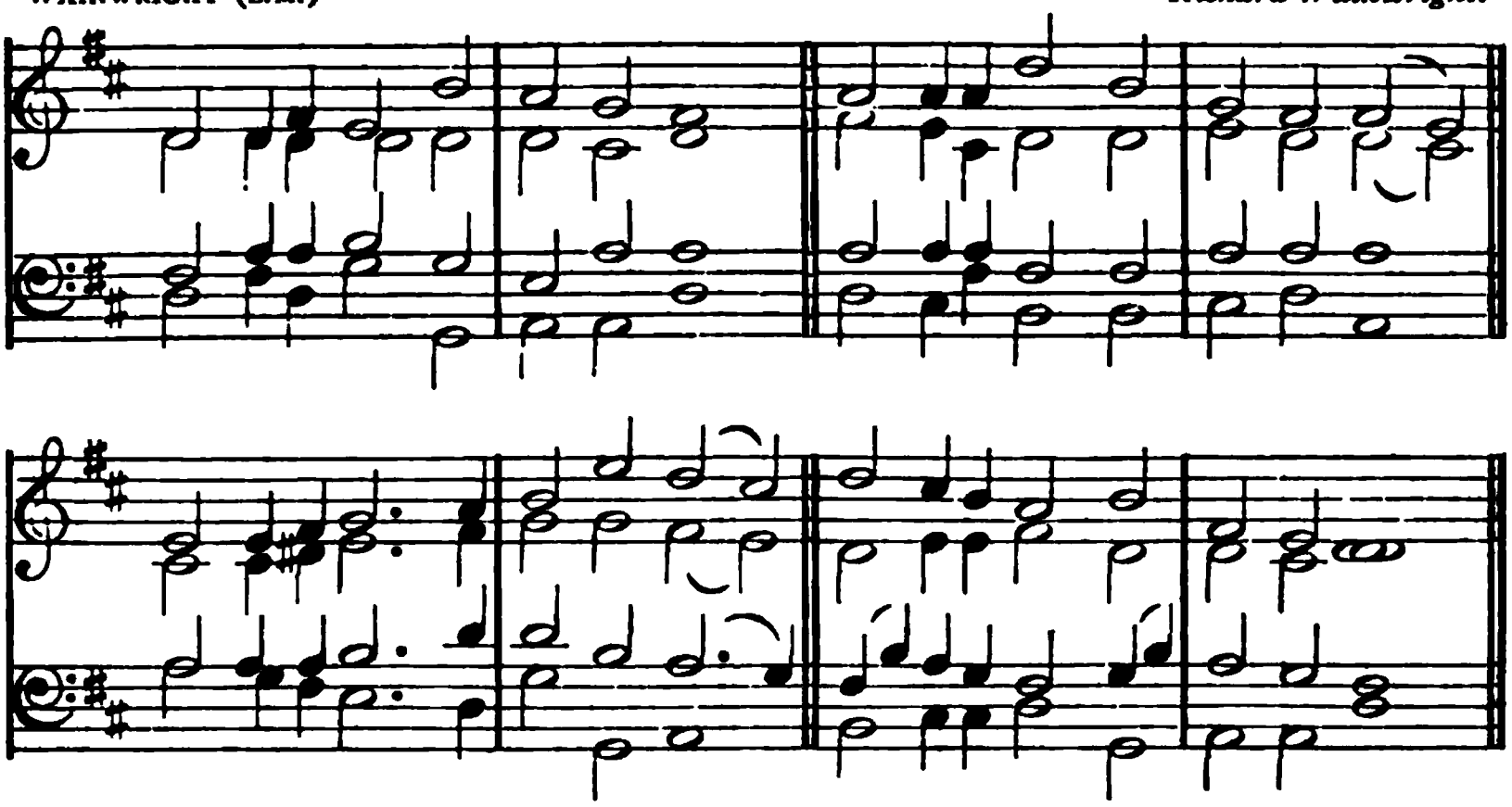
5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No! still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Hymn 196 (110)

WAINWRIGHT (L.M.) *Richard Wainwright.*



"O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee."

1 O GOD! Thou art my God alone:
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace!

3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God!
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways:
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

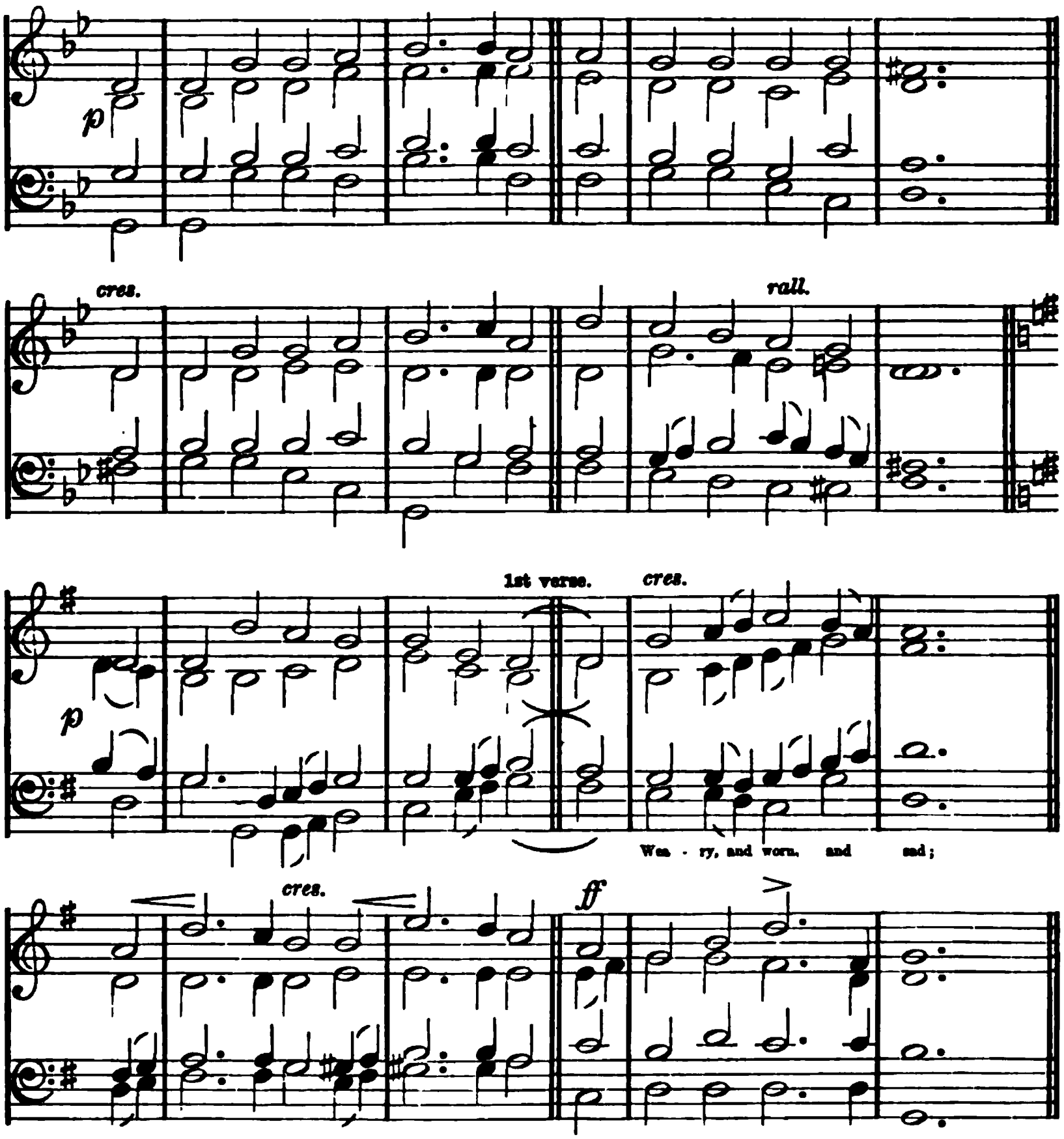
4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give.
My soul shall still in God rejoice:
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

Hymn 197 (111)

VOX DILECTI (D.C.M.) — *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

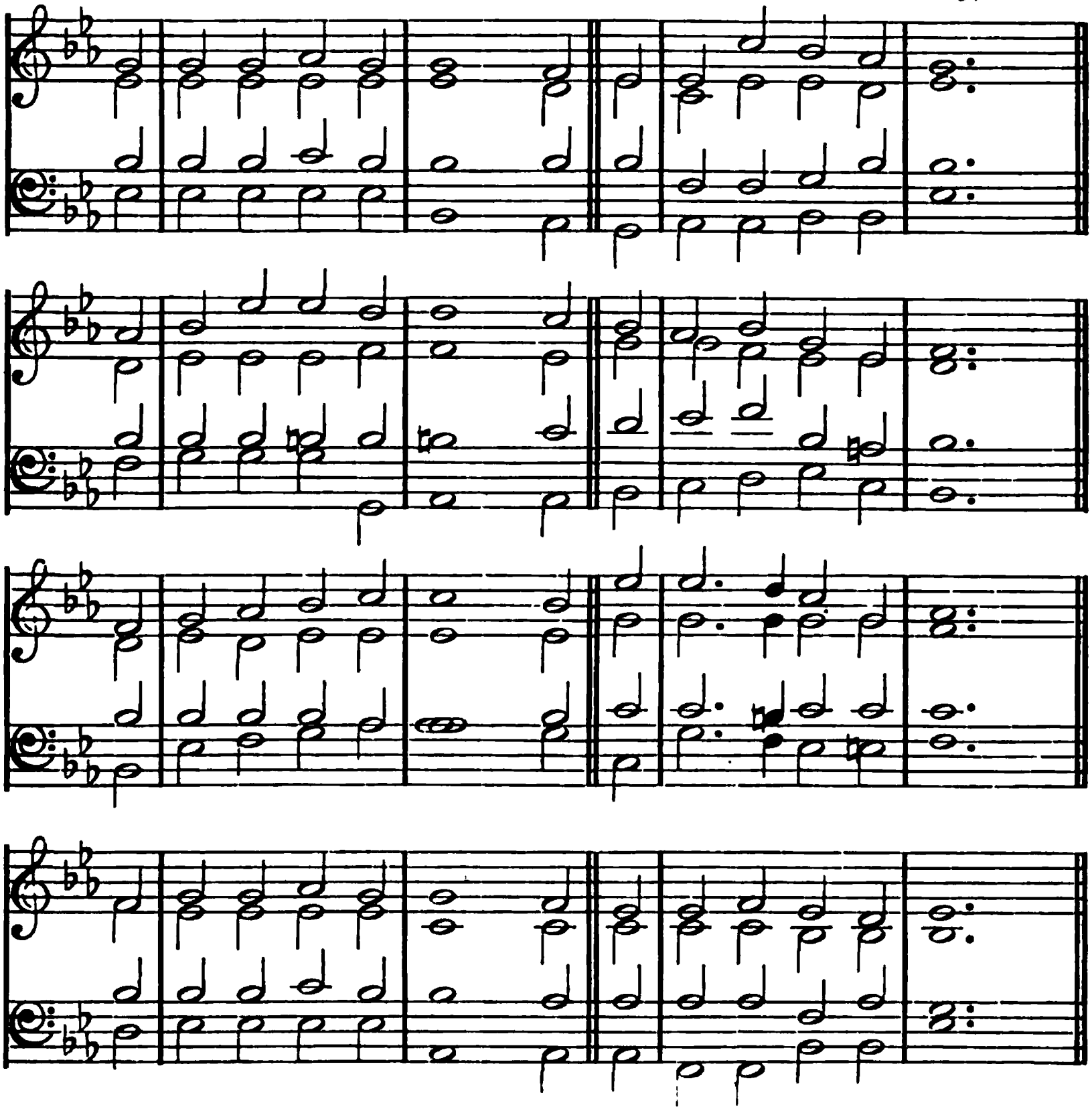
1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Hymn 198 (112)

AURELIA (76 76 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

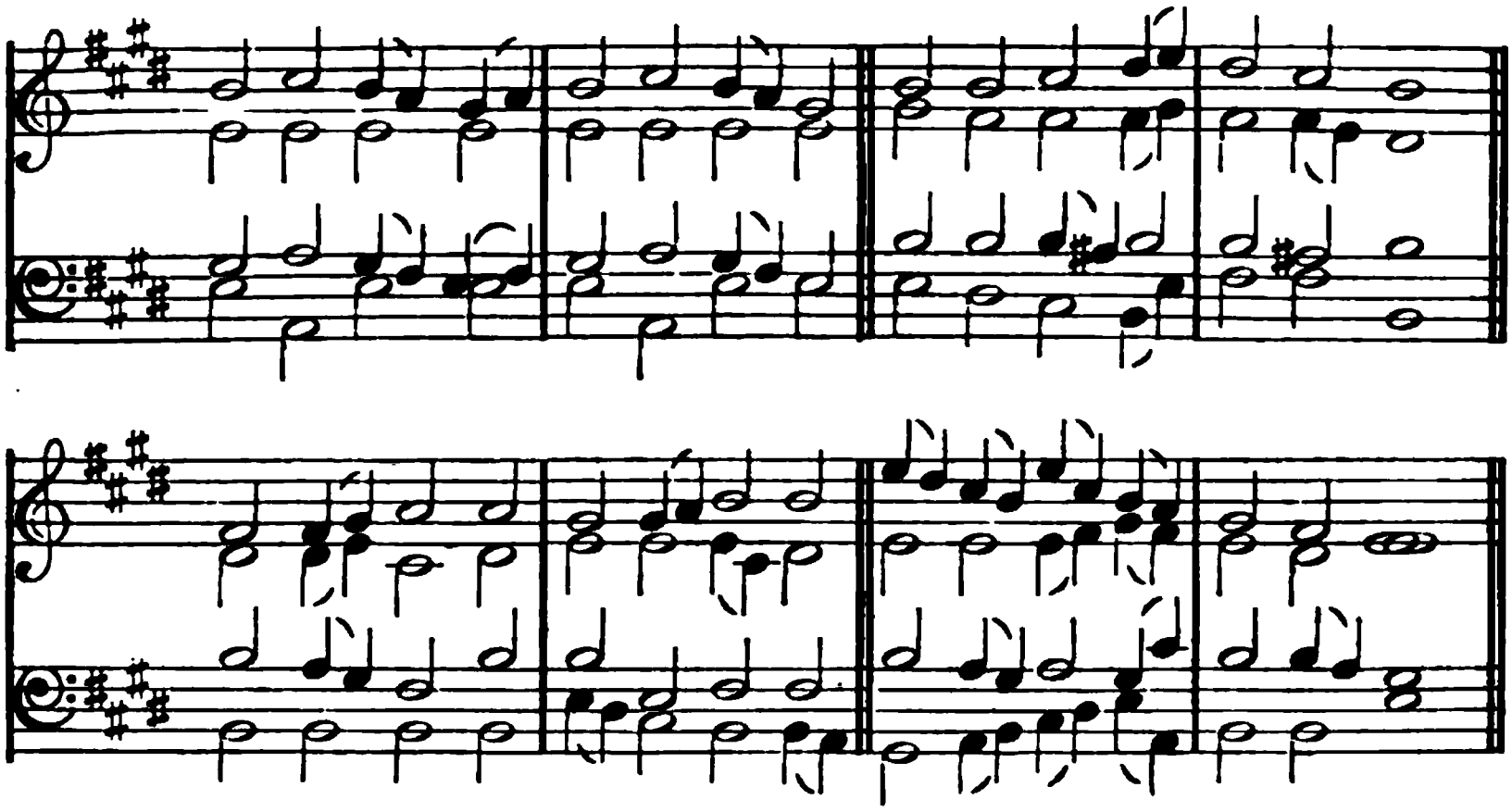
2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Hymn 199 (113)

O Sanctissima (87 87). *Sicilian Mariners' Hymn.*



"*The Desire of all nations.*"

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

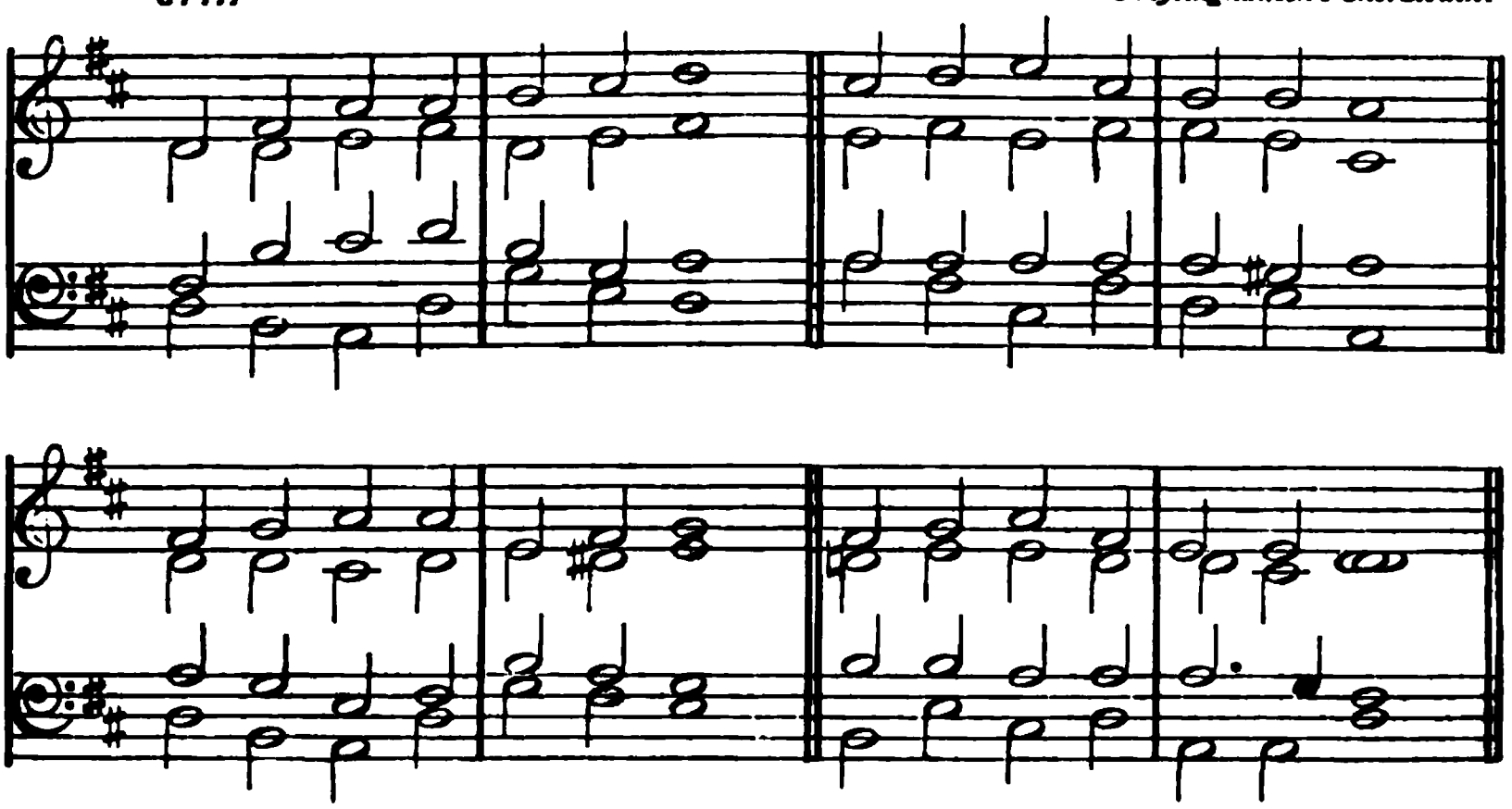
3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Hymn 200 (114)

LÜBECK (77 77).

Old German.
Freylinghausen's Choralbuch.



"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 When new triumphs of Thy name
Swell the raptured songs above,
May I feel the kindred flame,
Full of zeal and full of love.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.

4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

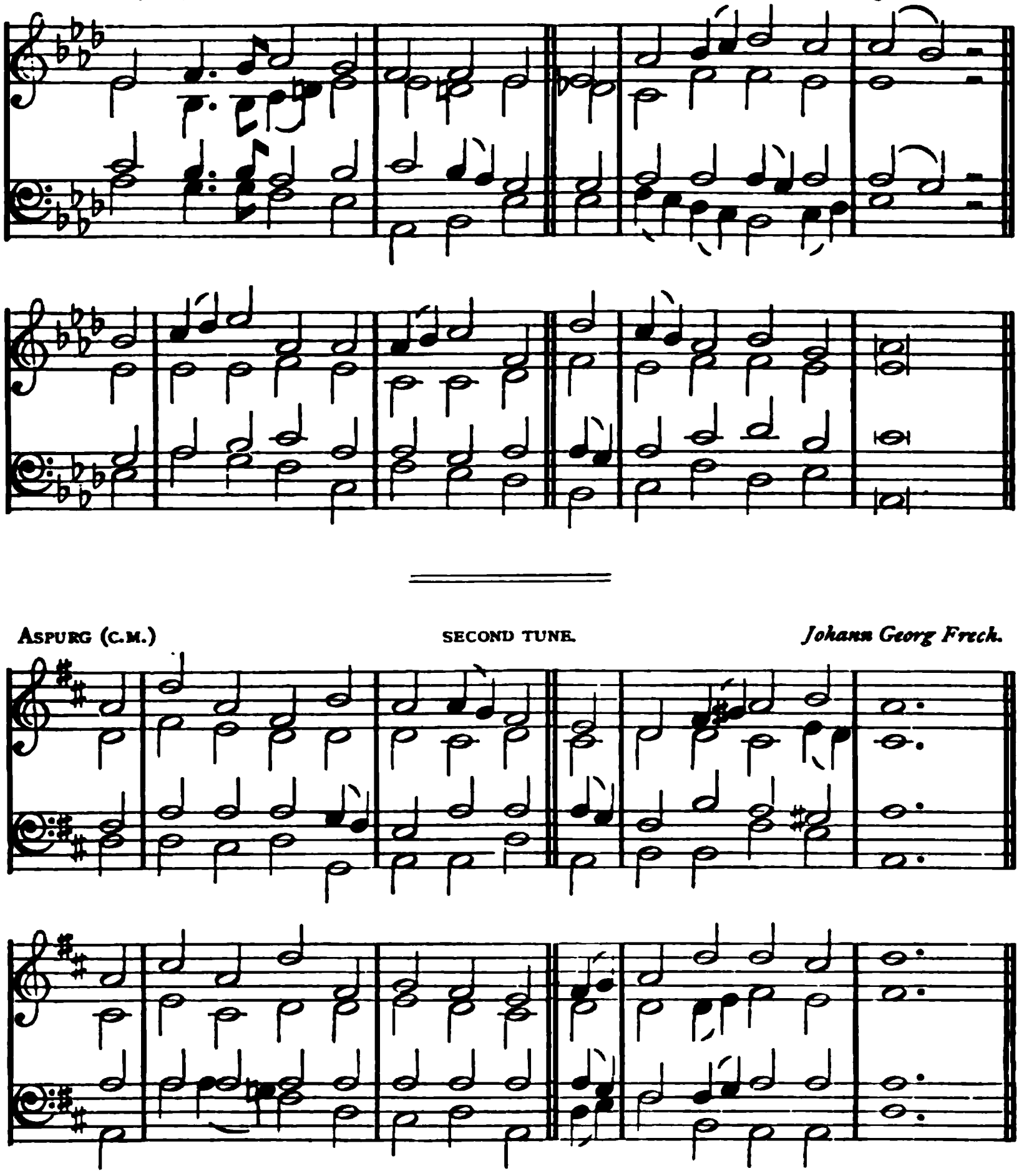
5 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing wavès shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

6 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky!
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

7 Gain to part from all my grief,
Gain to bid my sins farewell,
Gain of all my gains the chief,
Ever with the Lord to dwell.

Hymn 201 (115)

RUTHWELL (C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *J. Montgomerie Bell.*



ASPURG (C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Johann Georg Frech.*

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

1 THOU art the Way; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

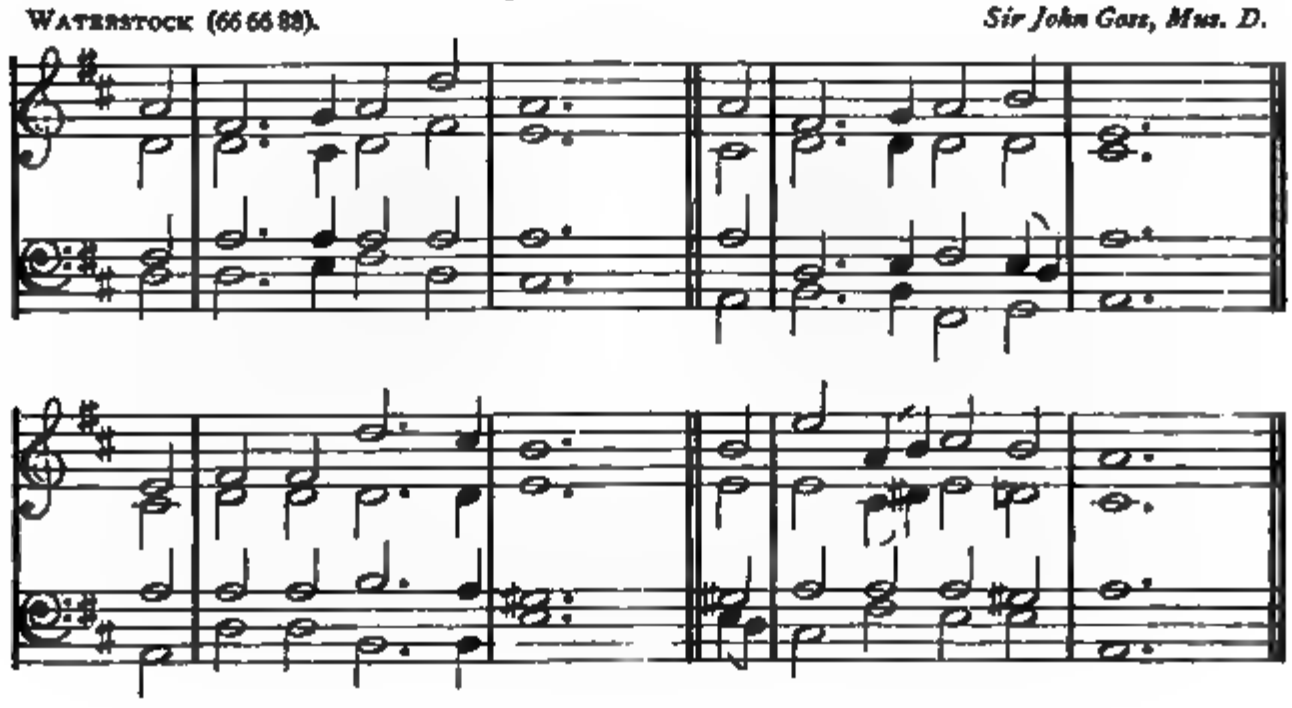
2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
Sound wisdom can impart:
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Hymn 202 (116)

WATERSTOCK (66 66 88). *Sir John Goss, Mus. D.*



"In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy Name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

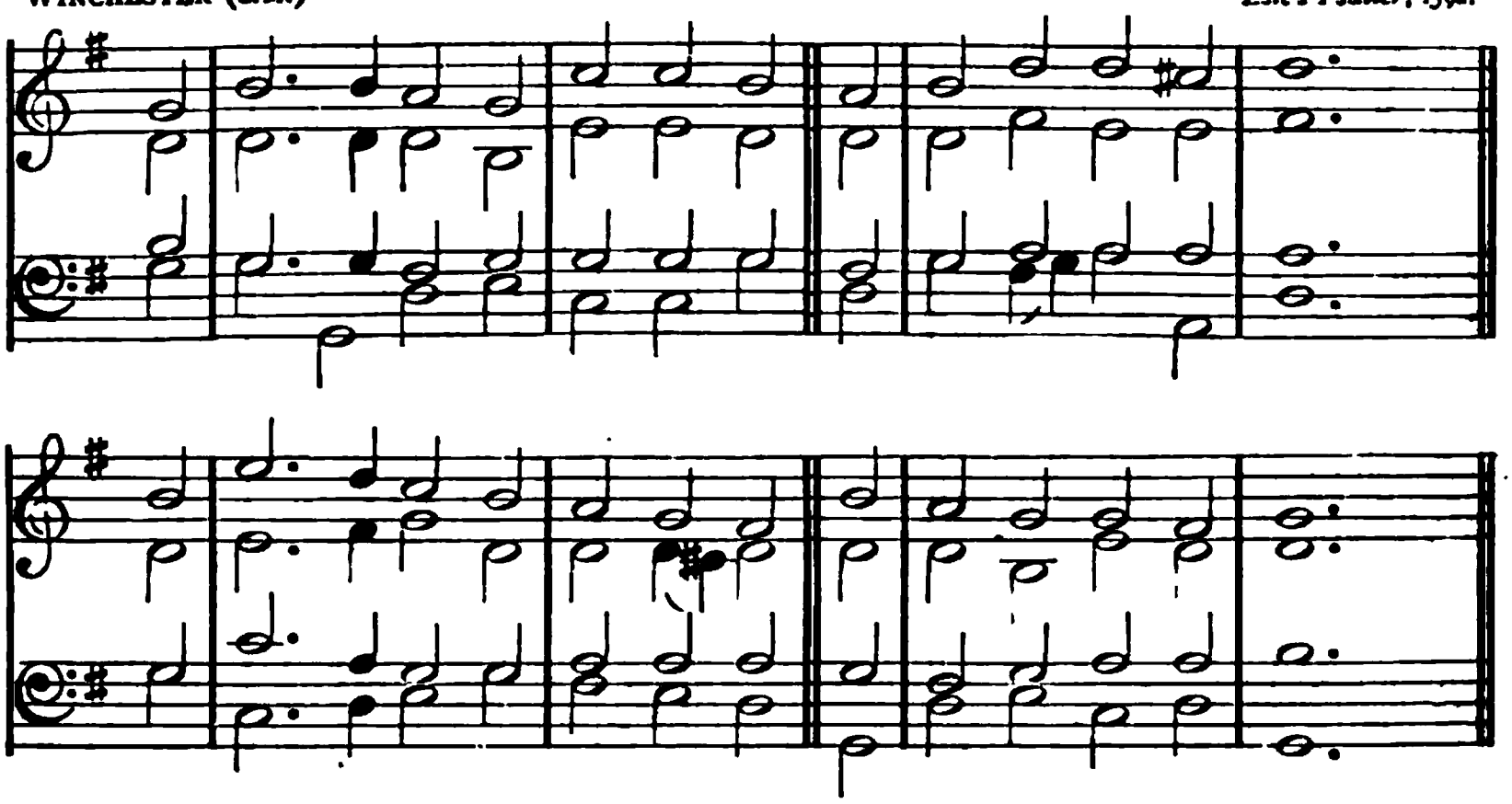
3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power: behold I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

Hymn 203 (117)

WINCHESTER (C.M.)

George Kirbye.
Este's Psalter, 1592.



"My soul doth magnify the Lord."

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name.

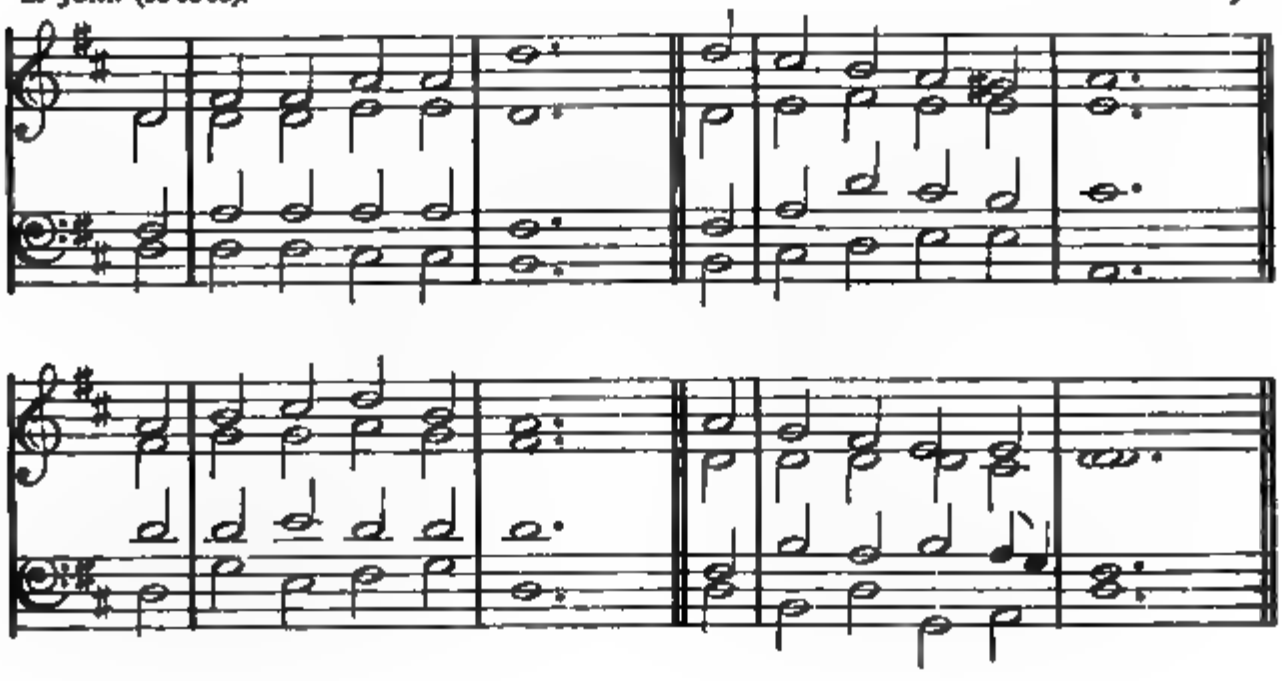
3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

4 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Hymn 204 (118)

S. John (66 66 88). *Ancient Church Melody.*



"In the year of this jubilee ye shall return every man unto his possession."

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

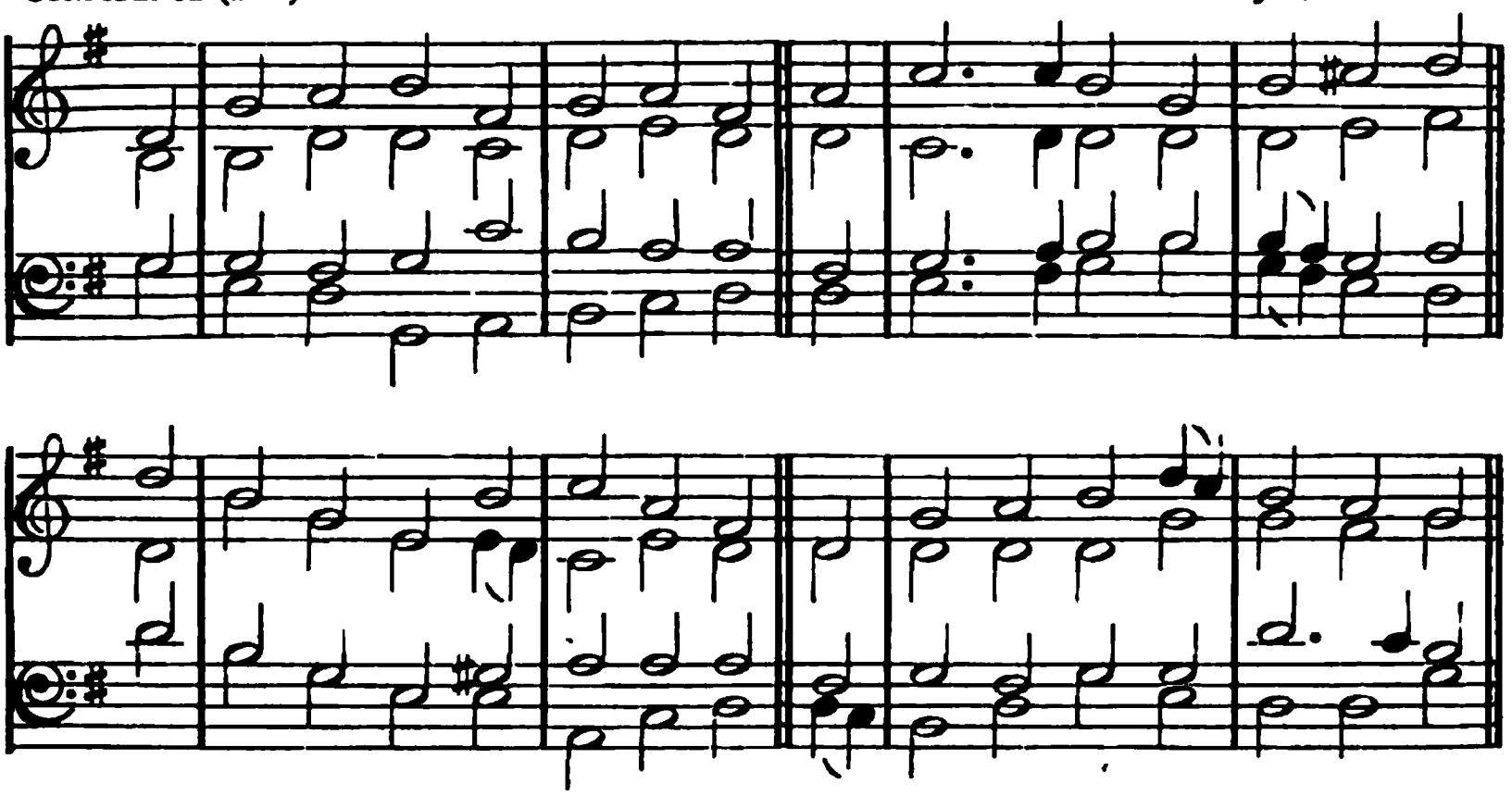
4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Hymn 205 (119)

CONFIDENCE (L.M.) *Jeremiah Clark.*



"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

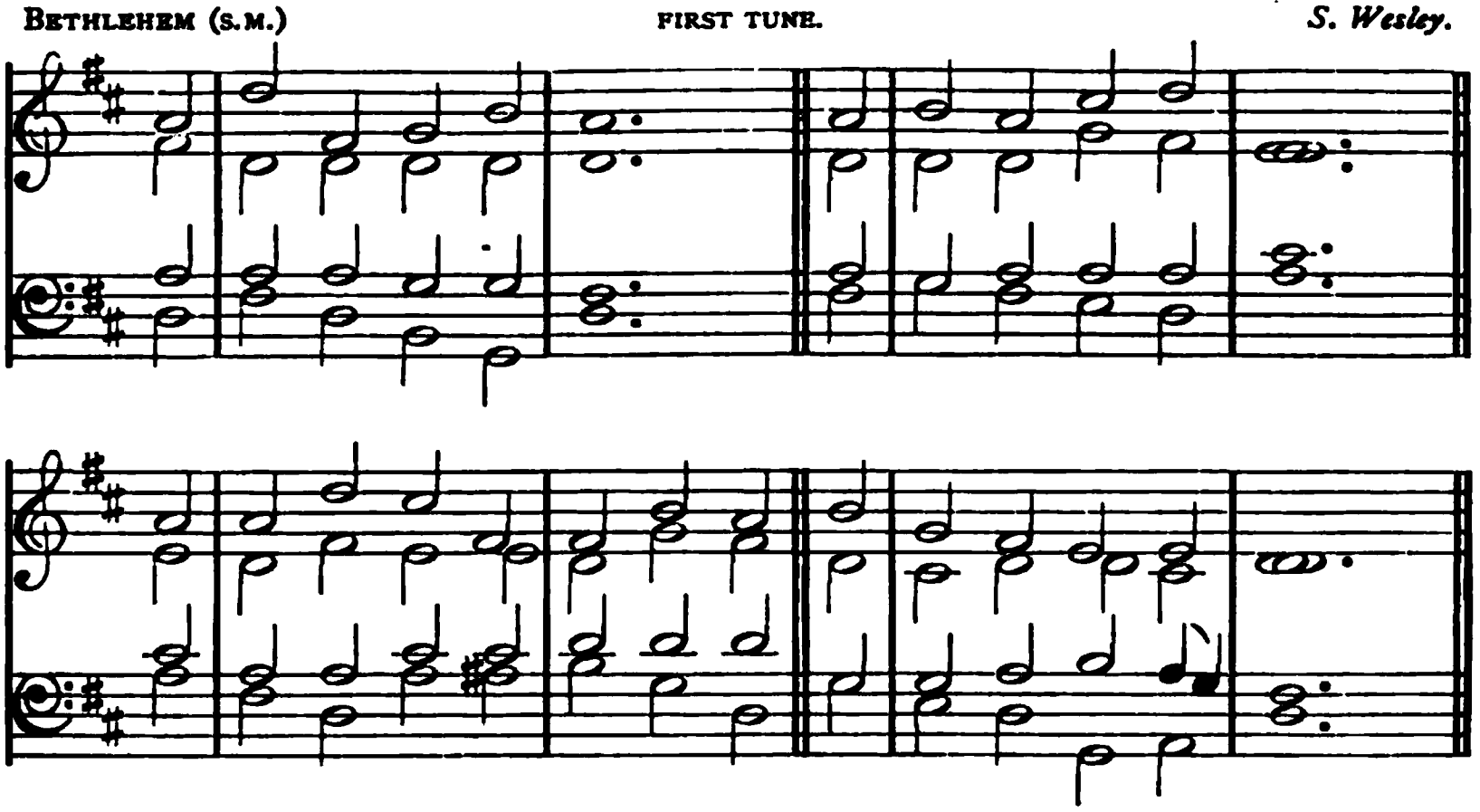
5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

6 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen;
And thin the boundary between.

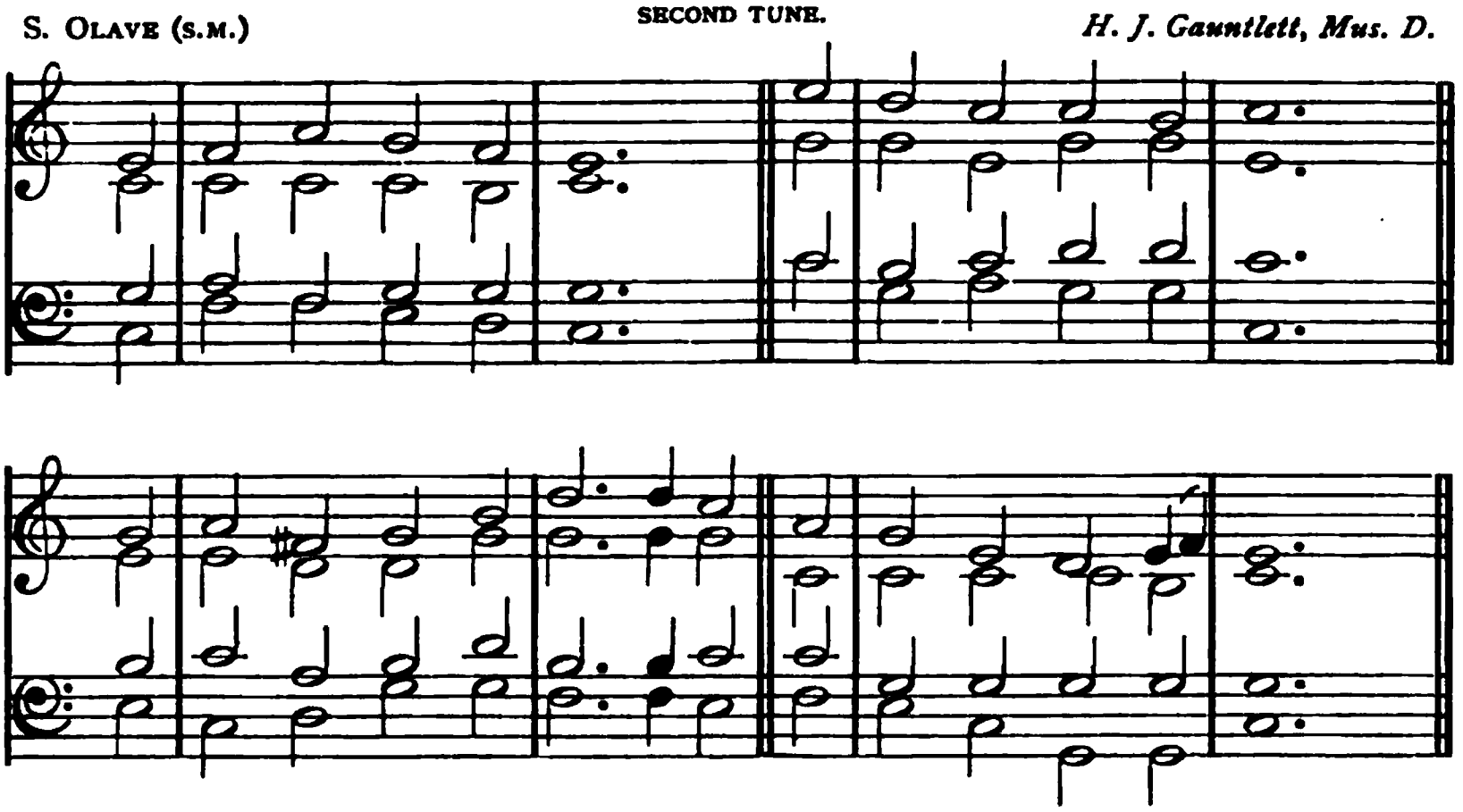
7 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Hymn 206 (121)

BETHLEHEM (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *S. Wesley.*



S. OLAVE (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love."

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

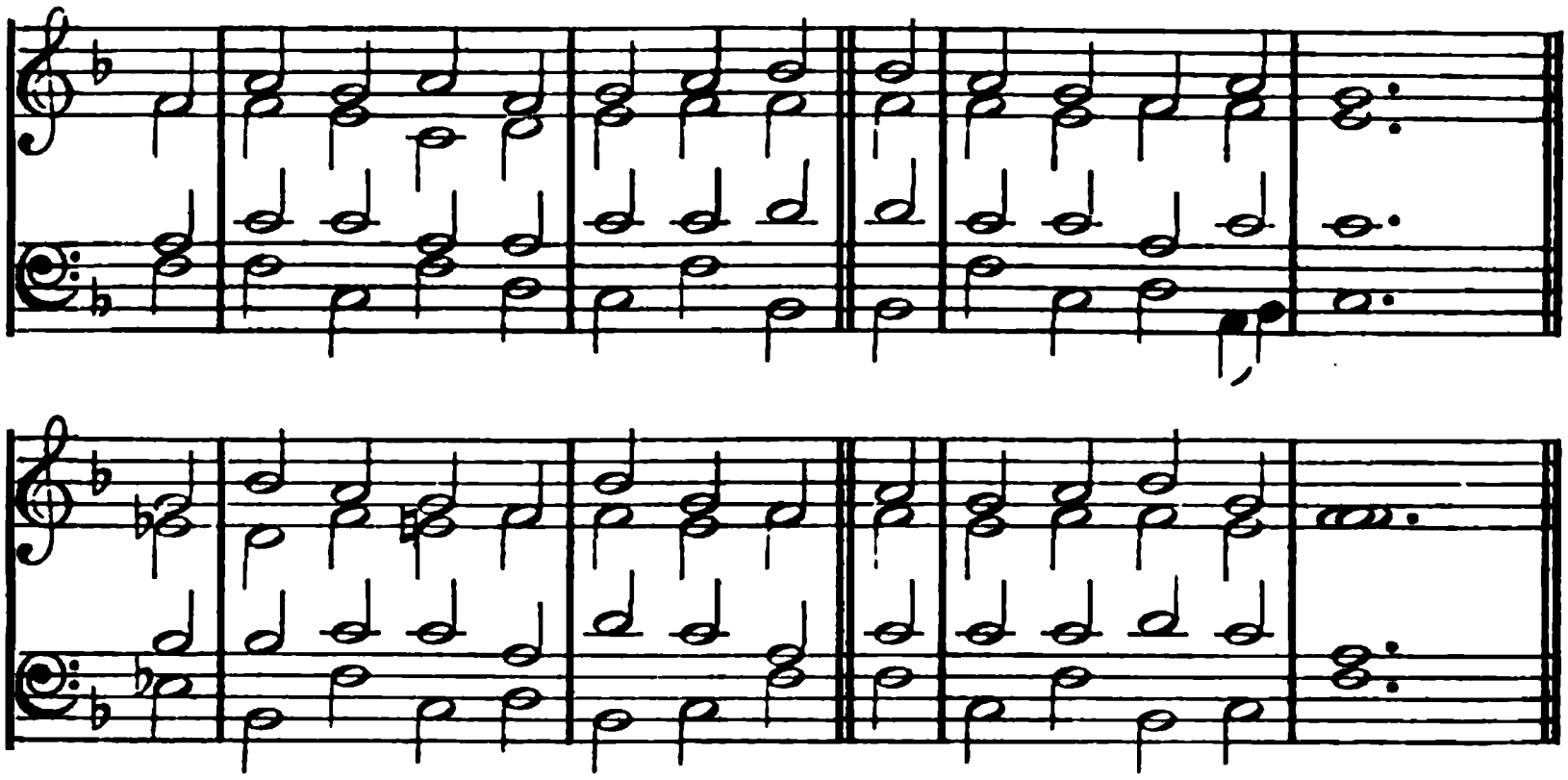
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

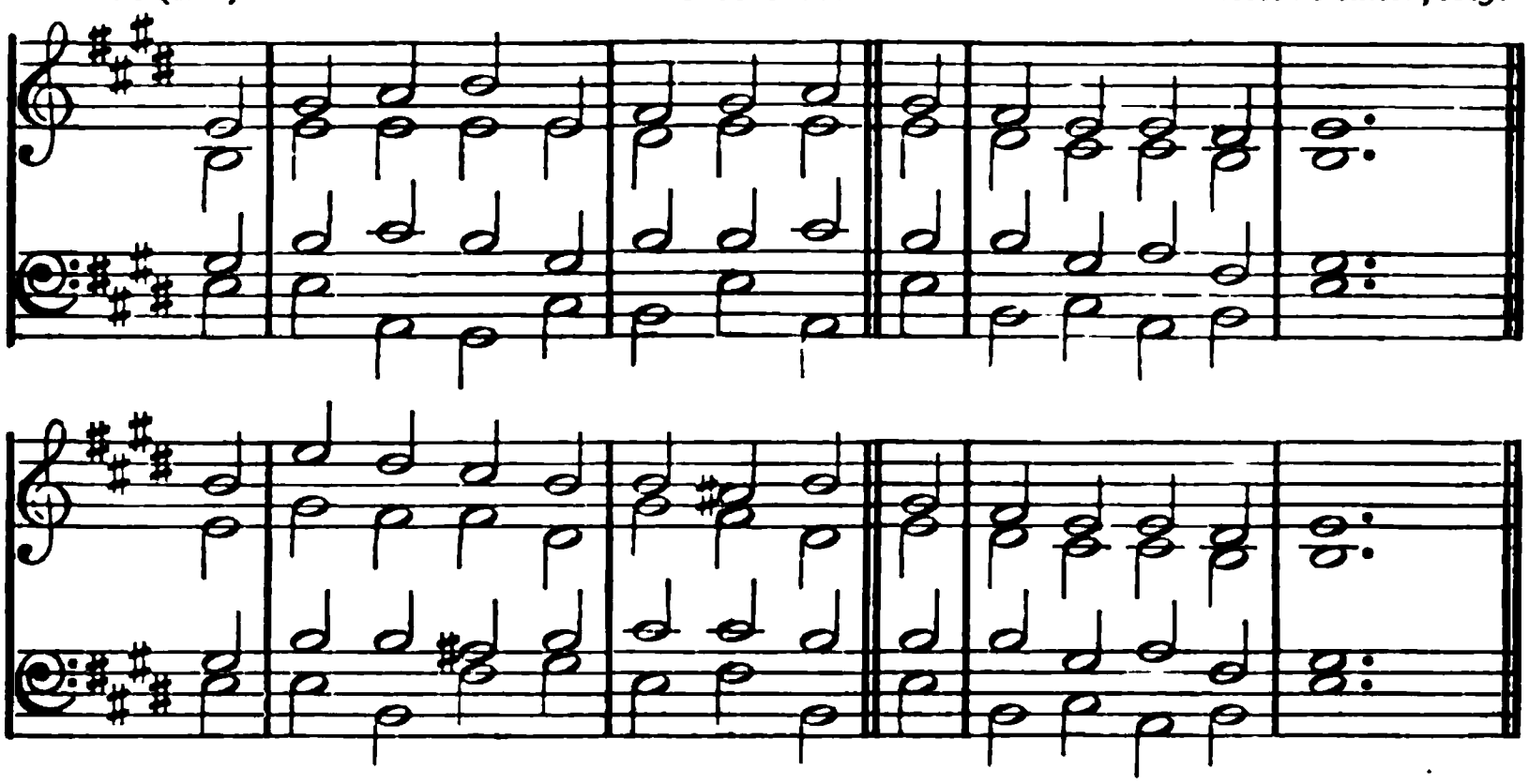
6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free:
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Hymn 207 (122)

PASTON (C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Este's Psalter, 1592.*



FRENCH (C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Scotch Psalter, 1615.*



"Rising up a great while before day, He went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

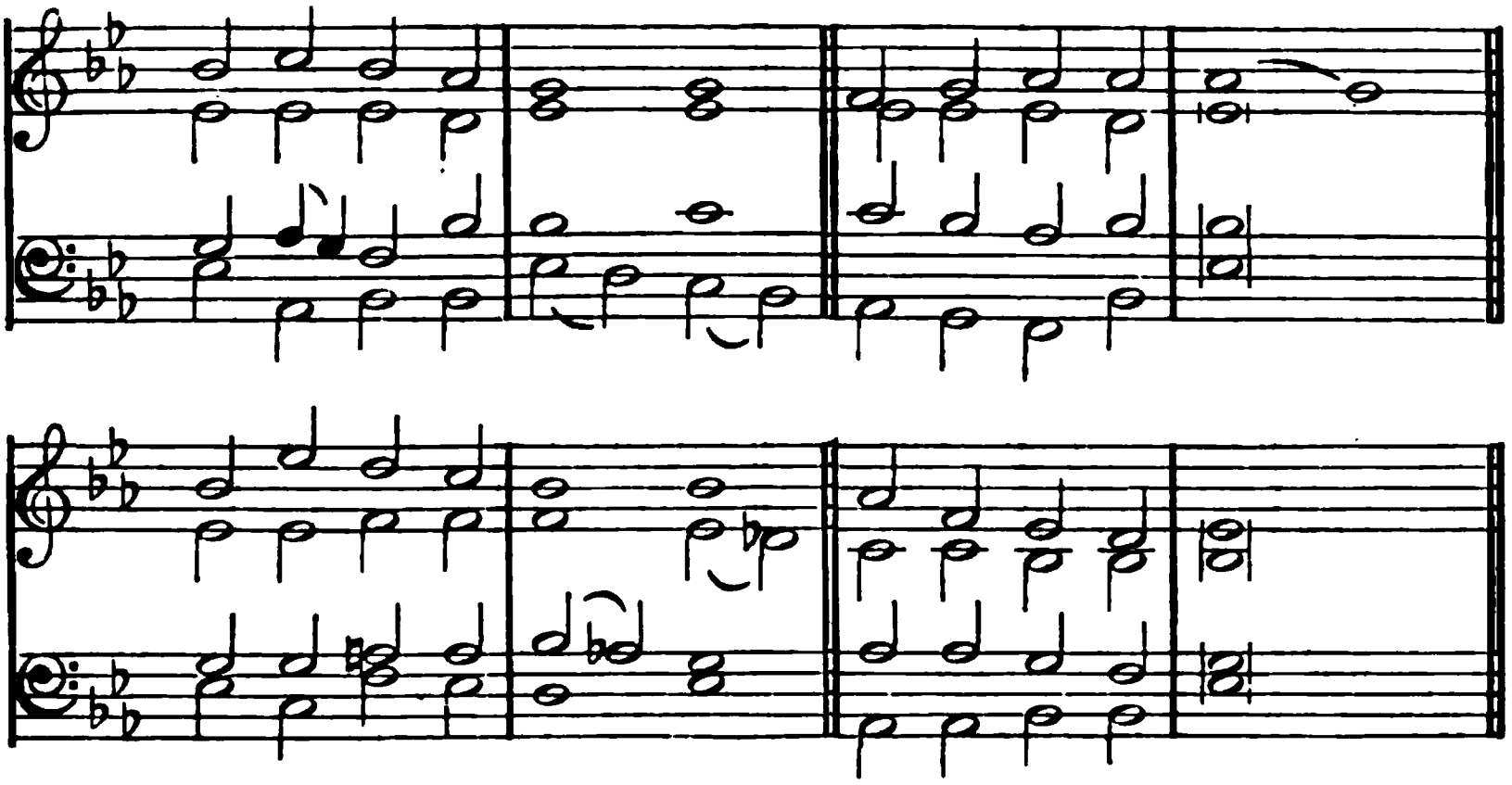
3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life;
Sweet source of light divine;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! Thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe Thee, and what
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more!

Hymn 208 (288)

S. John Baptist (6565). *Rev. O. M. Feilden.*



"As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing."

1 O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

2 God will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows;
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes:

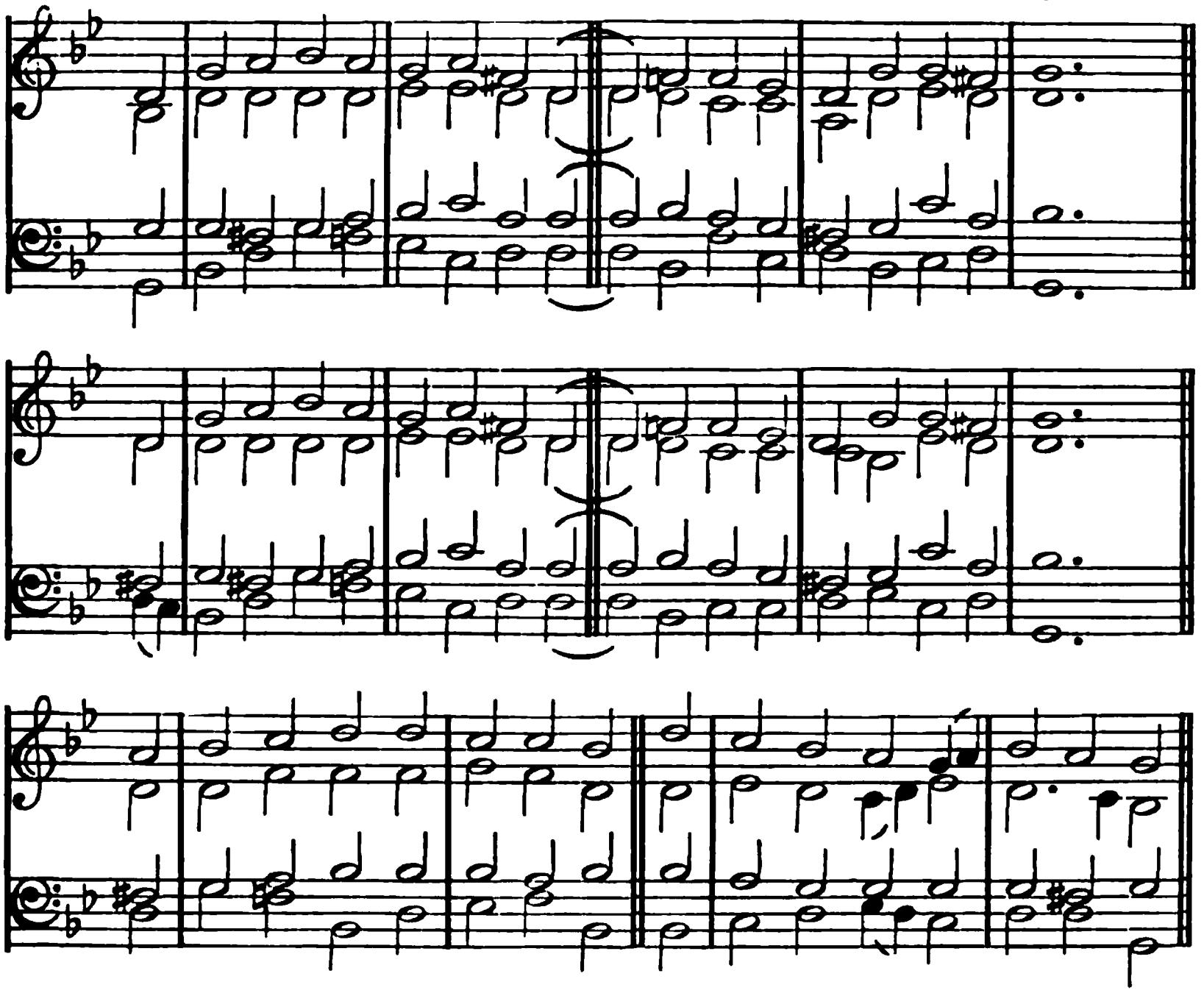
If in grief thou languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

3 All thy woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know,

When thy gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with His favour,
Fills thee with His love.

Hymn 209 (294)

NEUMARK (98 98 88). *Georg Neumark.*



"I waited patiently for the Lord."

1 IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

2 What can these anxious cares avail thee—
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only be still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent.
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

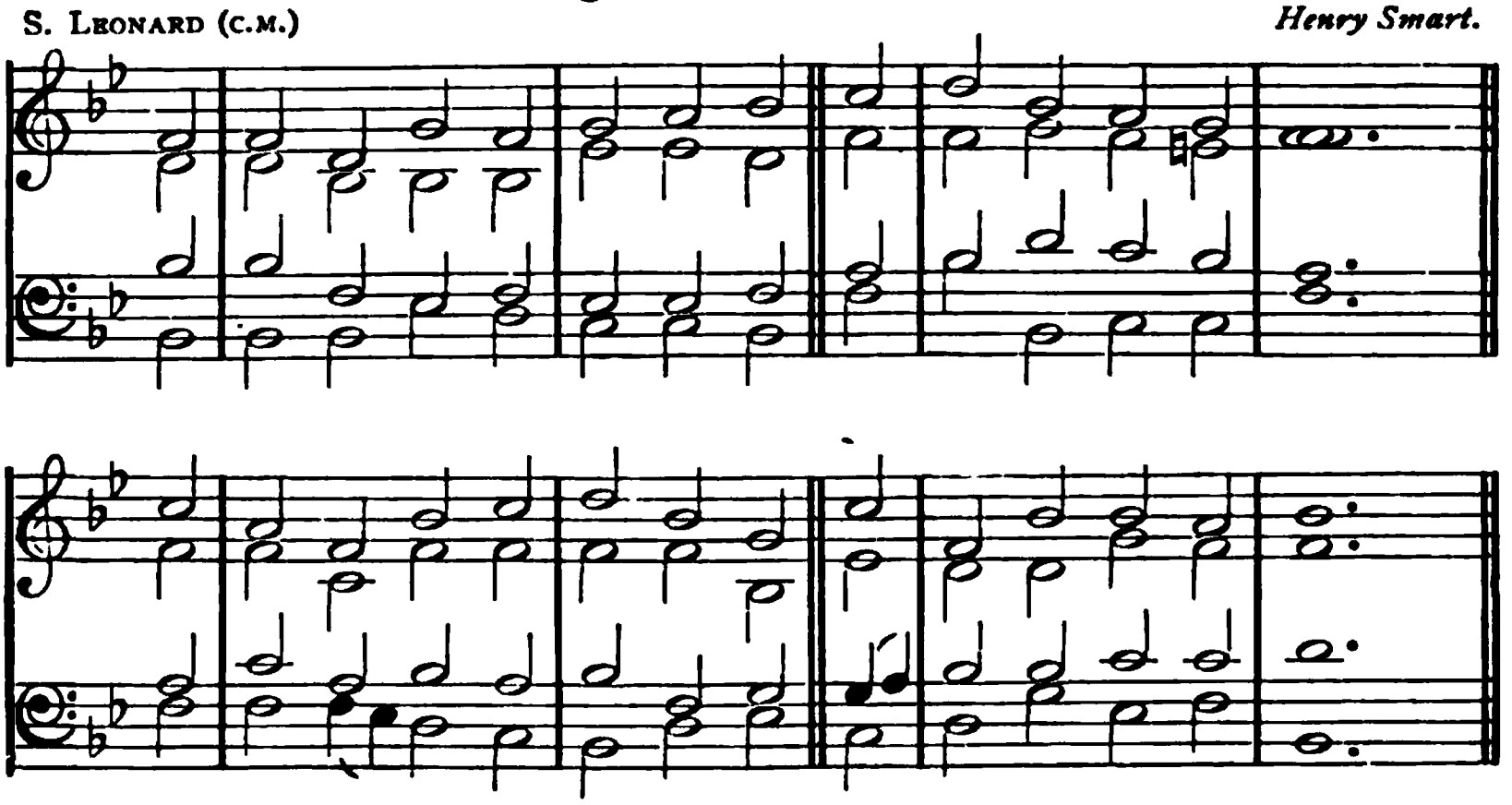
Hymn 209 (294)

4 All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy for our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

5 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Hymn 210 (289)

S. Leonard (C.M.) *Henry Smart.*



"And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith."

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God;

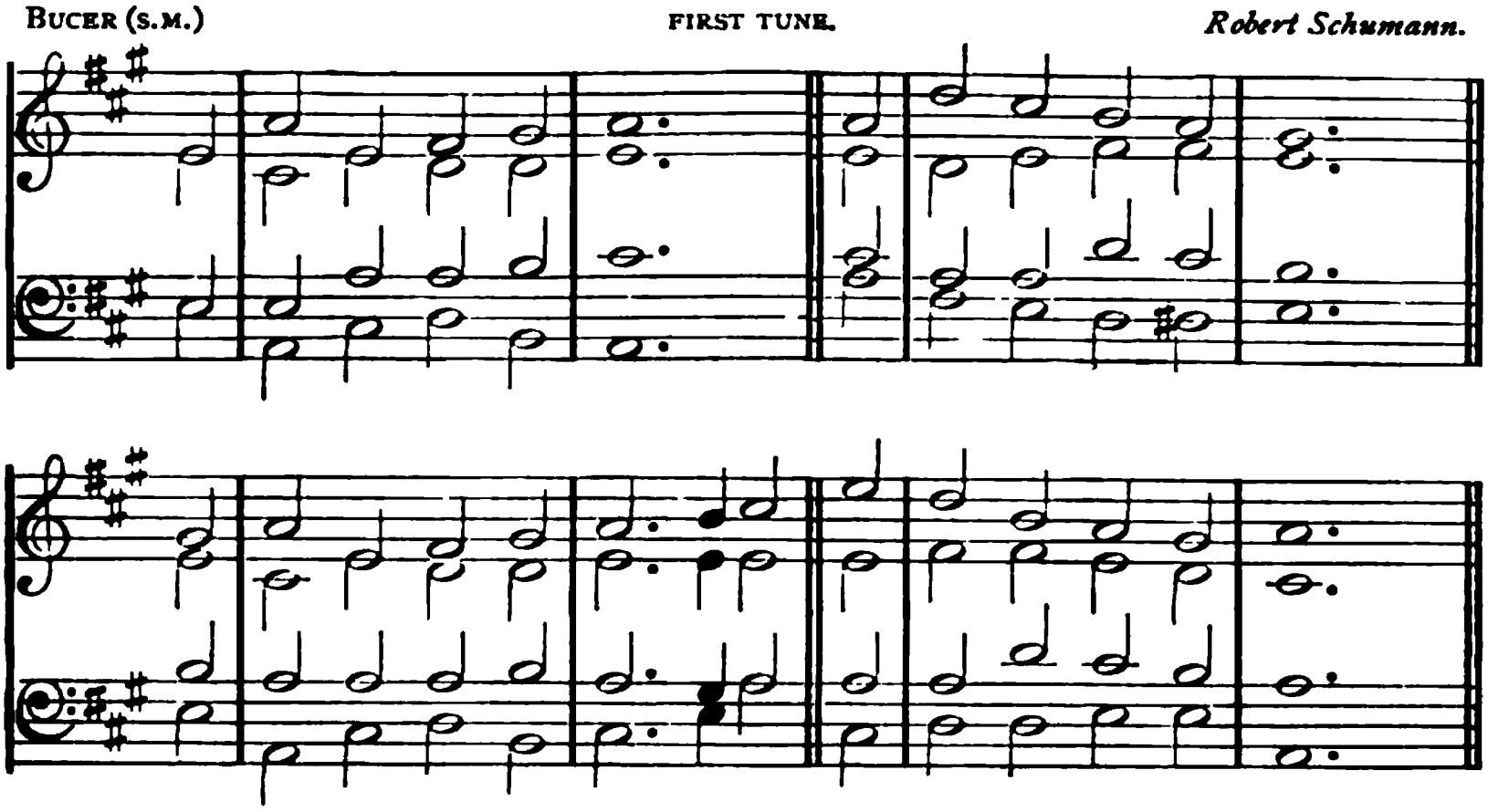
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;—
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up the dying bed.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

Hymn 211 (123)

BUCER (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Robert Schumann.*



"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office, wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

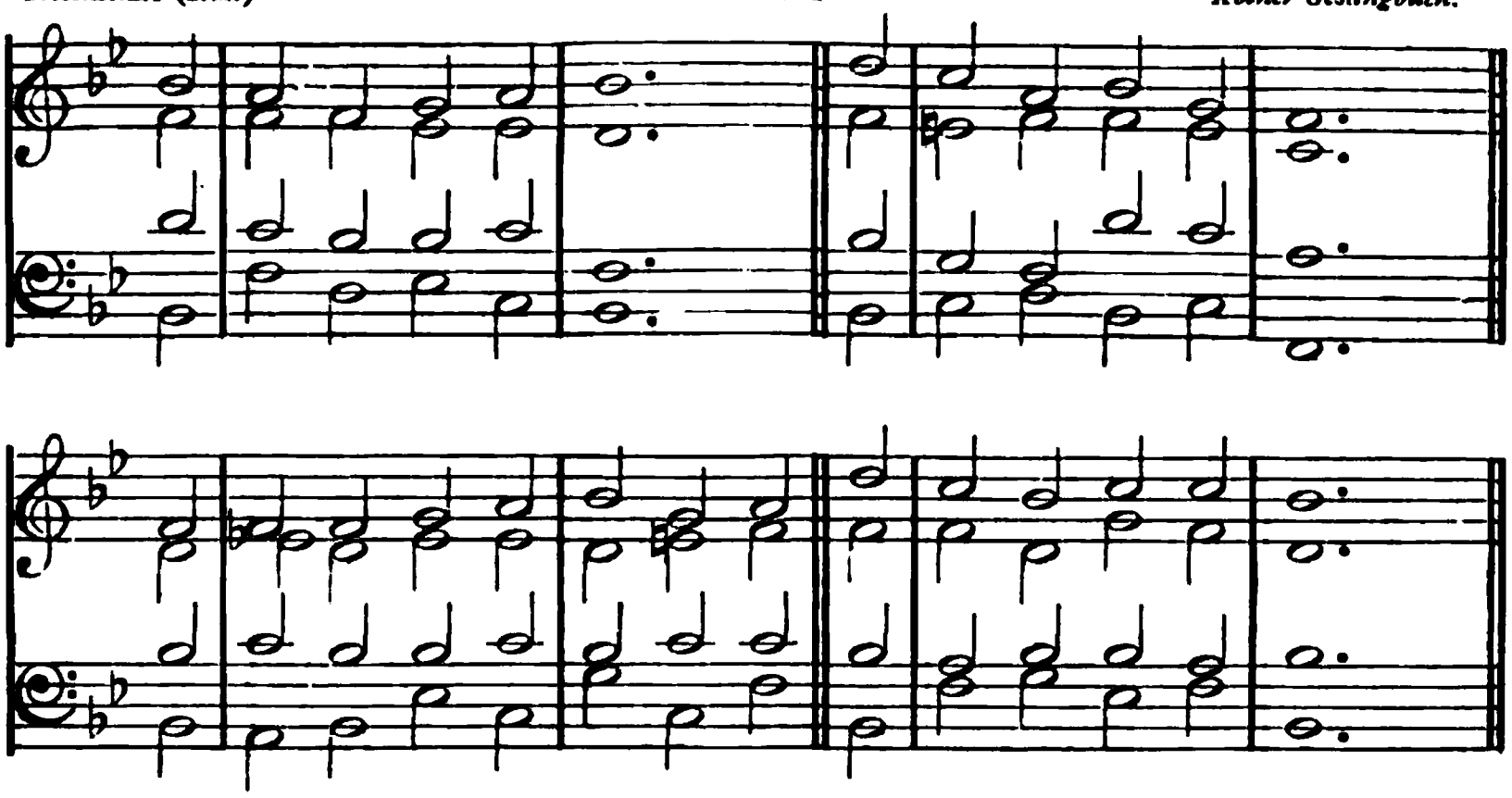
5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Hymn 211 (123)

NARENZA (S.M.)

SECOND TUNE.

Old German Chorale.
Kölner Gesangbuch.



"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office, wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

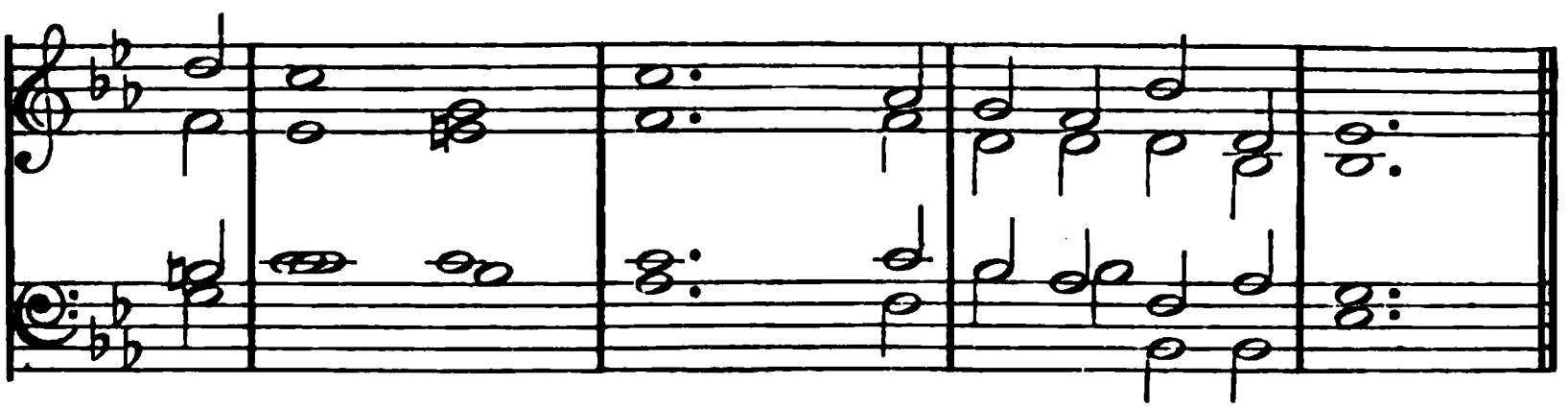
4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Hymn 212 (124)

S. Helen (10 10 10 10 10 10). *Walter Hately.*

Hymn 212 (124)



" Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

1 BE still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently thy cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

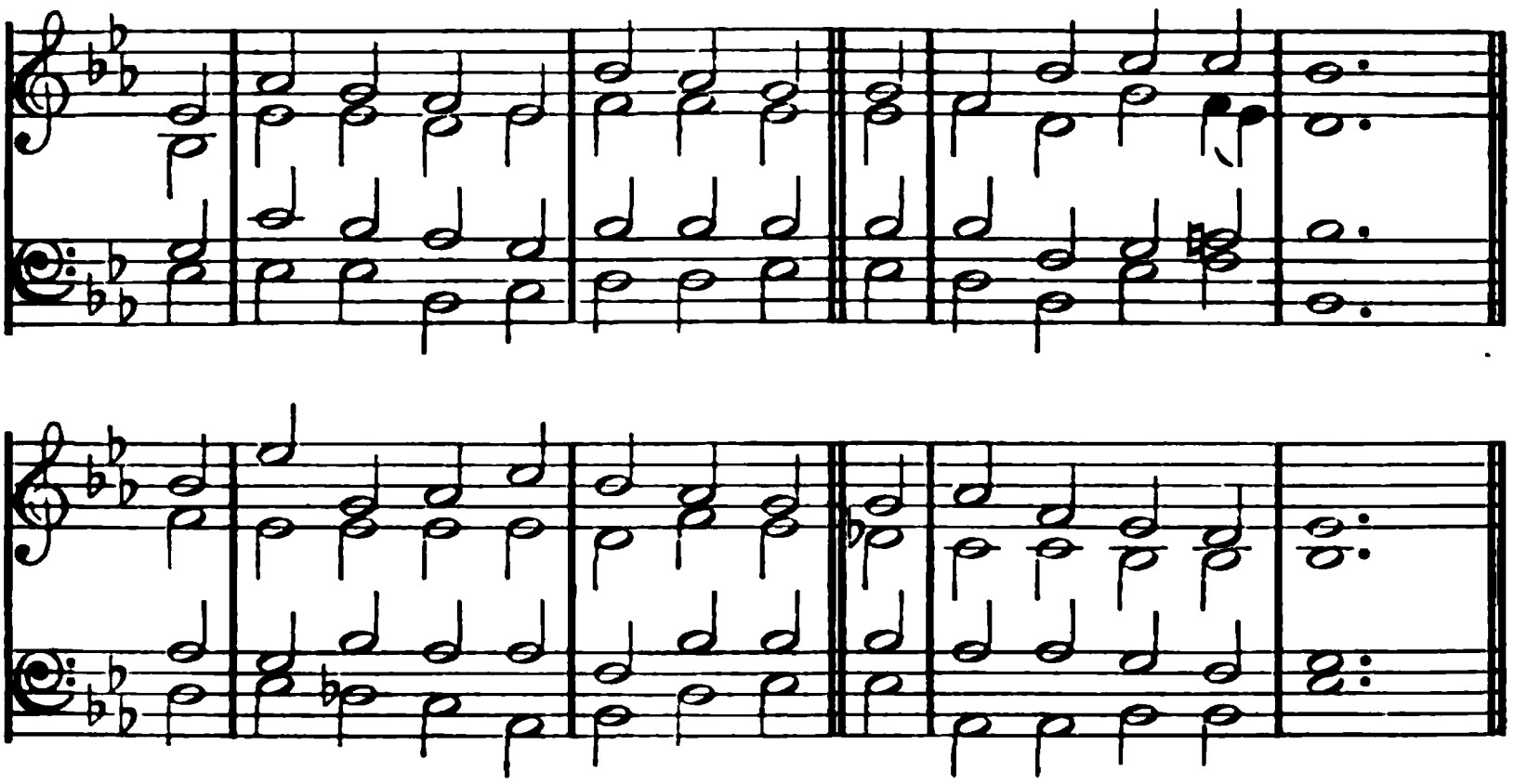
2 Be still, my soul; thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul; the waves and winds shall know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

3 Be still, my soul; when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then thou shalt better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul; thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.

4 Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord;
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last.

Hymn 213 (125)

S. Frances (c.m.) *G. A. Löhr.*



"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Would I long bear my heavy load,
And keep my sorrows long?
Would I long sin against my God,
And His dear mercy wrong?

4 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

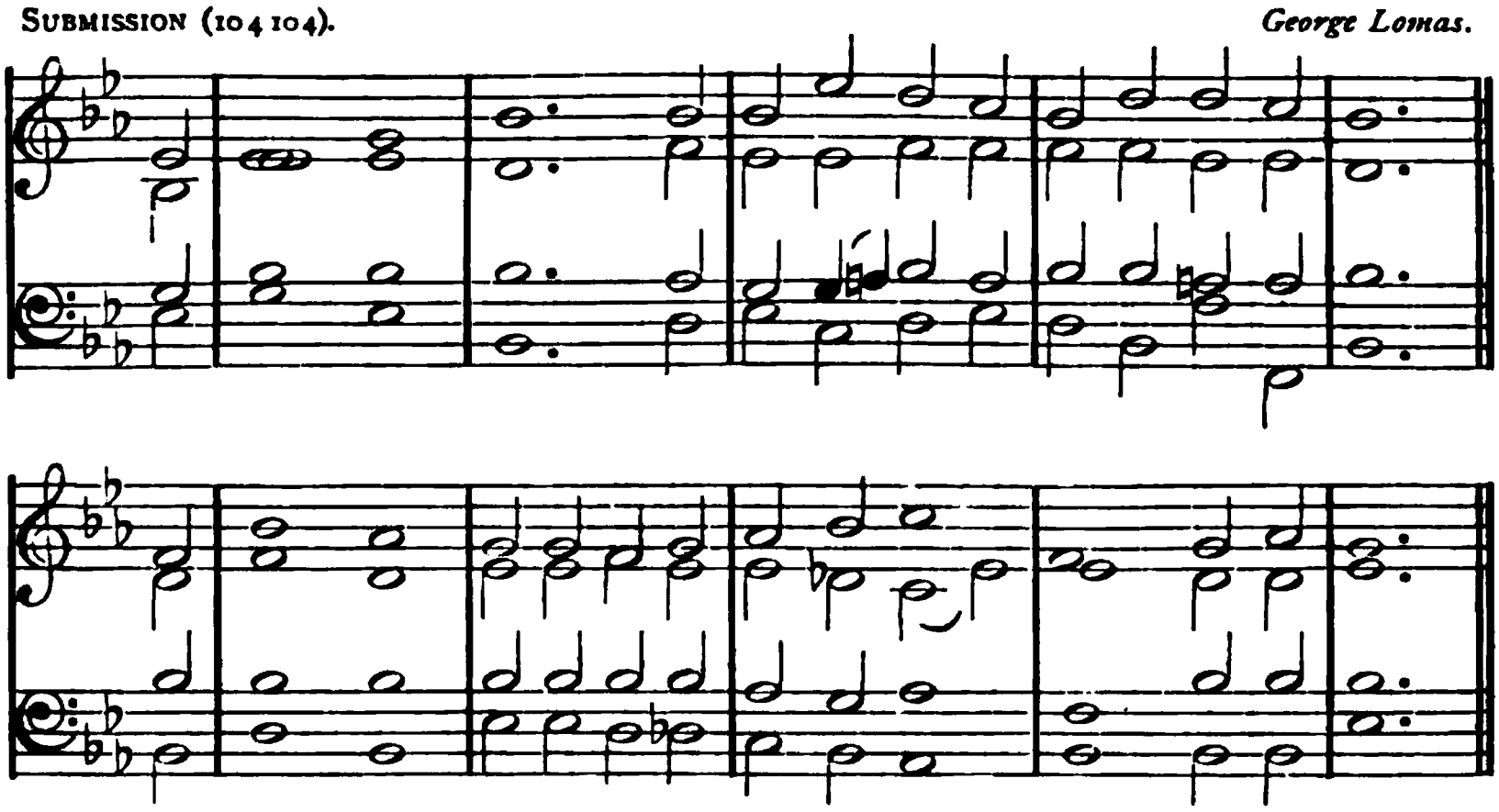
5 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

6 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

7 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Hymn 214 (293)

SUBMISSION (10 4 10 4). *George Lomas.*



"I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

1 I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

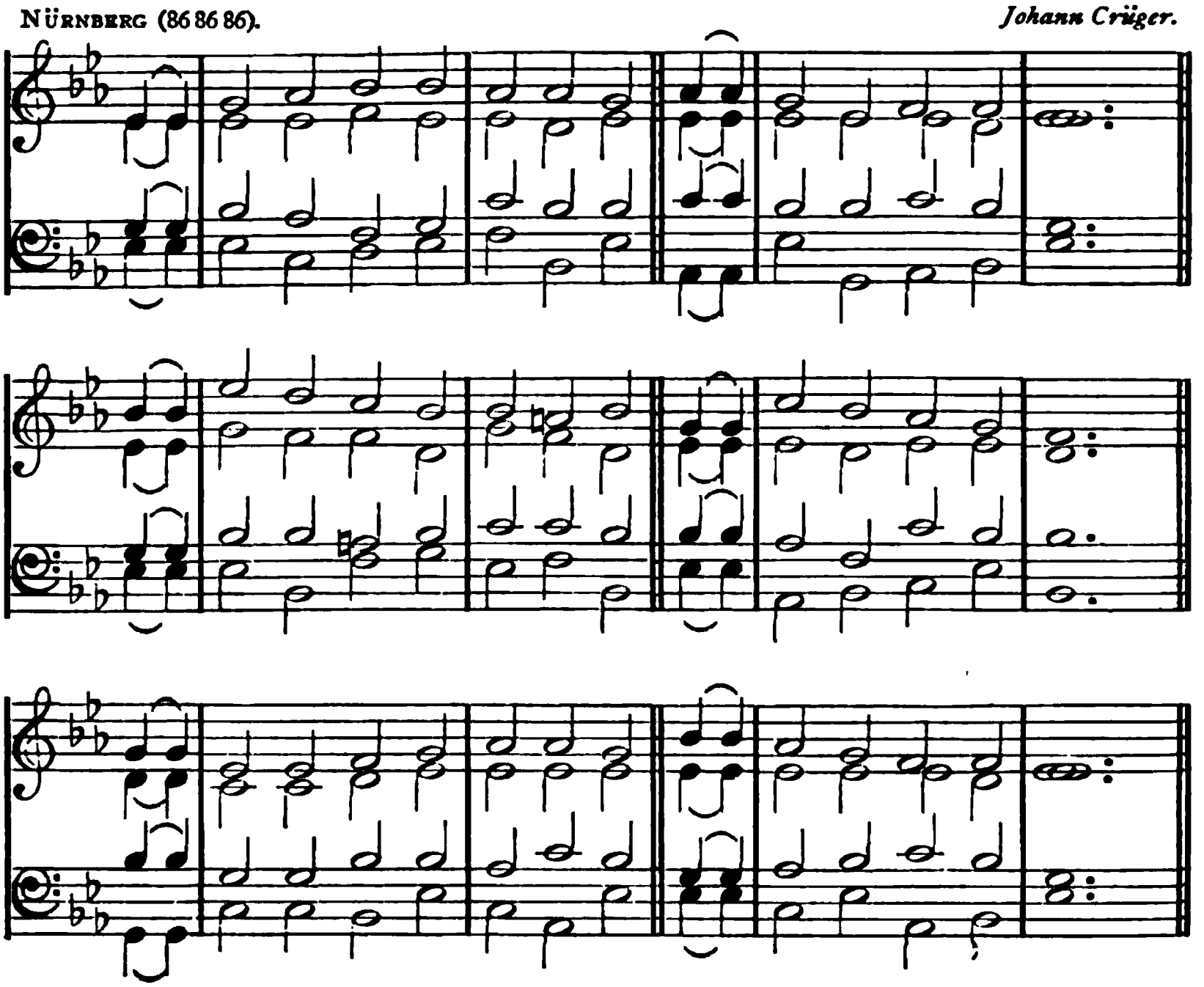
4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

Hymn 215 (126)

NÜRNBERG (86 86 86). *Johann Crüger.*



"My times are in Thy hand."

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro;
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Hymn 215 (126)

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

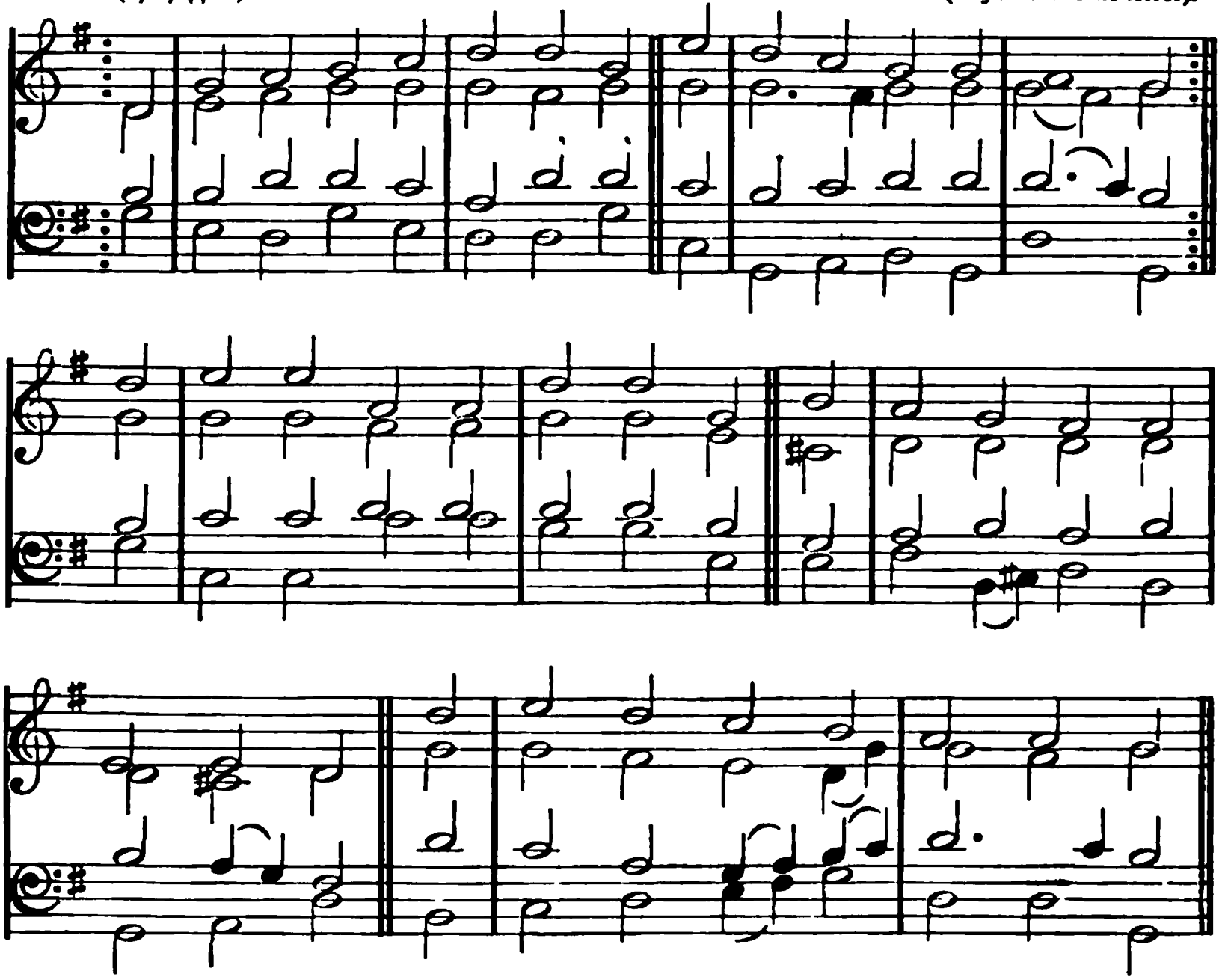
6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

7 There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

8 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the Truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Hymn 216 (127)

BADEN (87 87 44 88). *Severus Gastorius (or Johann Pachelbel).*



"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

1 WHATE'ER my God ordains is right,
Holy His will abideth;
I will be still whate'er He doth,
And follow where He guideth.
He is my God,
Though dark my road;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

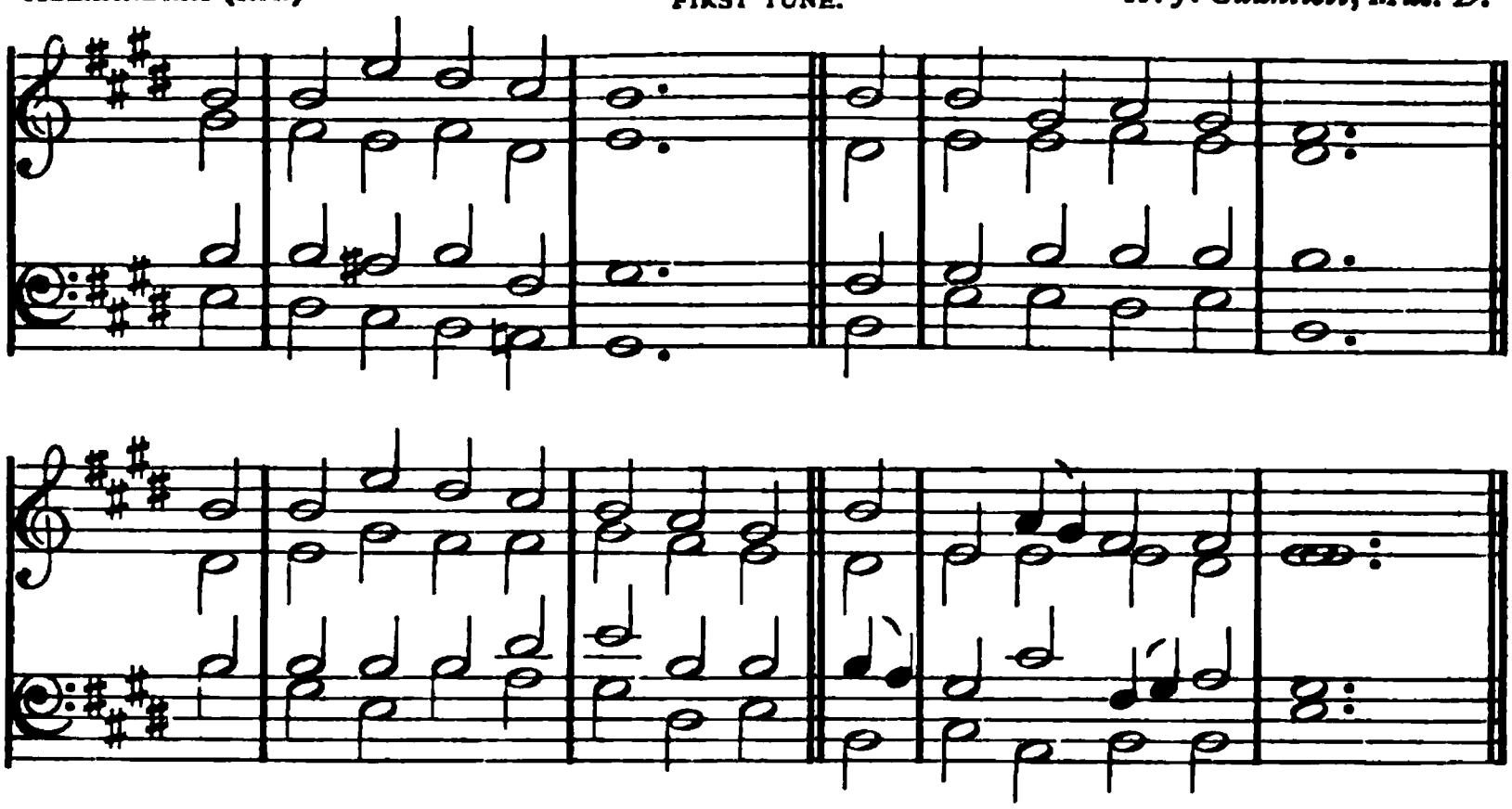
2 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path,
I know He will not leave me,
And take content
What He hath sent:
His hand can turn my grief away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it all unshrinking:
Tears pass away
With dawn of day:
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

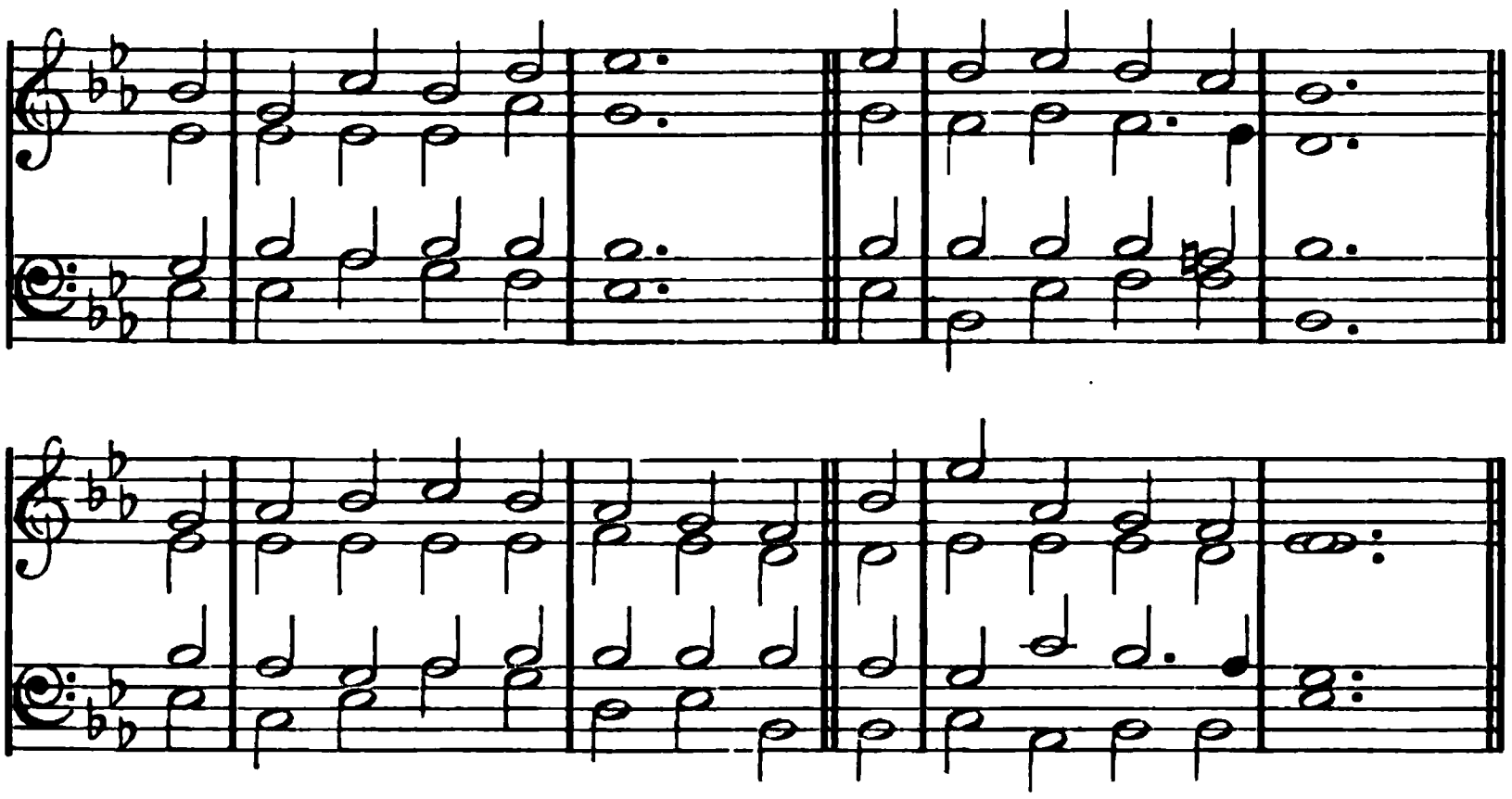
4 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here shall my stand be taken:
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken:
My Father's care
Is round me there:
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

Hymn 217 (128)

ALEXANDRIA (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



HAMPTON (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Harrison's Sacred Harmony, 1786.*



"The Lord will provide."

1 HOW gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

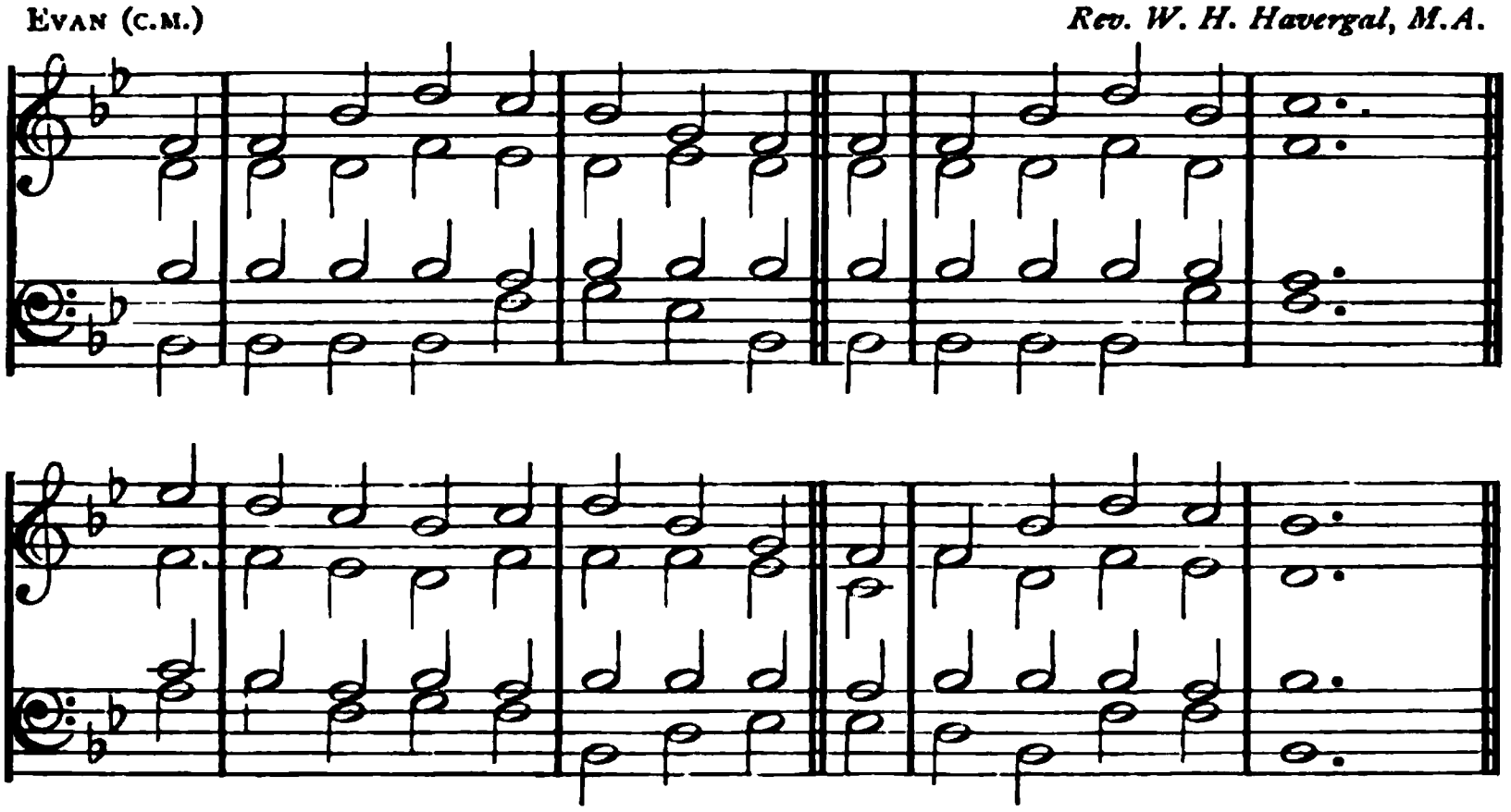
2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell:
That Hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Hymn 218 (129)

EVAN (C.M.) *Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A.*



"Lord, help me."

1 O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live !

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more !

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

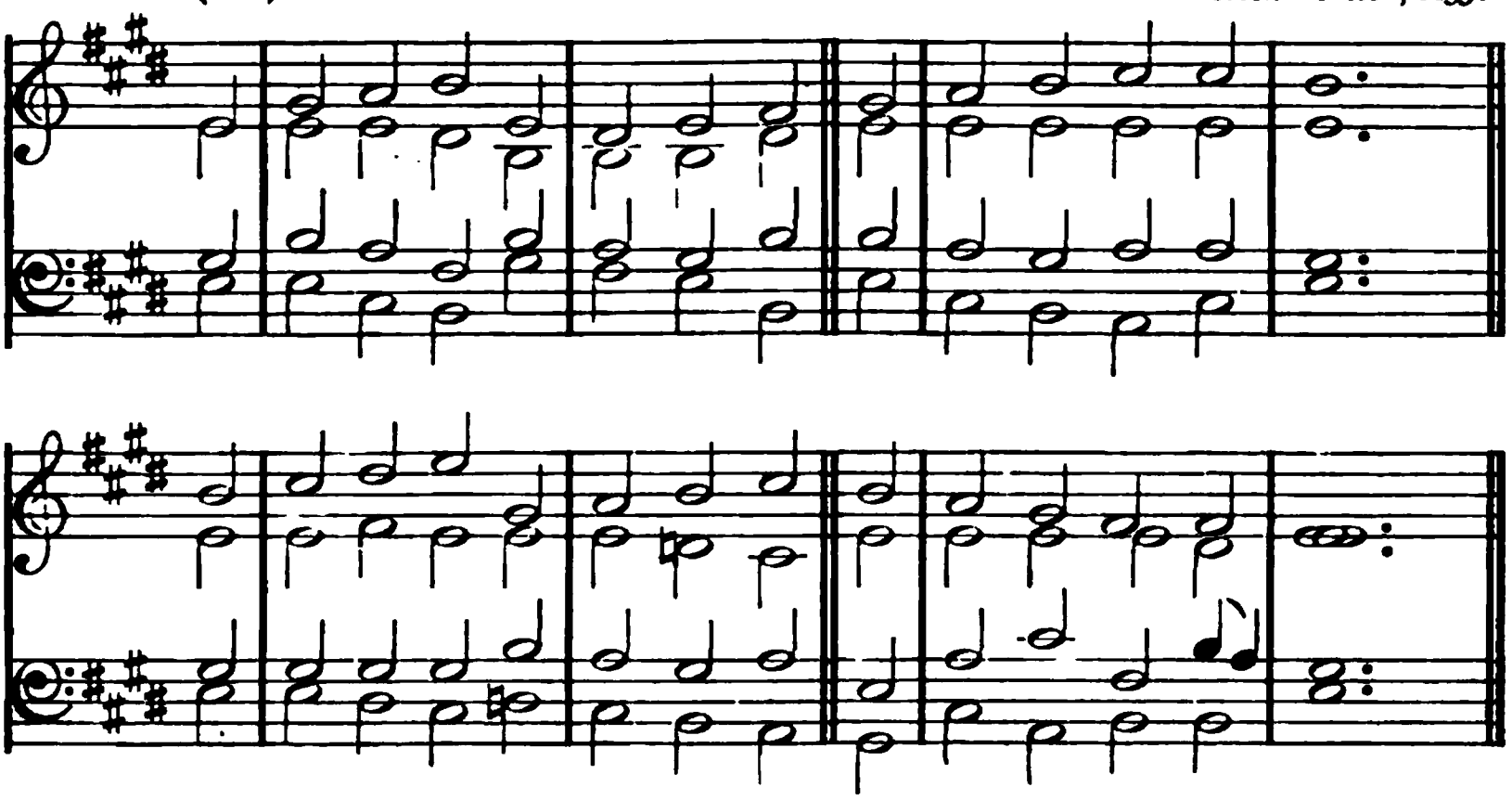
4 If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this :
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

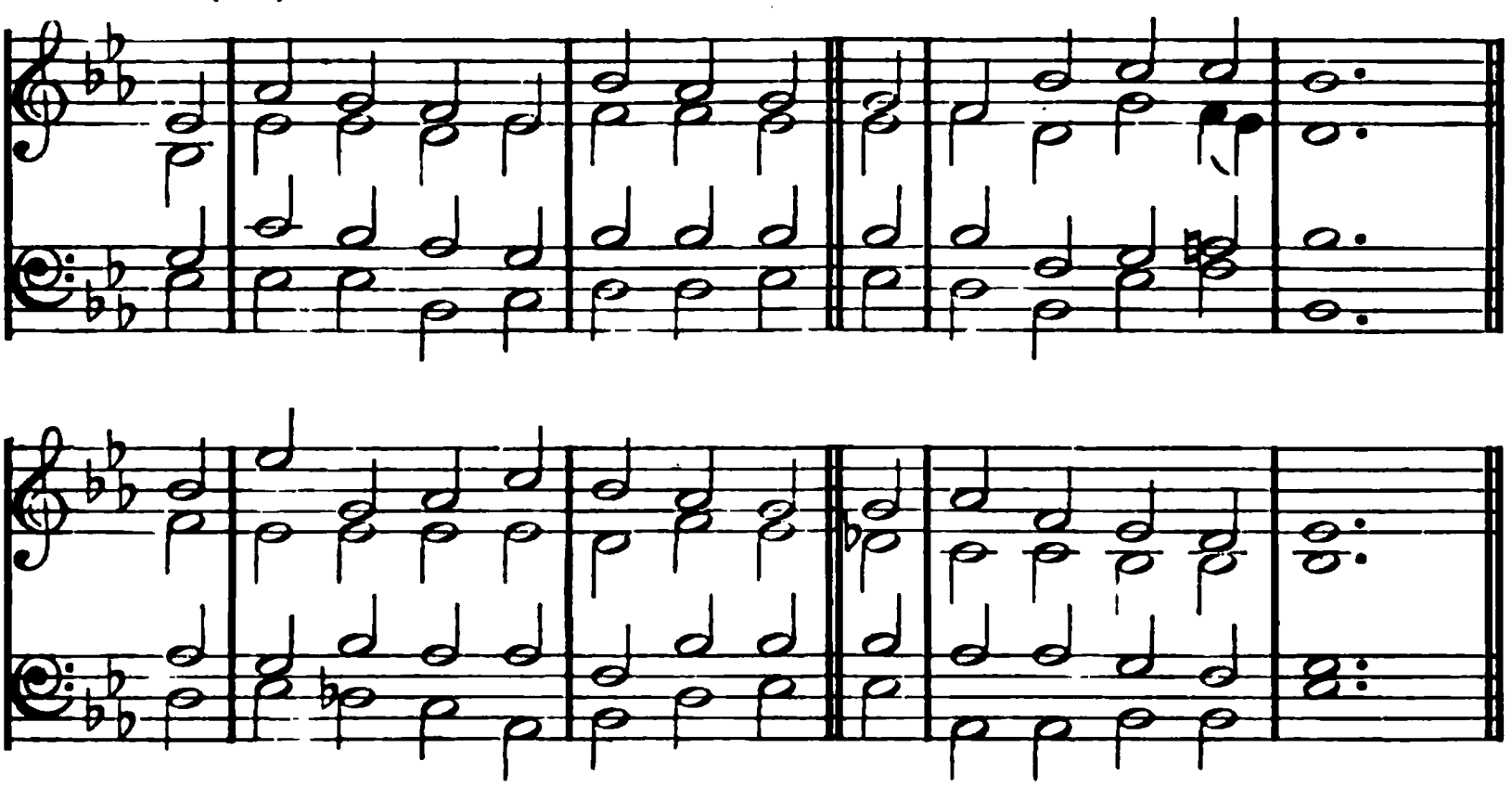
6 O help us, Jesus, from on high !
We know no help but Thee :
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be !

Hymn 219 (130)

CAITHNESS (C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Scotch Psalter, 1635.*



S. FRANCES (C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *G. A. Löhr.*



"Remember me."

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord! remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day:
For good remember me.

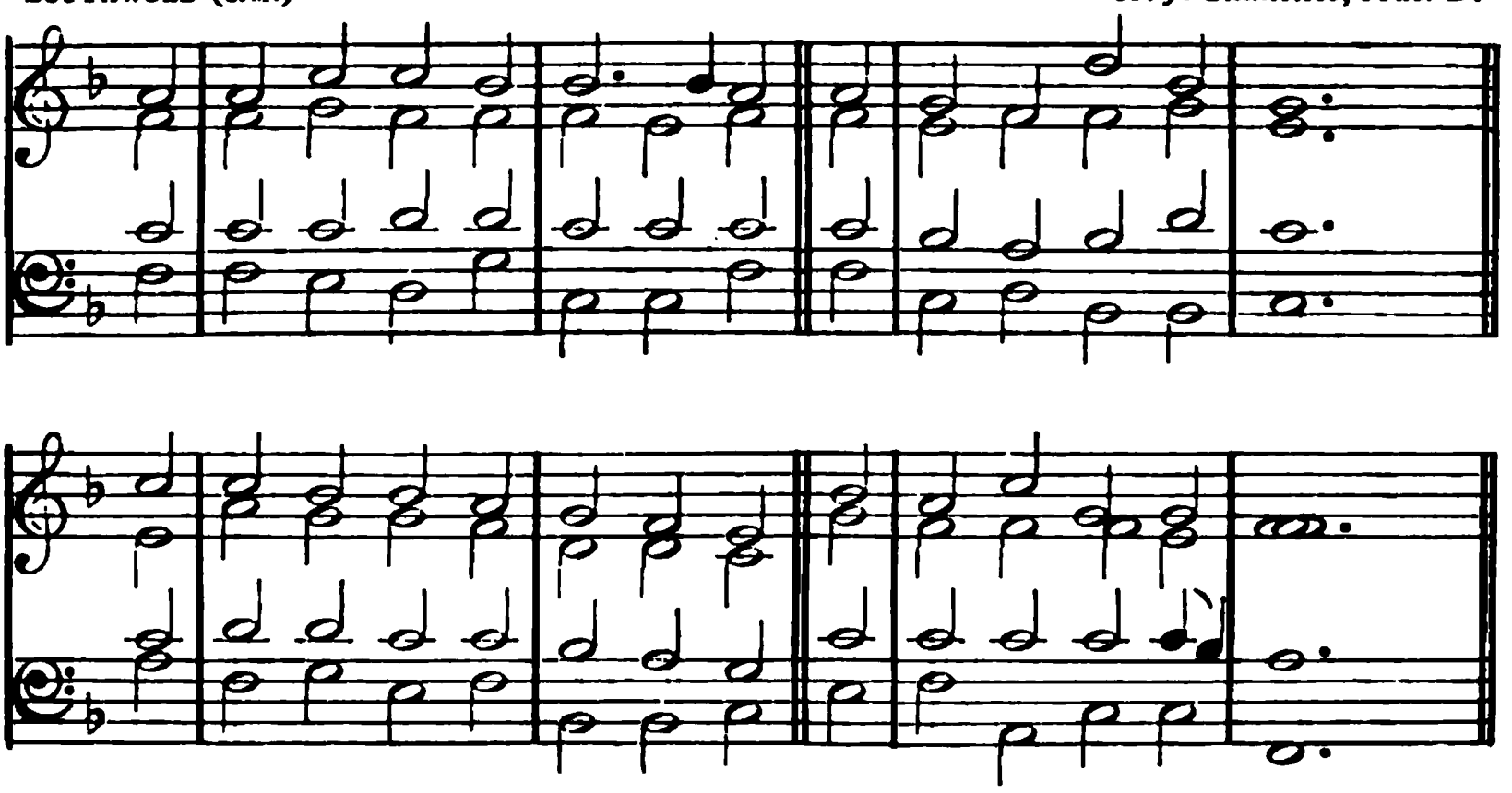
4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

6 The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me!

Hymn 220 (131)

SOUTHWOLD (C.M.) *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts."

1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

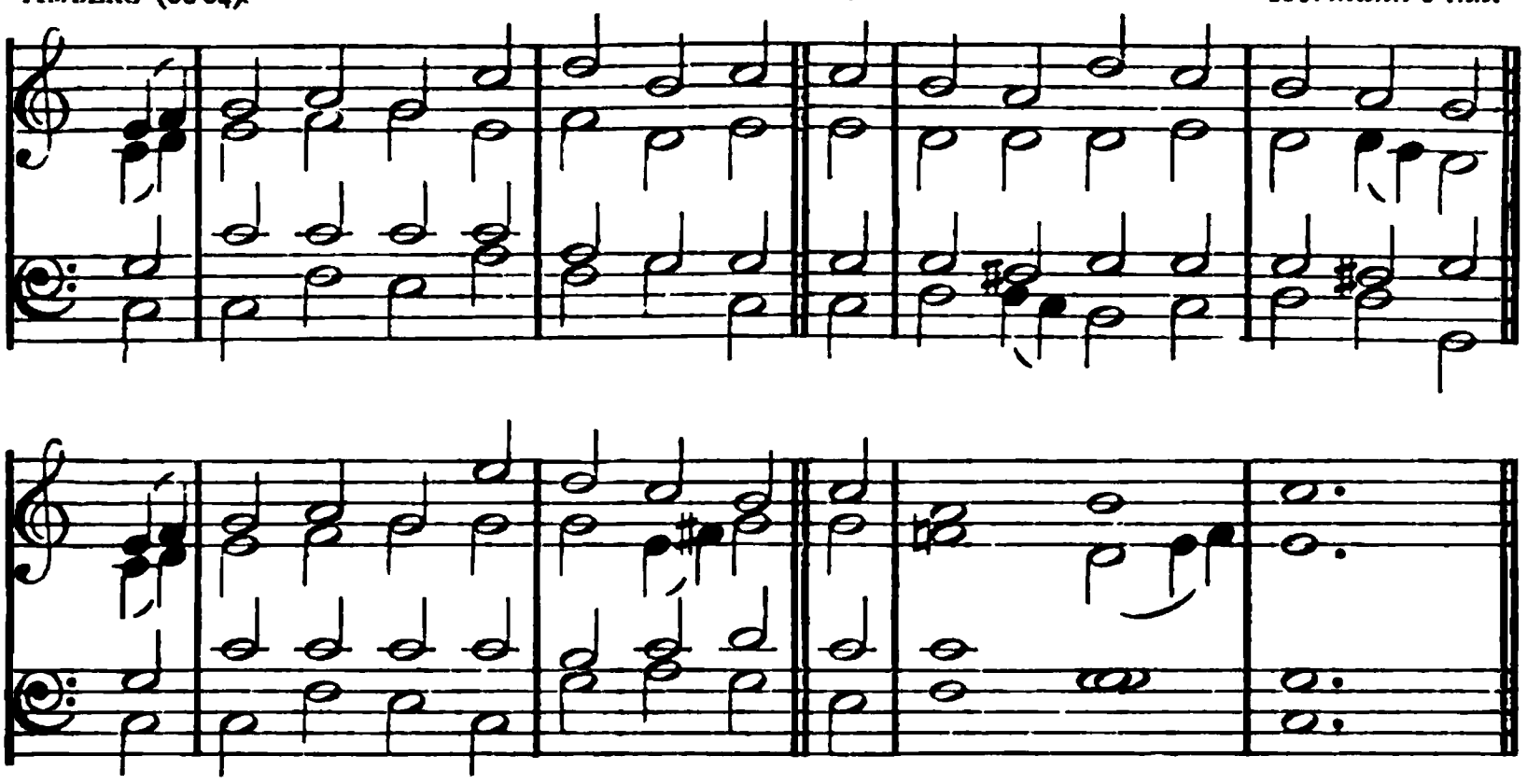
3 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

5 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end.

Hymn 221 (132)

AMBERG (88 84). FIRST TUNE. *Hermann Fink.*



"Not my will, but Thine, be done."

1 MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

4 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh?
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay:
My Father, still I'd strive to say,
"Thy will be done."

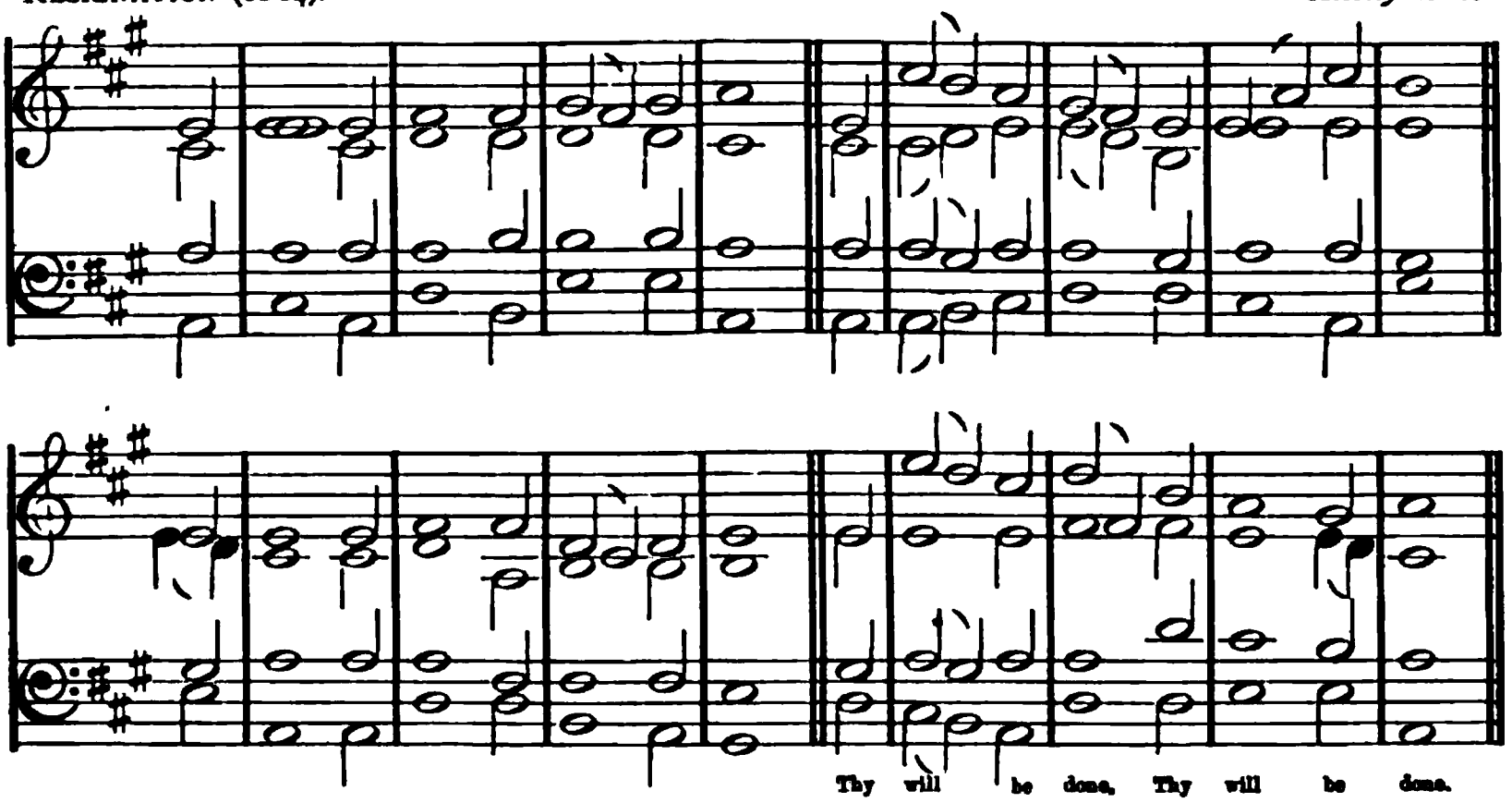
6 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy free Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done."

7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

Hymn 221 (132)

RESIGNATION (88 84). SECOND TUNE. *Anonymous.*



"Not my will, but Thine, be done."

1 MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

4 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh?
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay:
My Father, still I'd strive to say,
"Thy will be done."

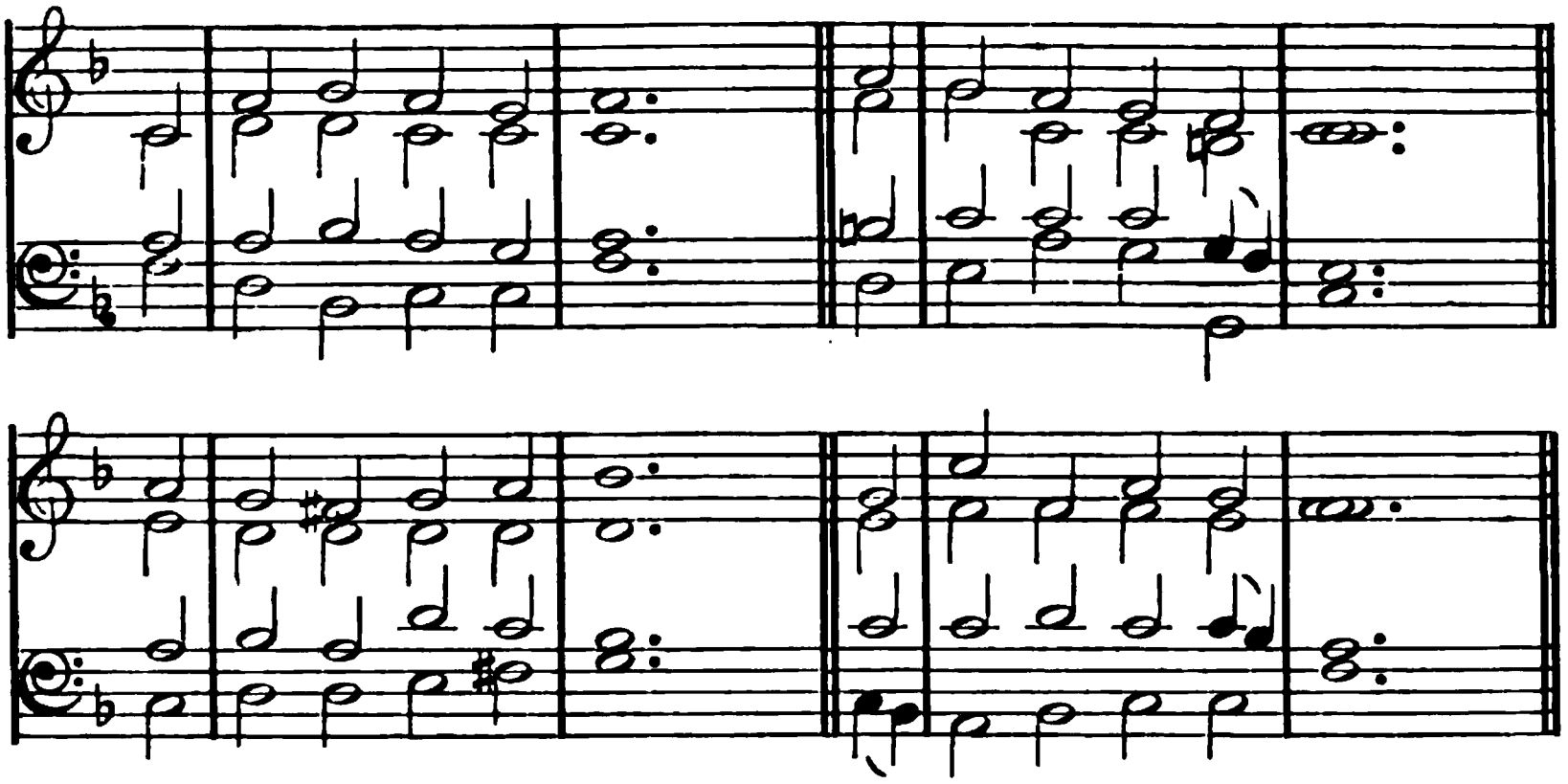
6 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy free Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done."

7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

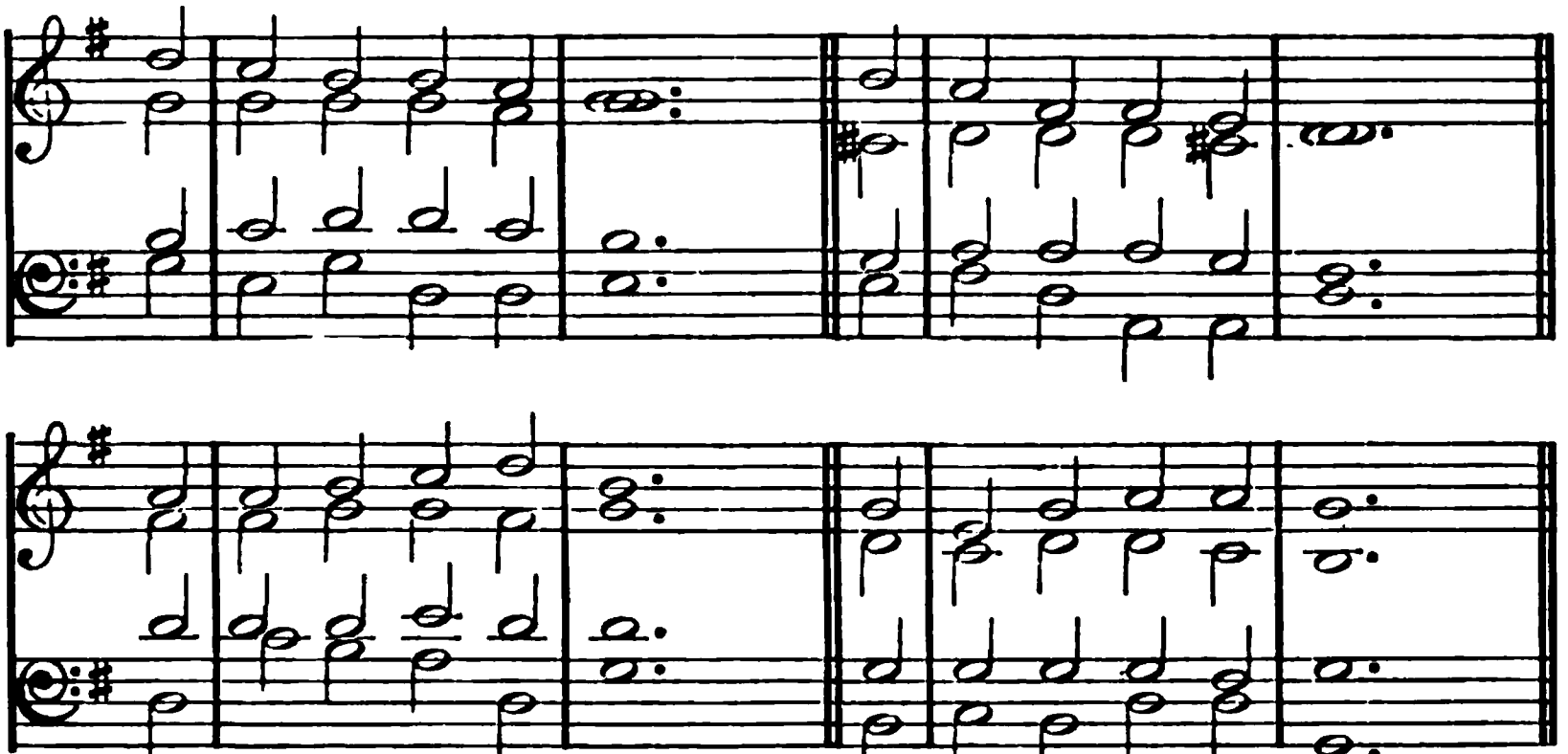
8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

Hymn 222 (133)

ARRAN (66 66). FIRST TUNE. *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



S. CECILIA (66 66). SECOND TUNE. *Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. D.*



"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

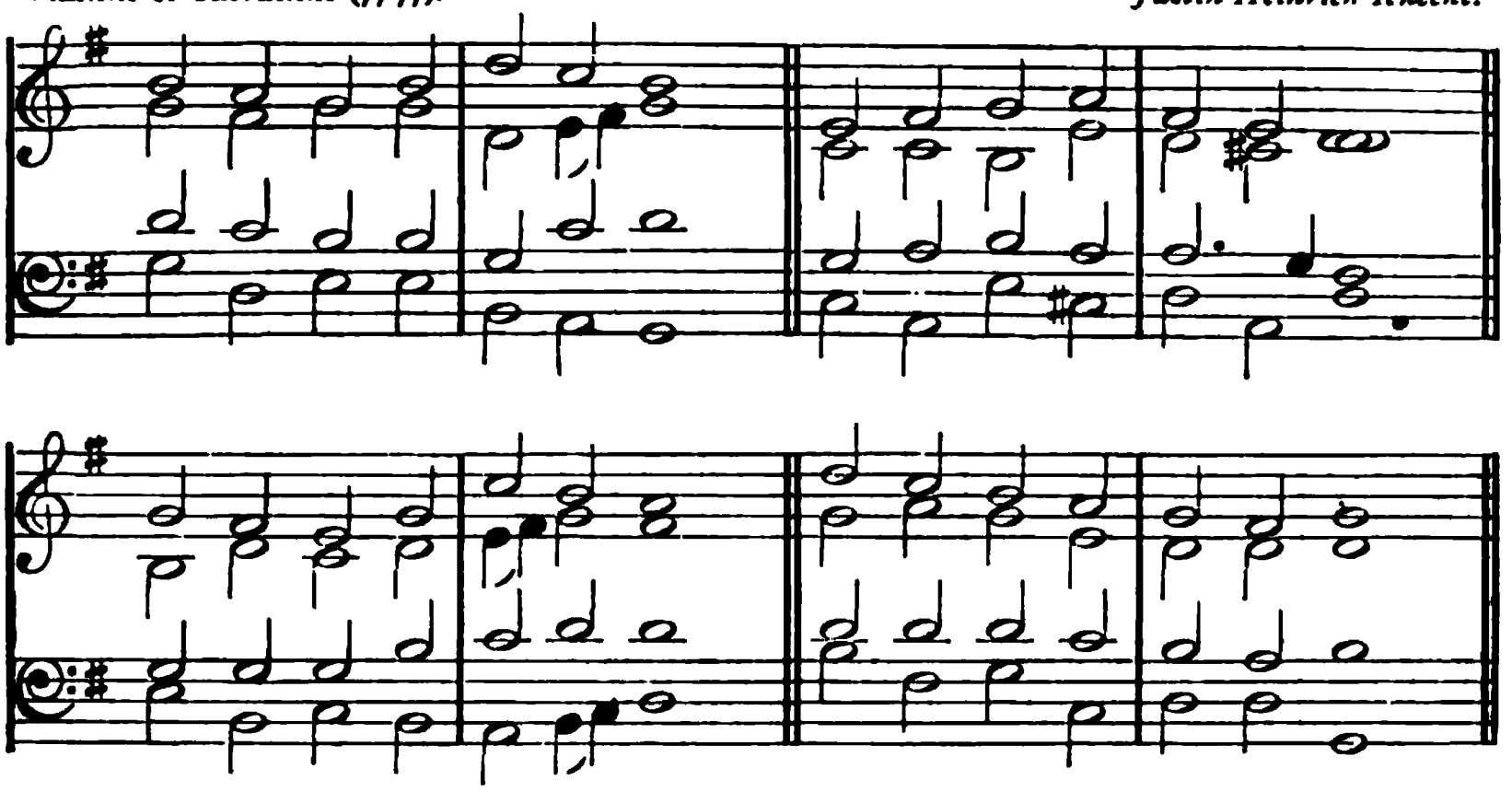
5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill;

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Hymn 223 (134)

VIENNA or RAVENNA (77 77). *Justin Heinrich Knecht.*



" My times are in Thy hand."

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

2 He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief,

4 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

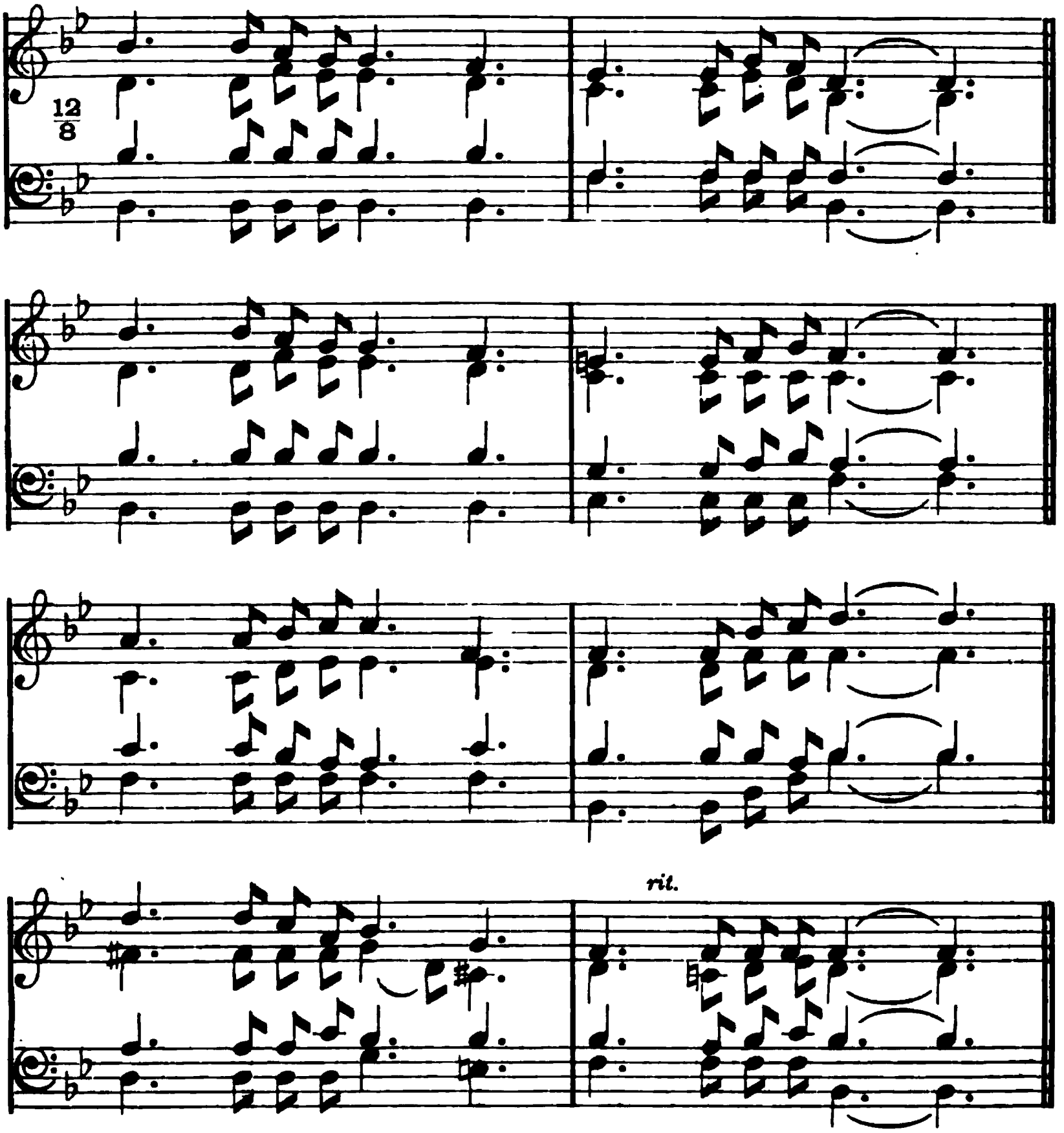
5 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

6 O Thou gracious, wise, and just!
In Thy hands my life I trust:
Have I something dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

7 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee, I all possess;
How can I bereavèd be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?

Hymn 224 (290)

SUNSHINE (65 65 D.) *P. P. Bliss.*



" They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

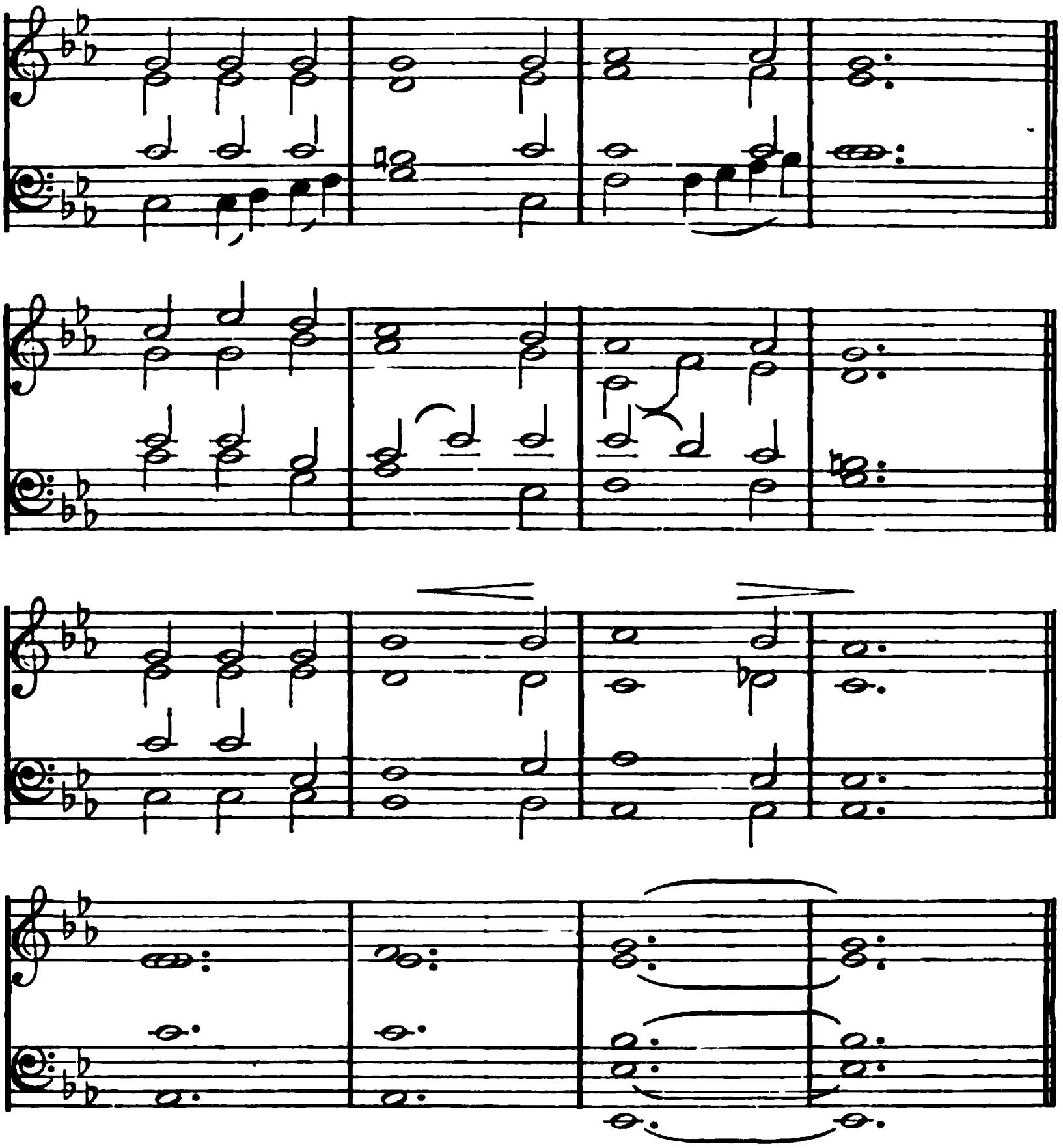
1 GO bury thy sorrow, the world has its share,
Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care.
Go think of it calmly, when curtained by night;
Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief;
Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden—go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary with heavier woe,
Now droop 'mid the darkness—go, comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrows, let others be blest:
Go give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.

Hymn 225 (292)

S. Aëlred (8883). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."

1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

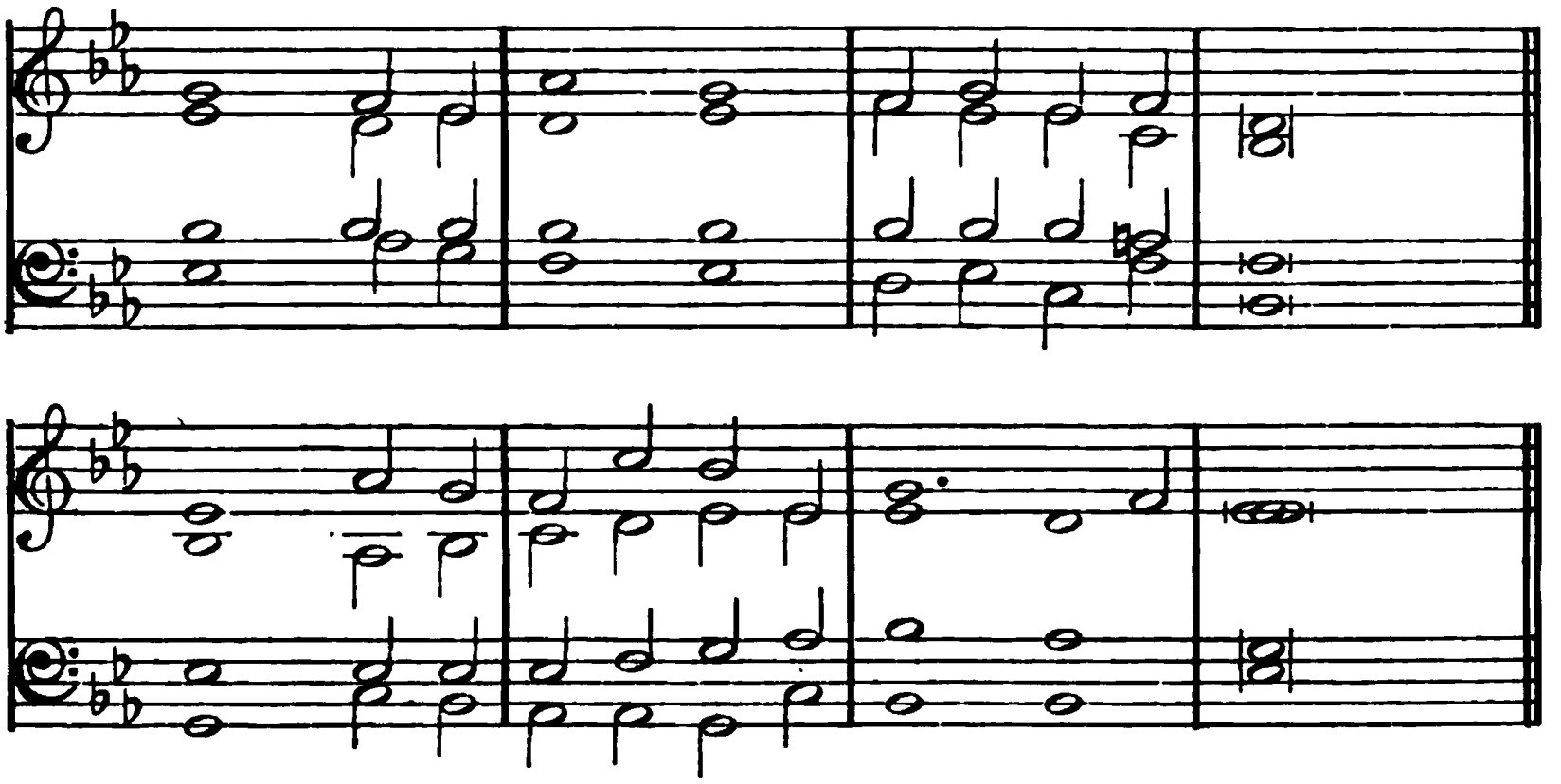
2 "Save, Lord, we perish!" was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,—
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

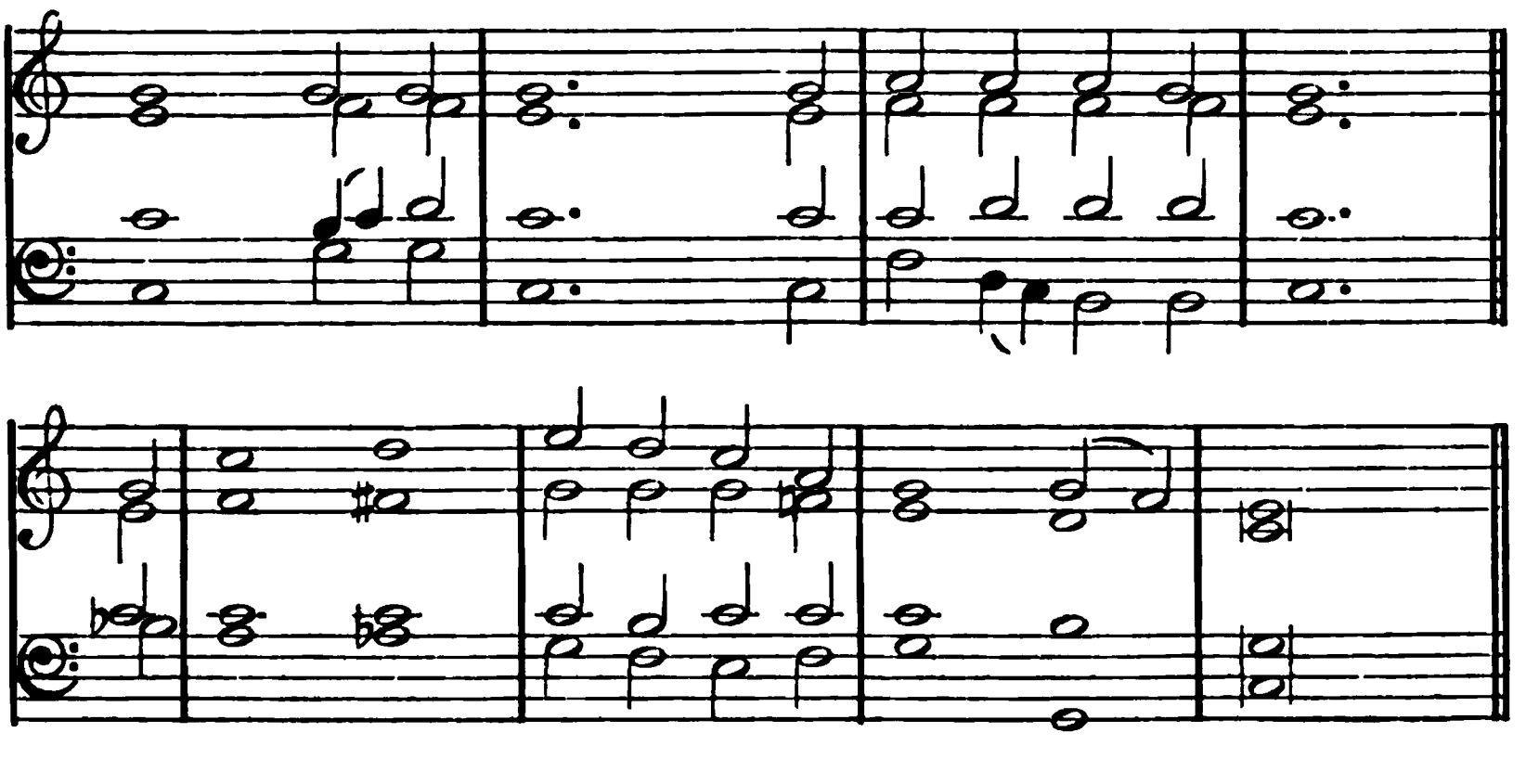
4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Hymn 226 (291)

CŒNA DOMINI (10 10). FIRST TUNE. *Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.*



PAX TECUM (10 10). SECOND TUNE. *G. T. Caldeck.*



"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

1 PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

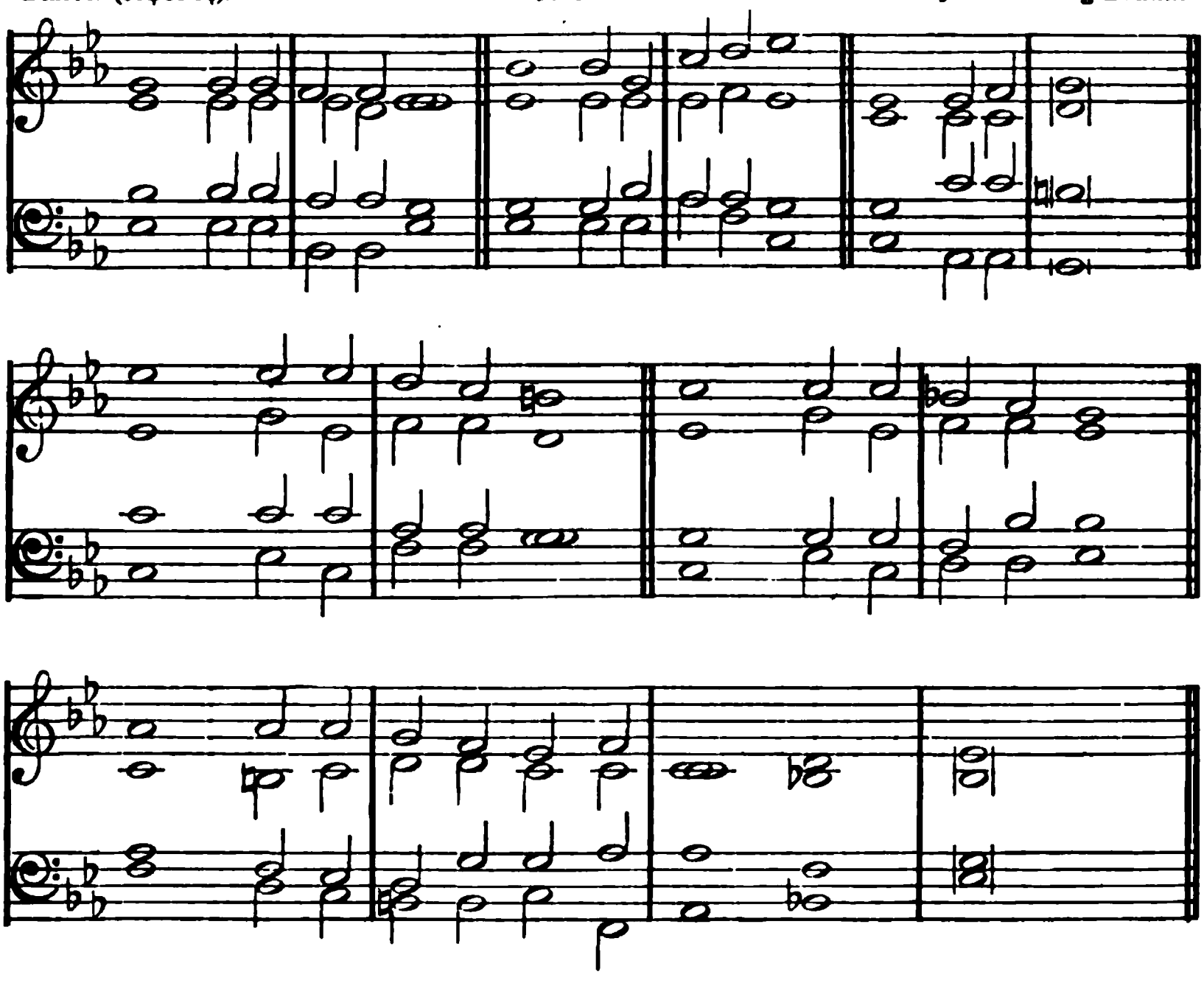
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Hymn 227 (135)

BRAUN (664 66 64). FIRST TUNE. *Johann Georg Braun.*



"Be not afraid, only believe."

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

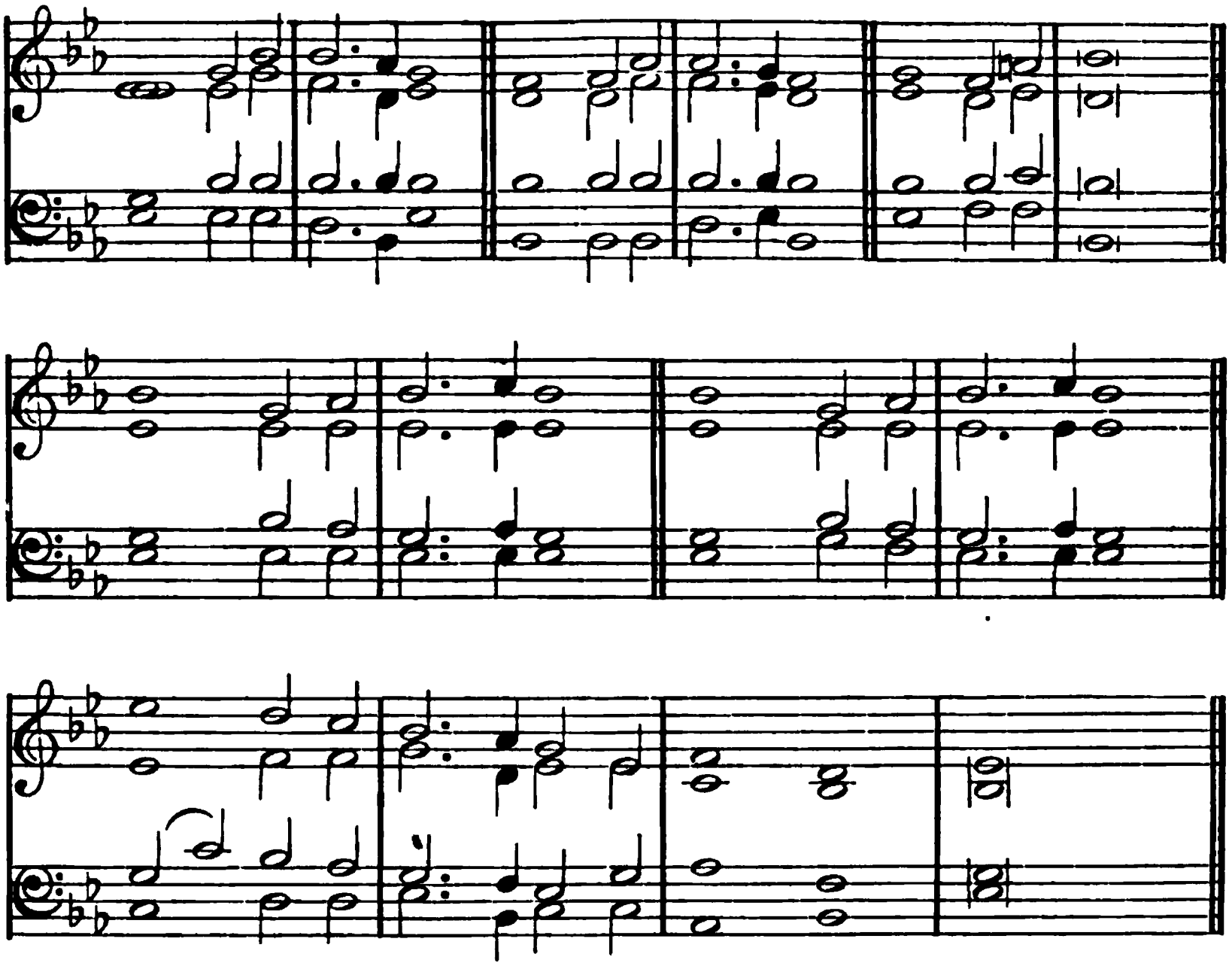
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Hymn 227 (135)

OLIVET (664 66 64). SECOND TUNE. *Lowell Mason, Mus. D.*



"Be not afraid, only believe."

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

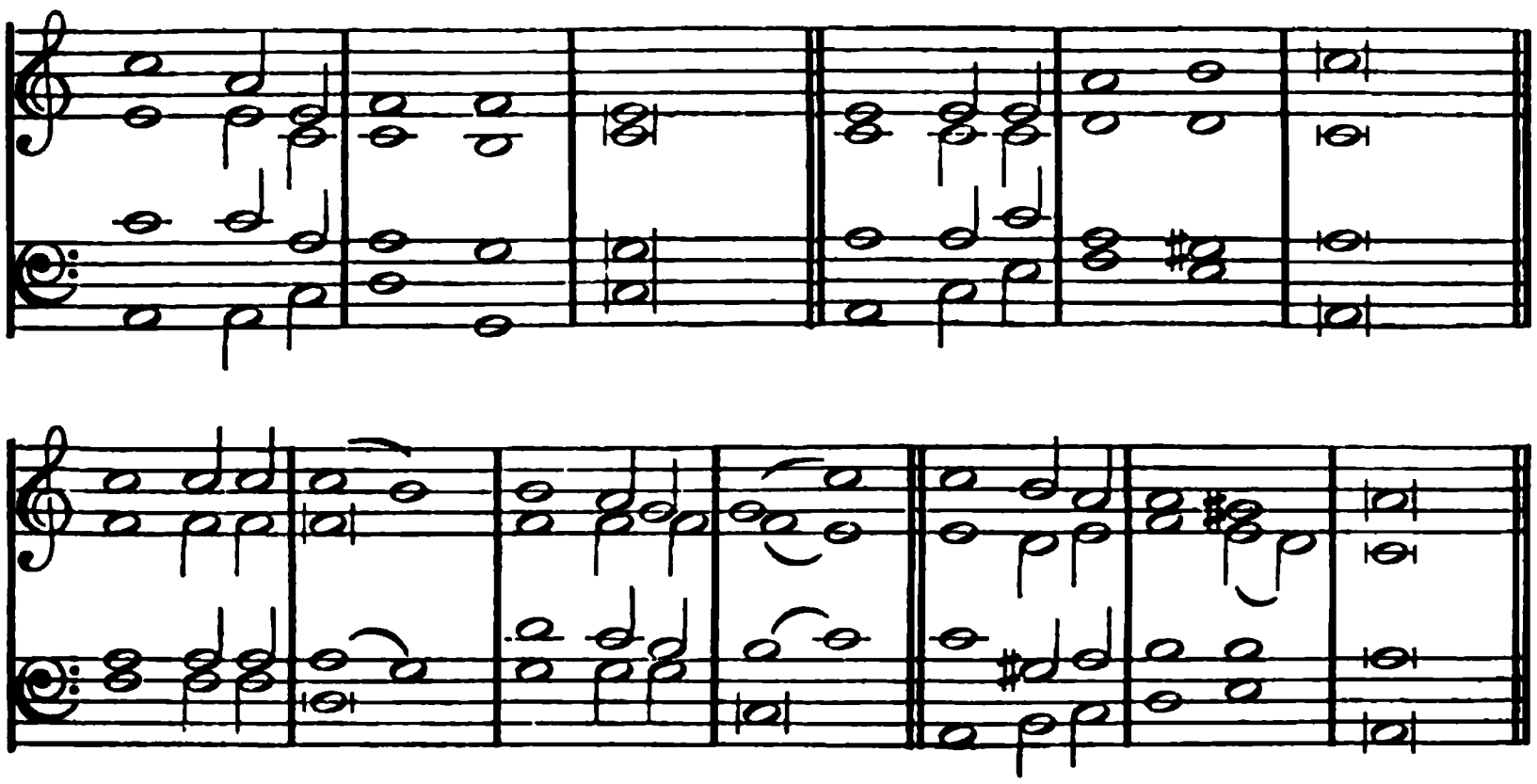
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Hymn 228 (296)

LYTE (S.M.) *John Wilkes.*



"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?"

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

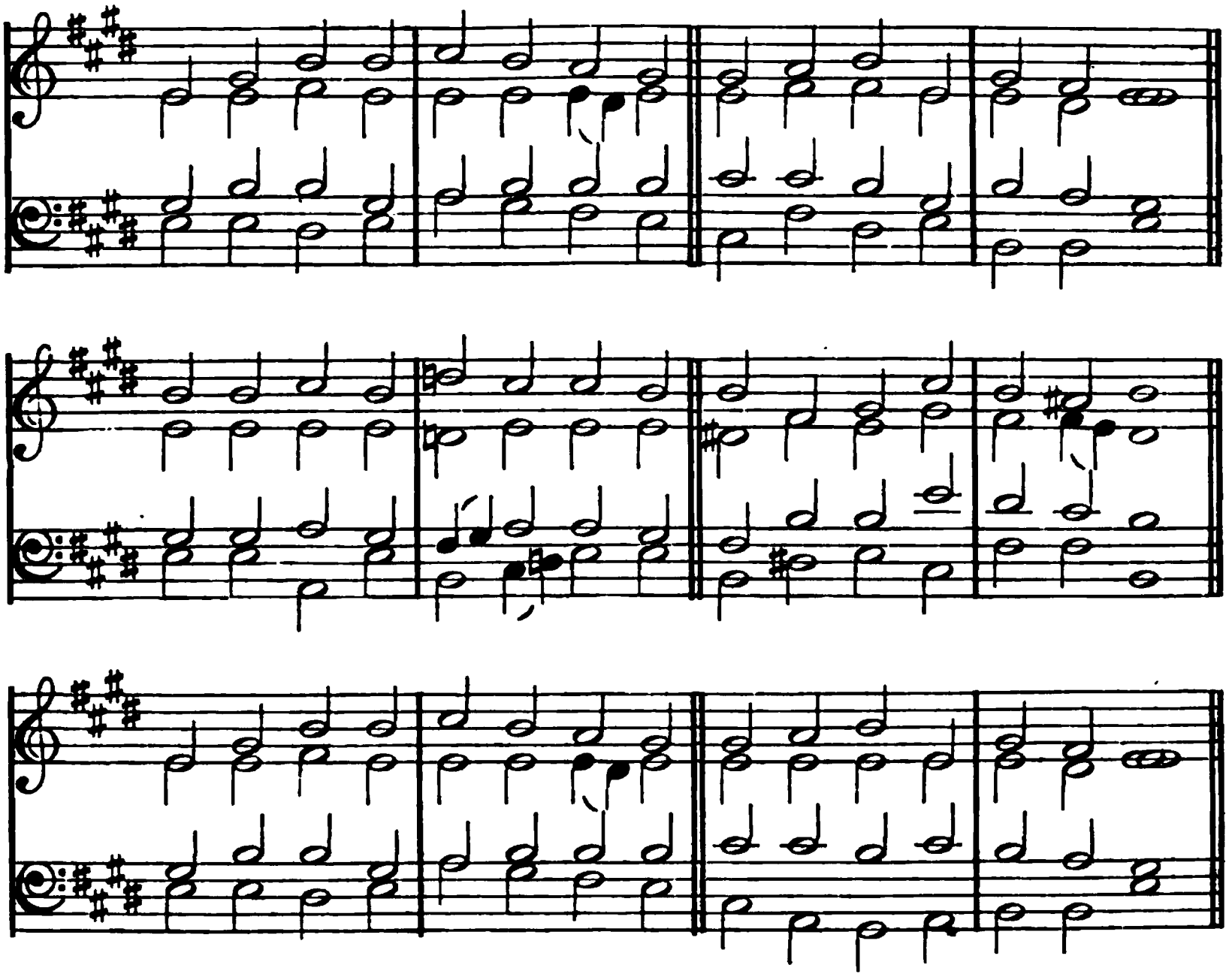
3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember Thee.

4 To Thee, to Thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Hymn 229 (136)

MANNHEIM (87 87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D.*
Vierstimmiges Choralbuch.



" Thou leddest them in the day by a cloudy pillar; and in the night by a pillar of fire."

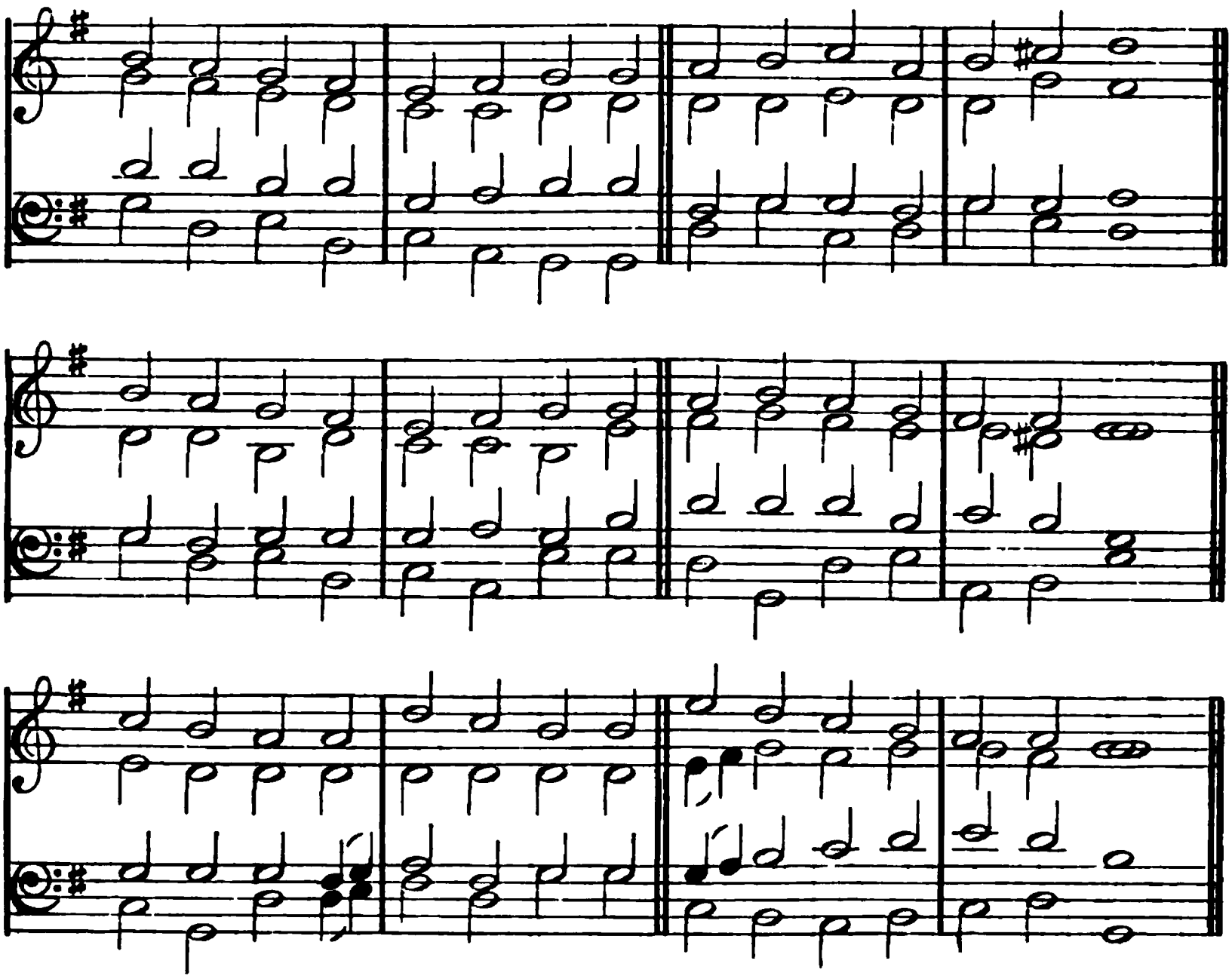
1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven! bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore!

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer! strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield!

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee!

Hymn 229 (136)

LUSATIA (87 87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Lutheran Chorale.*



"Thou leddest them in the day by a cloudy pillar; and in the night by a pillar of fire."

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Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven! bread of heaven!
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Strong Deliverer! strong Deliverer!
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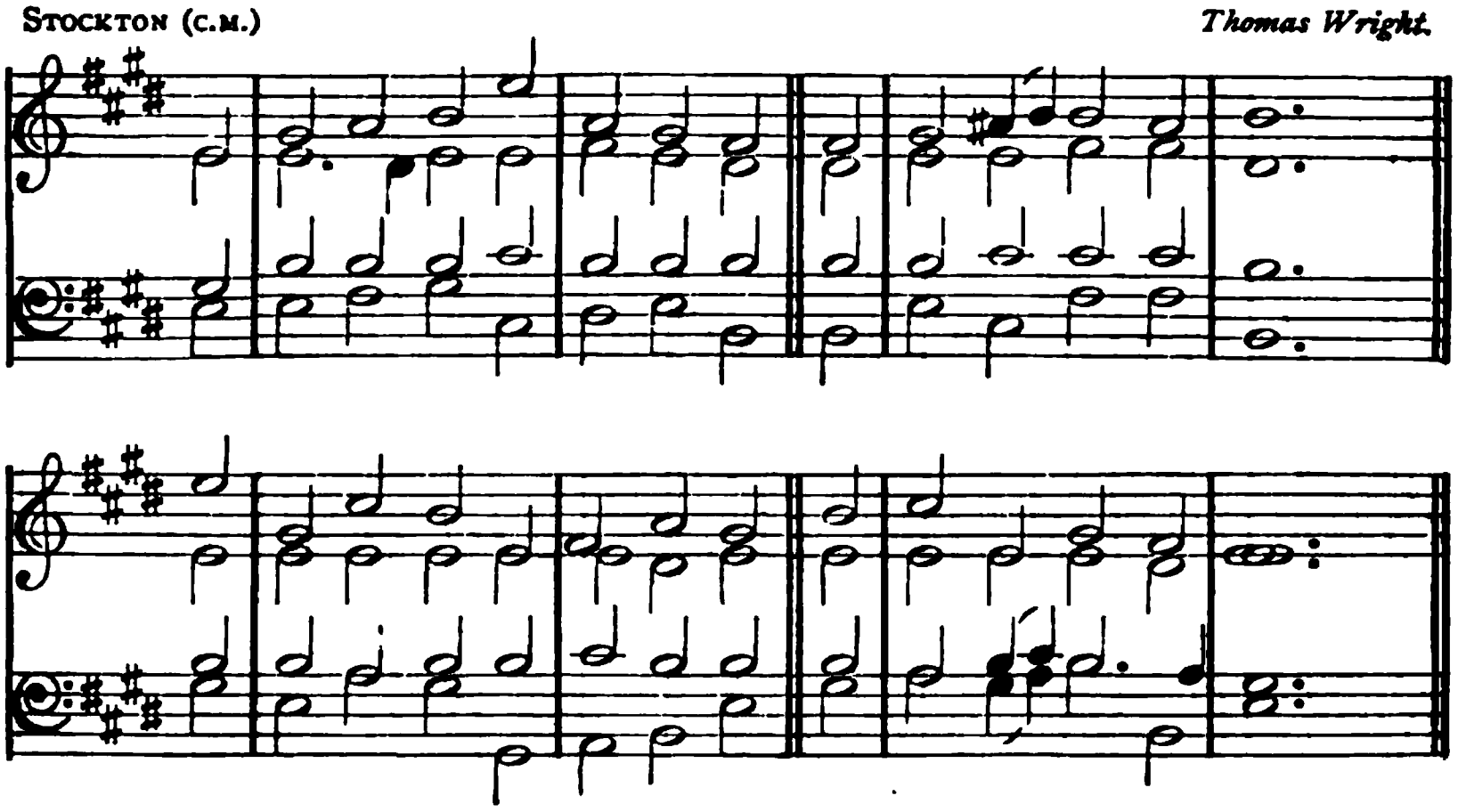
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee!

Hymn 230 (137)

STOCKTON (C.M.) *Thomas Wright.*



"And there shall be no night there."

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

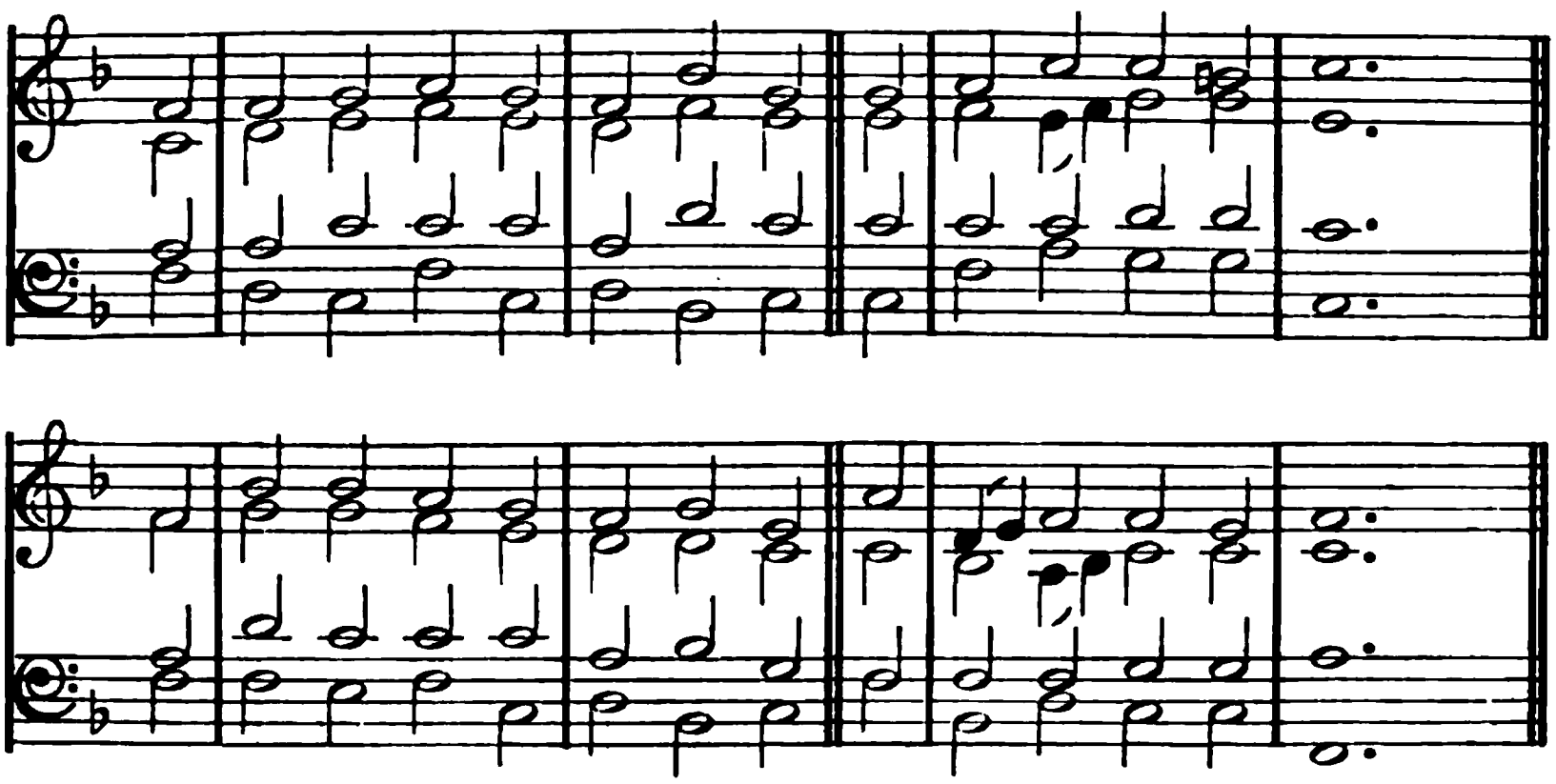
5 The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

6 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above!

7 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

Hymn 231 (138)

FARRANT (C.M.) *Adapted from Richard Farrant.*



"Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when His candle shined upon my head, and when, by His light, I walked through darkness."

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

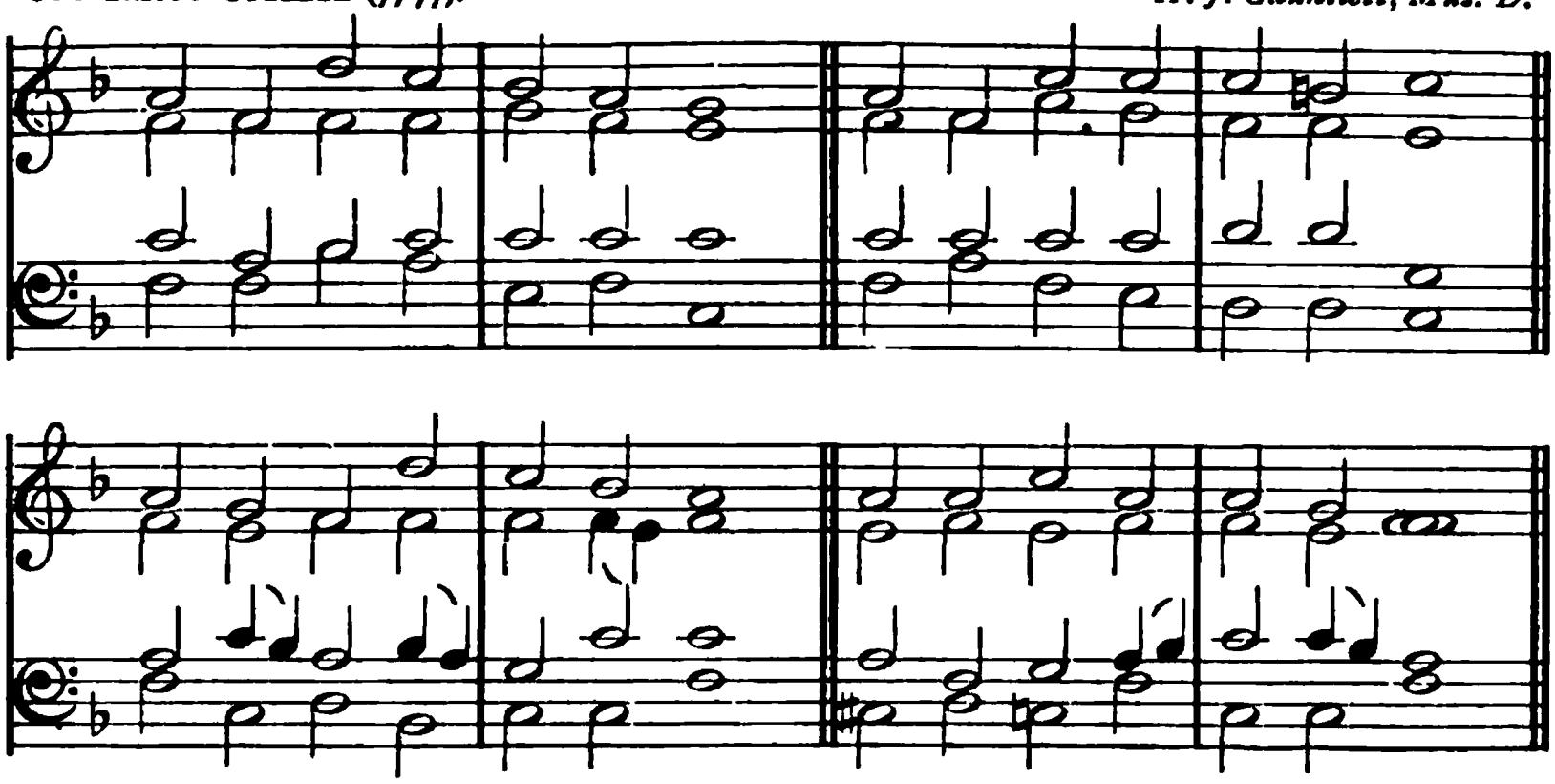
4 Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast:

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

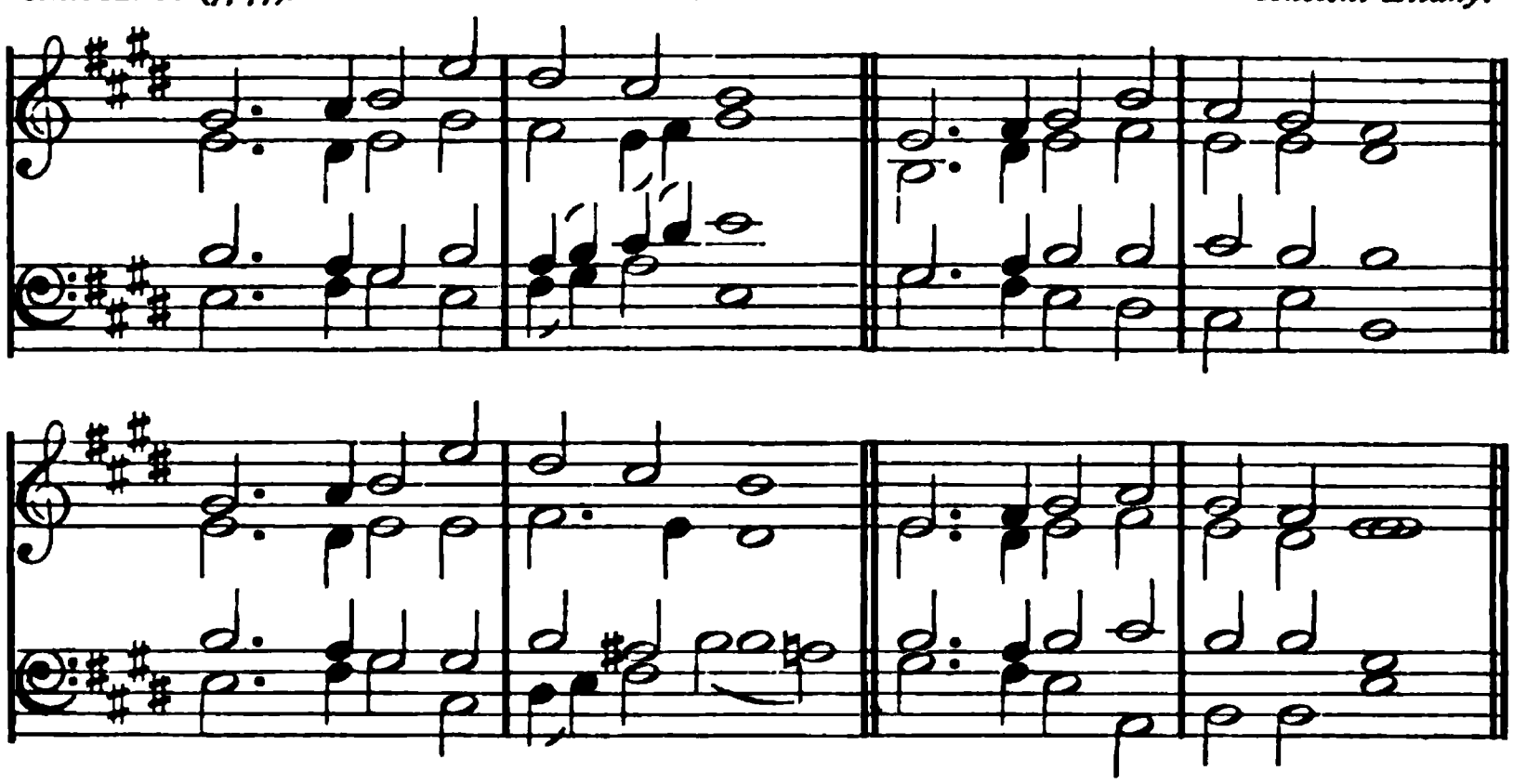
6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Hymn 232 (139)

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (77 77). FIRST TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



INNOCENTS (77 77). SECOND TUNE. *Ancient Litany.*



"Fight the good fight of faith."

1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war and face the foe;
Faint not—much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

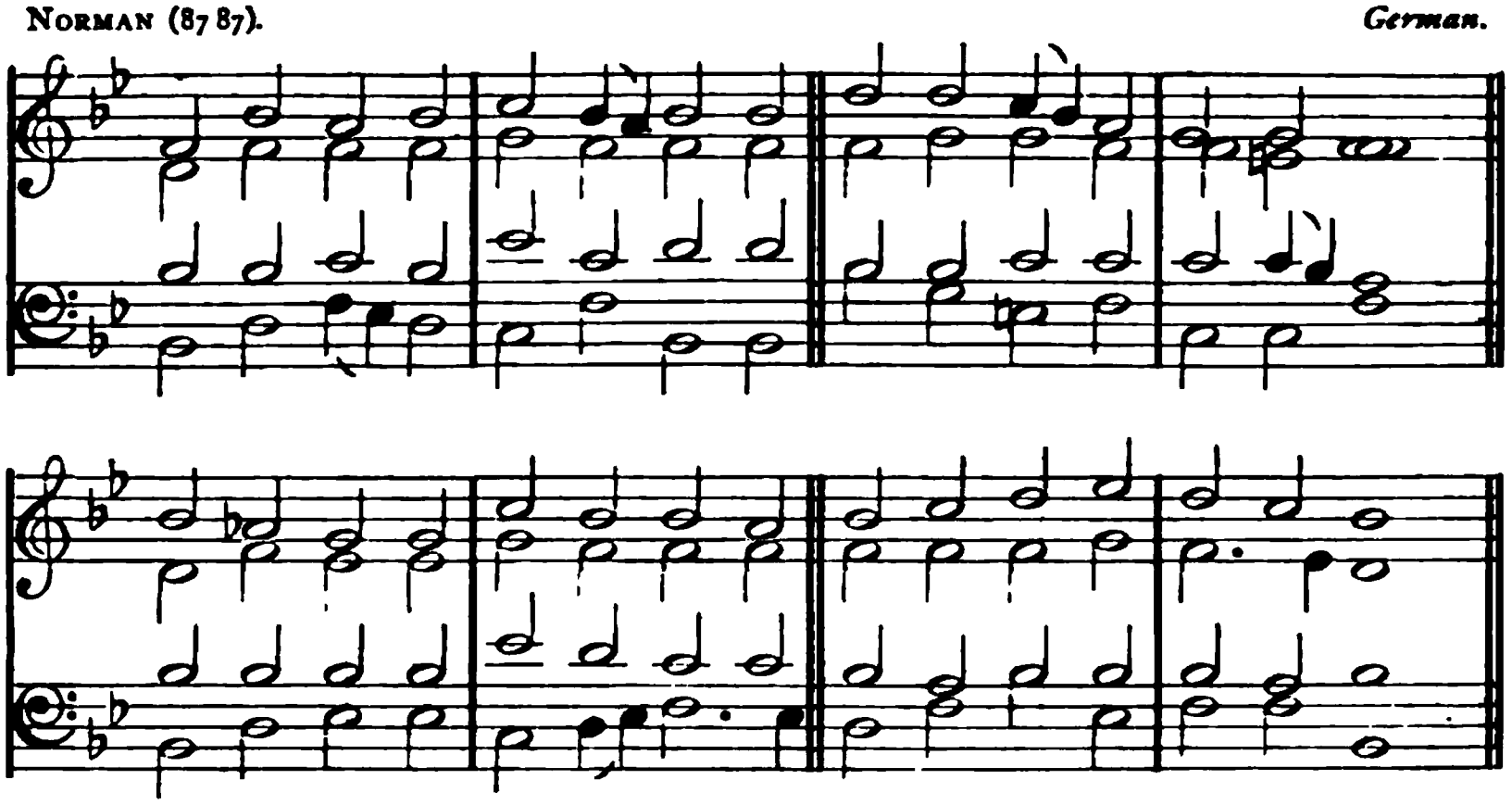
4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Hymn 233 (297)

NORMAN (87 87). *German.*



"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

1 COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;—
Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

5 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion—
Trust in God, and do the right.

6 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
Trust in God, and do the right.

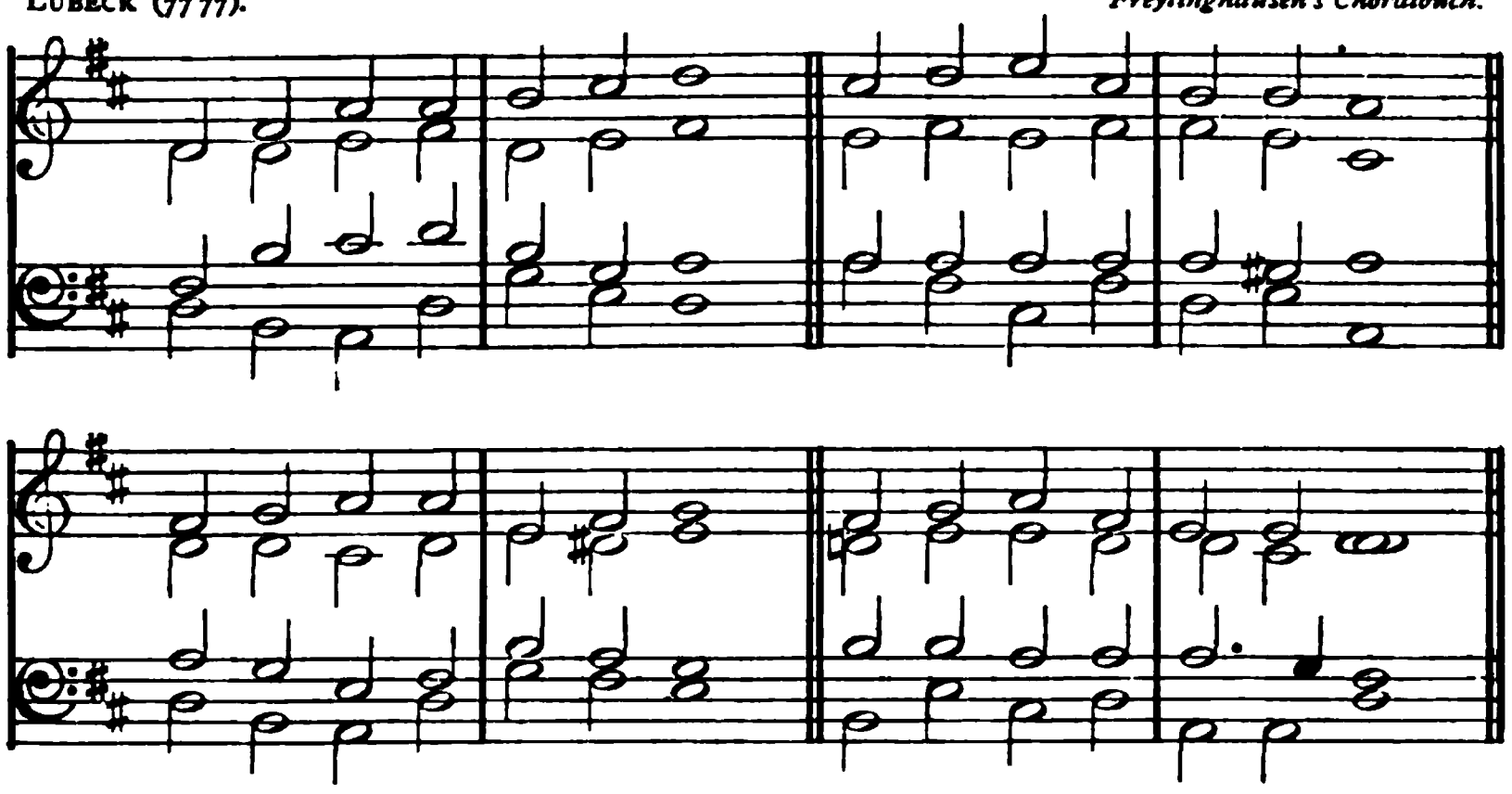
7 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
Cease from man, and look above Thee,—
Trust in God, and do the right.

Hymn 234 (140)

LÜBECK (77 77).

FIRST TUNE.

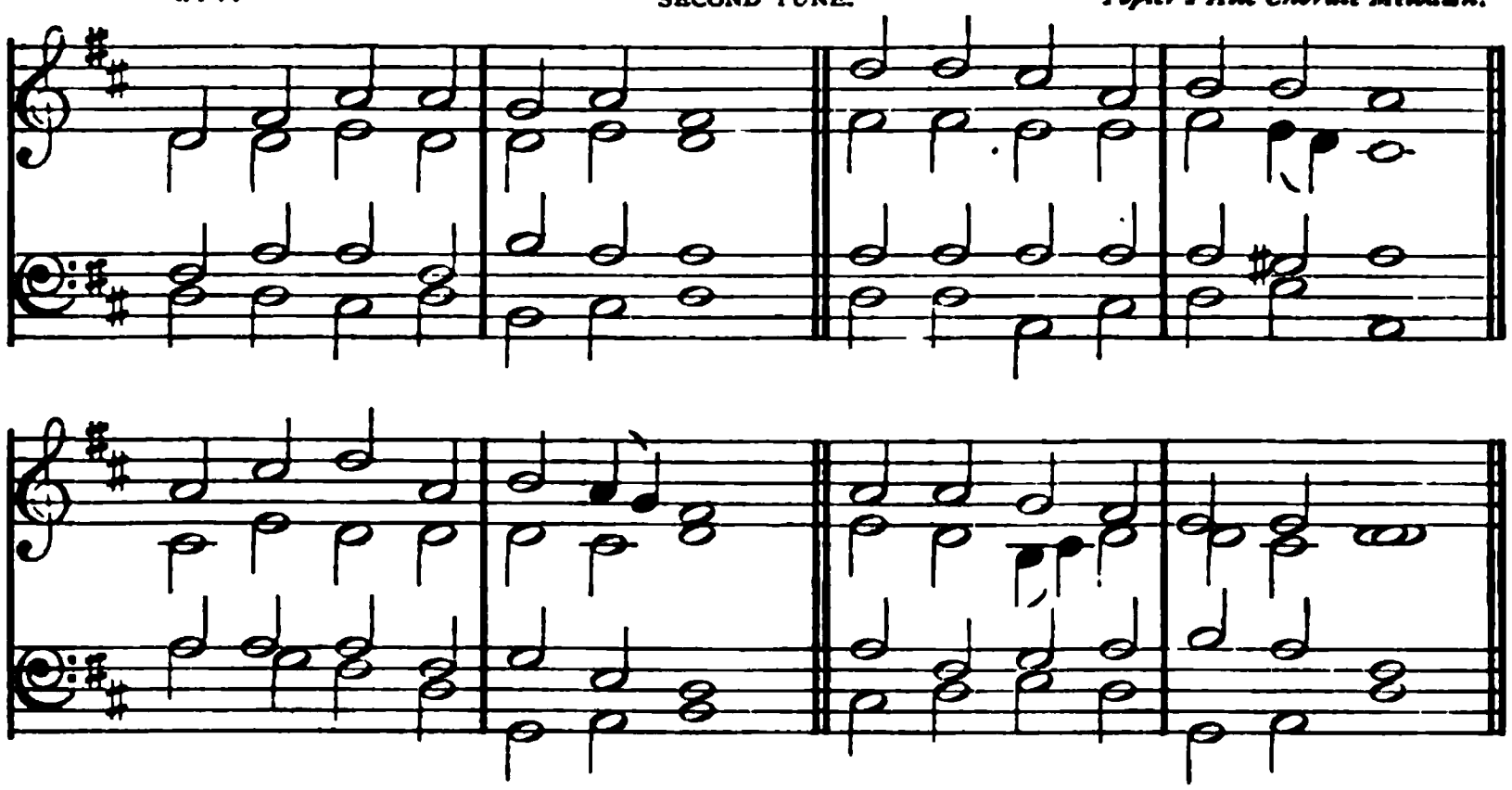
Old German.
Freylinghausen's Choralbuch.



CULBACH (77 77).

SECOND TUNE.

C. H. Dretzell.
Töpler's Alte Chorale Melodien.



"The children of God."

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

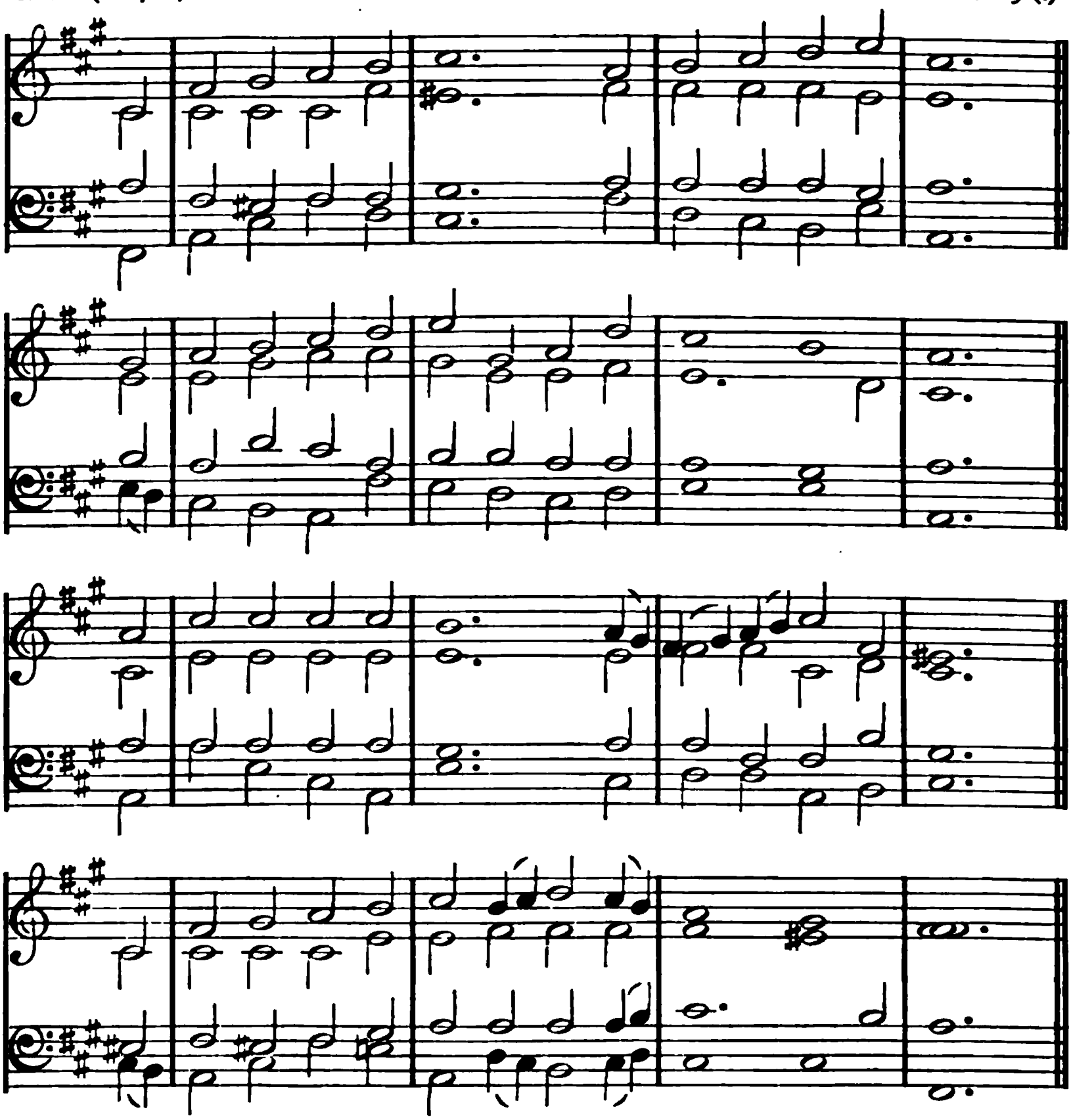
3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be;
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land—
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Hymn 235 (141)

LEONI (6684 D.) *Old Hebrew Melody (?)*



" This is My name for ever, and this is My memorial unto all generations."

PART I.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above:
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless Thy sacred name
For ever blessed.

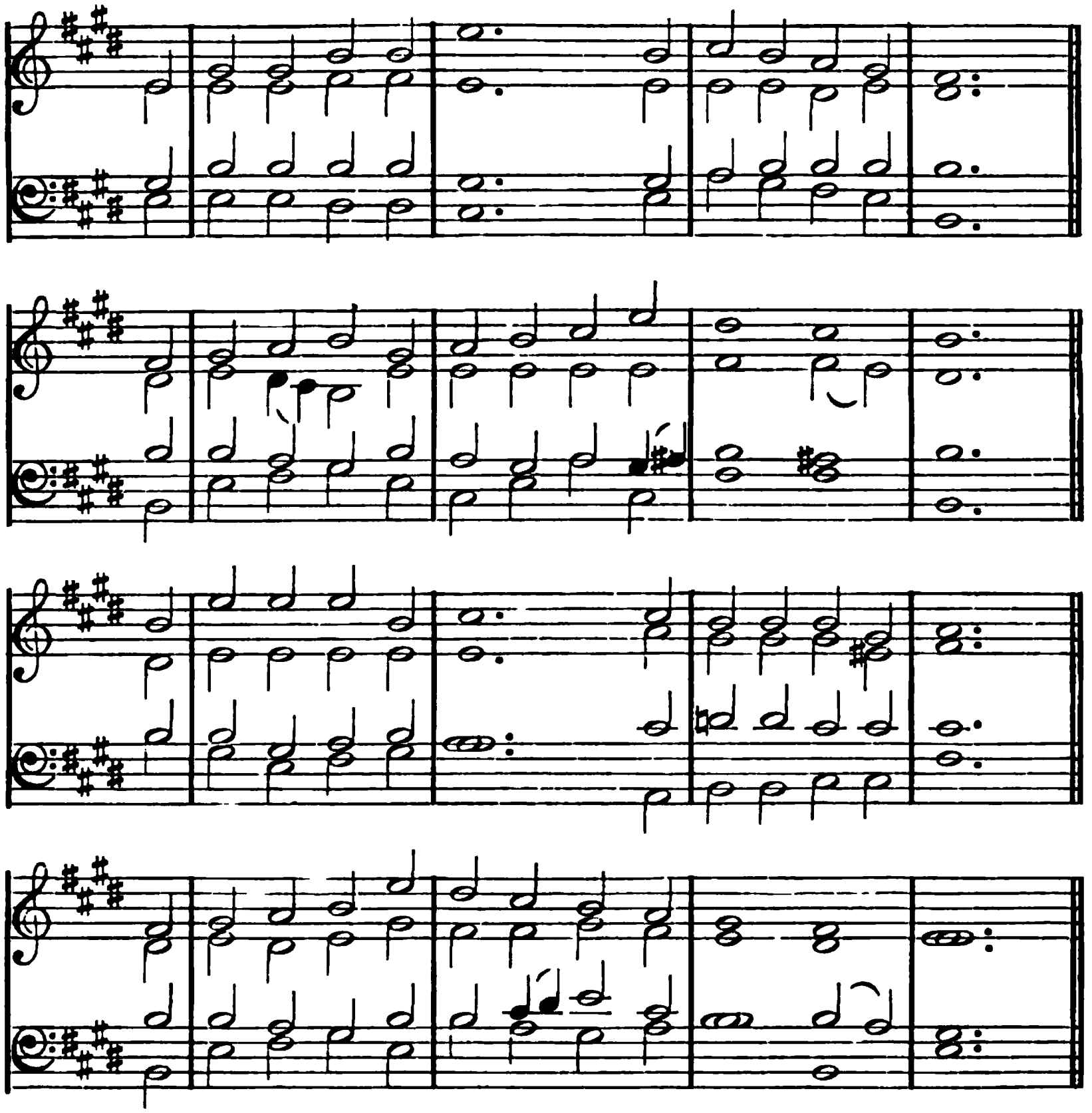
2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways:
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

Hymn 235 (141)

ABRAHAM (6684 D.) *Norwich Tune Book.*



" This is My name for ever, and this is My memorial unto all generations."

PART II.

5 THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command:
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

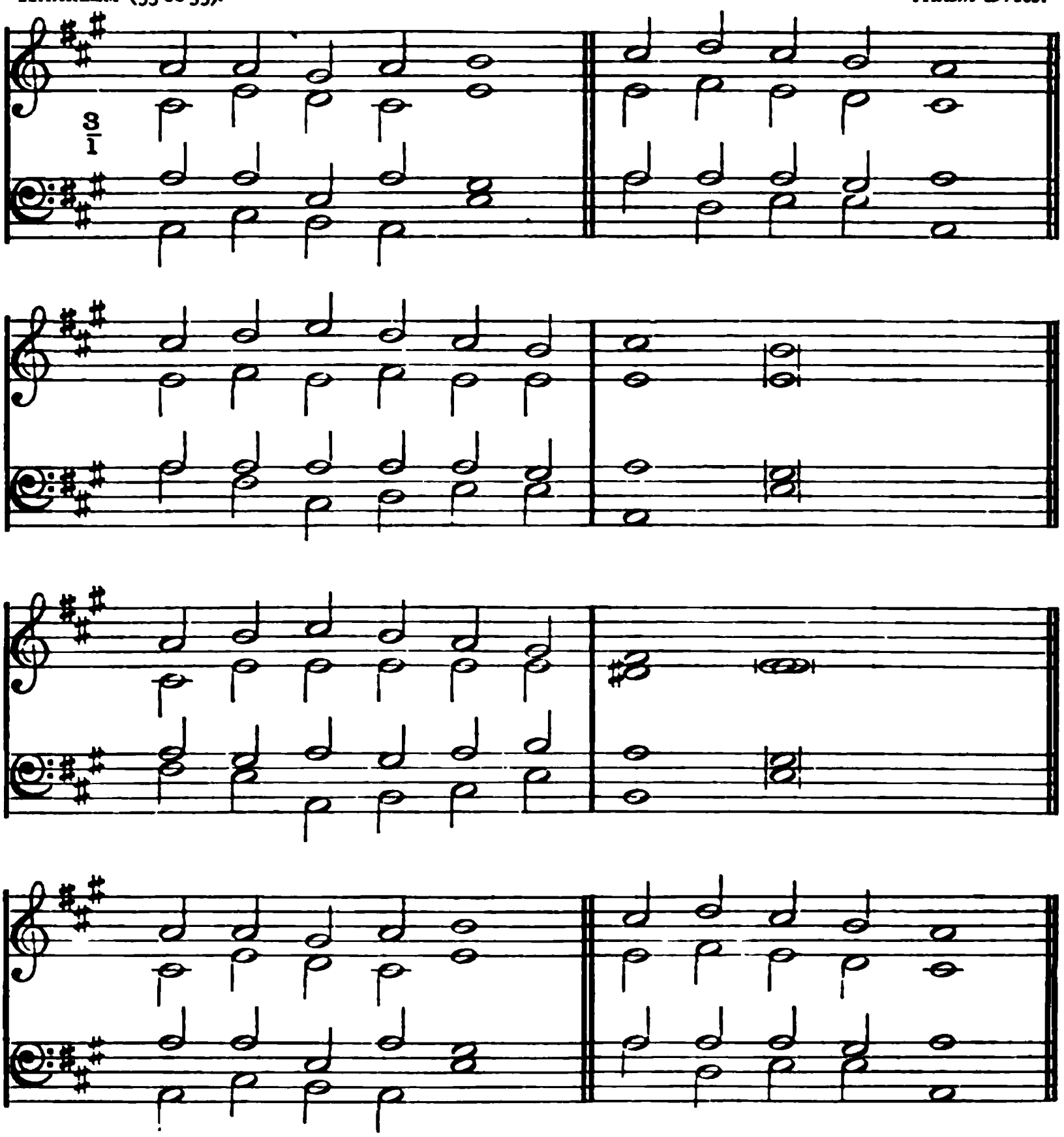
6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest:
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness!
Triumphant o'er the world and sin.
The Prince of Peace,
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains:
And glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns!

8 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
"Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Hymn 236 (285)

HAARLEM (55 88 55). *Adam Drese.*



"Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

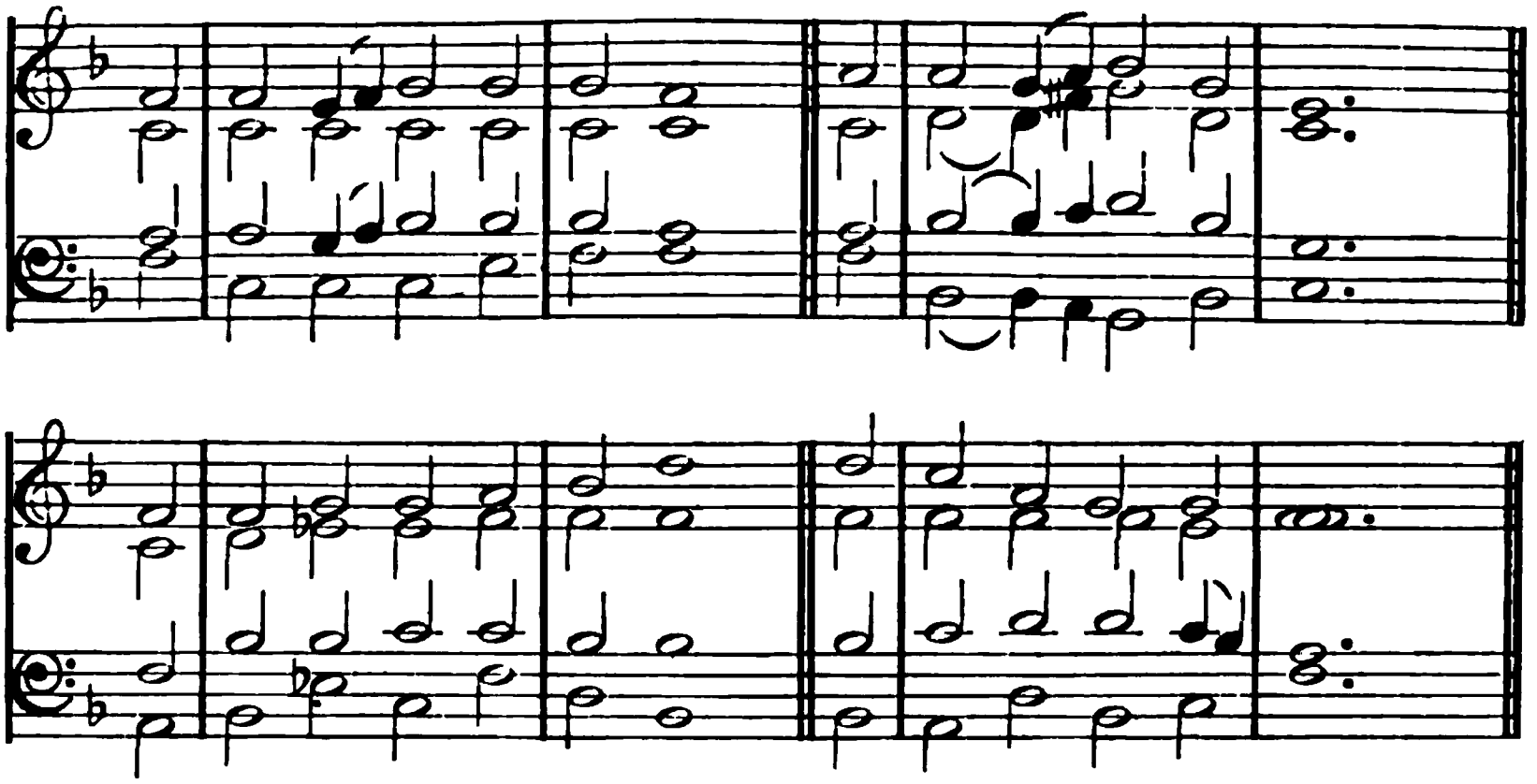
2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Hymn 237 (286)

KNECHT (76 76). *Justin Heinrich Knecht.*



"The fellowship of His sufferings."

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your fellow,
To Jesus as your head!

2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

5 What are they but the heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

Hymn 238 (287)

SMART (65 65—12 lines). *Henry Smart.*

Hymn 238 (287)

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

1 FORWARD! be our watchword, steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us, not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, by Jehovah led?
Forward through the desert, through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, flock of Jesus, salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope for day:
Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error; leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness, forward into light.

3 Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him one day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward, where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight.

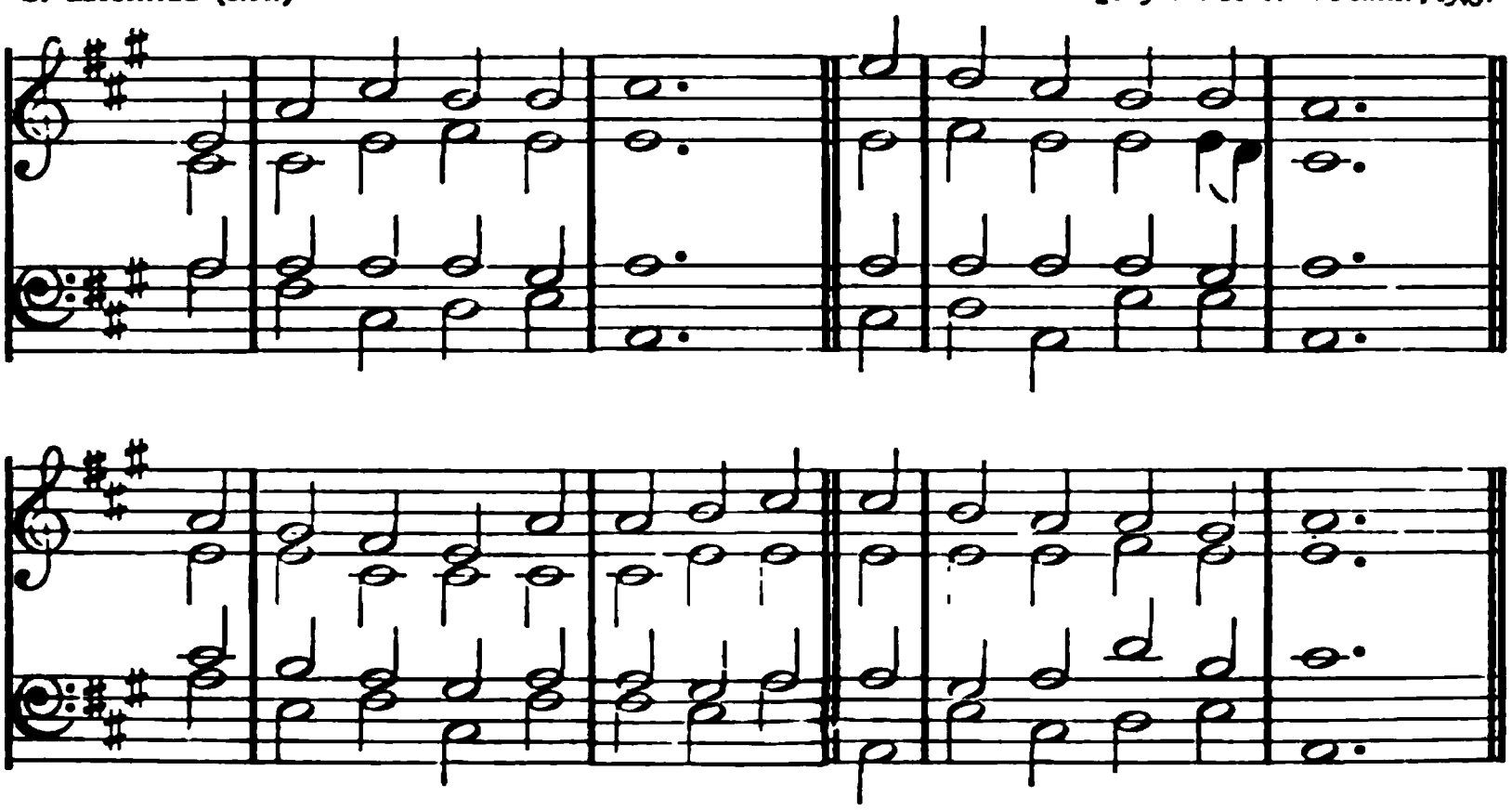
4 Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth; that fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river, shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither, in Jehovah's might:
Pilgrims to your country, forward into light.

5 To the Father's glory loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah, blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises, dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph, forward into light.

Hymn 239 (142)

S. Michael (s.m.)

Daye's Psalter, 1563.
Abridged from Genevan Psalter, 1543.



"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

1 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

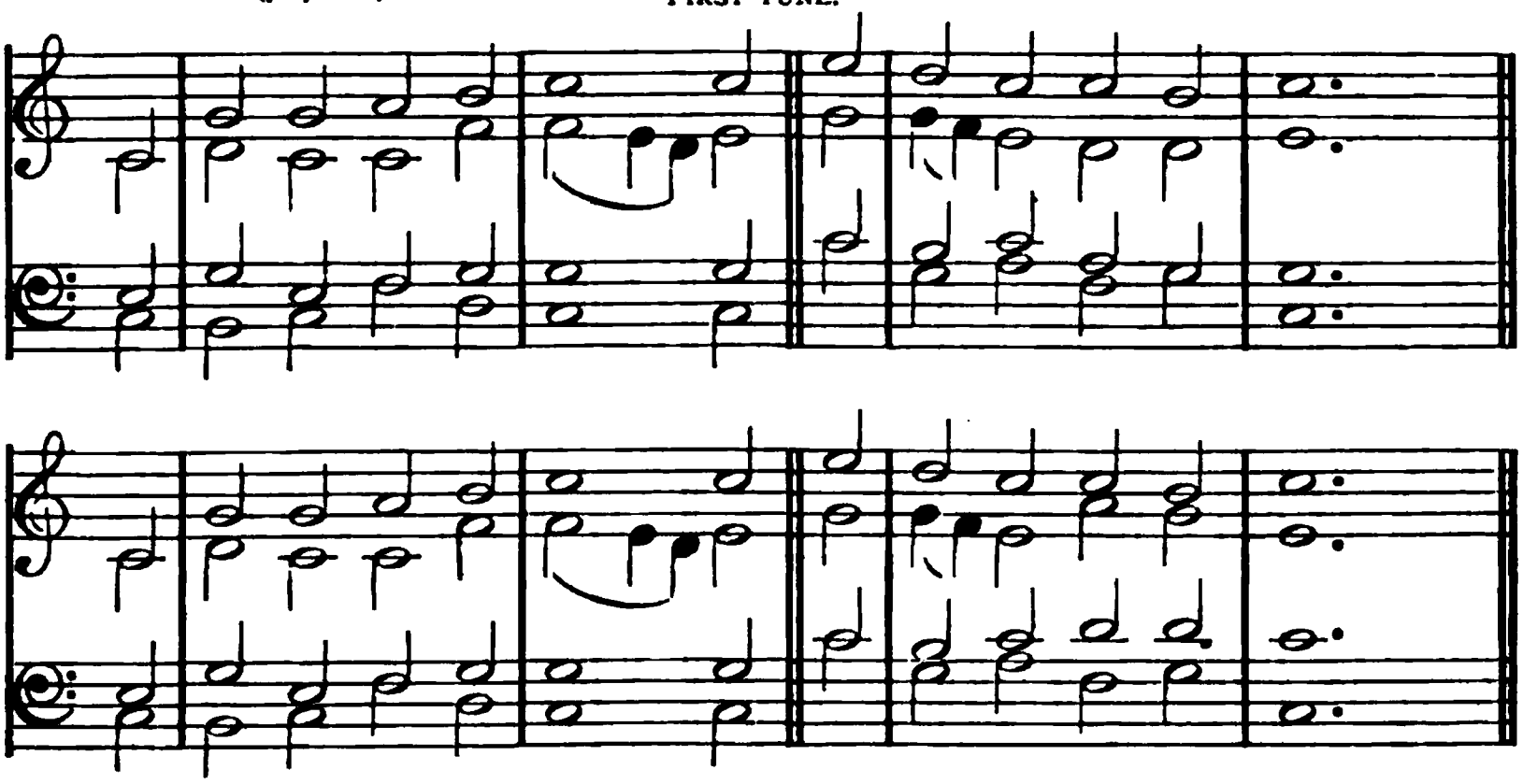
5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

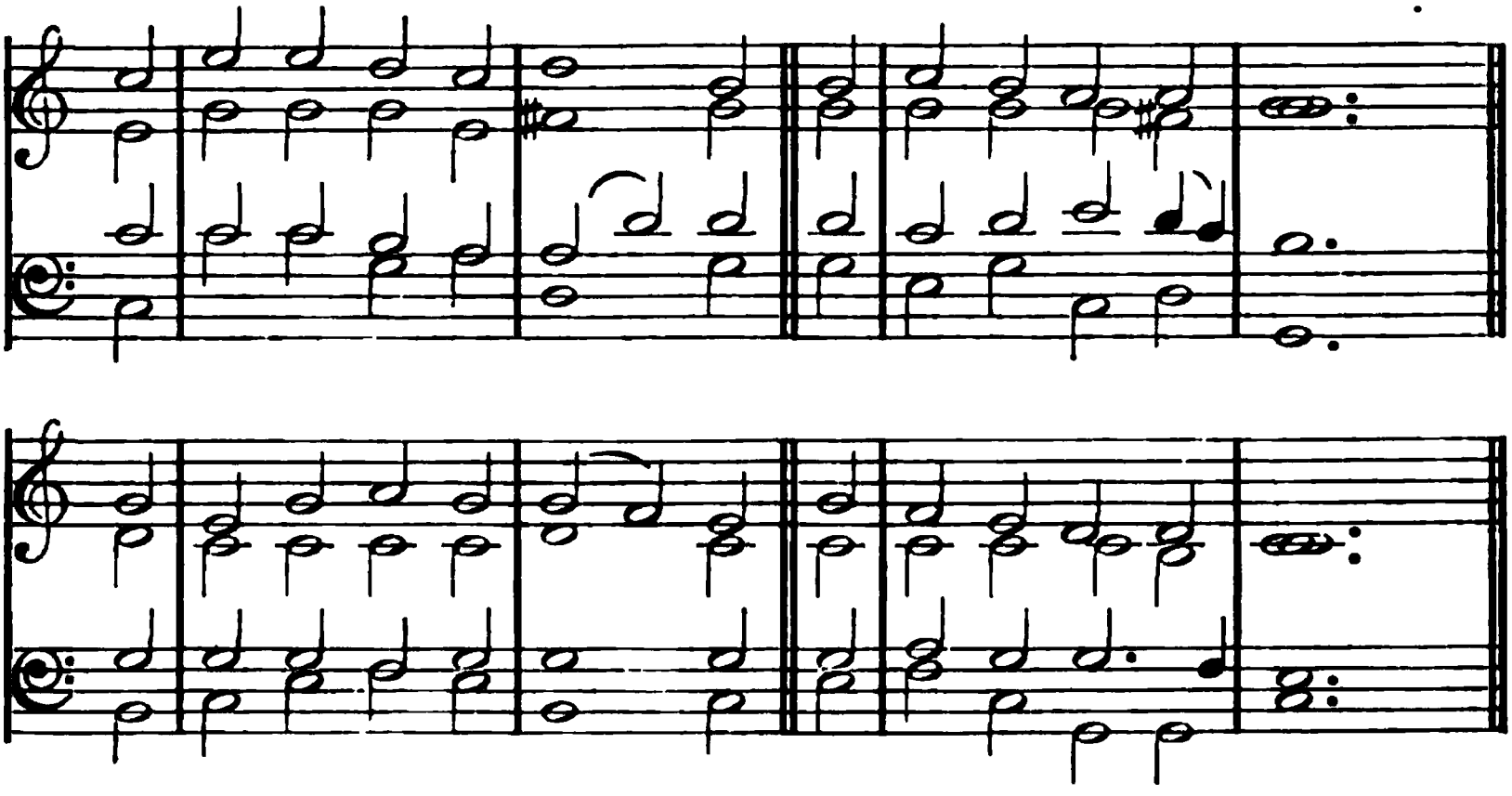
Hymn 240 (143)

S. THEODULPH (76 76 D.)

FIRST TUNE.

Melchior Teschner.





"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

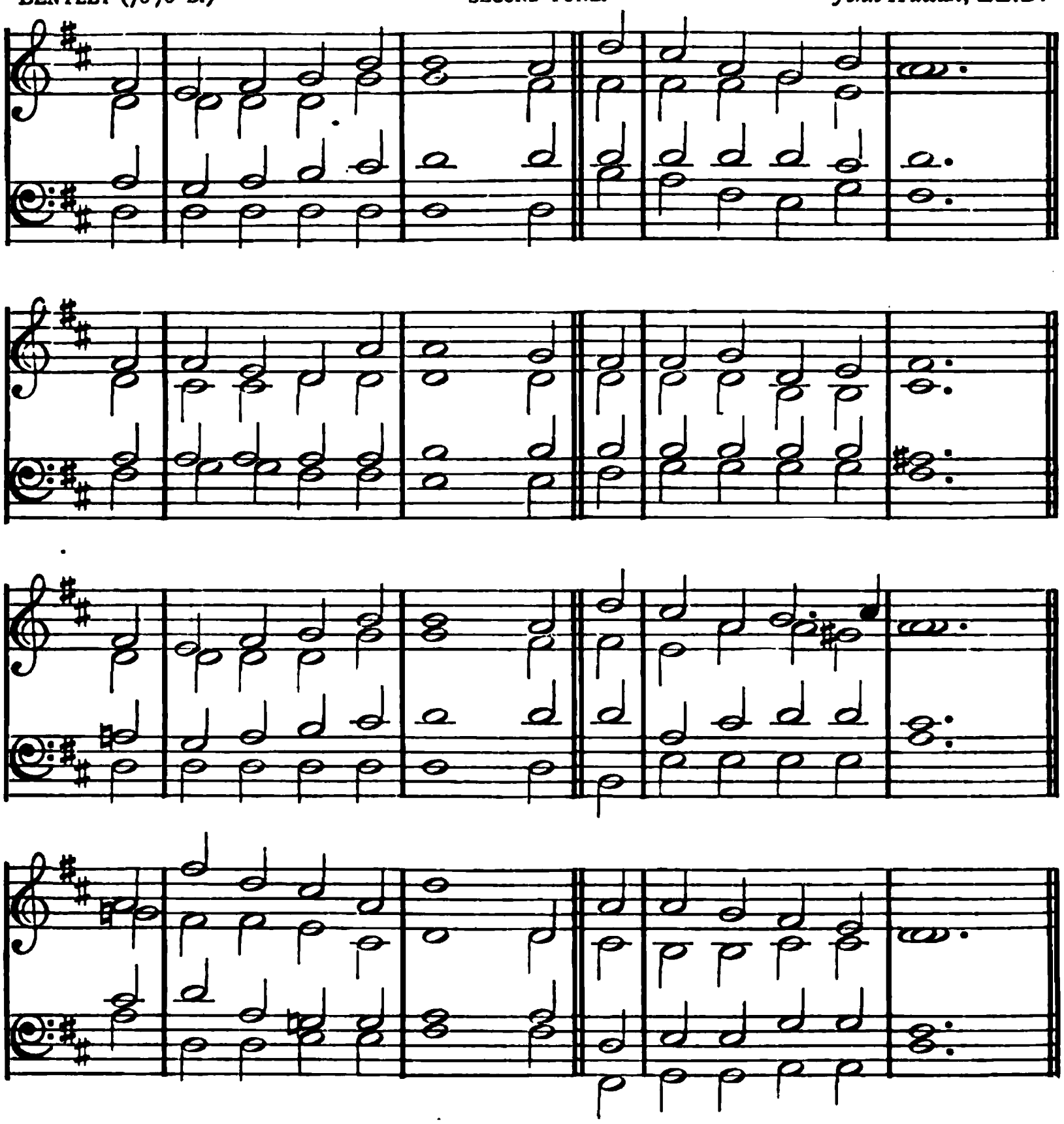
2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Hymn 240 (143)

BENTLEY (7676 D.) SECOND TUNE. *John Hullah, LL.D.*



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The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
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When comforts are declining,
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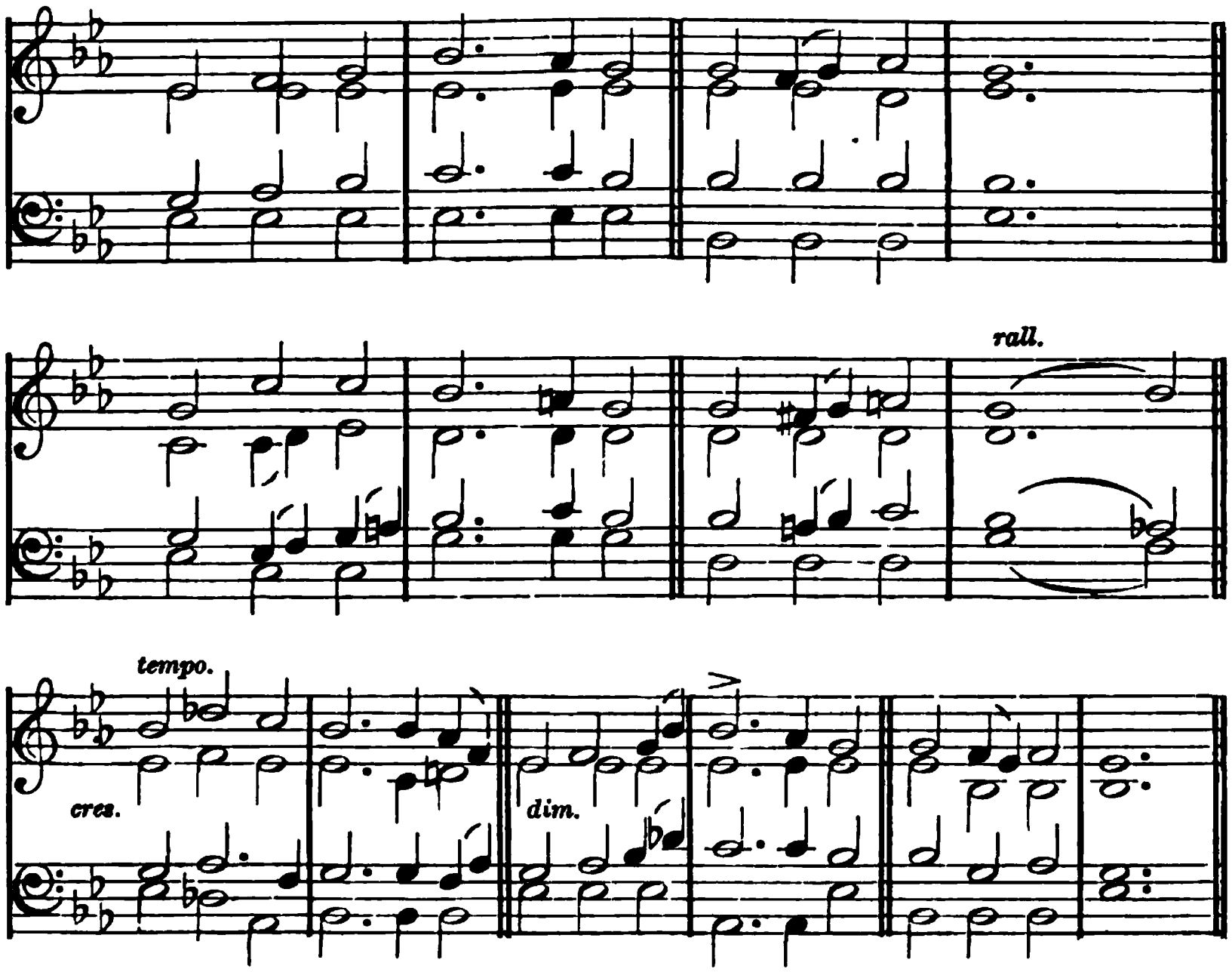
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Hymn 241 (144)

HORBURY (64 64 664). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

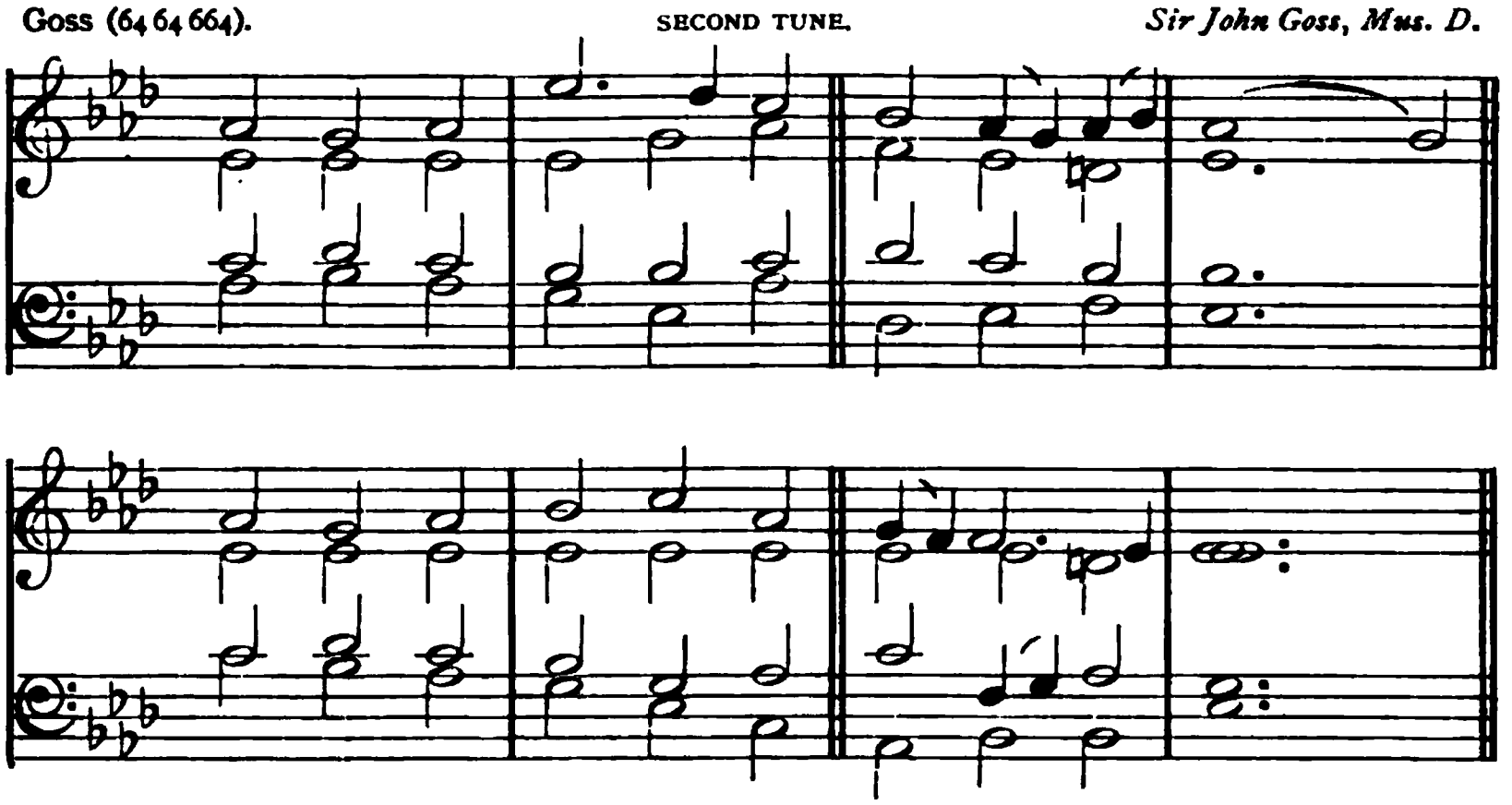
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still, still, my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

Hymn 241 (144)

Goss (64 64 664). SECOND TUNE. *Sir John Goss, Mus. D.*



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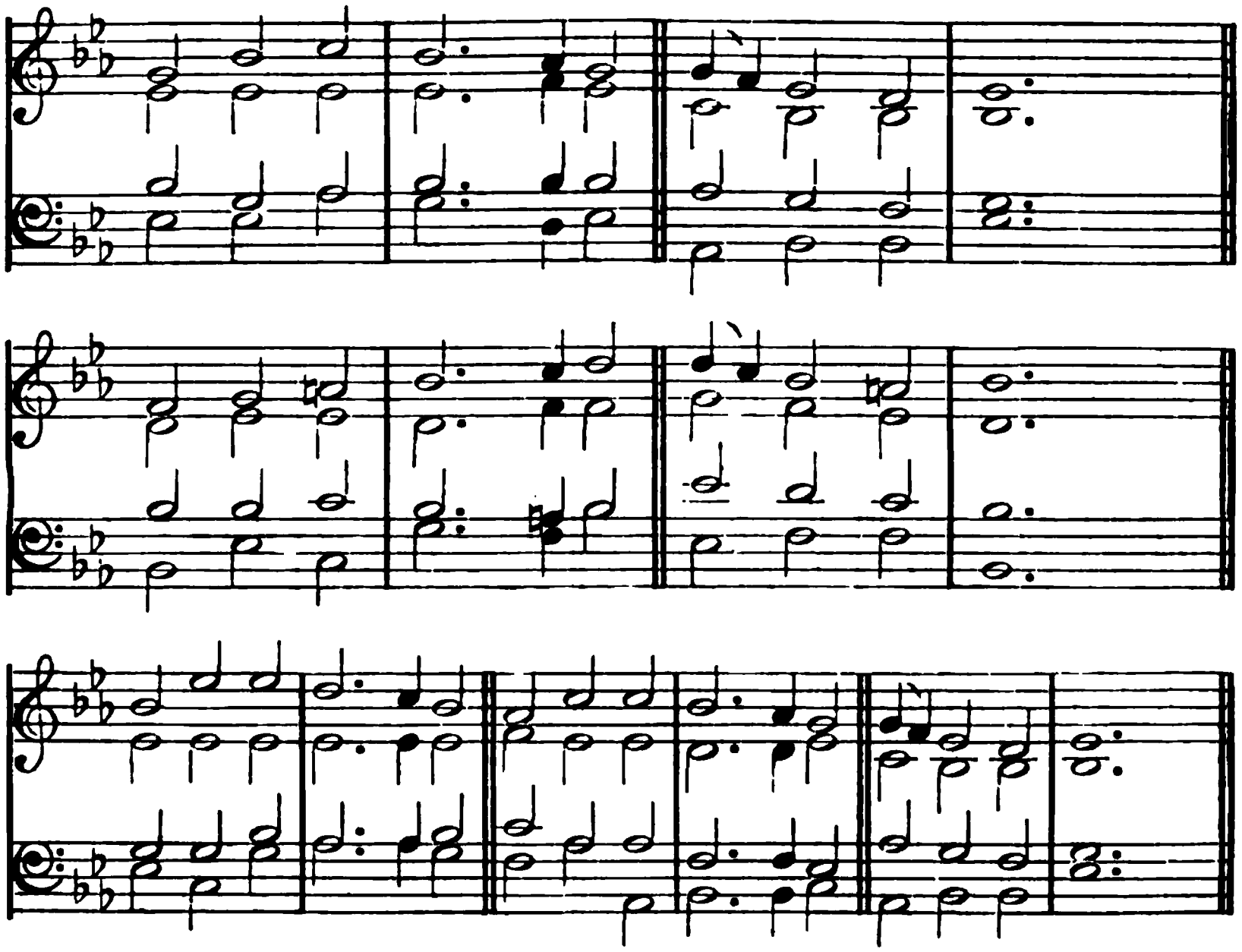
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;

Hymn 241 (144)

NENTHORN (64 64 664). THIRD TUNE. *T. L. Hately.*



Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
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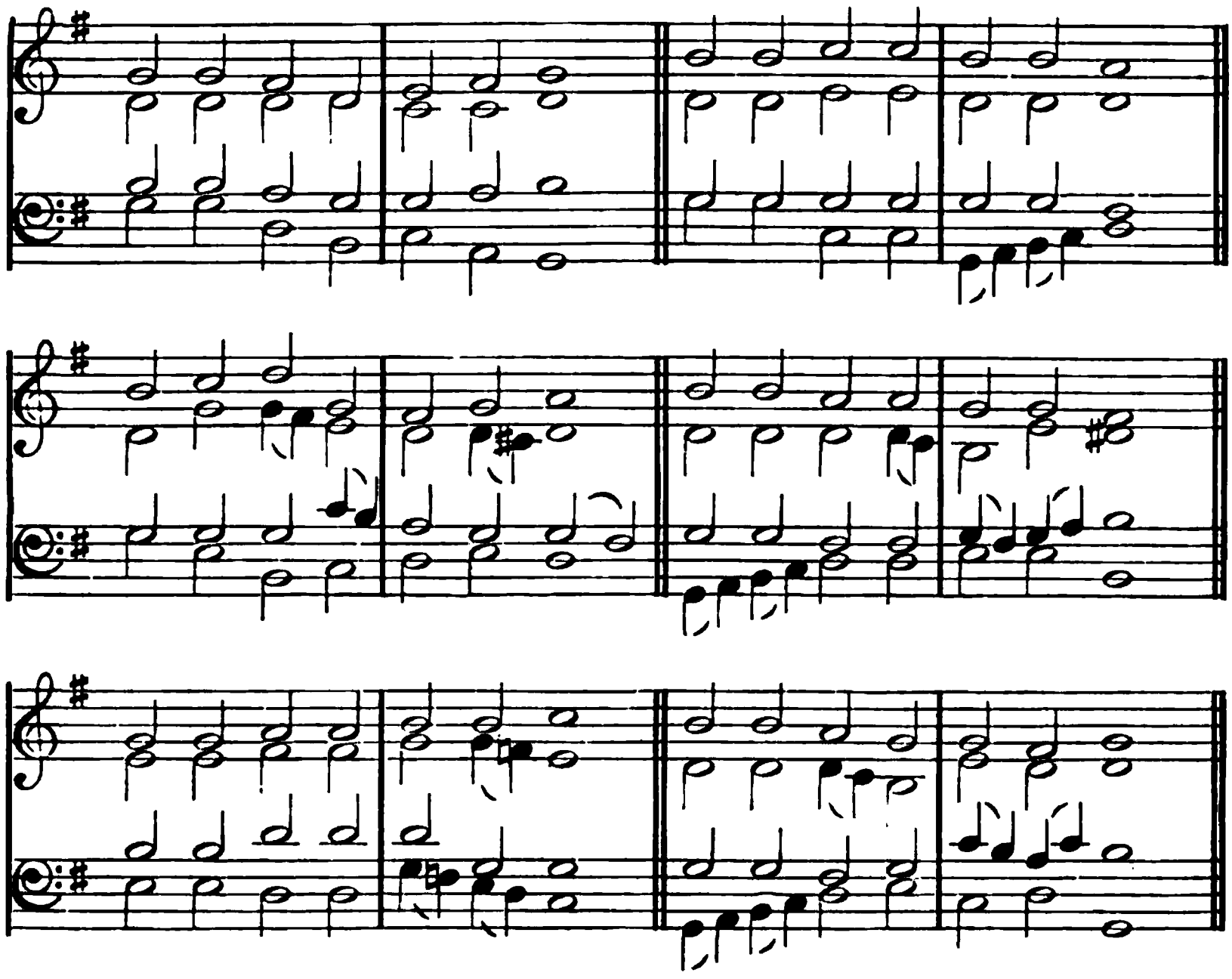
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still, still, my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

Hymn 242 (145)

ZURICH (77 77 77). *Johann Schop.*



"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

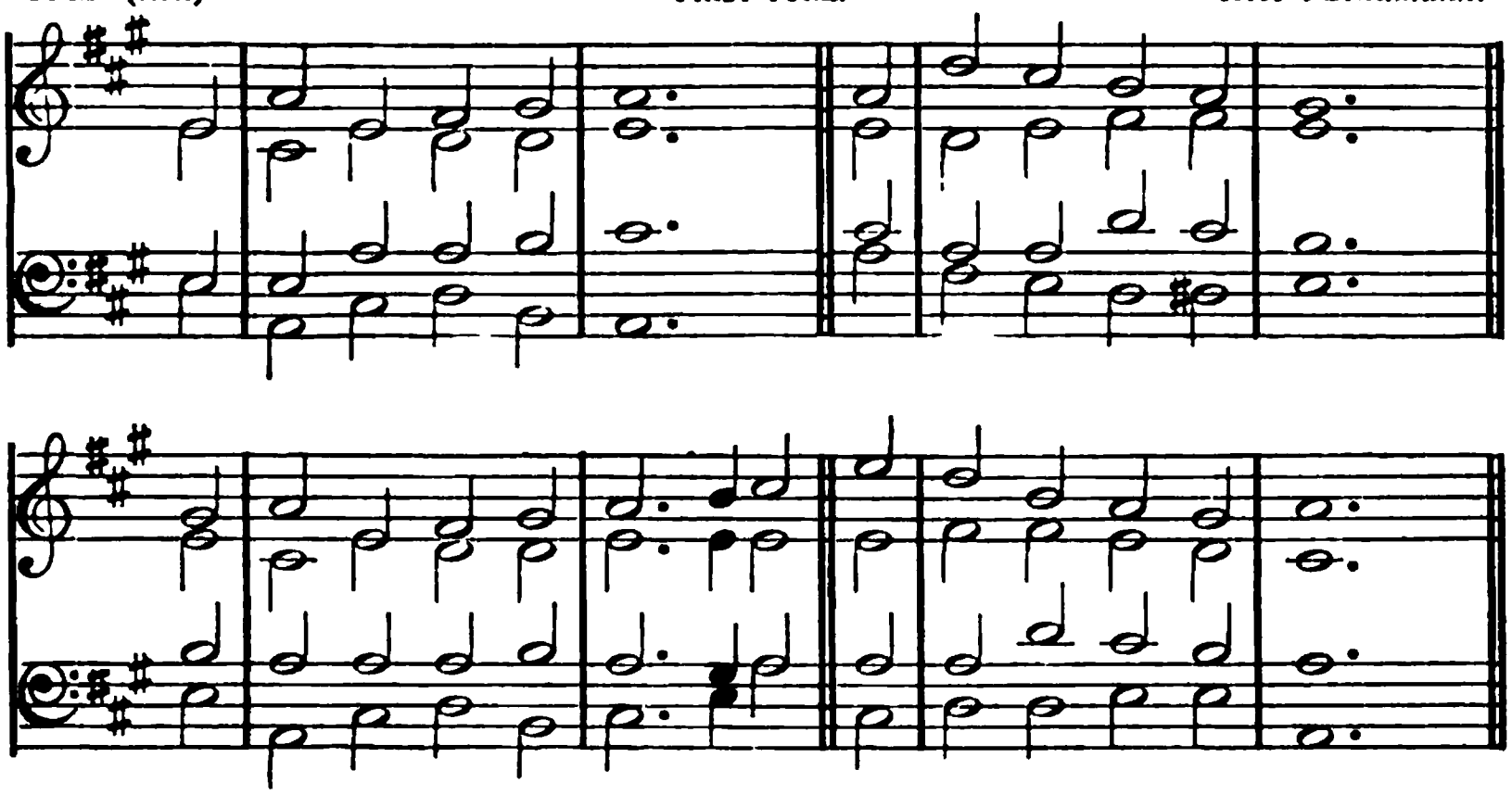
2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

Hymn 243 (146)

BUCER (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Robert Schumann.*



" Be of good courage."

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home:
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The people of His choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.

5 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

6 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

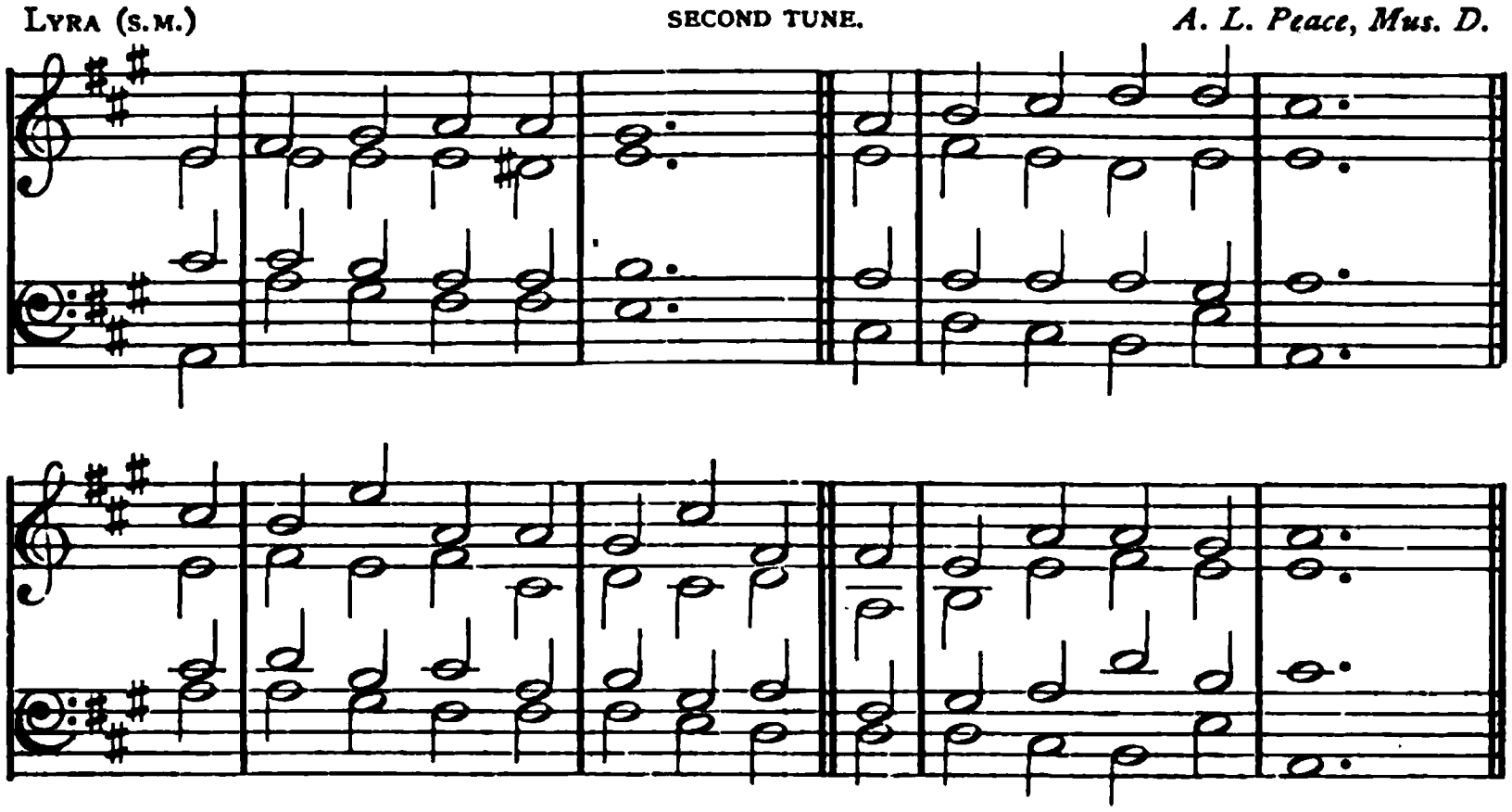
7 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait Thy appointed hour,
Wait till the Bridegroom of Thy soul
Reveal His sovereign power.

8 Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.

9 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Hymn 243 (146)

LYRA (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



"Be of good courage."

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Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home:
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
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Nor feel the heavenly flame;
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Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.

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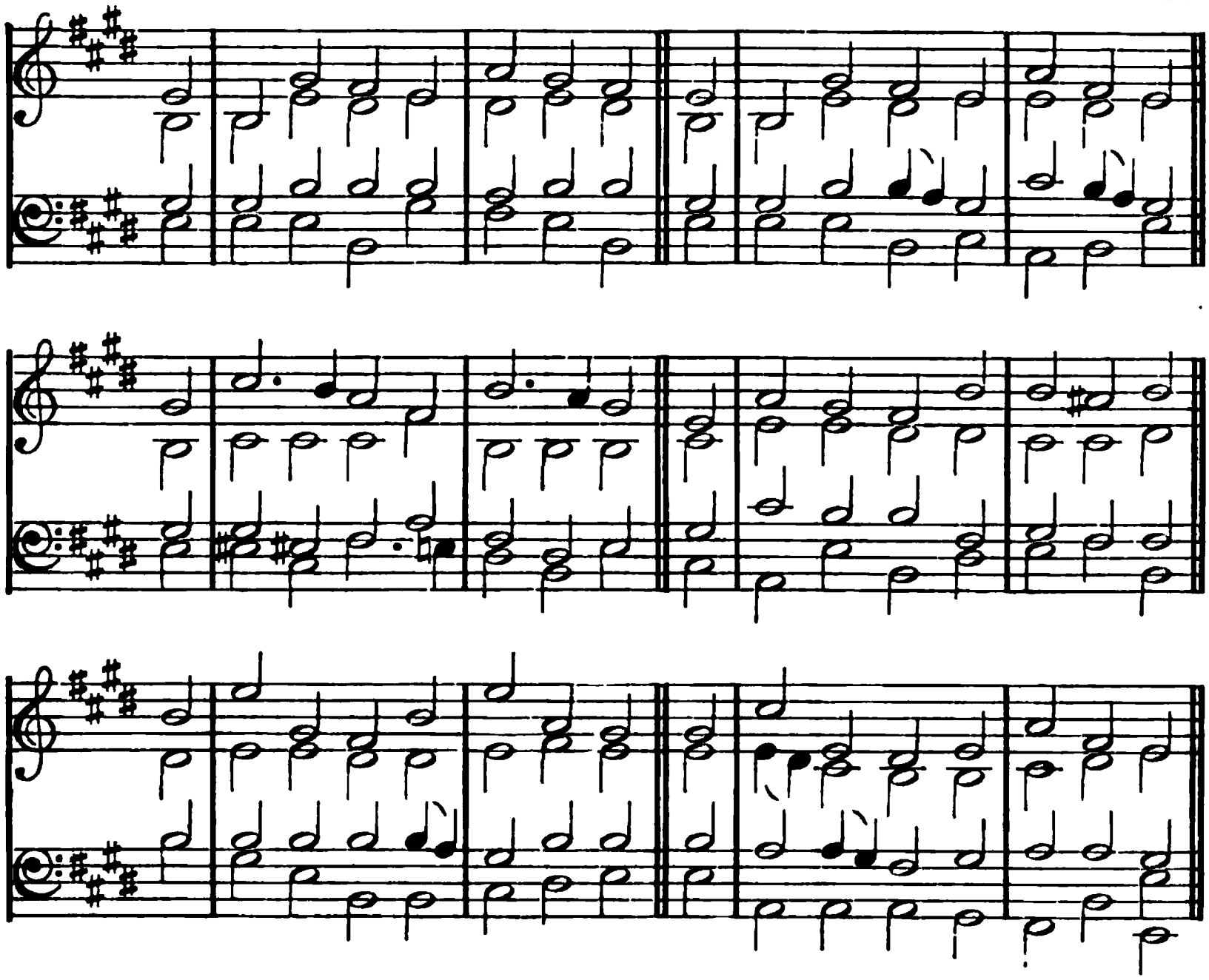
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Hymn 244 (147)

MAMRE (88 88 88). *Handel.*



" For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

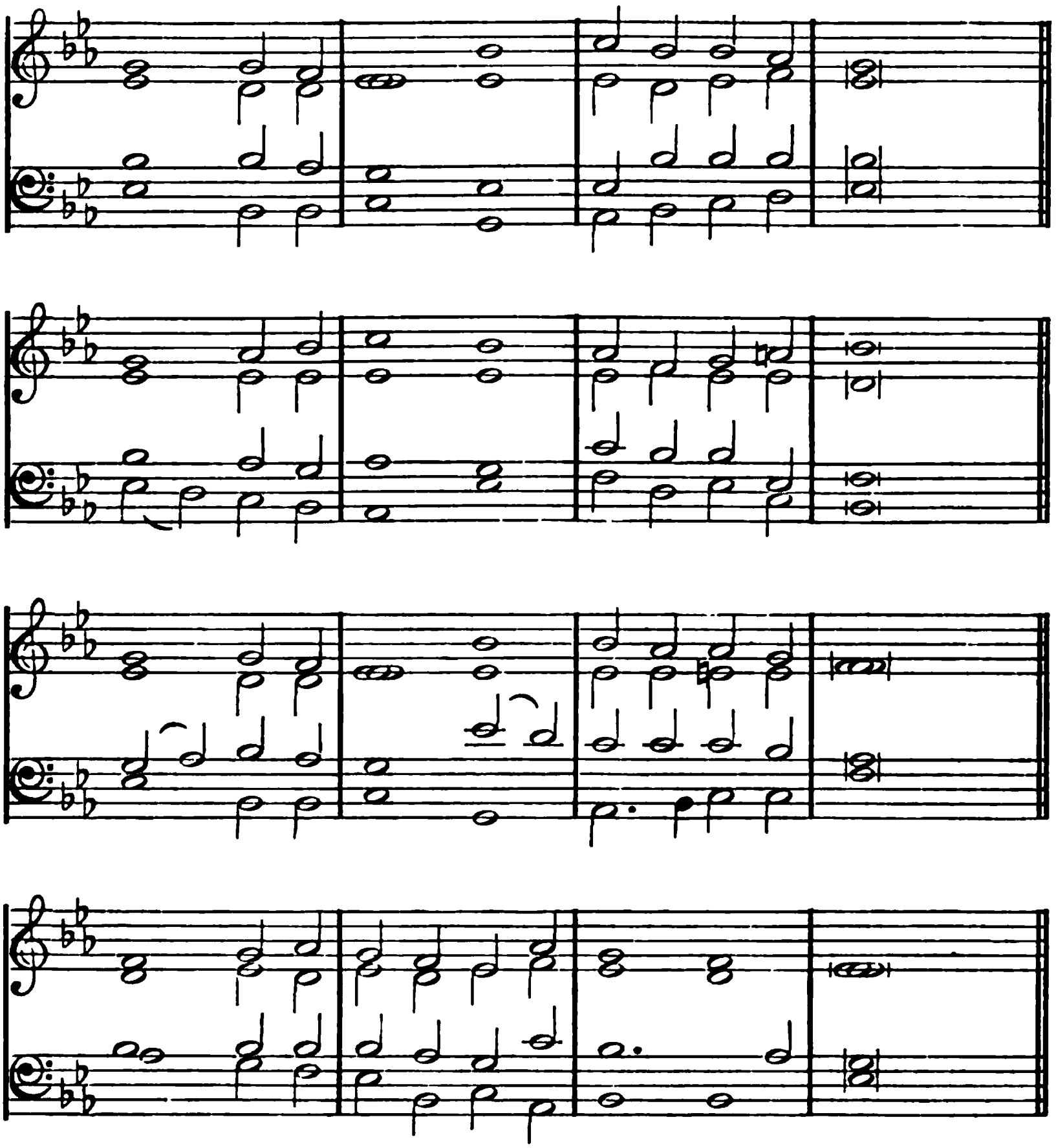
3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

Hymn 245 (148)

EVENTIDE (10 10 10 10). FIRST TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



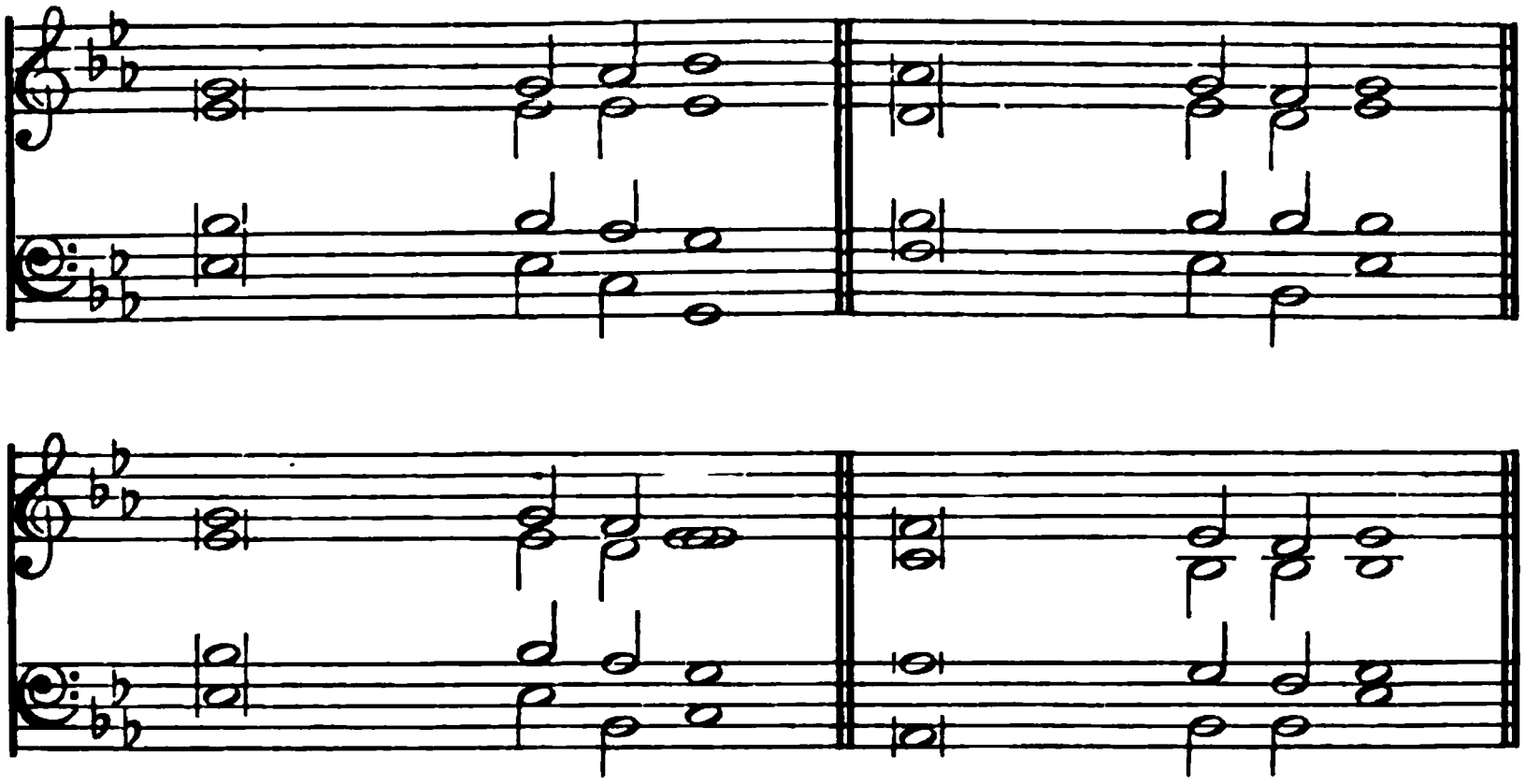
"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the | even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with | me abide!
When other helpers fail, and | comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O a | bide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's | little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories | pass away;
Change and decay in all a | round I see:
O Thou who changest not, a | bide with me!

Hymn 245 (148)

TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1 (10 10 10 10). SECOND TUNE. *A. H. D. Troyte.*



3 Not a brief glance I beg, a | passing word;
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis | ciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, | patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but a | bide with me.

4 Come not in terrors, as the | King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing | in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for | every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus a | bide with me.

5 Thou on my head in early | youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and per | verse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as | I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, a | bide with me!

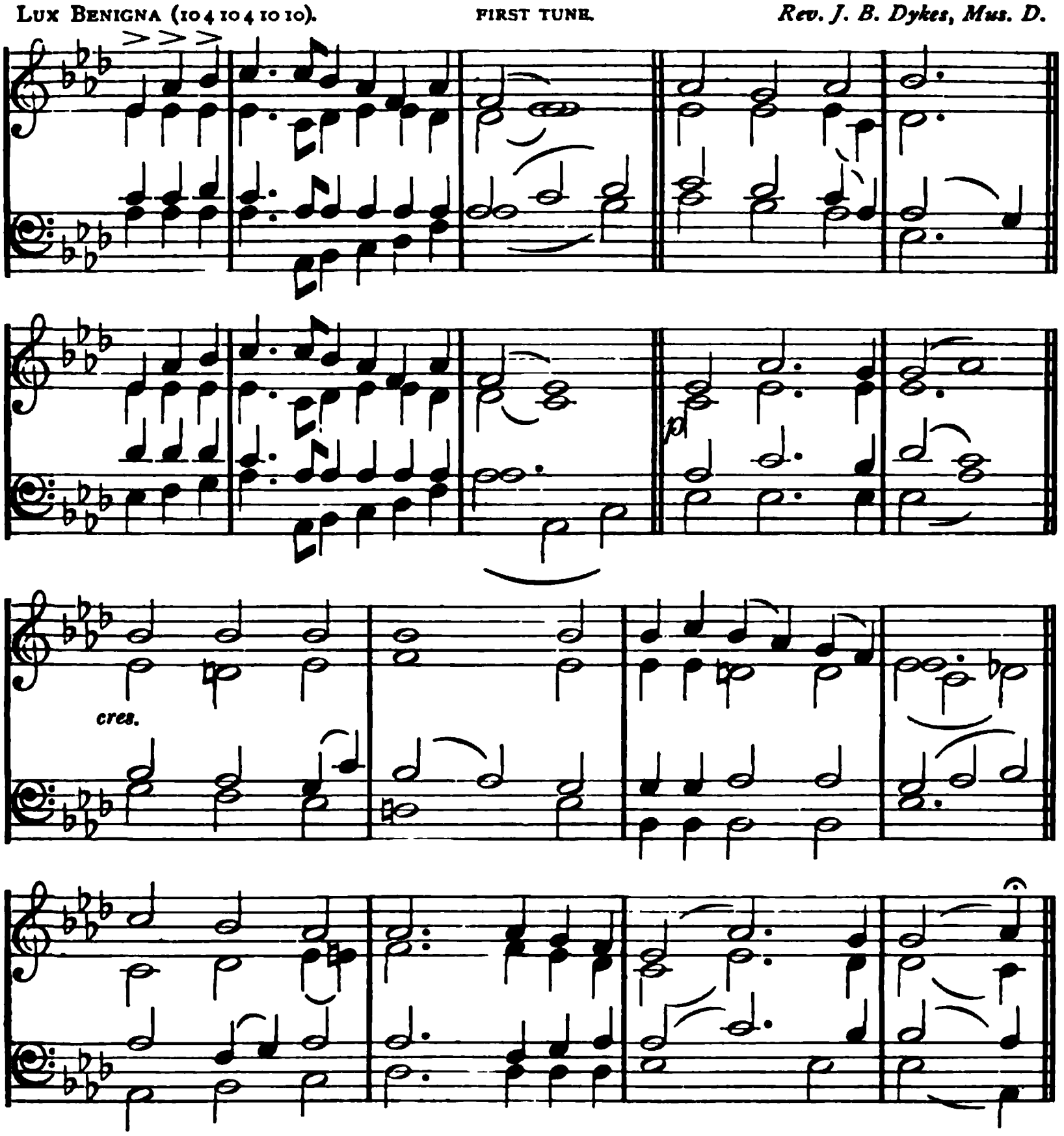
6 I need Thy presence every | passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the | tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and | stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O a | bide with me!

7 I fear no foe, with Thee at | hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no | bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy | victory?
I triumph still, if Thou a | bide with me.

8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my | closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me | to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain | shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, a | bide with me!

Hymn 246 (149)

LUX BENIGNA (10 4 10 4 10 10). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"A light unto my path."

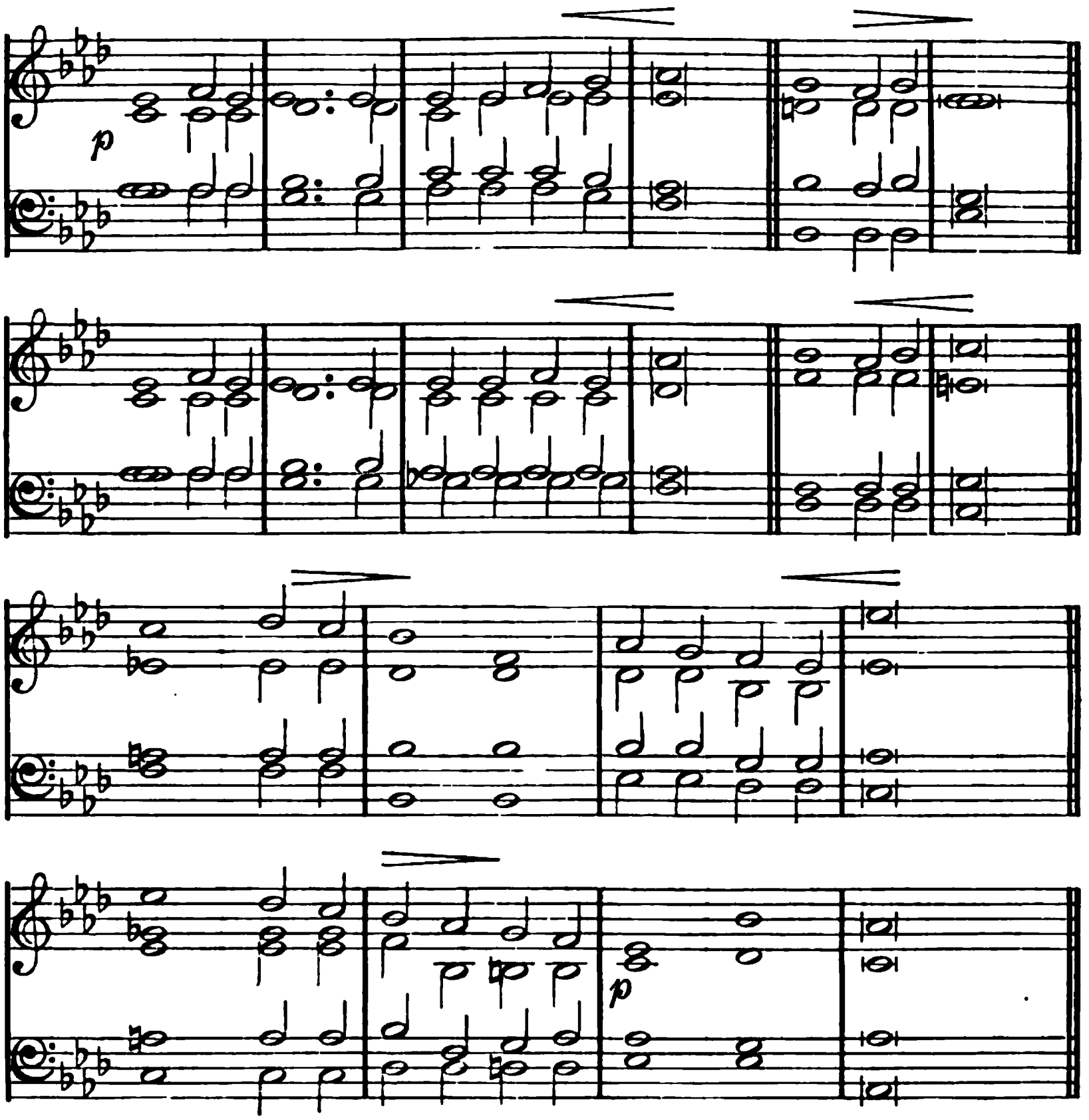
1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Hymn 246 (149)

LUX BEATA (104 104 10 10). SECOND TUNE. *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



" A light unto my path."

1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

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I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

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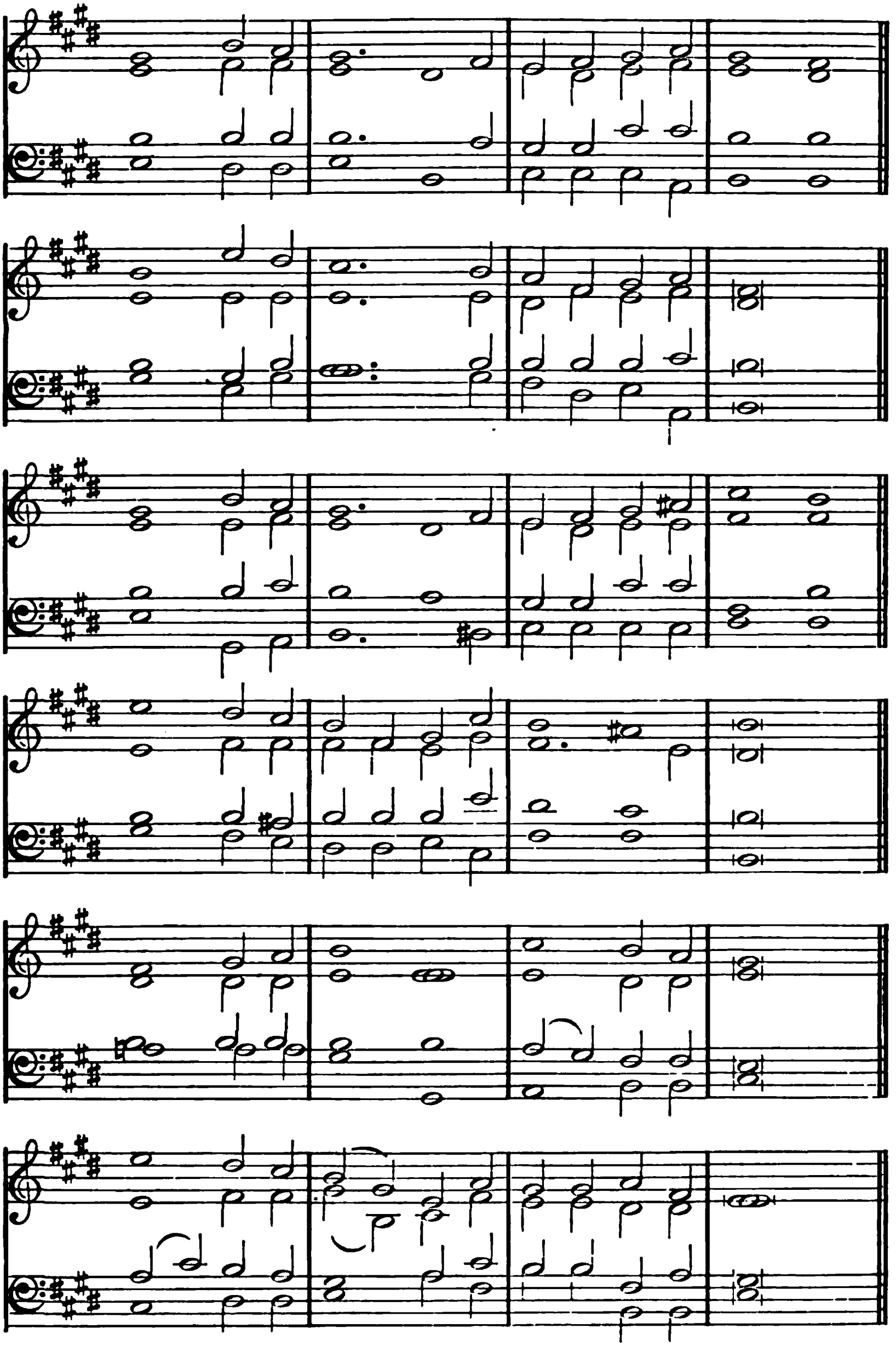
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Hymn 247 (299)

PILGRIMS (11 10 11 10 9 11). FIRST TUNE. *Henry Smart.*



Hymn 247 (299)

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

1 HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

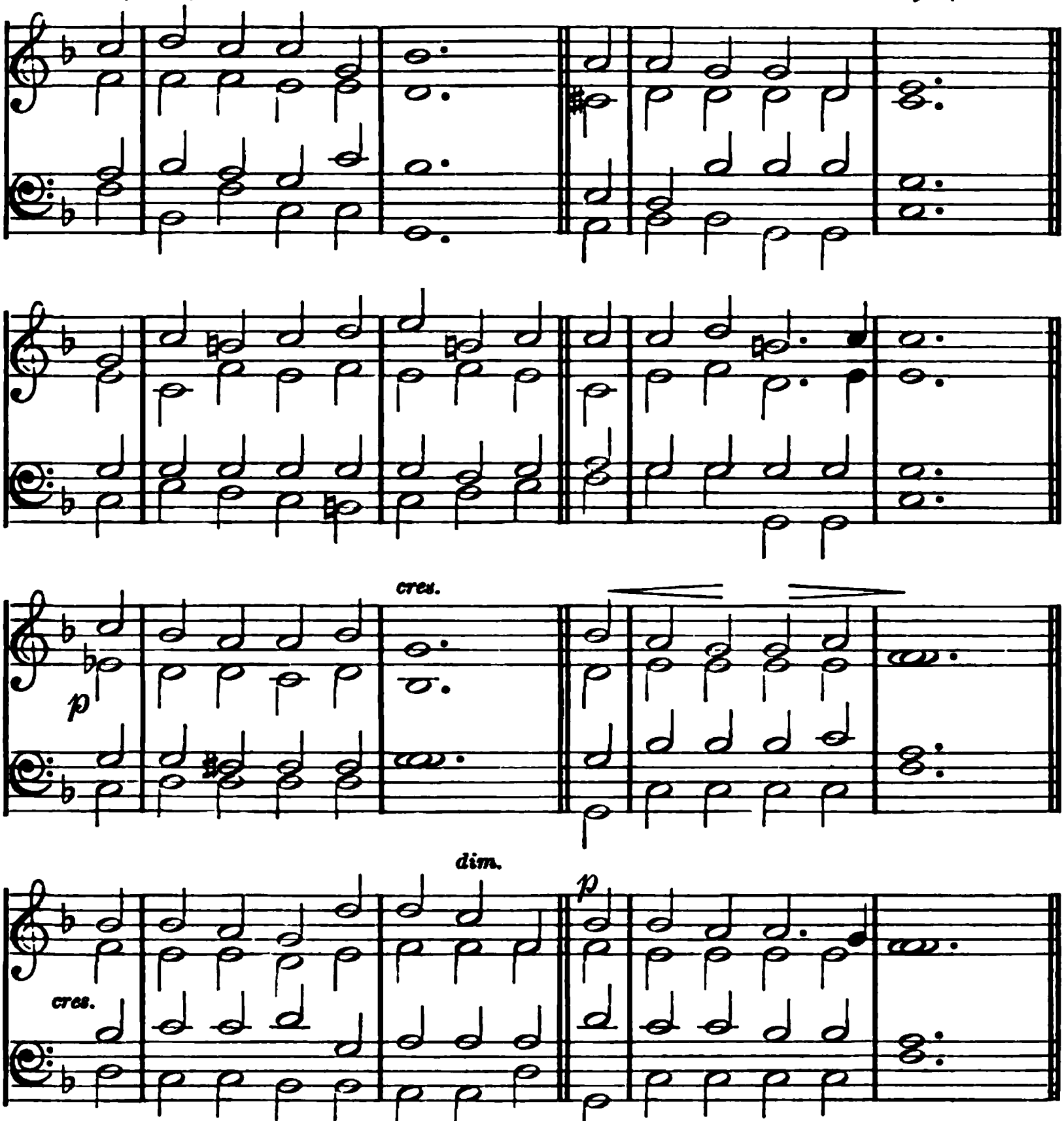
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Hymn 248 (298)

CHALVEY (D.S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. D.*



"The time is short."

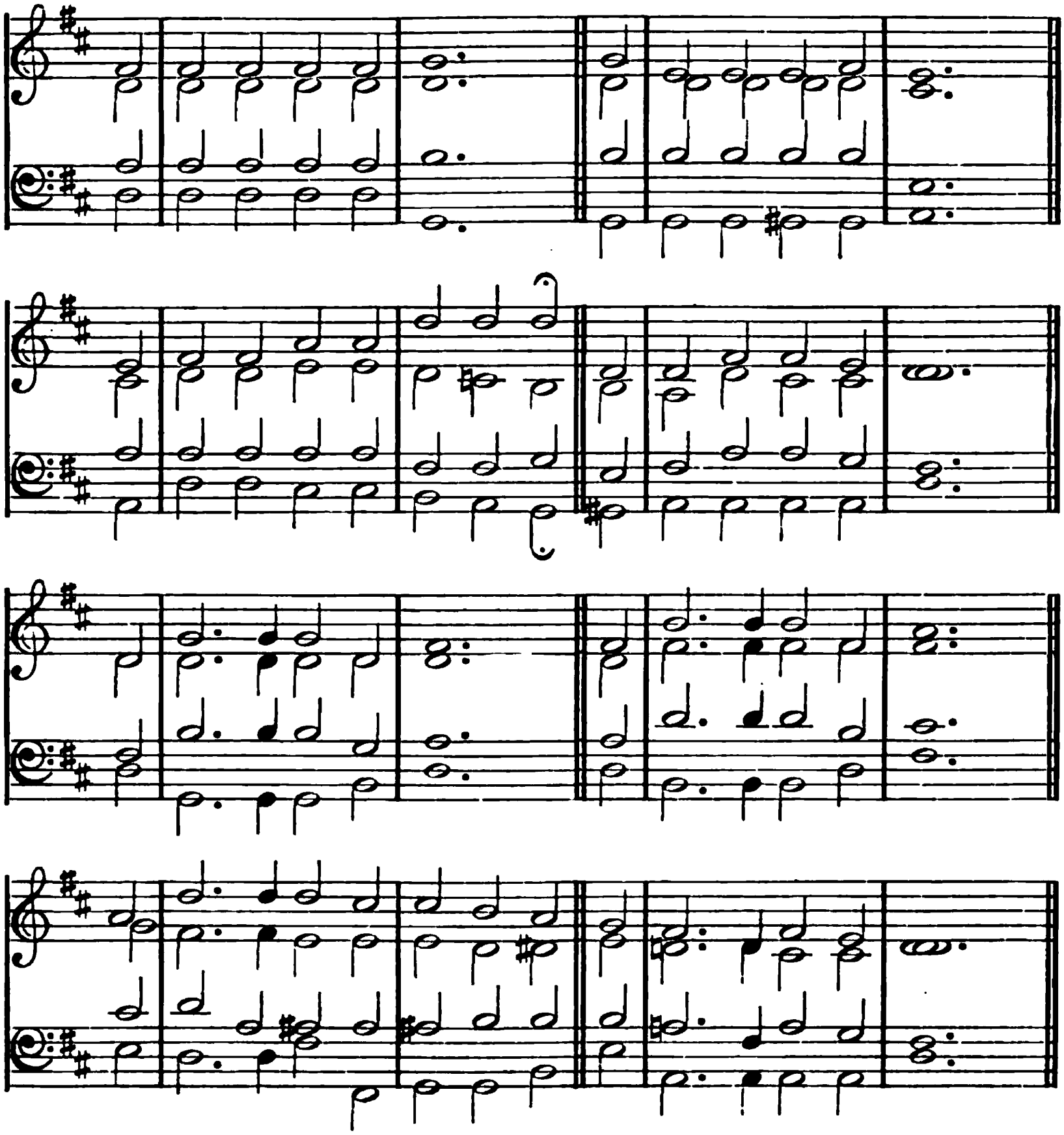
1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,—
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Hymn 248 (298)

LEOMINSTER (D.S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *George William Martin.*
Harmonized by Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.



4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

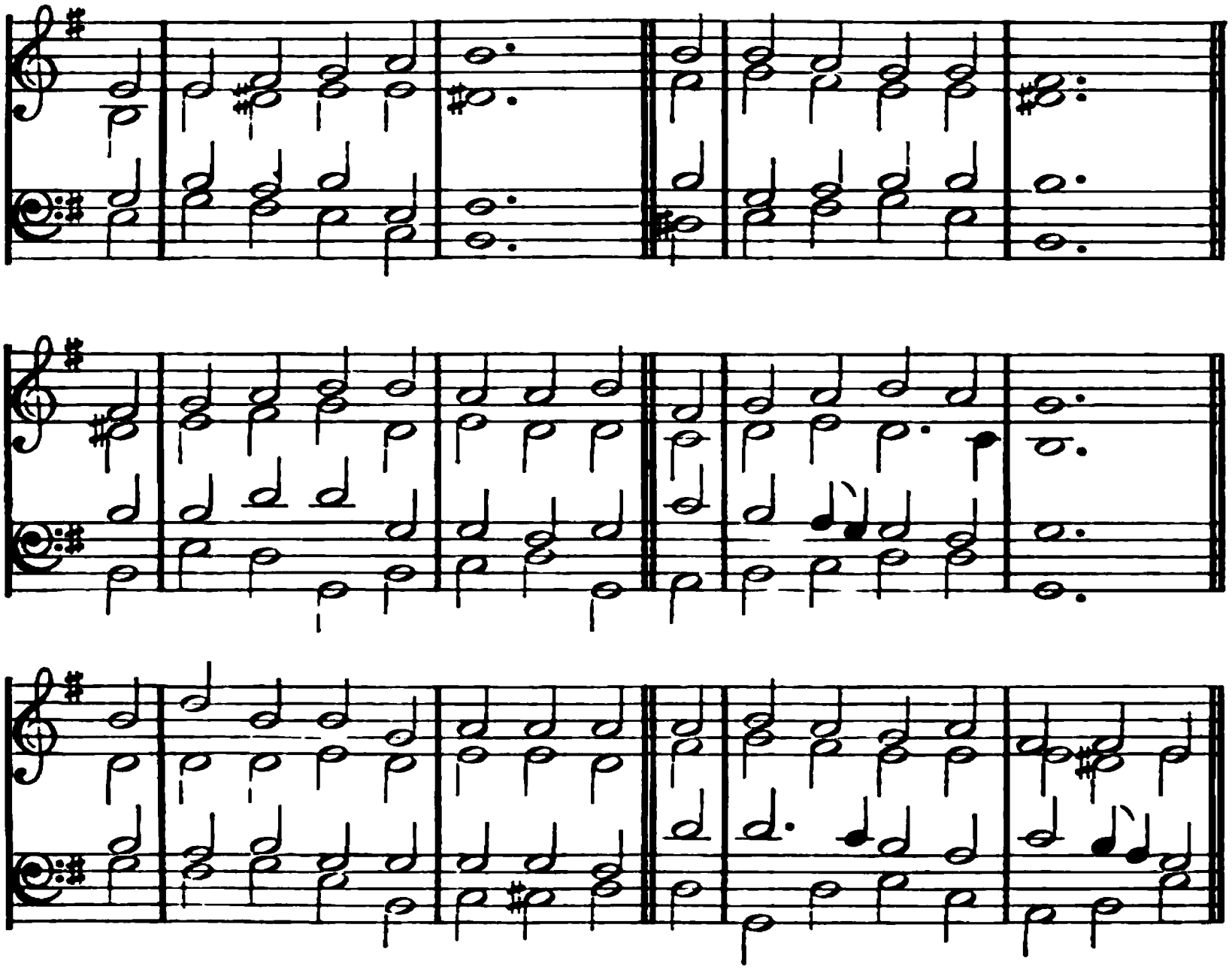
5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

6 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Hymn 249 (150)

LUCCA (66 86 88).

Old German Volkslied.
By Gesius.



" Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

1 FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

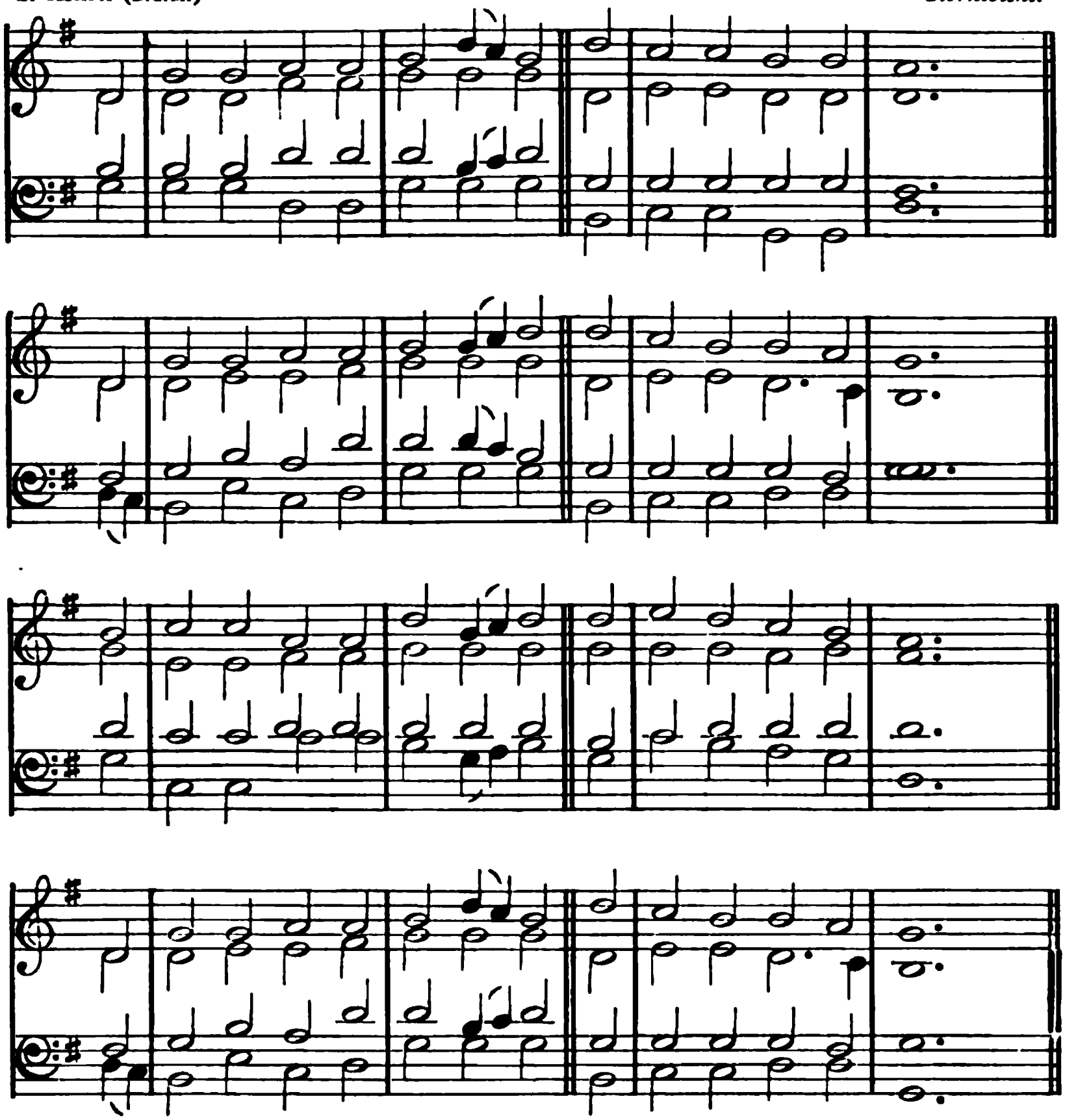
2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Hymn 250 (151)

S. Asaph (D.C.M.) *Giornivichi.*



"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

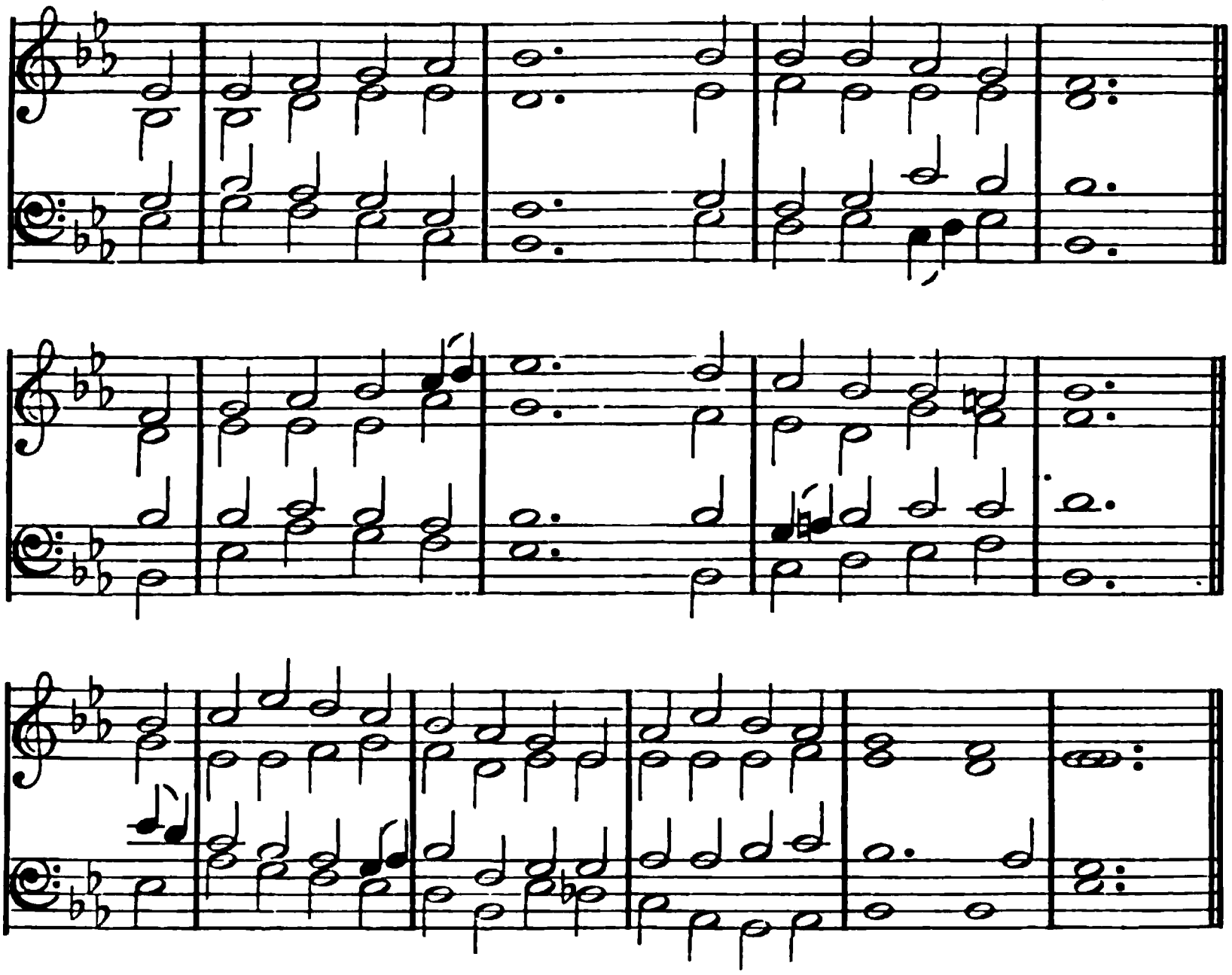
2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
At His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

3 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity:
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts! the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

Hymn 251 (152)

BEVAN (66 66 88). FIRST TUNE. *Sir John Goss, Mus. D.*



"I know that my Redeemer liveth:....whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold."

1 MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is life, He'll raise
My dust again, even mine.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

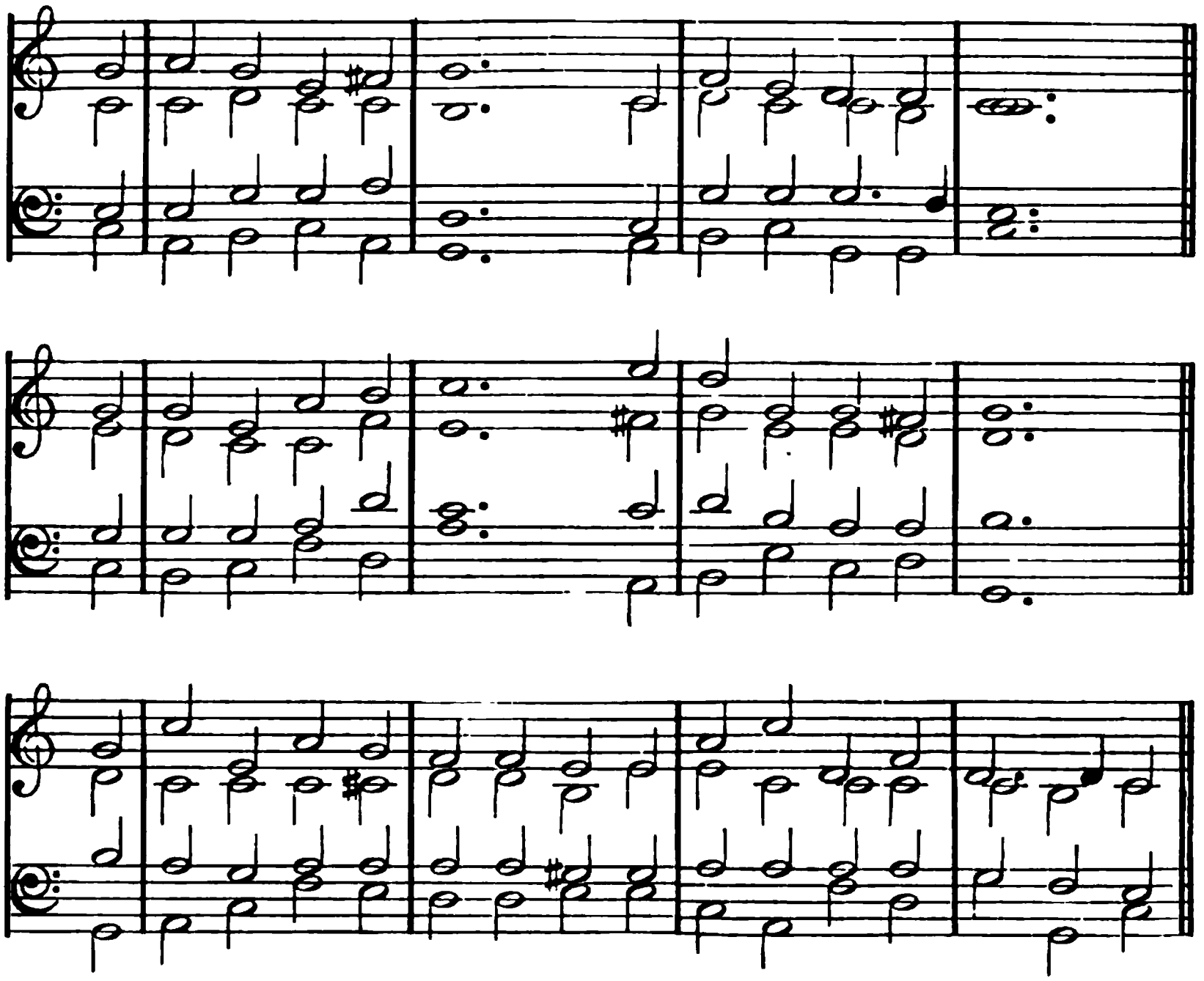
3 My Lord His angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

4 I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loath to die!
Lord, silence Thou these fears;
My life's with Thee on high.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

5 Then welcome, harmless grave!
By thee to heaven I'll go:
My Lord His death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

Hymn 251 (152)

GOPSAL (66 66 88). SECOND TUNE. *Handel.*
From the Fitzwilliam MSS.



"I know that my Redeemer liveth:....whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold."

1 MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is life, He'll raise
My dust again, even mine.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
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3 My Lord His angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
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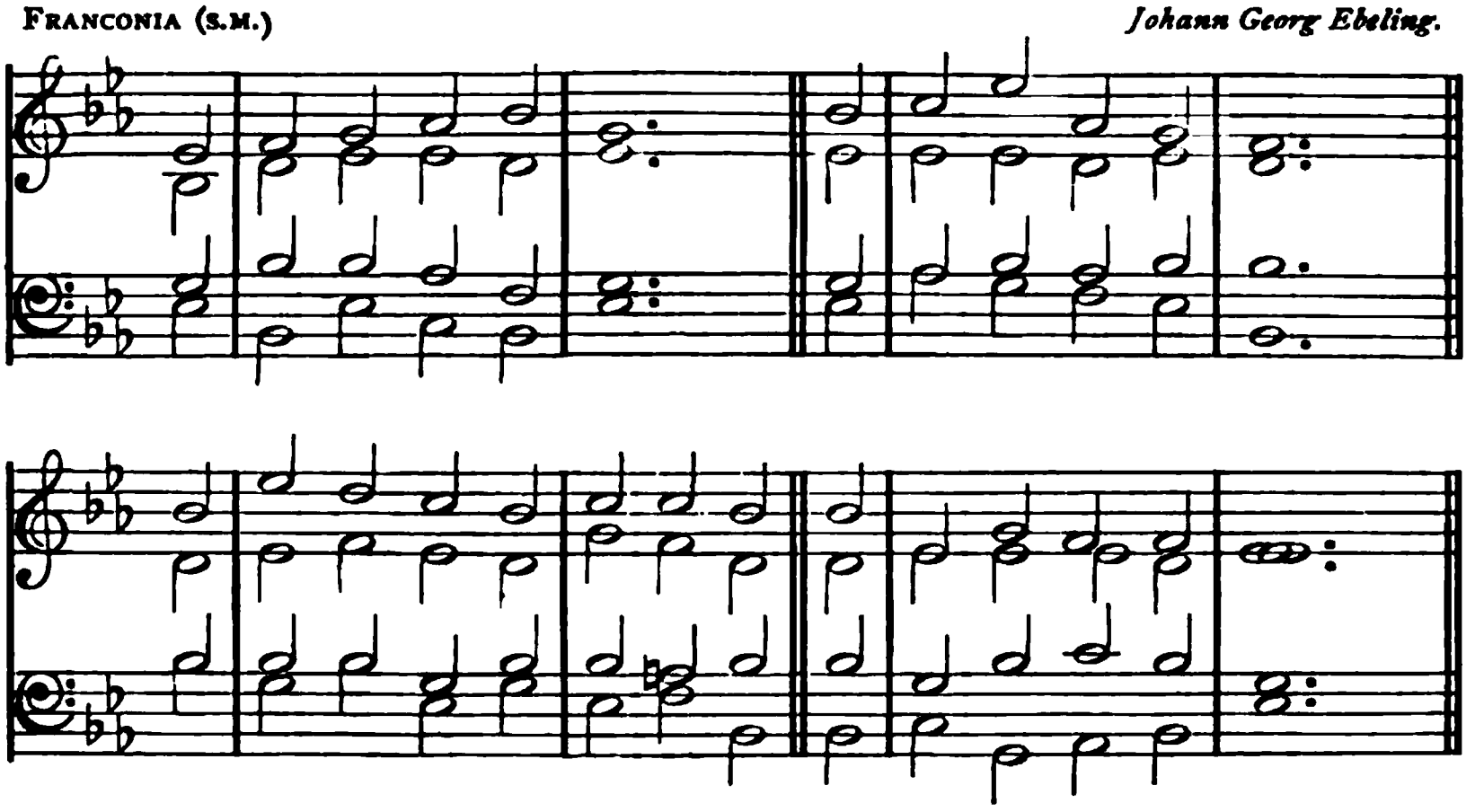
My Saviour see.

4 I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loath to die!
Lord, silence Thou these fears;
My life's with Thee on high.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

5 Then welcome, harmless grave!
By thee to heaven I'll go:
My Lord His death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

Hymn 252 (153)

FRANCONIA (S.M.) *Johann Georg Ebeling.*



"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

1 FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

6 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

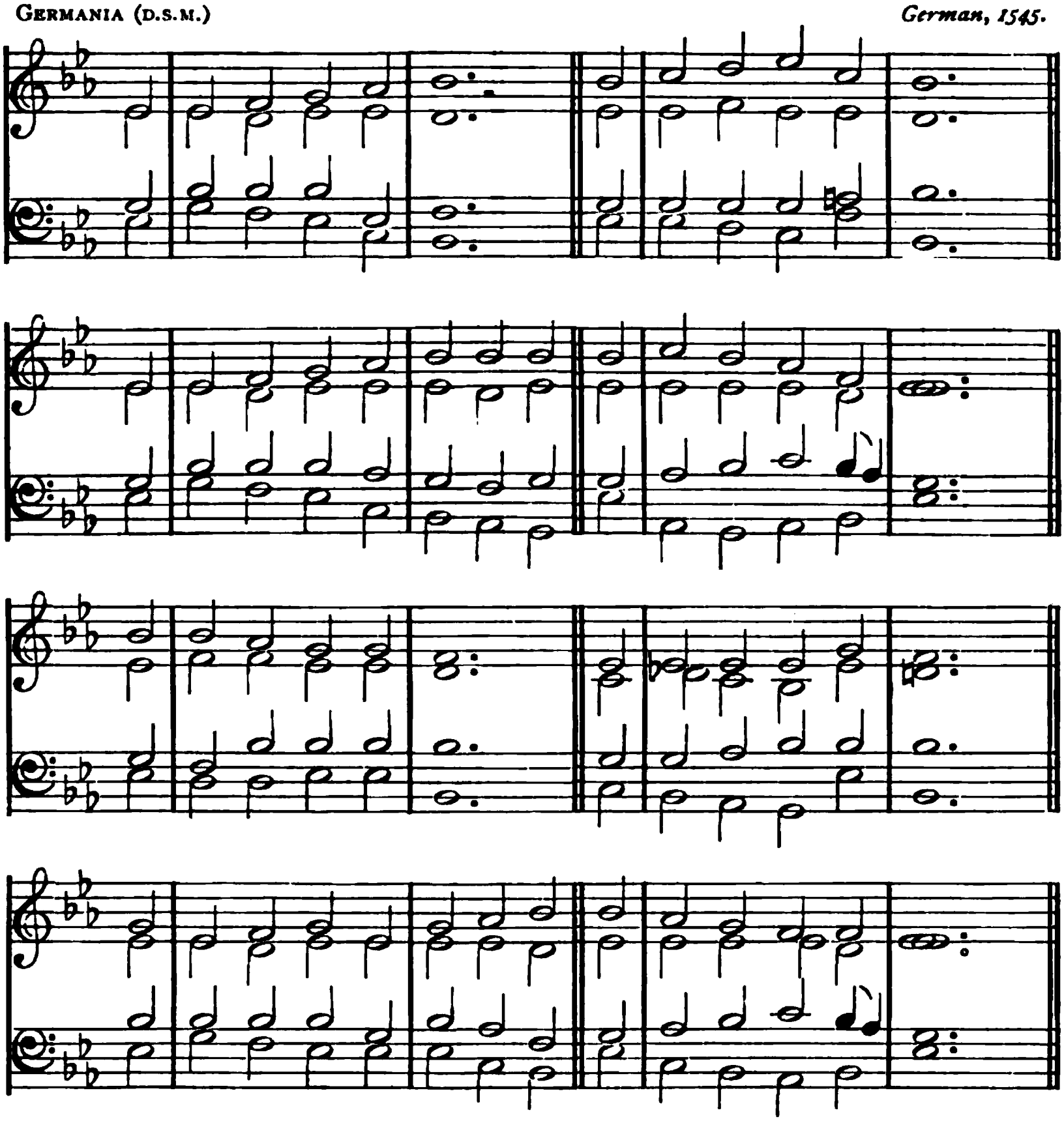
7 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

9 That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen—so let it be!

Hymn 253 (154)

GERMANIA (D.S.M.) *German, 1545.*



"Let us labour, therefore, to enter into that rest."

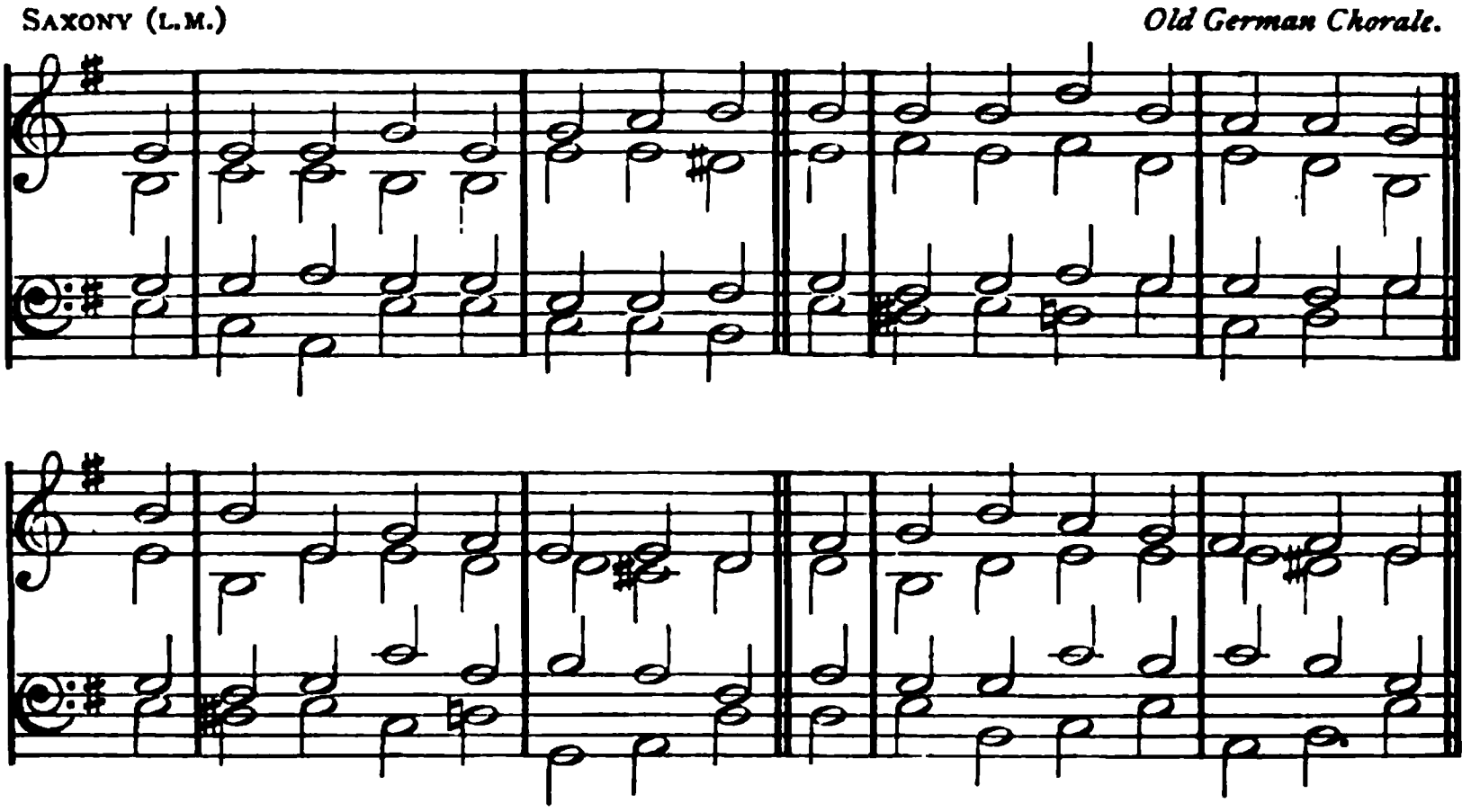
1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

Hymn 254 (155)

SAXONY (L.M.) *Old German Chorale.*



"The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight."

1 THE hour of my departure's come:
I hear the voice that calls me home:
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

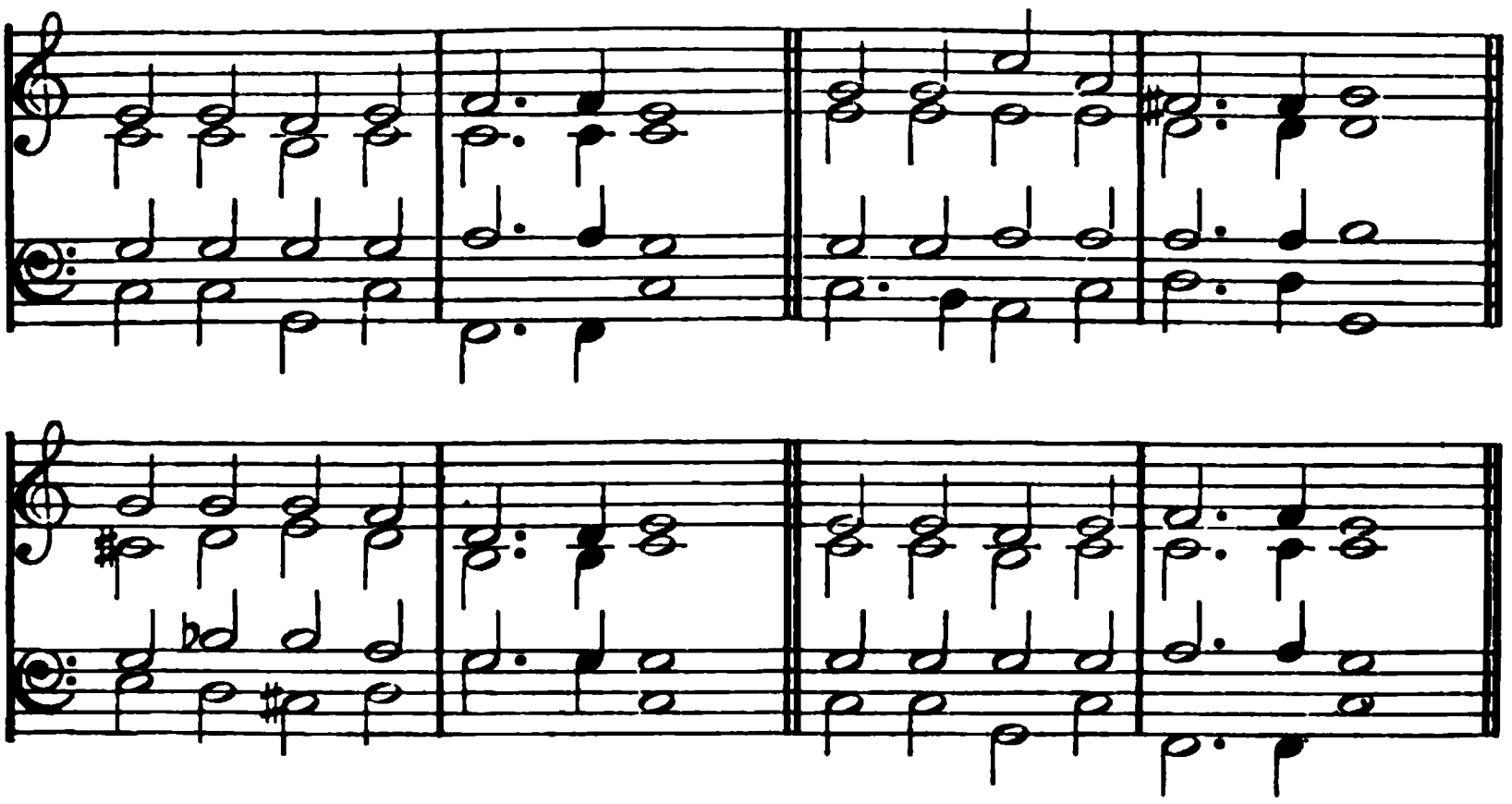
4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God! let trouble cease;
Now let Thy servant die in peace.

Hymn 255 (156)

S. Dunstan (77 77). *Richard Redhead.*



"We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn in sorrow drear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

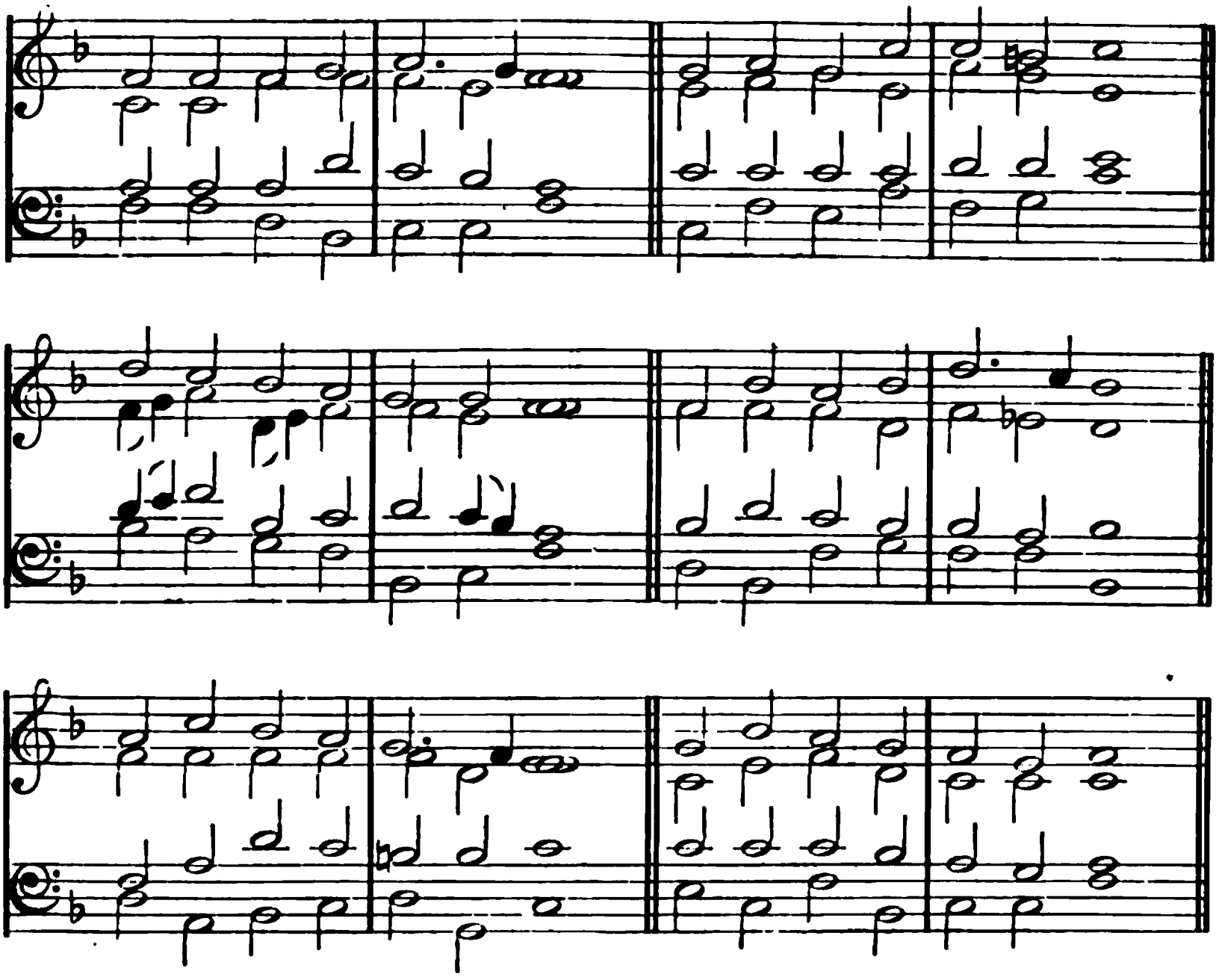
4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known—
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Hymn 256 (157)

WÄHRING (77 77 77). *Samuel Webbe.*



"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

1 EARTH to earth, and dust to dust,
Lord, we own the sentence just;
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part;
Righteous is the common doom,
All must moulder in the tomb.

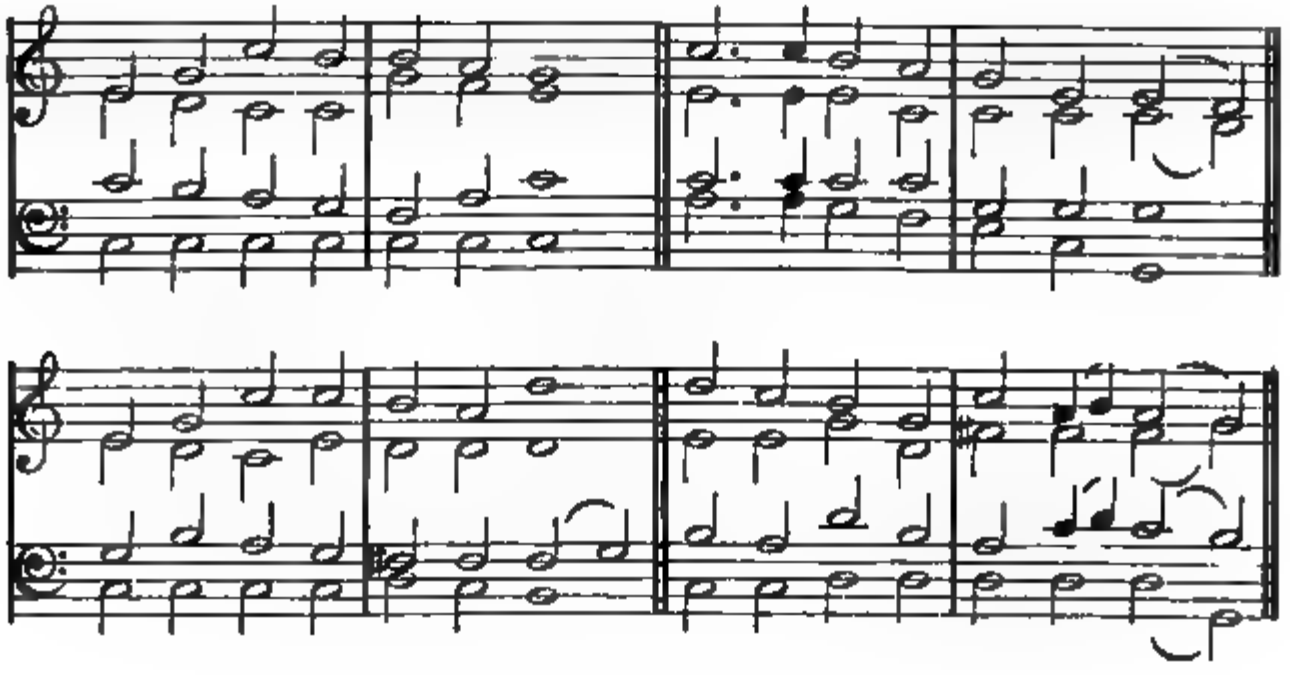
2 Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die;
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

3 Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove;
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever, when we die?

4 Lord, from nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all Thy people save;
Ransomed by Thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

Hymn 257 (300)

REQUIESCAT (77 77 88). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more;....and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

1 NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

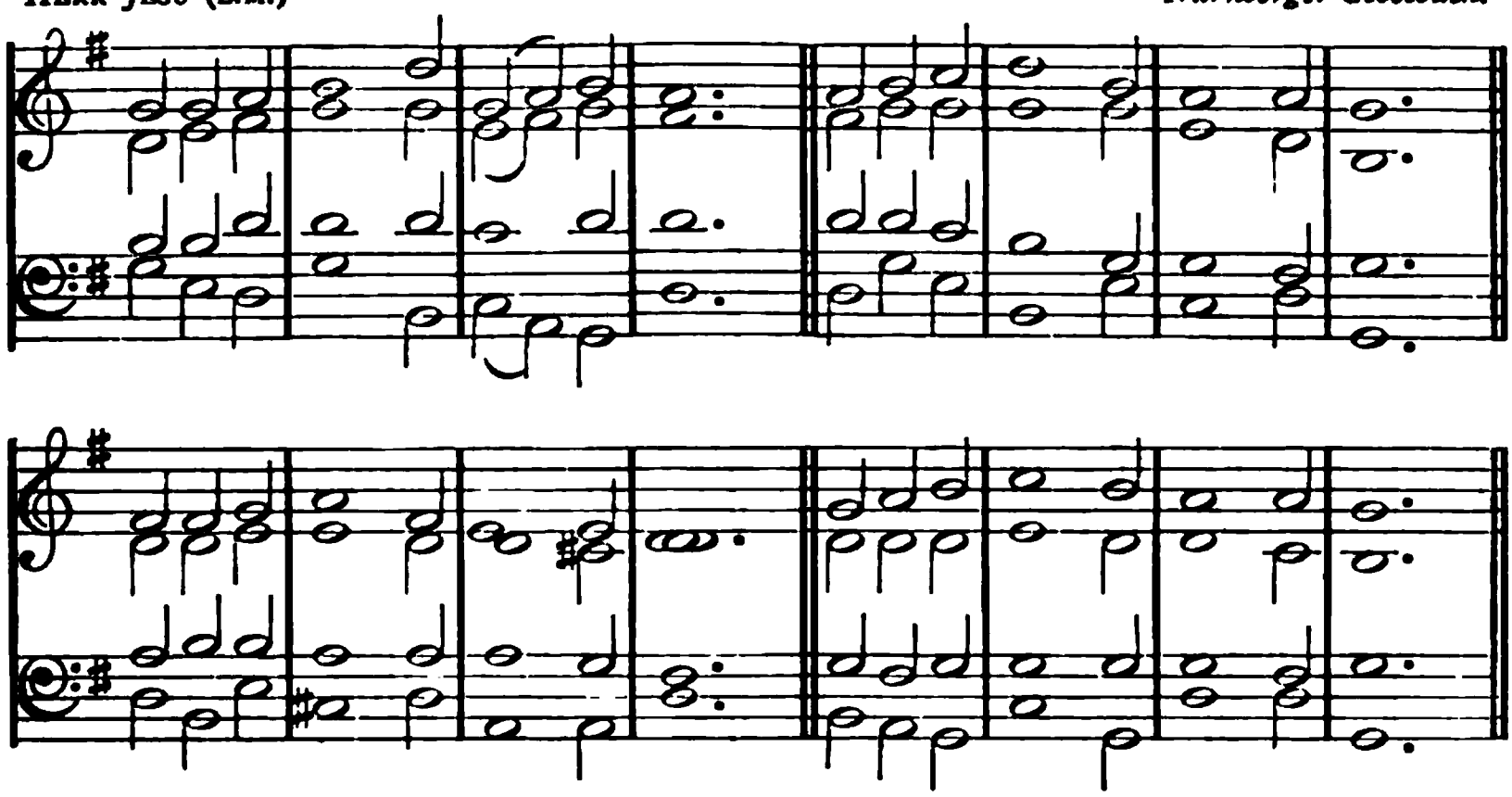
3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Hymn 258 (301)

HERR JESU (L.M.) *Nürnberger Gebetbuch.*



"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

1 NOW lay we calmly in the grave
This form, whereof no doubt we have
That it shall rise again that day,
In glorious triumph o'er decay.

2 And so to earth again we trust
What came from dust and turns to dust,
And from the dust shall surely rise
When the last trumpet fills the skies.

3 His soul is living now in God,
Whose grace his pardon hath bestowed,
Who through His Son redeemed him
From bondage unto sin and fear. [here

4 His trials and his griefs are past,
A blessèd end is his at last;
He bore Christ's yoke and did His will,
And though he died he liveth still.

5 He lives where none can mourn and weep,
And calmly shall this body sleep
Till God shall Death himself destroy,
And raise it into glorious joy.

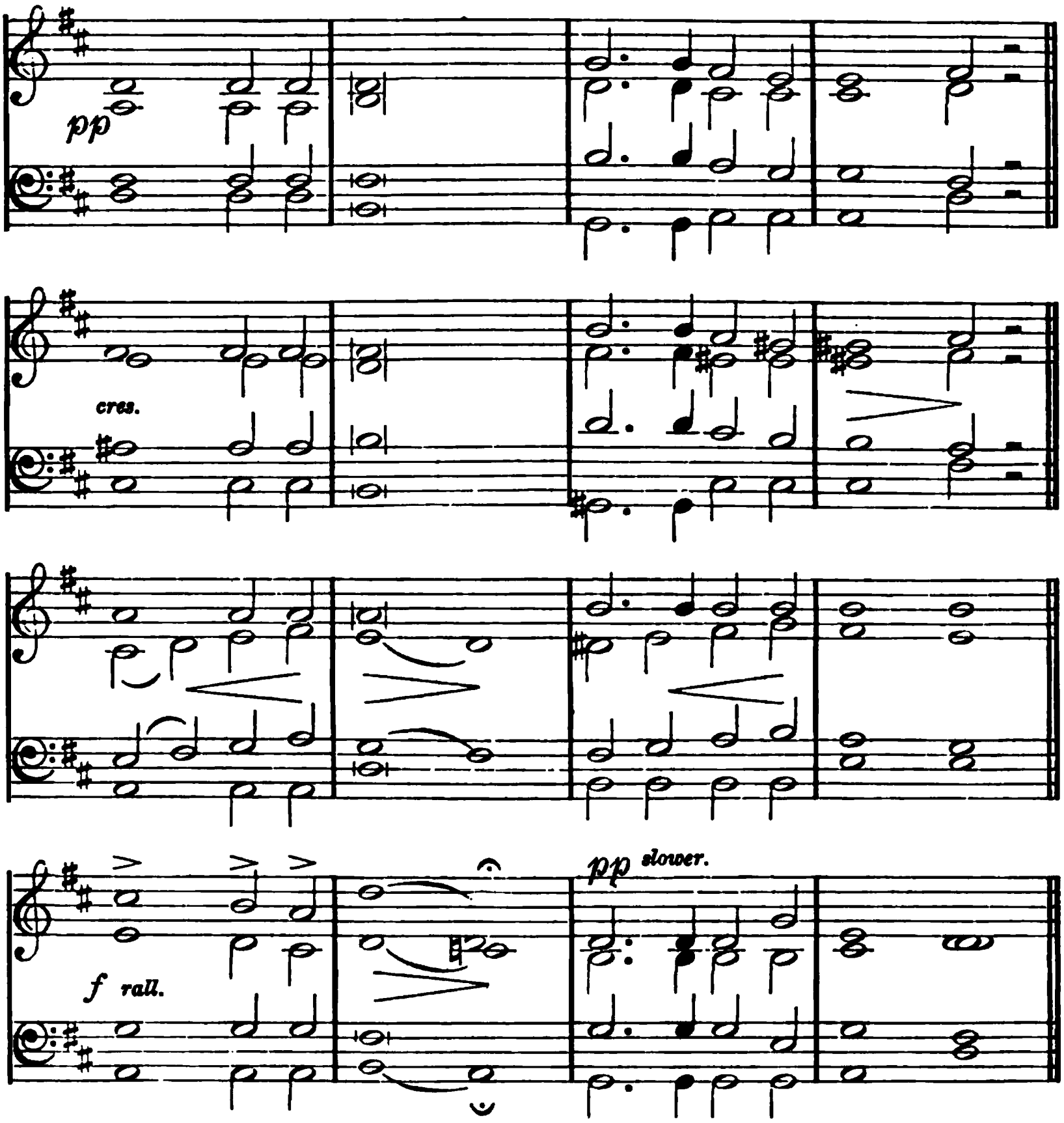
6 He suffered pain and grief below,
Christ heals him now from all his woe;
For him hath endless joy begun;
He shines in glory like the sun.

7 Then let us leave him to his rest,
And homeward turn, for he is blest,
And we must well our souls prepare,
When death shall come, to meet him there.

8 So help us, Christ, our Hope in loss!
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy cross
From endless death and misery;
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee!

Hymn 259 (302)

REQUIEM (4646 D.) *Joseph Barnby.*



" They that dwell under His shadow shall return: they shall revive as the corn."

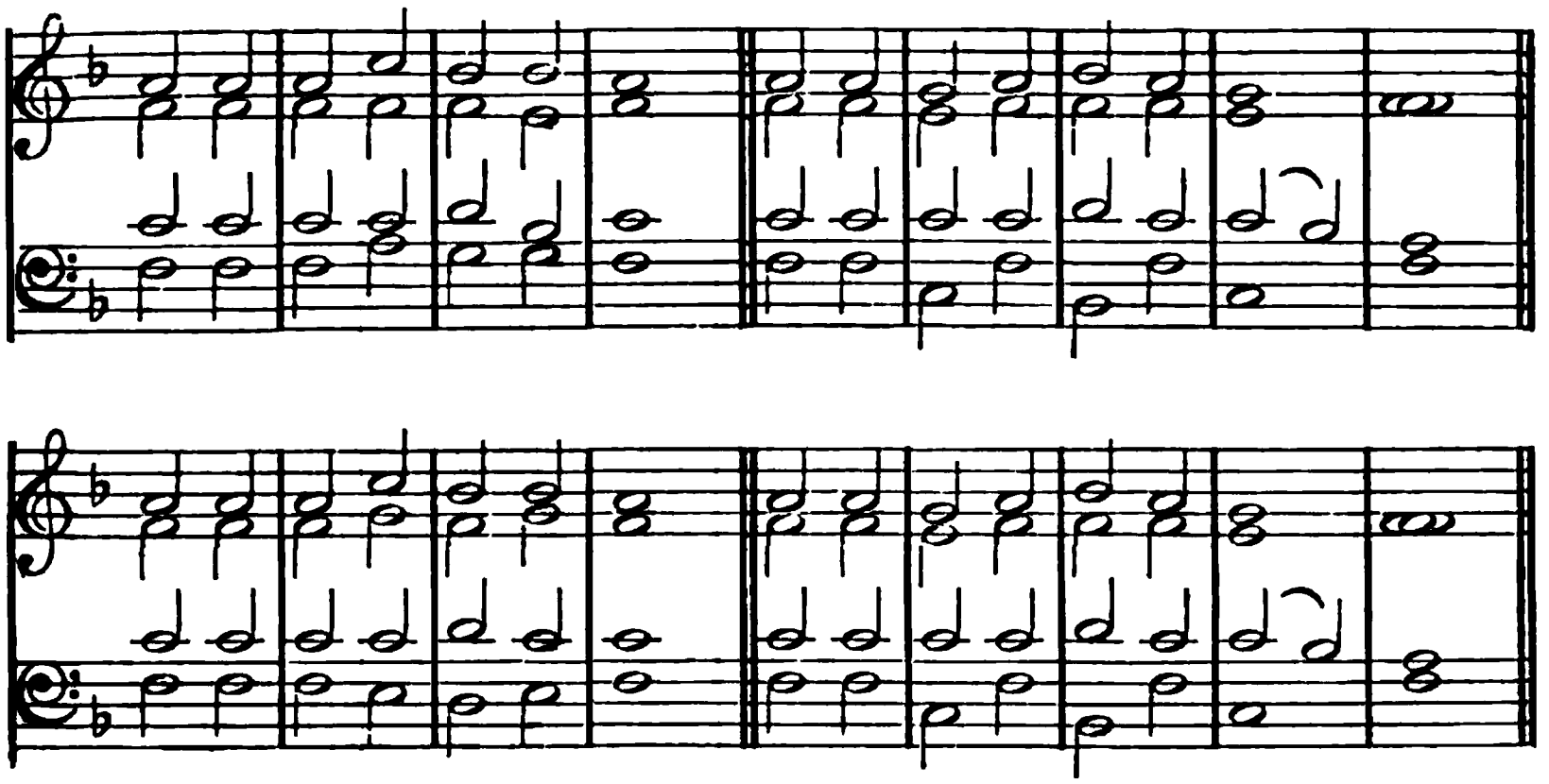
1 SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

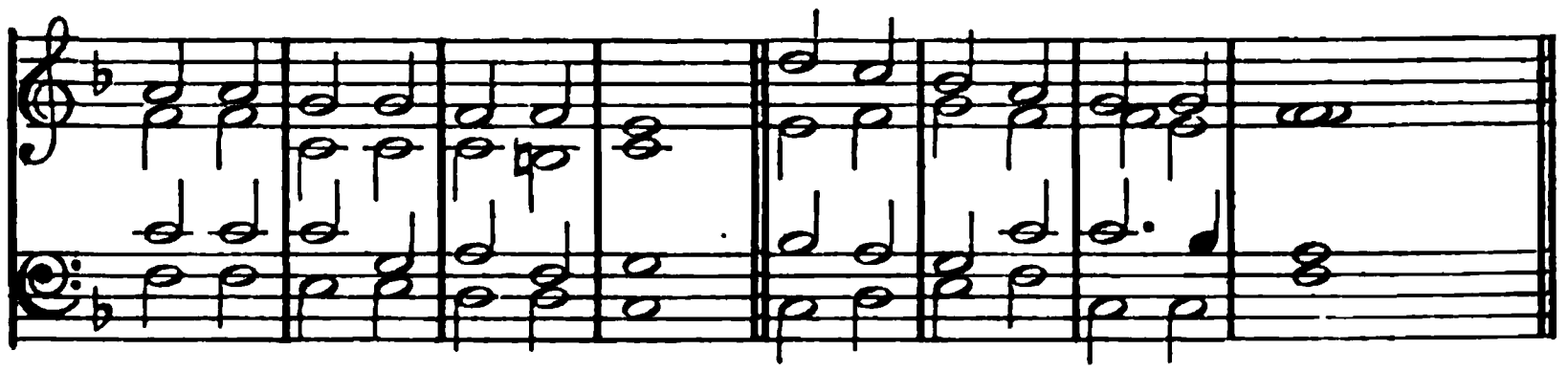
2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Hymn 260 (303)

MEINHOLD (78 78 77). *German.*





" Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."

1 TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
O how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

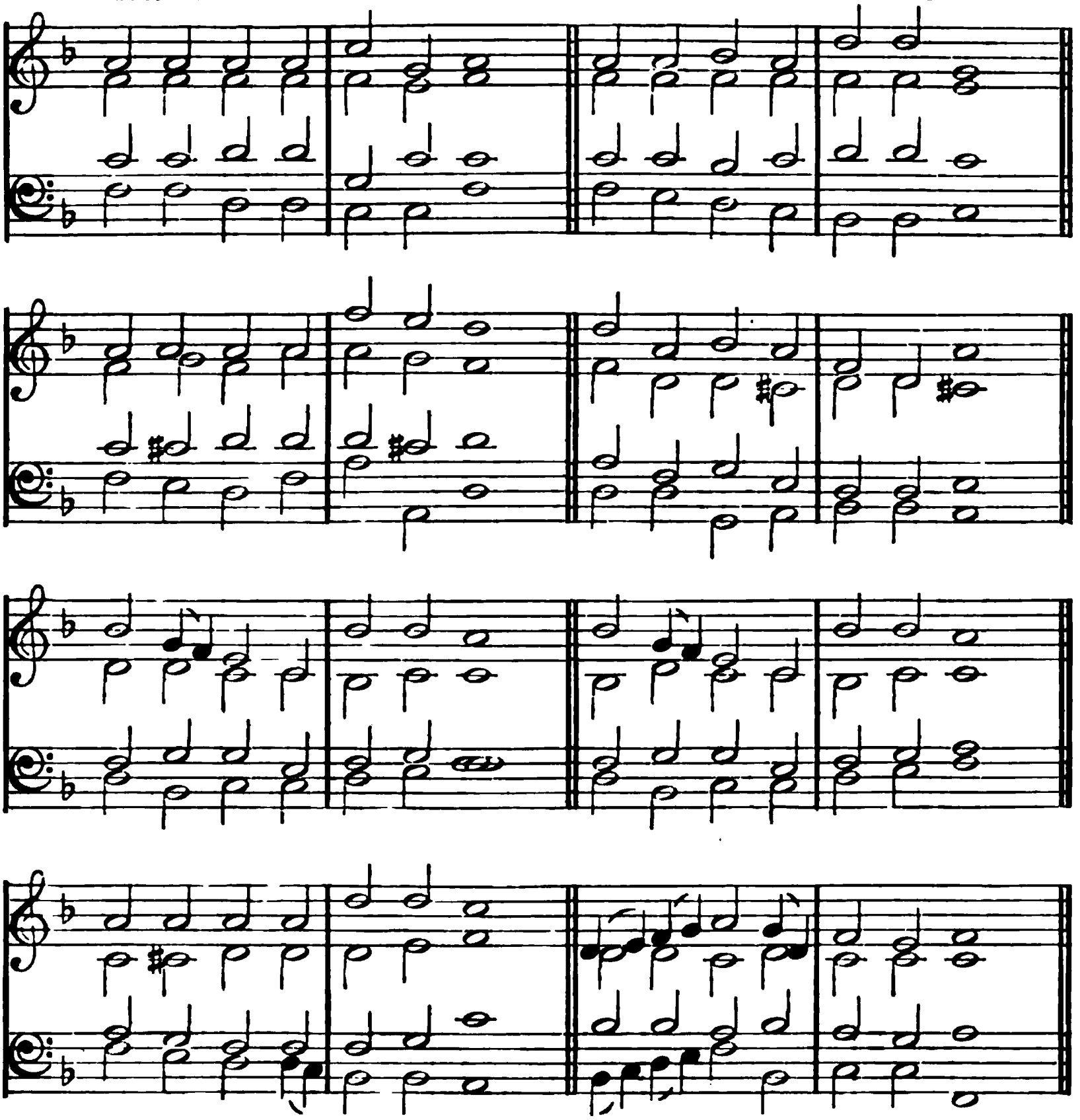
2 In a world of pain and care,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To Thy meadows bright and fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
There may live where it is living,
And the blissful pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Lost awhile our treasured love,
Gained for ever, safe above.

Hymn 261 (304)

REFUGE (77 77 D.)

J. Summers.



"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

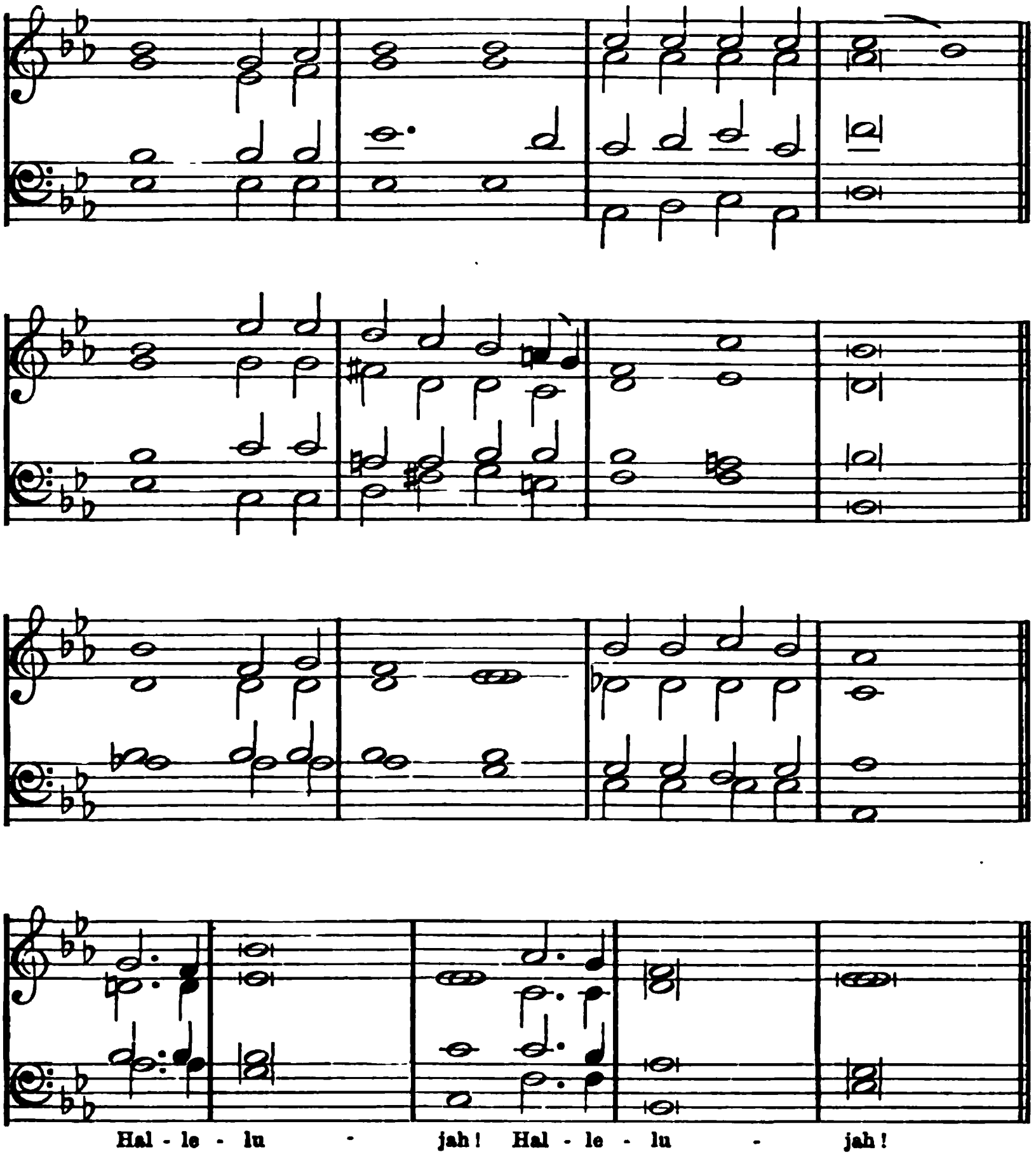
1 SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath passed from earthly care;
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His belovèd sleep.

2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death, for thee, is truest gain:
For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love.
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet.

Hymn 262 (305)

S. PHILIP (10 10 10 4). FIRST TUNE. *Joseph Barnby.*



"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

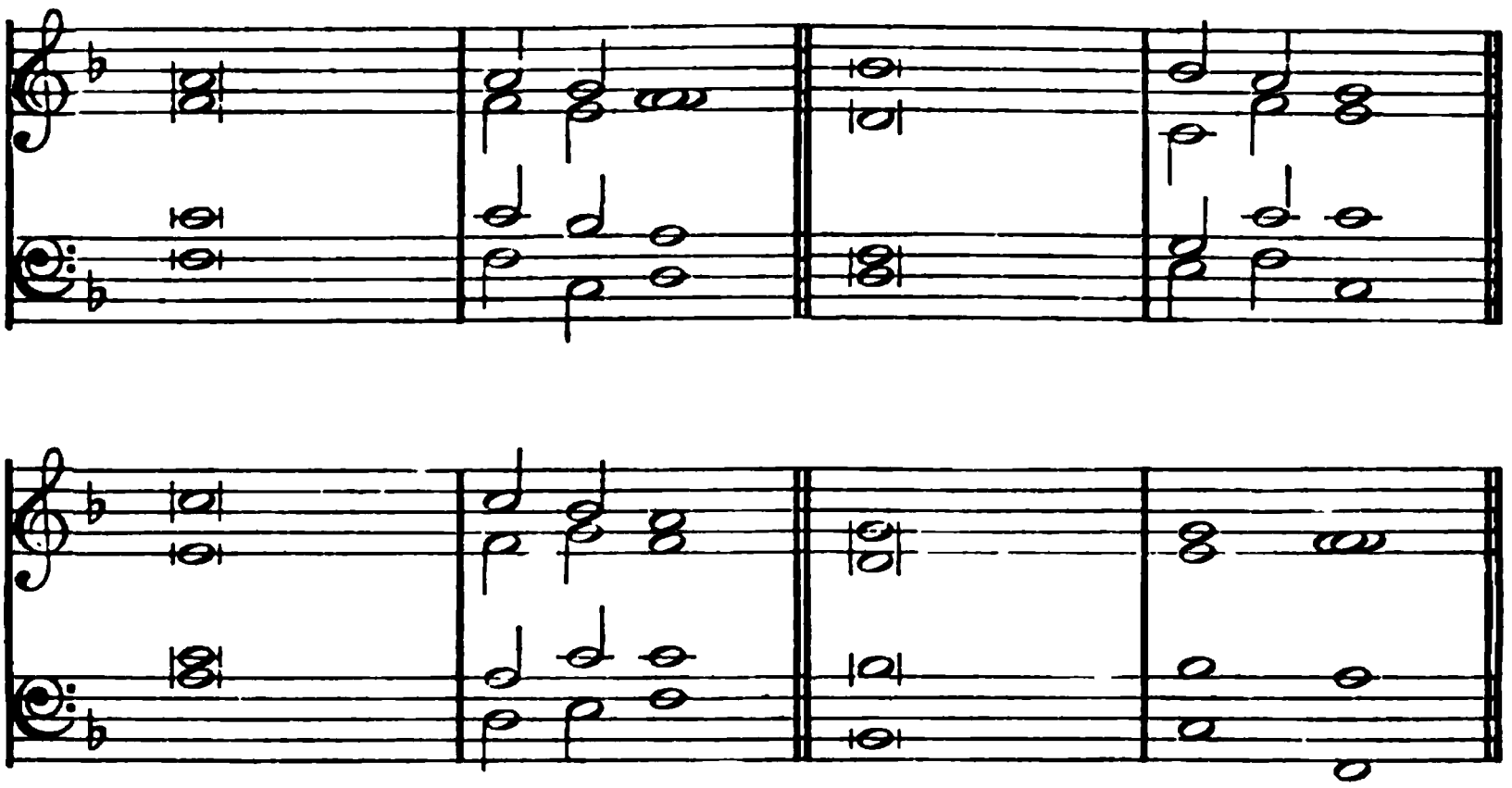
1 FOR all the saints, who from their | labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the | world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for | ever blest.
Hallelujah!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, | and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the | well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their | one true light.
Hallelujah!

Hymn 262 (305)

TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 2. (10 10 10 4). SECOND TUNE.

William Hayes, Mus. D.
Abridged by A. H. D. Troyte.



3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, | true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly | fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's | crown of gold.
Hallelujah !

4 O blest communion, fellow | ship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in | glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for | all are Thine.
Hallelujah !

5 And, when the strife is fierce, the | warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant | triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and | arms are strong.
Hallelujah !

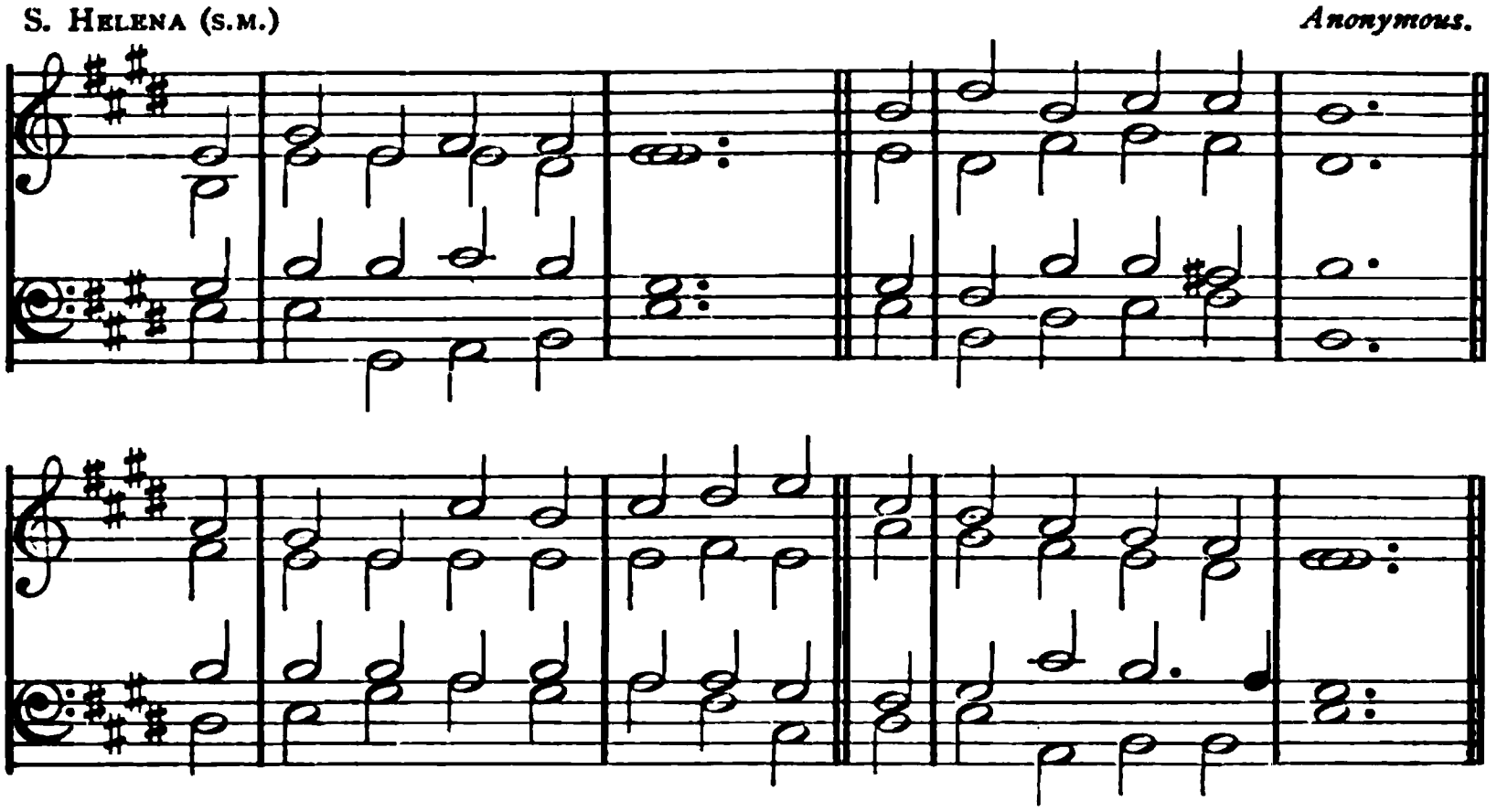
6 The golden evening brightens | in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors | cometh rest:
Sweet is the calm of Para | dise the blest.
Hallelujah !

7 But, lo! there breaks a yet more | glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in | bright array;
The King of Glory passes | on His way.
Hallelujah !

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's | farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the | countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and | Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah !

Hymn 263 (306)

S. Helena (s.m.) *Anonymous.*



"Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

1 FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

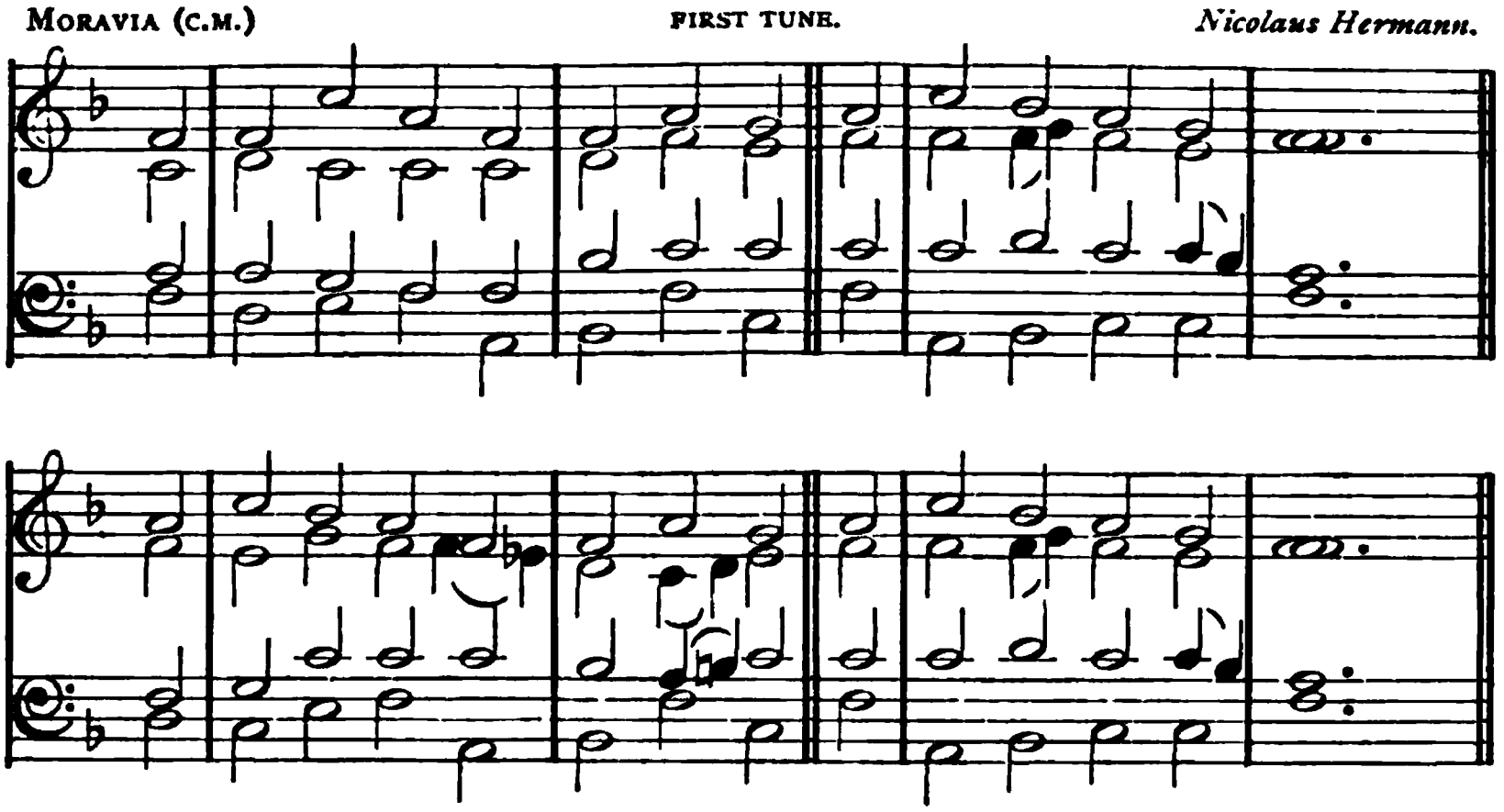
3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 Thy mystic members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one unmixed communion knit,
And fellowship of love.

5 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Hymn 264 (158)

MORAVIA (C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Nicolaus Hermann.*



"And there shall be no more curse;....and there shall be no night there."

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

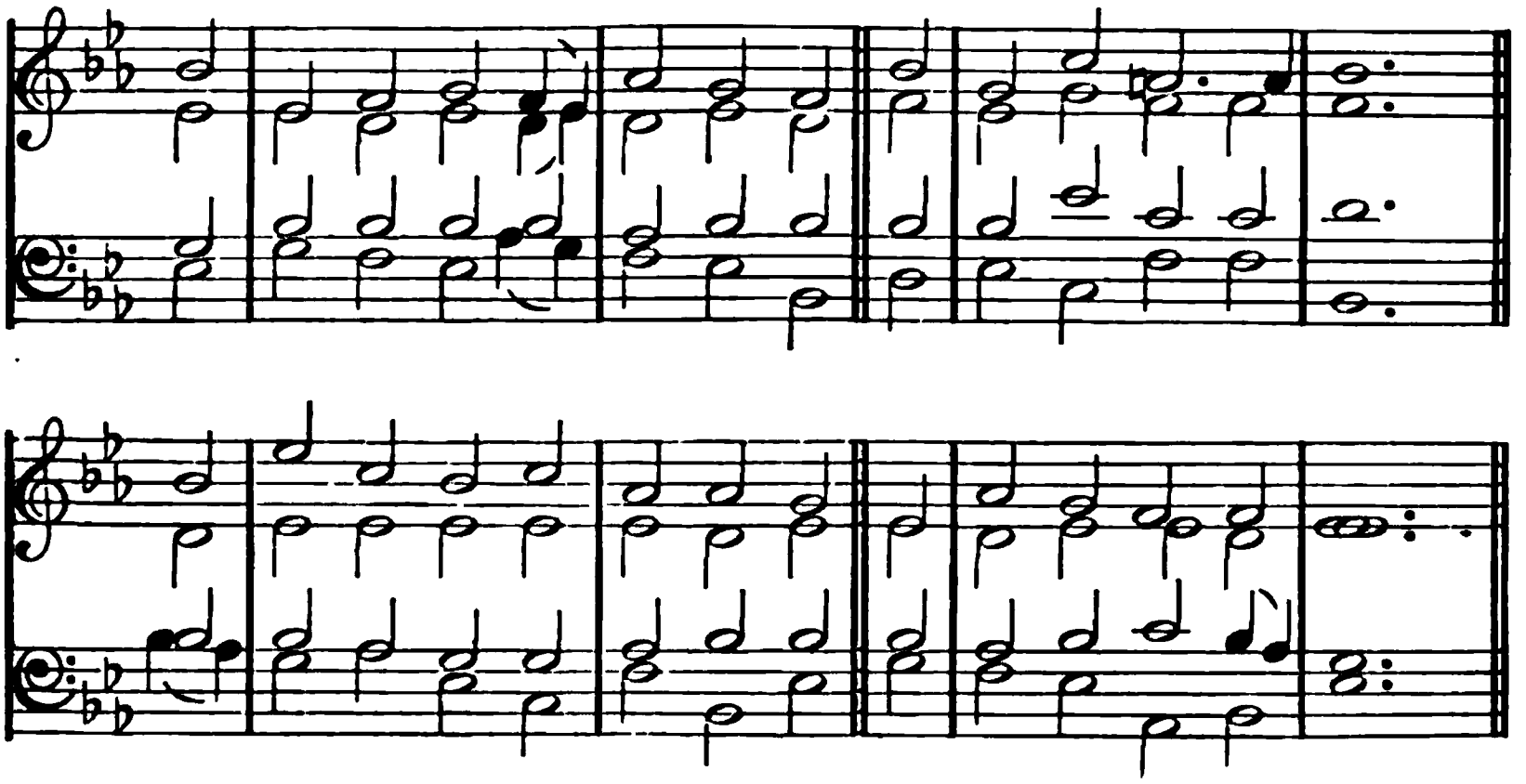
4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove—
These gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore!

Hymn 264 (158)

S. BERNARD (C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Merton Tune Book, 1863.*



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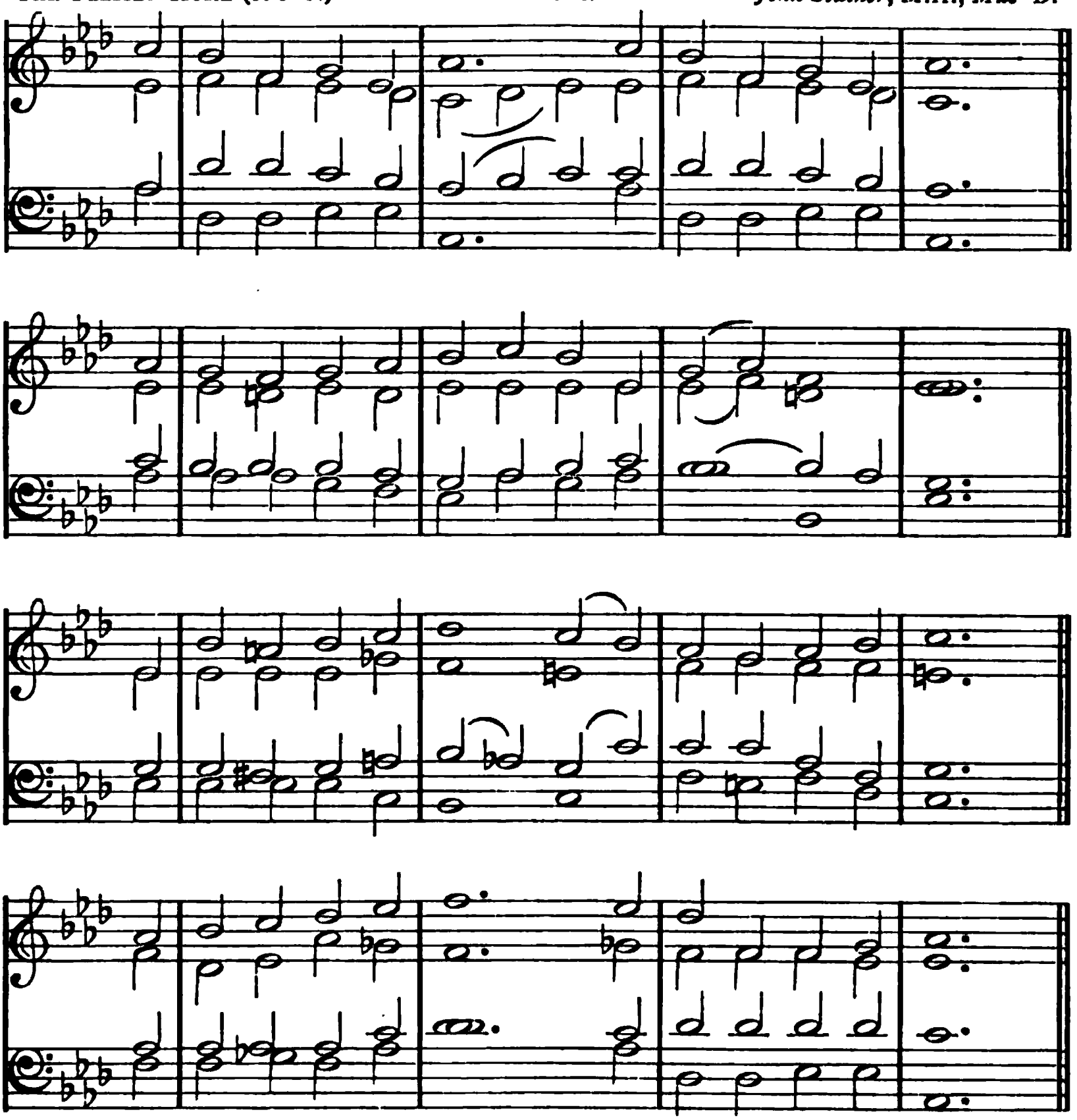
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore!

Hymn 265 (159)

THE BLESSED HOME (66 66 D.) FIRST TUNE. *John Stainer, M.A., Mus D.*



"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

1 THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

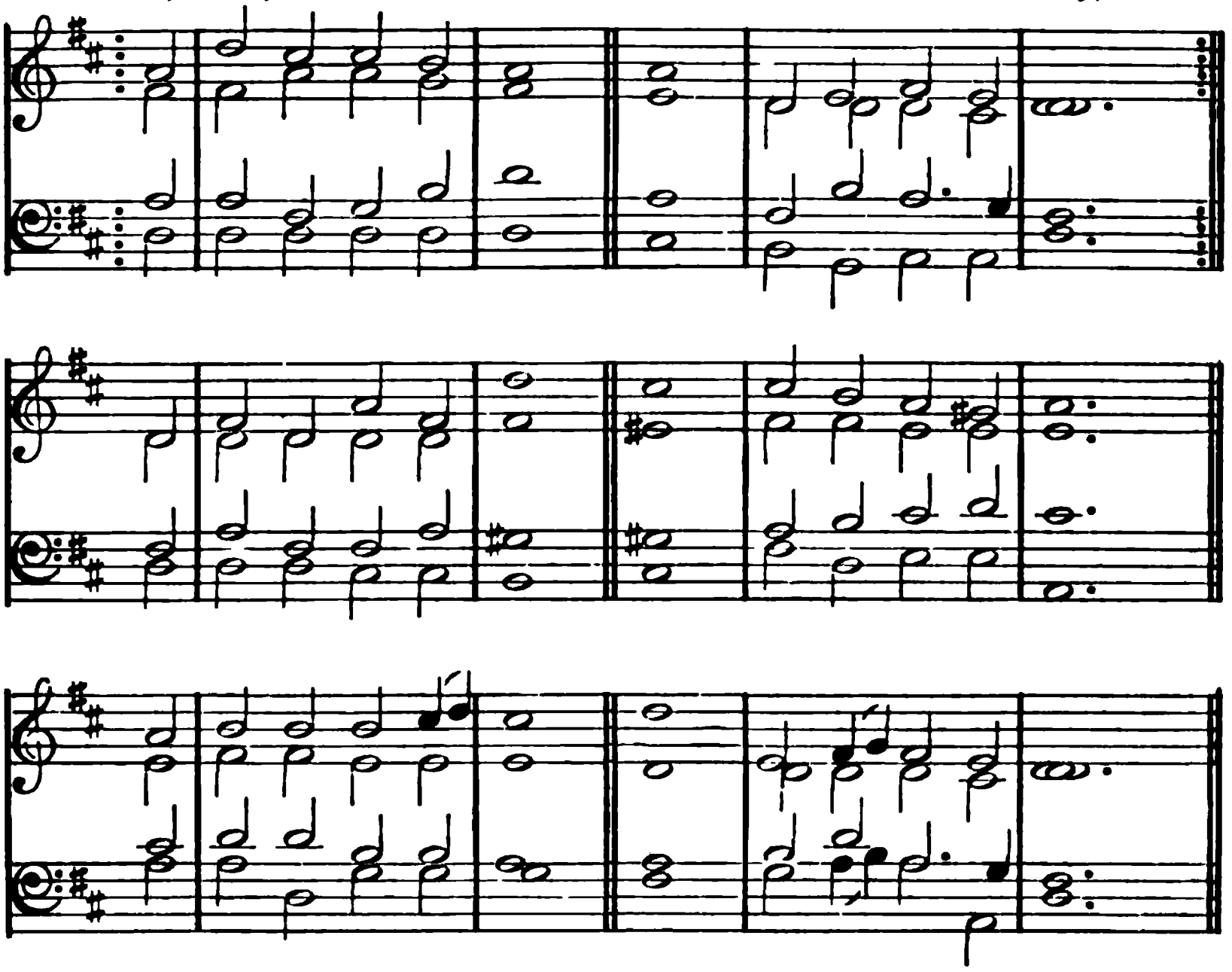
2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side!
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Hymn 265 (159)

HAWARDEN (66 66 D.) SECOND TUNE. *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



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Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
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Of every triumph won,
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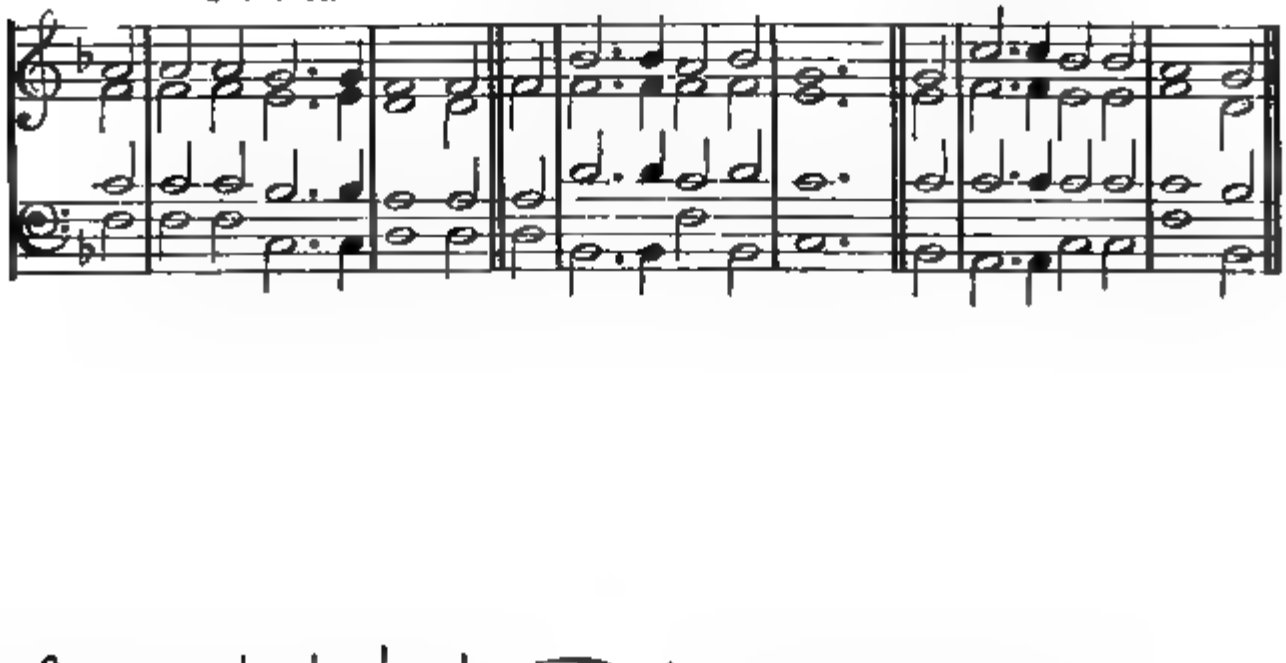
4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Hymn 266 (307)

RUTHERFORD (76 76 76 75). *Lausanne Psalter.*



" The glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

1 THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

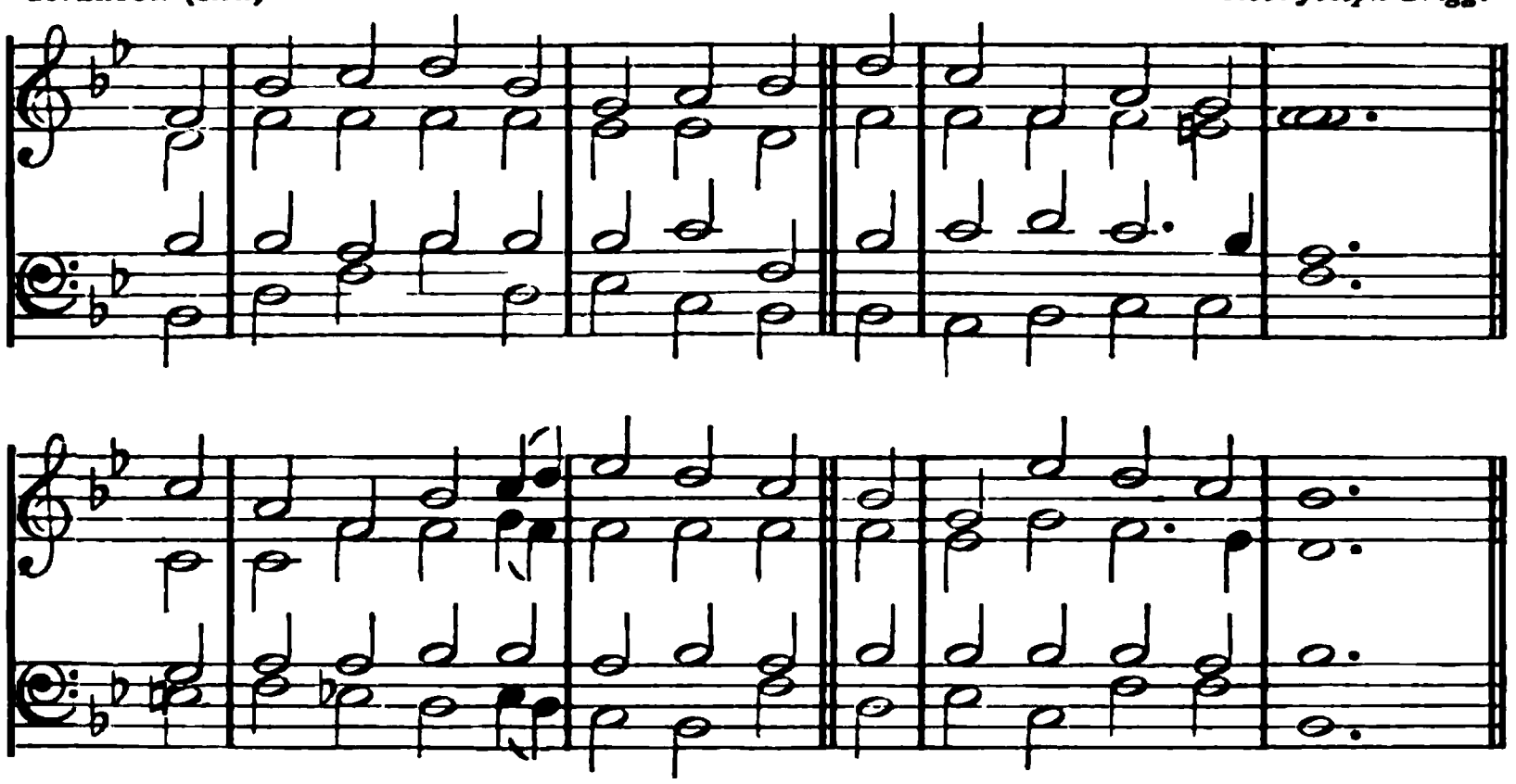
3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace,—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

5 I've wrestled on towards heavèn,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land.

Hymn 267 (160)

TIVERTON (C.M.) *Rev. Joseph Grigg.*



"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie."

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

5 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

6 Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow:
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

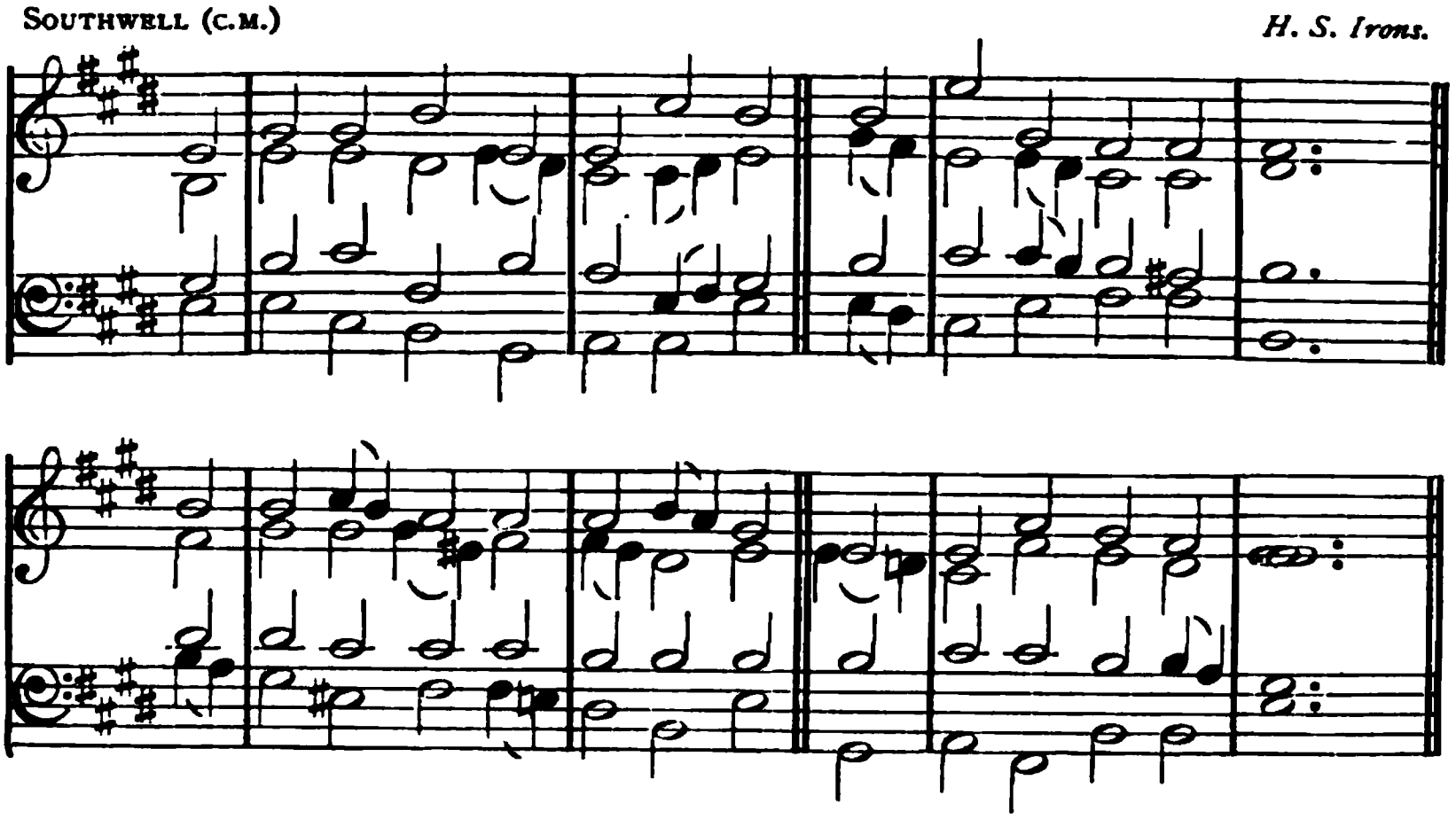
7 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Hymn 268 (161)

SOUTHWELL (C.M.)

H. S. Irons.



"That great city, the holy Jerusalem."

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

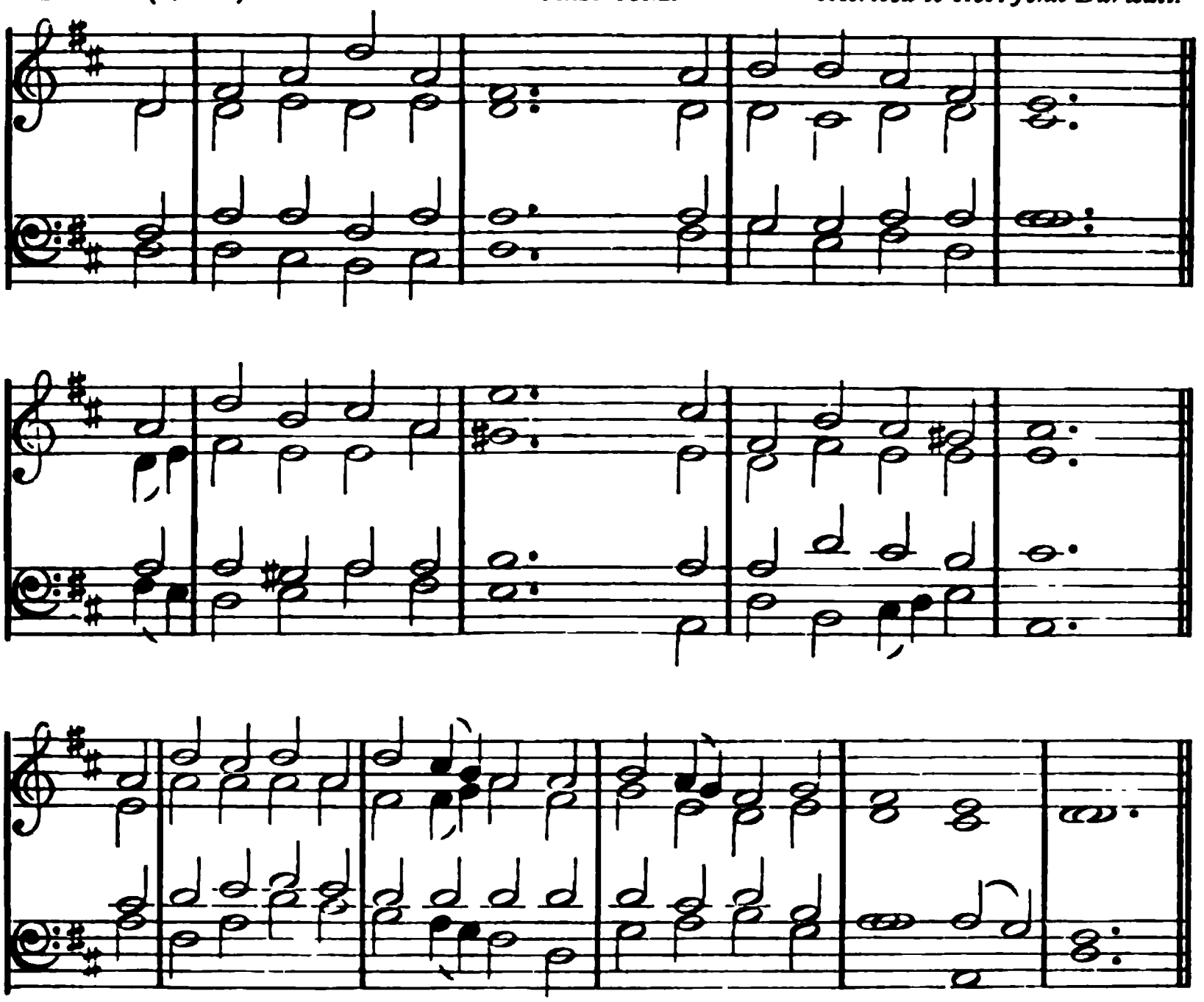
4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Hymn 269 (162)

BEVERLEY (66 66 88). FIRST TUNE. *Ascribed to Rev. John Darwall.*



"The holy city, New Jerusalem."

1 JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

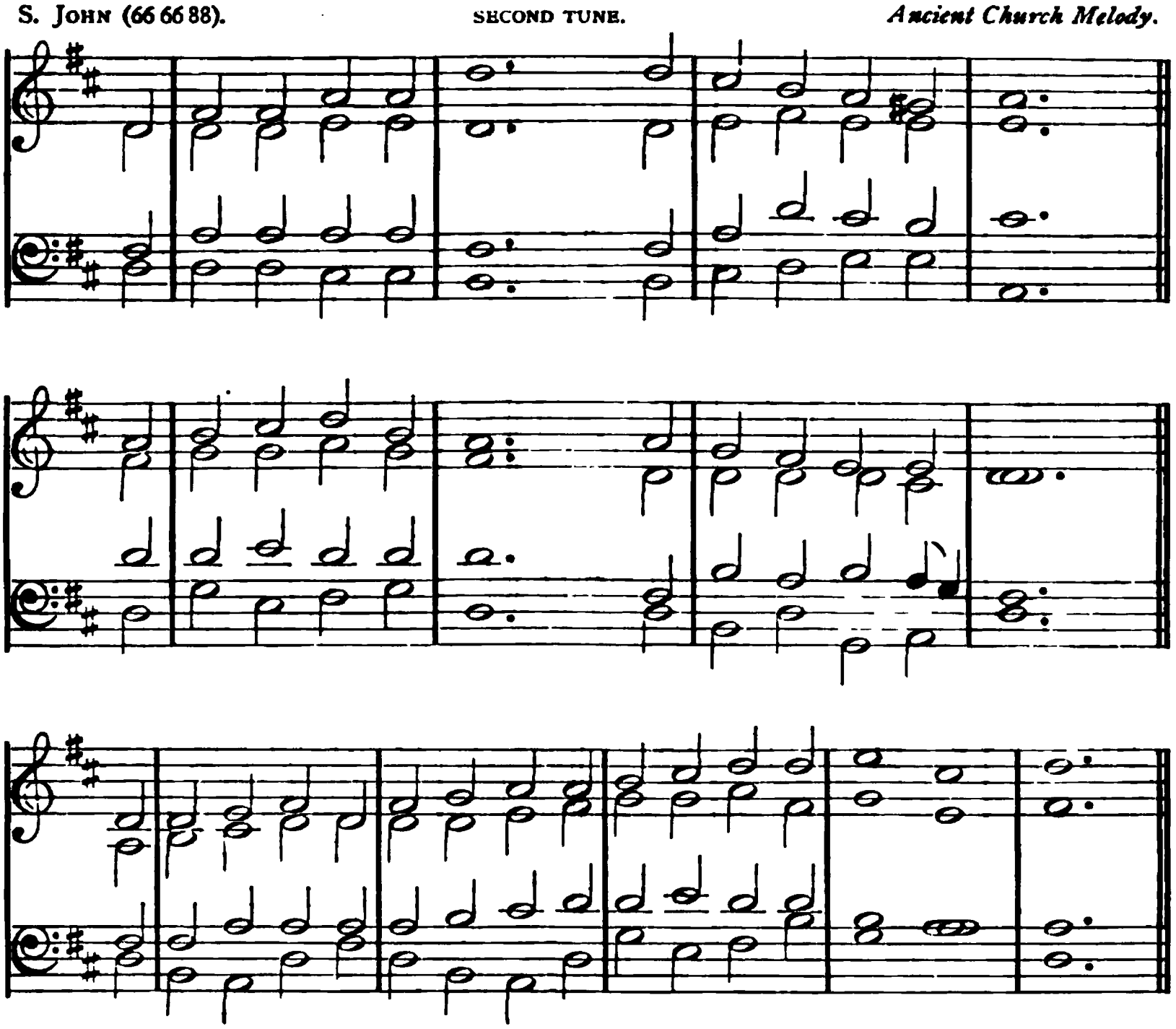
2 Thy walls, sweet city, thine,
With pearls are garnishèd;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread;
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

3 No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night;
O no! these needless are;
The Lamb's the city's light.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

4 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Hymn 269 (162)

S. John (66 66 88). SECOND TUNE. *Ancient Church Melody.*



5 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

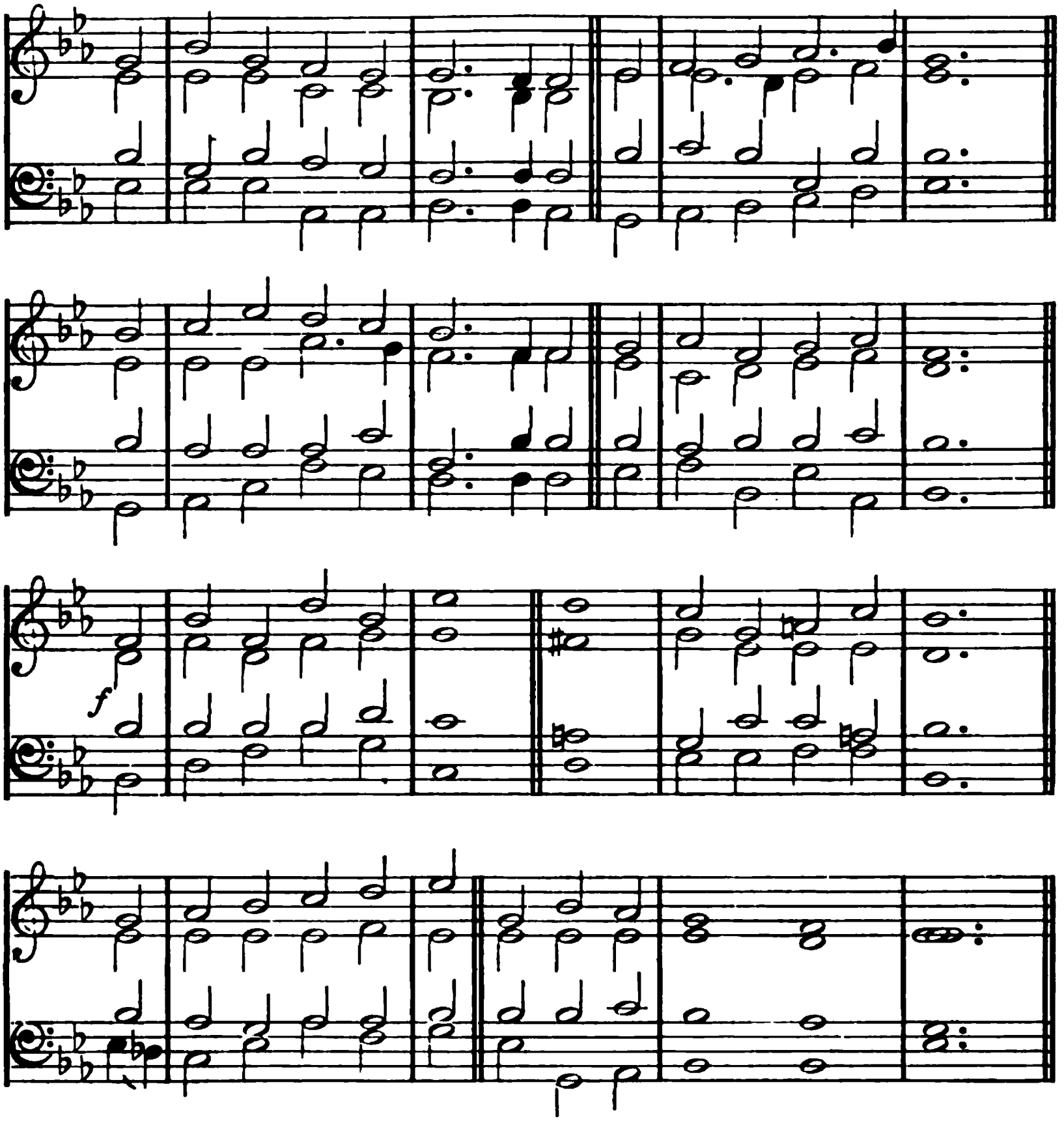
6 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

7 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

8 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like this on high;
Thither, Lord, guide my way.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Hymn 270 (308)

PARADISE (86 86 66 66). FIRST TUNE. *Henry Smart.*



"The Paradise of God."

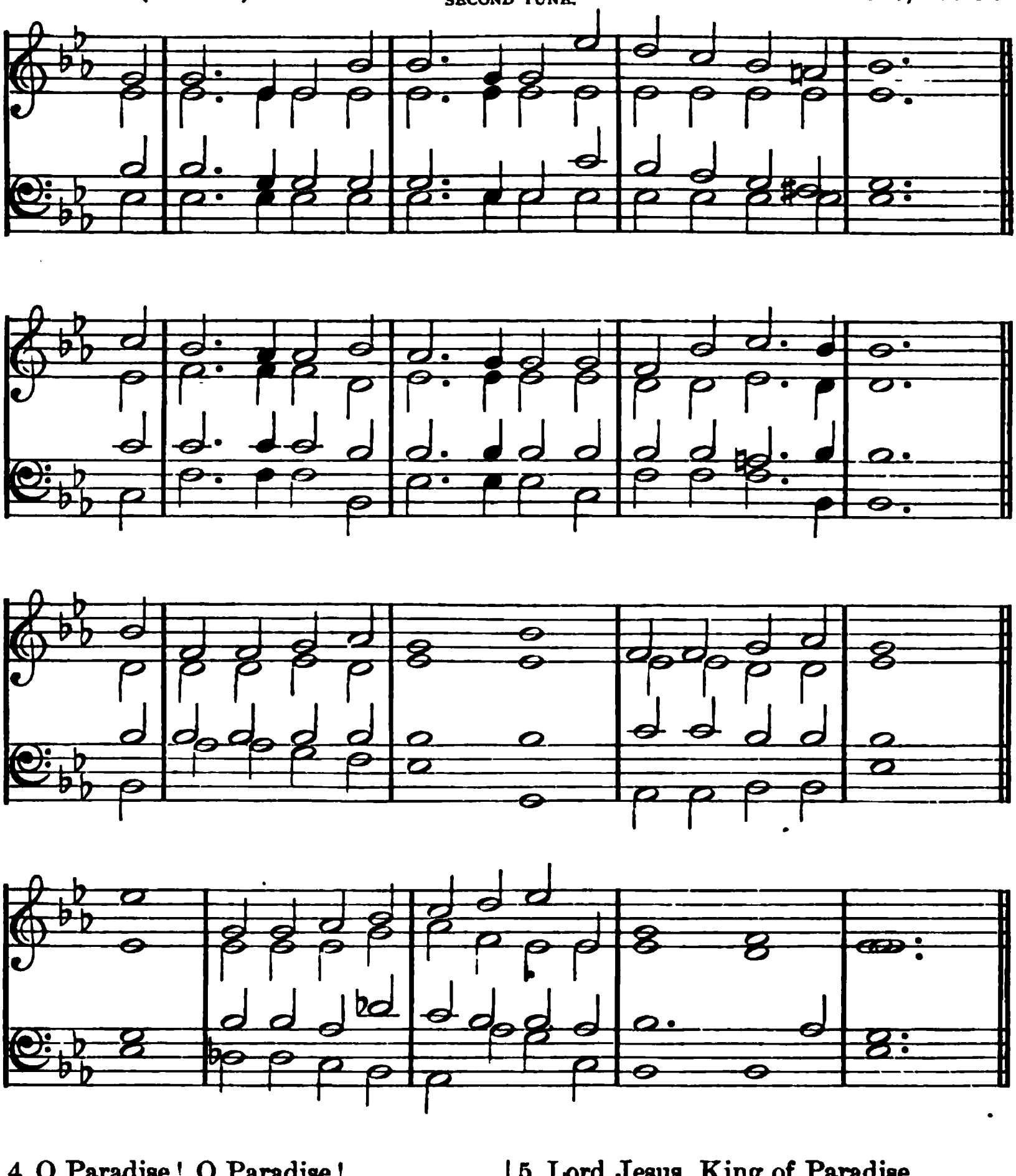
1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight!

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight!

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight!

Hymn 270 (308)

BEATITUDE (86 86 66 66). SECOND TUNE. *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*

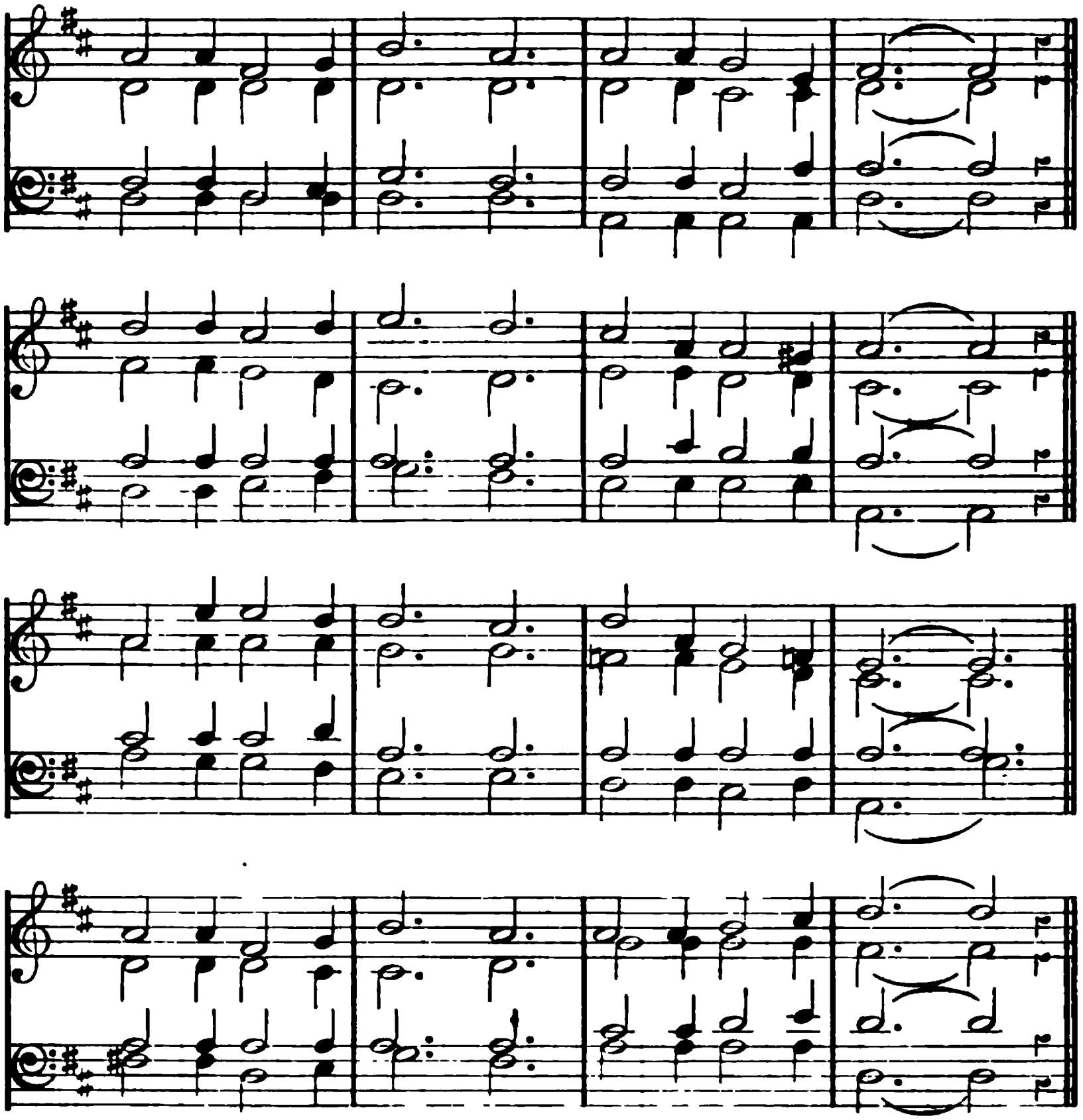


4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,—
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight!

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight!

Hymn 271 (309)

S. John Damascene (65 65 D.) *E. Barker.*



"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

1 THOSE eternal bowers man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them after weary fight?
Who at length attain them, clad in robes of white?

2 He who wakes from slumber at the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden down at Jesus' cross,—
Christ's reproach his guerdon, all beside but loss.

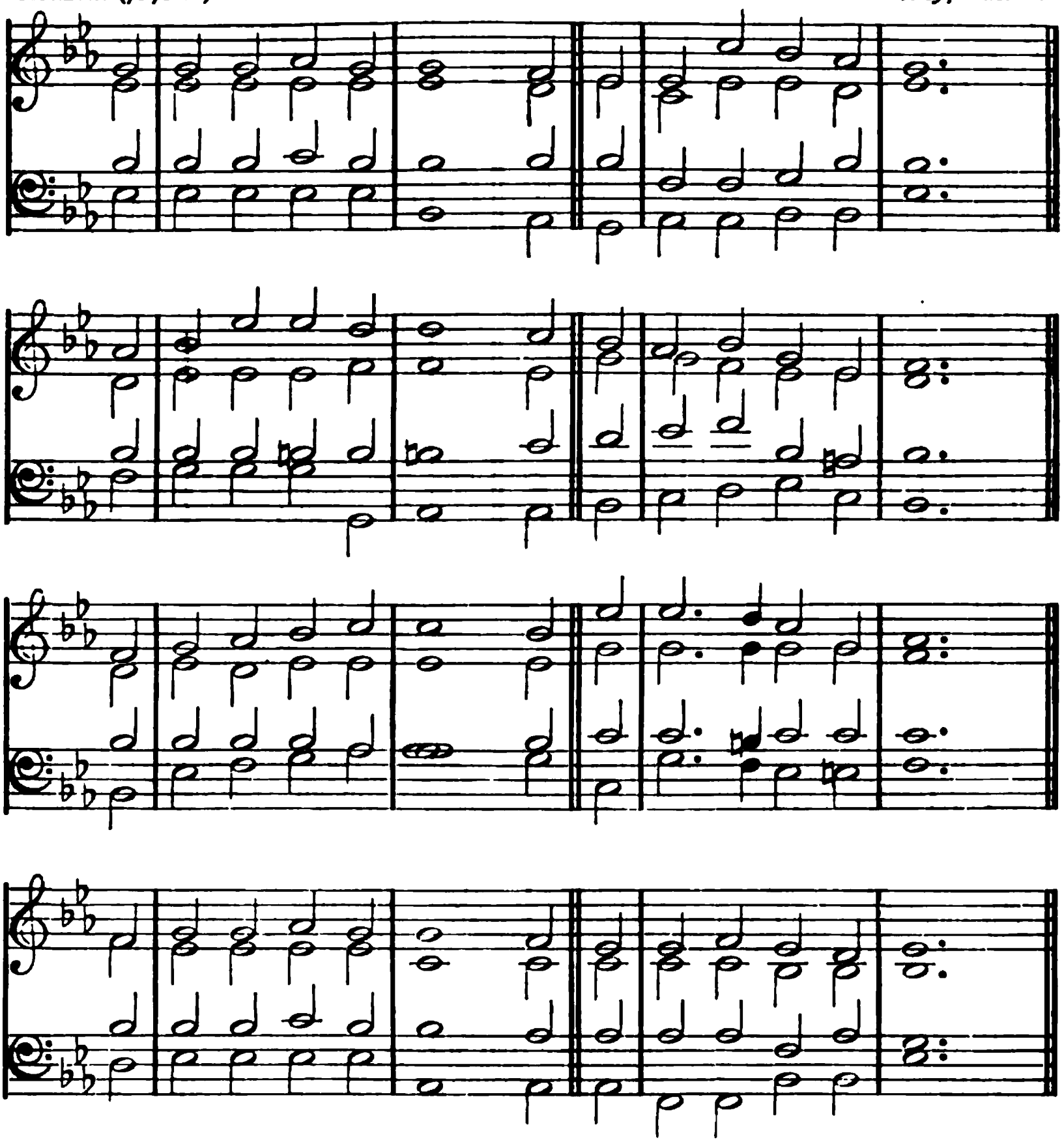
3 He who gladly barters all on earthly ground:
He who, like the martyrs, says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation to the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor dream away the light,
When He bids you labour, when He tells you "Fight"!

5 While I do my duty, struggling through the tide,
Whisper thou of beauty on the other side!
Tell who will the story of our now distress,
O the future glory! O the loveliness!

Hymn 272 (163)

AURELIA (76 76 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



"We, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth."

1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate,—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

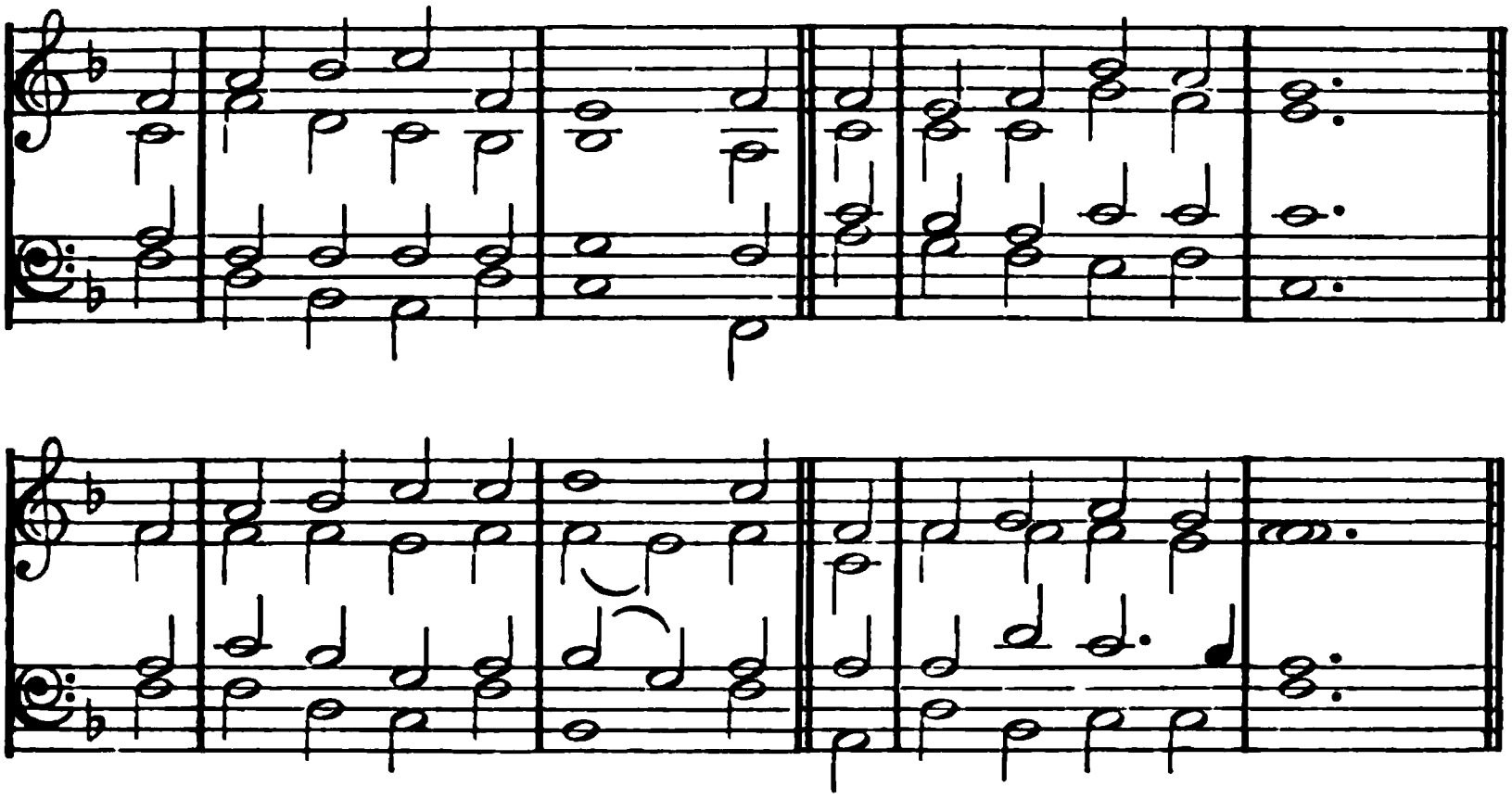
2 Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of jubilee.

3 Then, nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light,
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

4 *O sweet and blessèd country,*
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Hymn 273 (164)

S. Alphege (76 76). FIRST TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there*.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

3 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

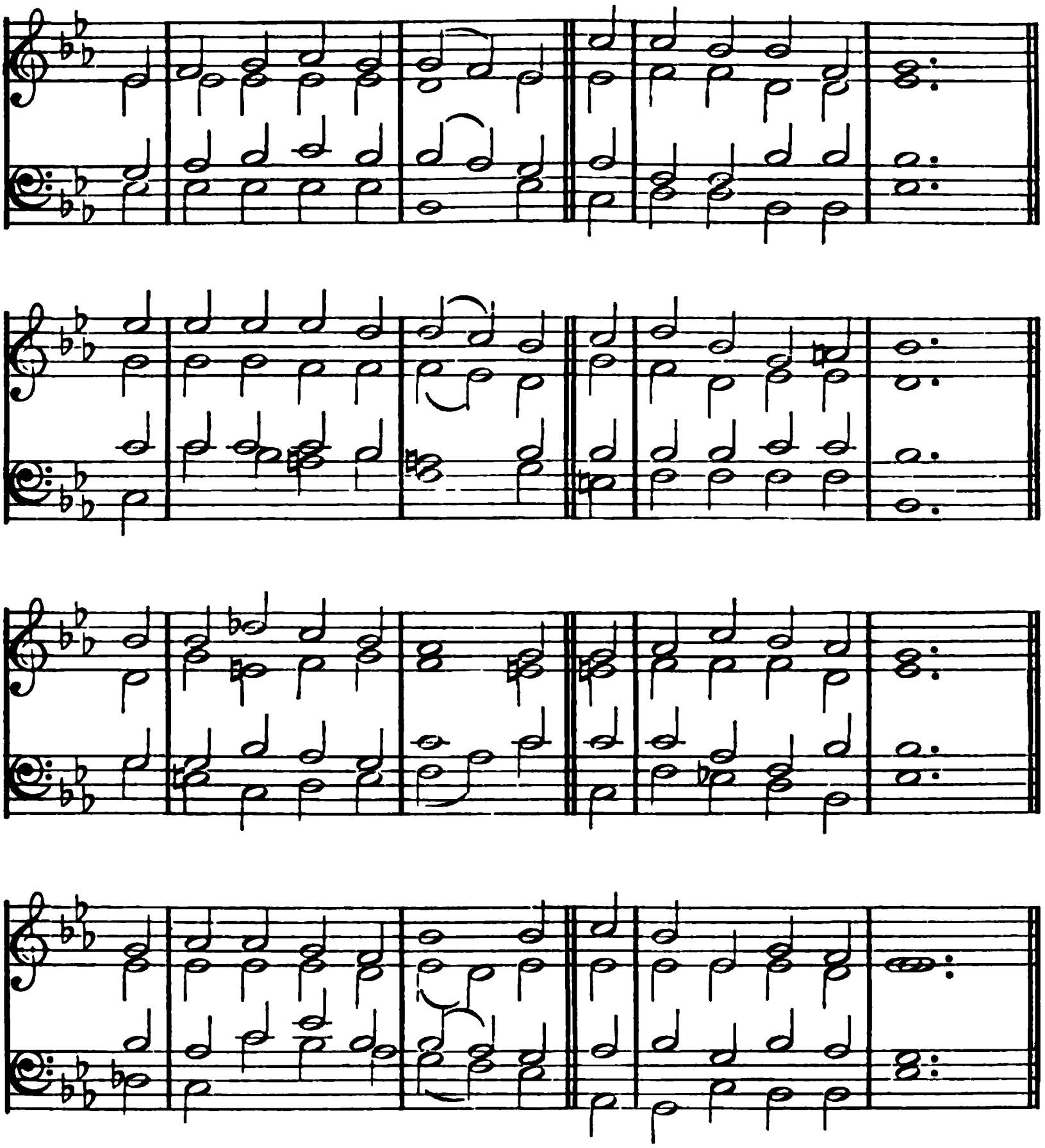
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:

Yes; God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

Hymn 273 (164)

WELLESLEY (7676 D.) SECOND TUNE. *Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.*

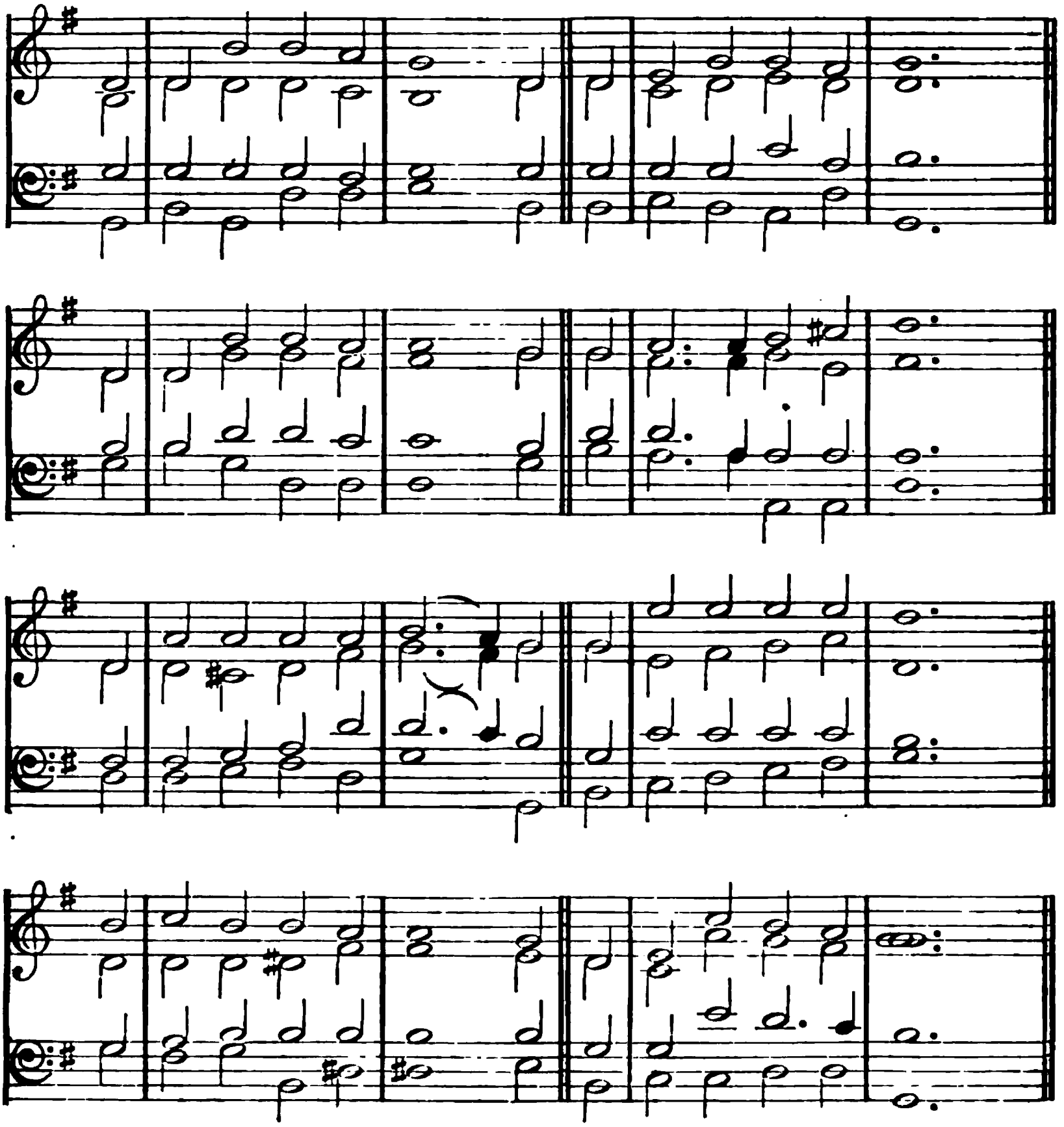


5 *O sweet and blessèd country,*
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Hymn 274 (165)

CHENIES (76 76 D.) FIRST TUNE. *Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.*



" For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

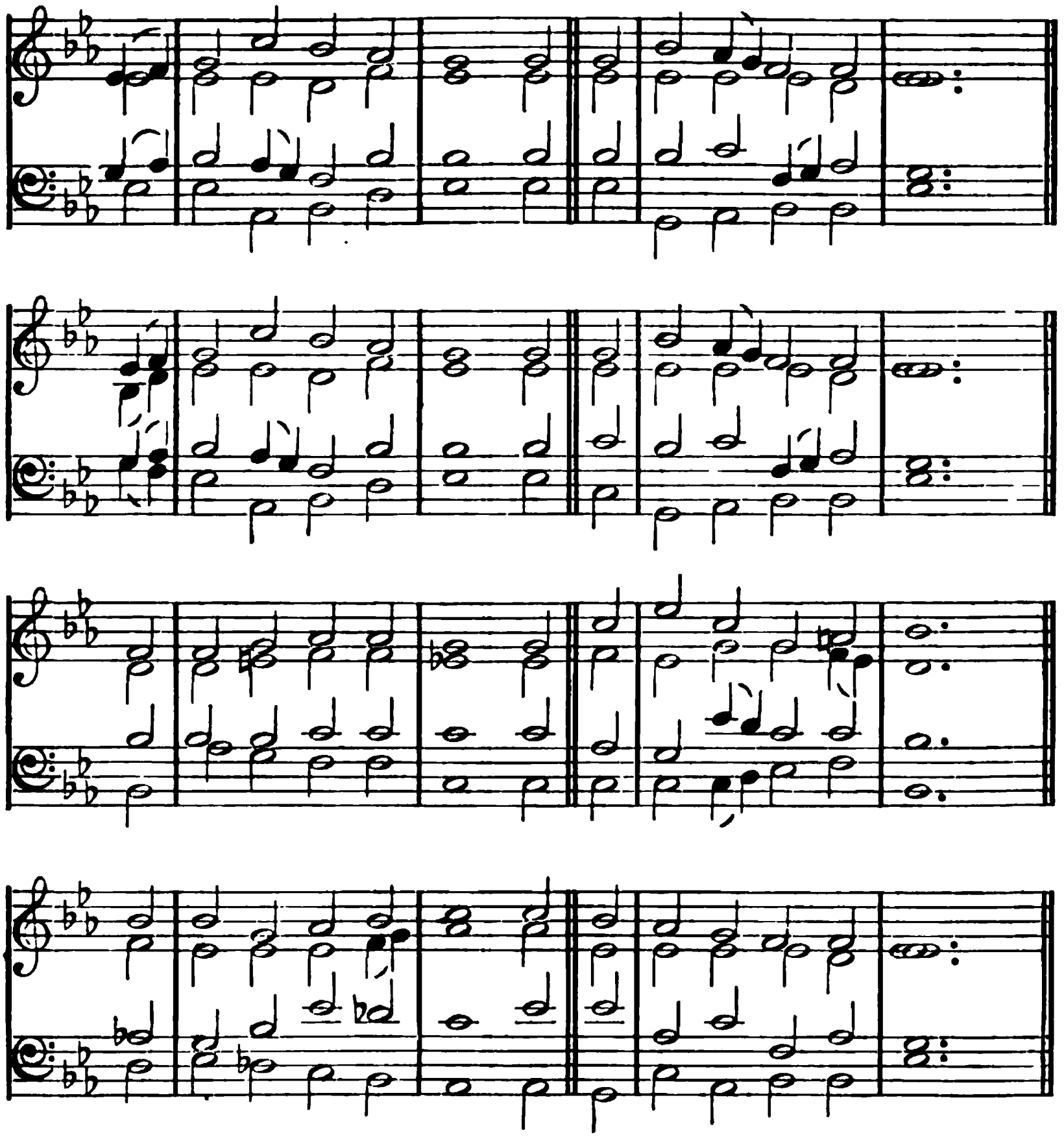
3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Hymn 274 (165)

MUNICH (76 76 D.)

SECOND TUNE.

Würtemberger Gesangbuch.
Ascribed to Johann Hermann, 1620.



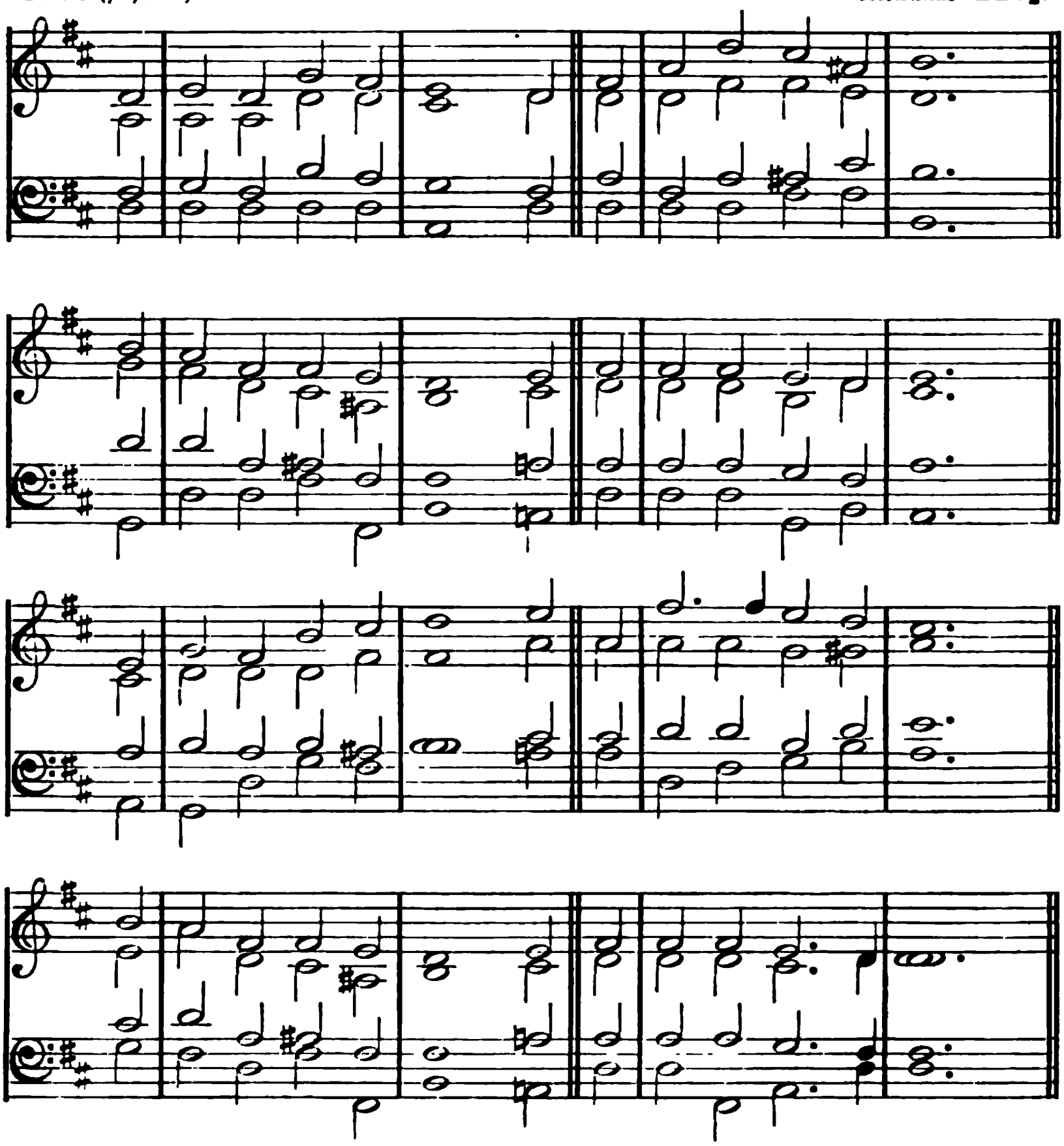
The cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment,
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 *O sweet and blessèd country,*
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Hymn 275 (166)

EWING (7676 D.) *Alexander Ewing.*



"And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppresst.
I know not, O, I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

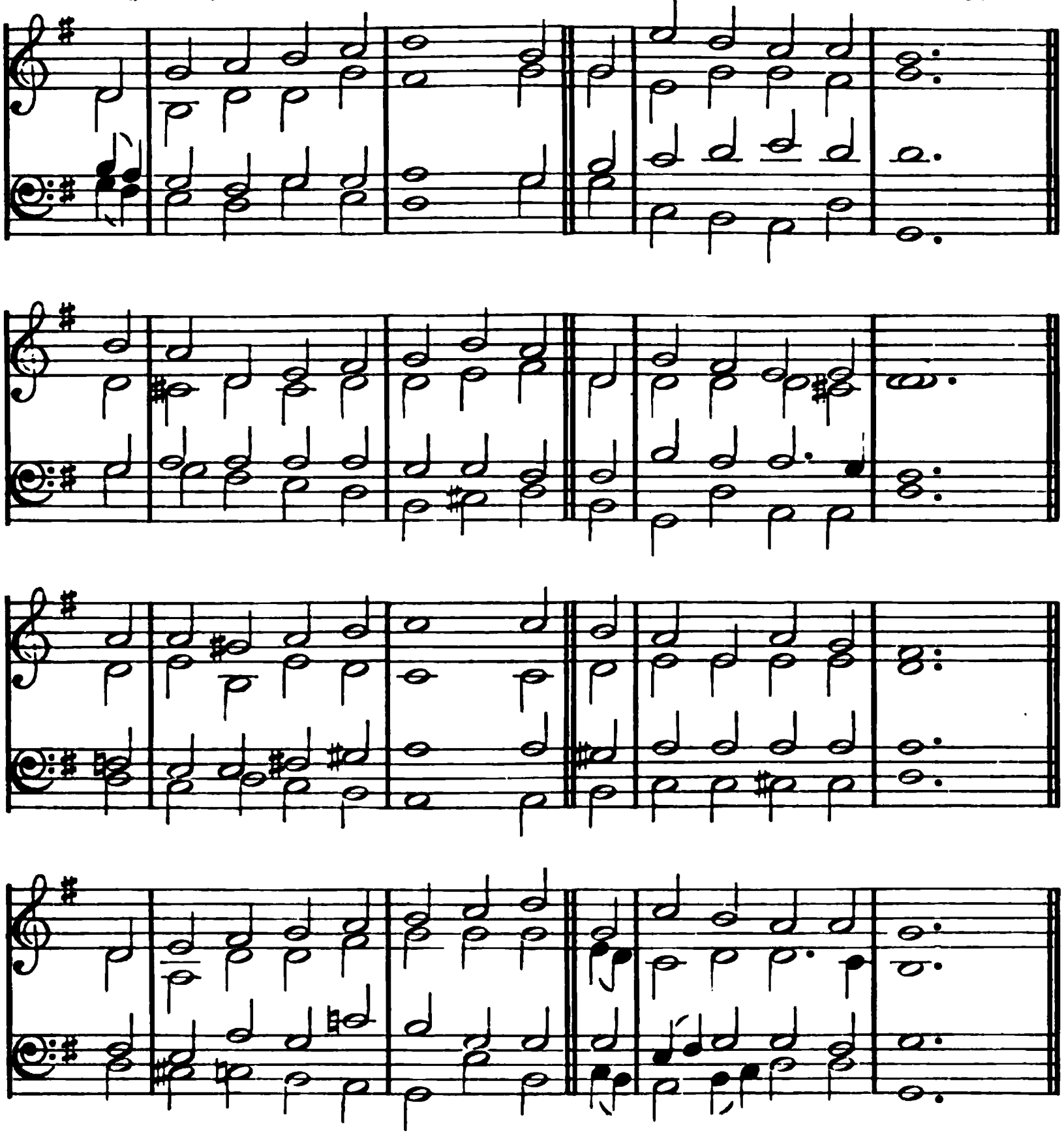
2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 *O sweet and blessèd country,*
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Hymn 276 (310)

EASTHAM (76 86 D.) FIRST TUNE. *Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.*



"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

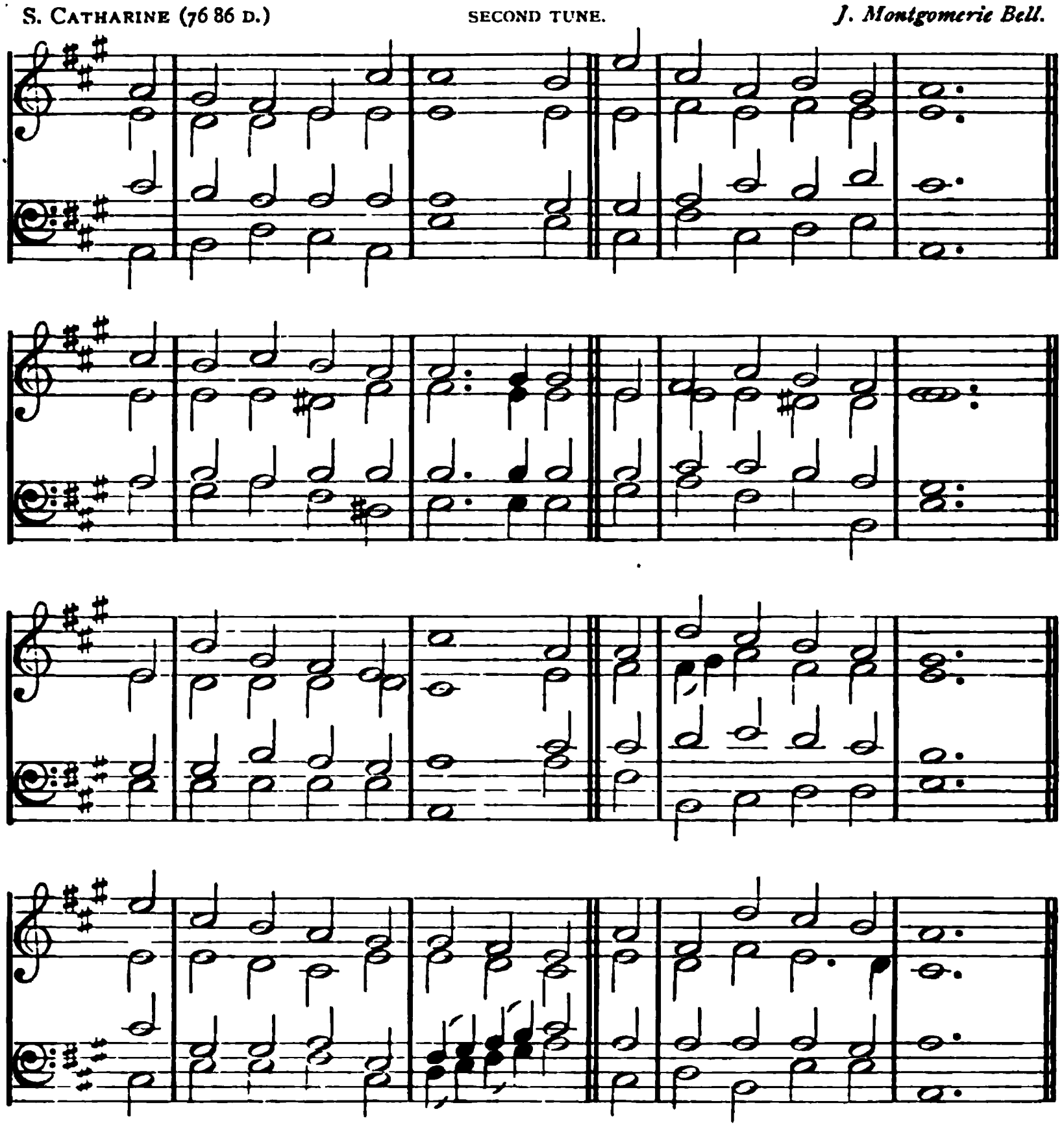
2 What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Hymn 276 (310)

S. CATHARINE (76 86 D.) SECOND TUNE. *J. Montgomerie Bell.*



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In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
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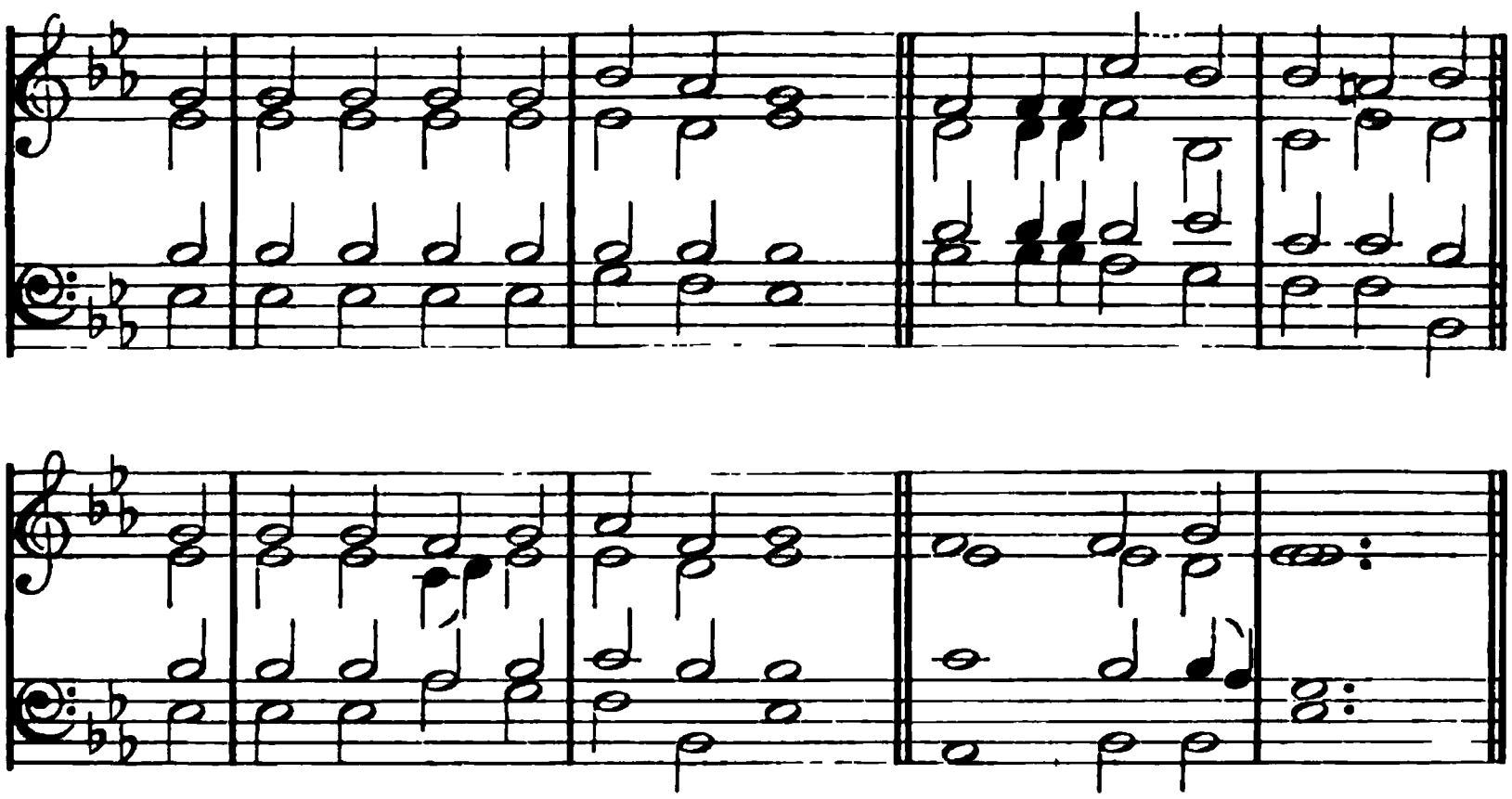
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

HYMNS OF NATURAL AND SACRED SEASONS.

MORNING.

Hymn 277 (311)

HERBERT (8884). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. R. R. Chope.*



"Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer."

1 MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee,
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

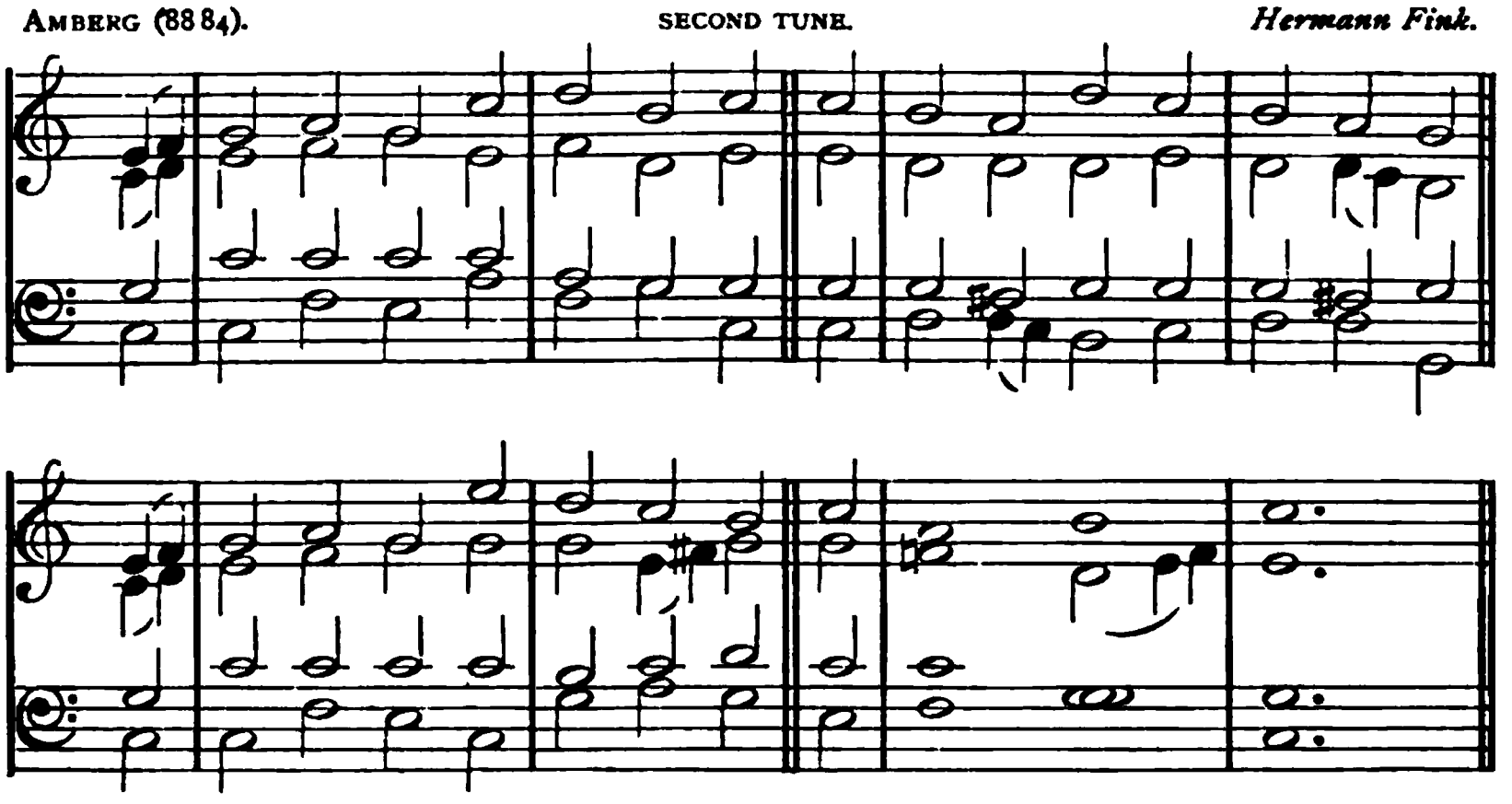
5 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Hymn 277 (311)

AMBERG (88 84). SECOND TUNE. *Hermann Fink.*



" Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer."

1 MY God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer ?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
And richer dews descend from Thee,
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

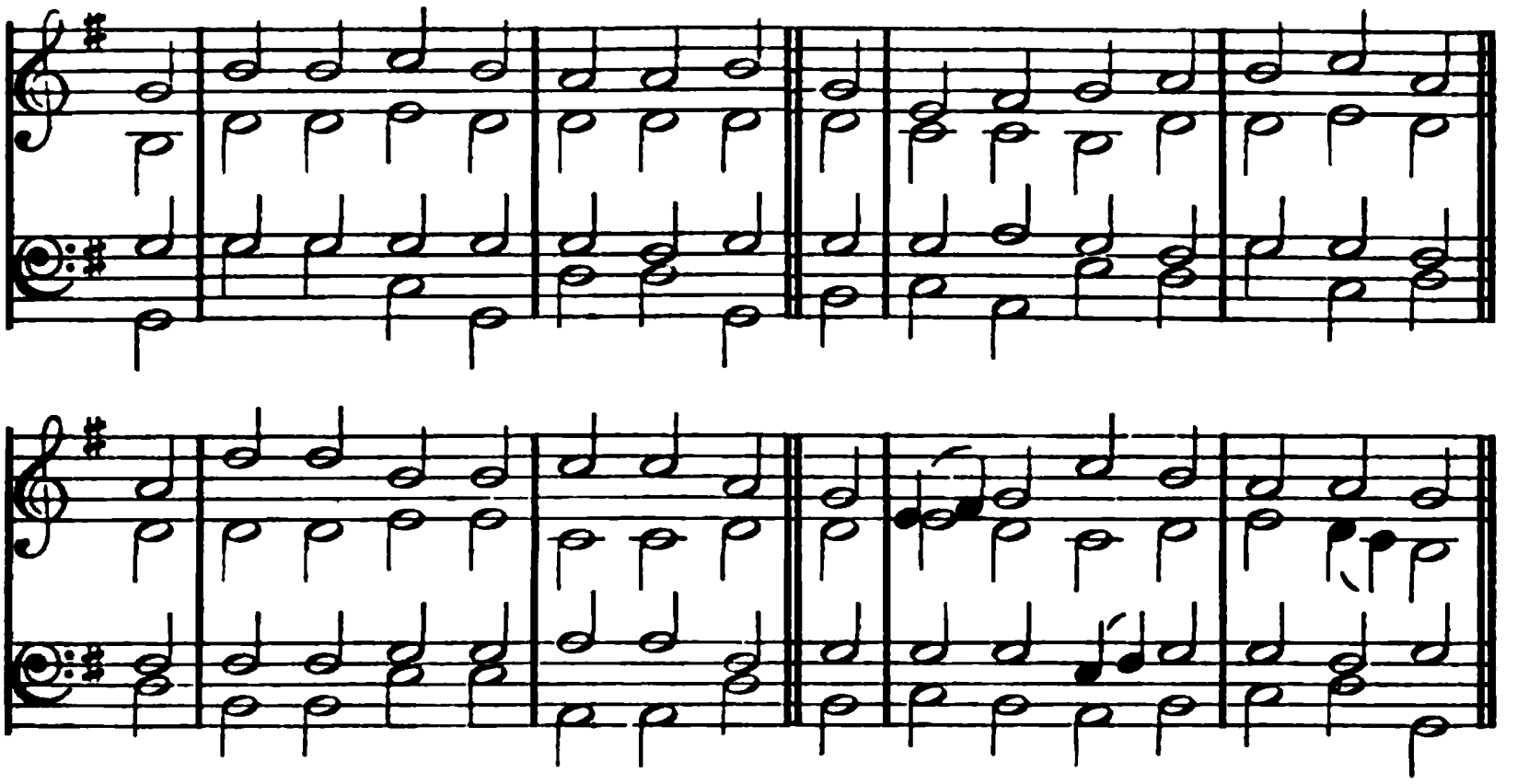
5 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind !

6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Hymn 278 (167)

MORNING HYMN (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *William Boyce, Mus. D.*



"Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp."

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem:
Each present day thy last esteem:
Improve thy talent with due care:
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear:
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

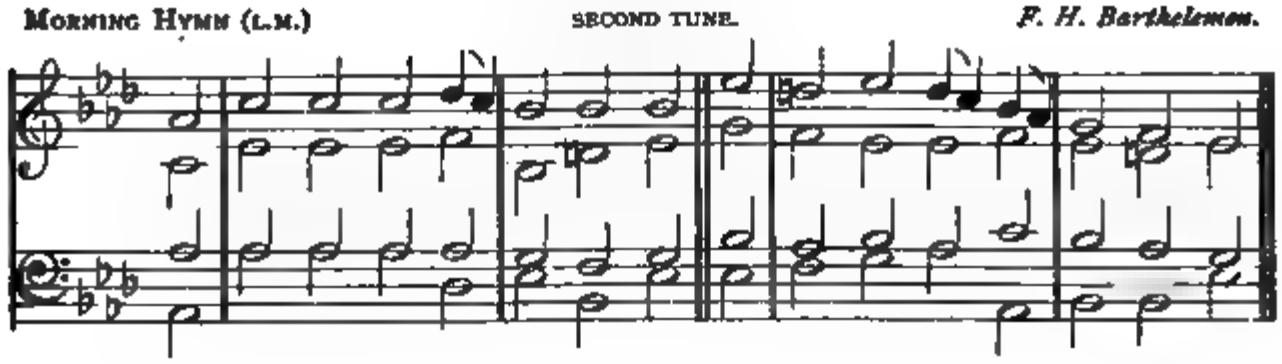
6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 278 (167)

MORNING HYMN (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *F. H. Barthelemon.*



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Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem:
Each present day thy last esteem:
Improve thy talent with due care:
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear:
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

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Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

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Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

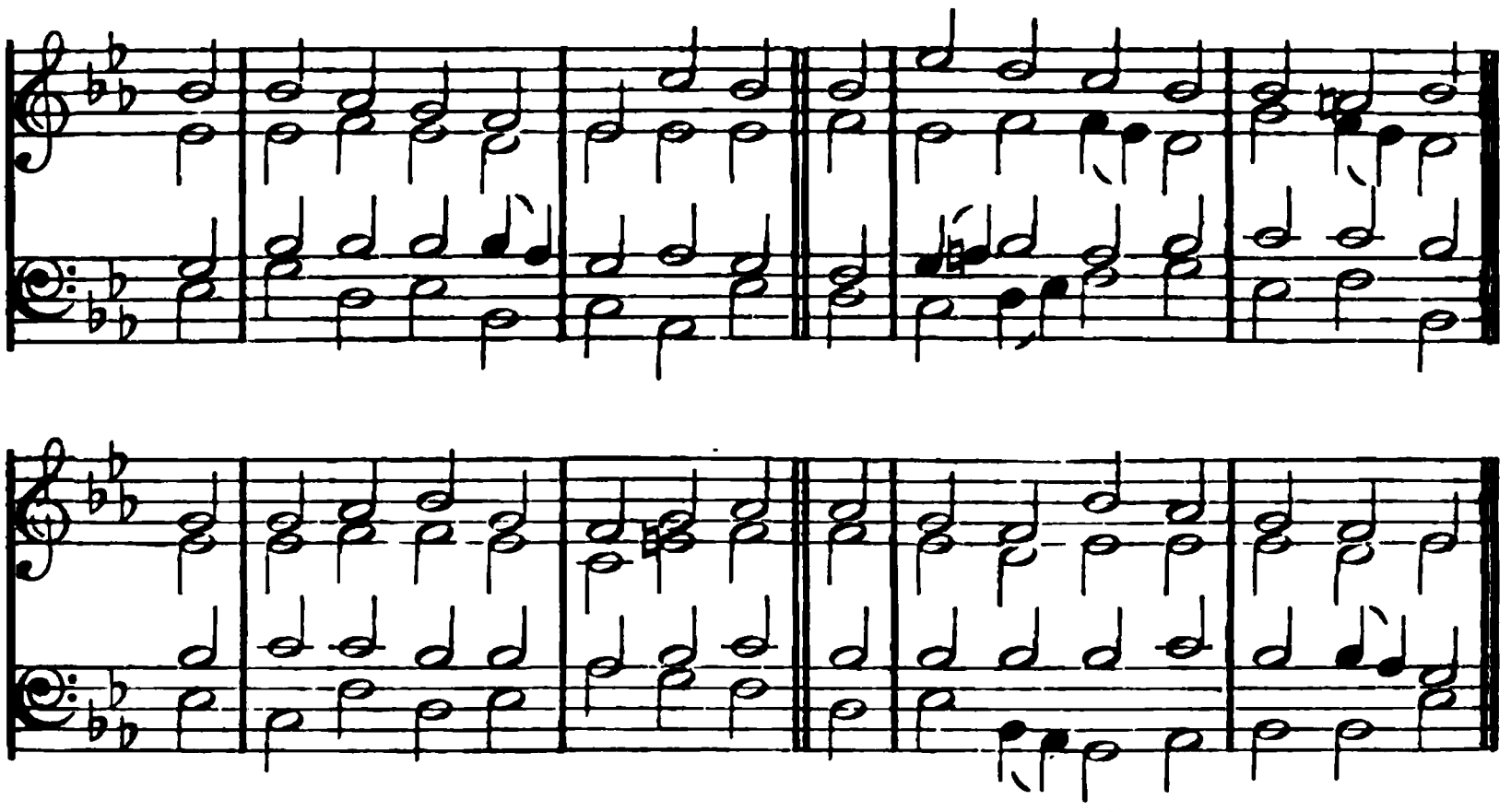
7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 279 (168)

MELCOMBE (L.M.)

Samuel Webbe.
An "O Salutaris."



"His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is Thy faithfulness."

1 O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove:
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray:
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

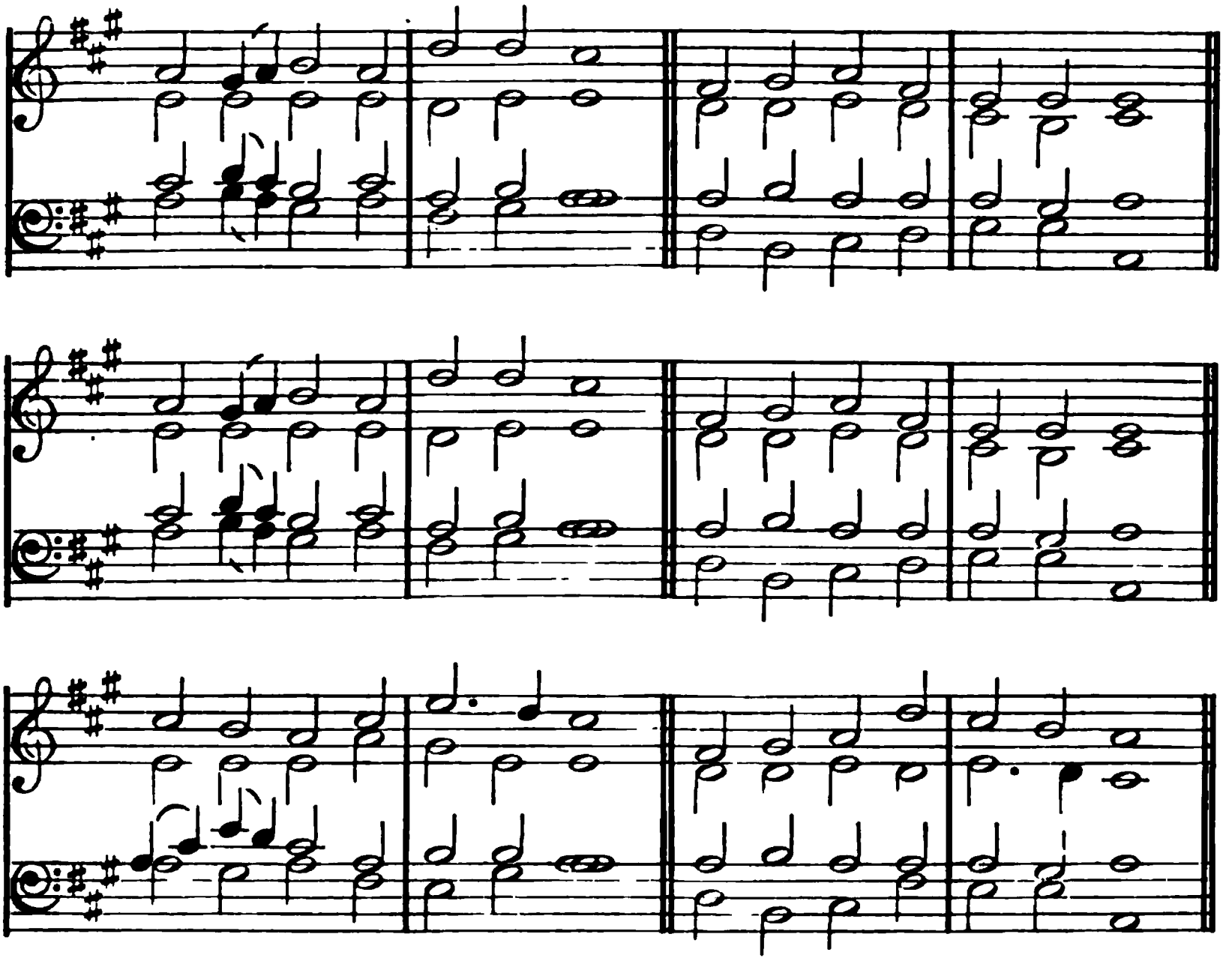
4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above!
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Hymn 280 (169)

DIX (77 77 77). *Conrad Kocher, Ph.D.*



" Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."

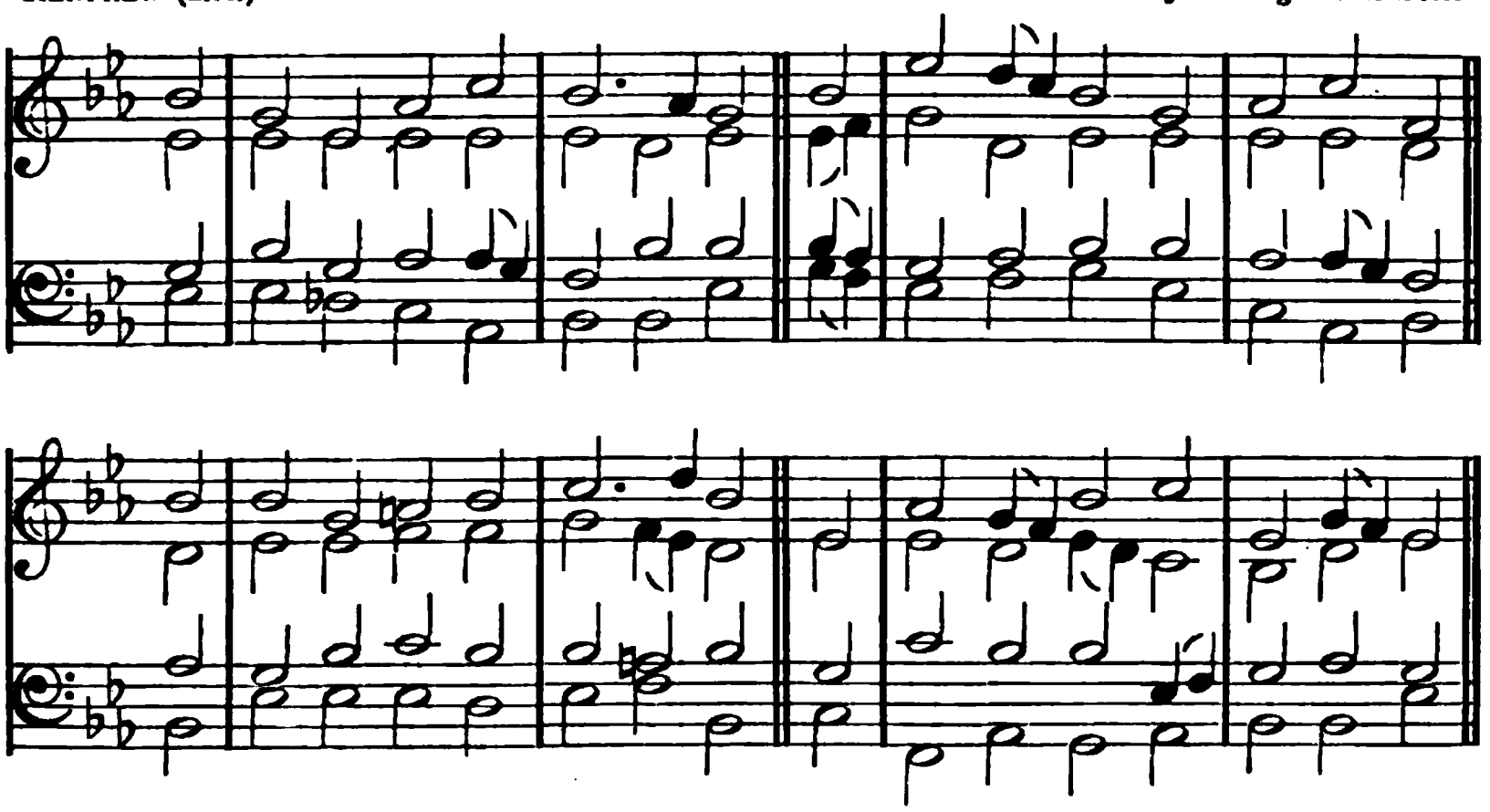
1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night.
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see—
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Hymn 281 (312)

RENFREW (L.M.) *J. Montgomerie Bell.*



"I am the Light of the world."

1 O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night.

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

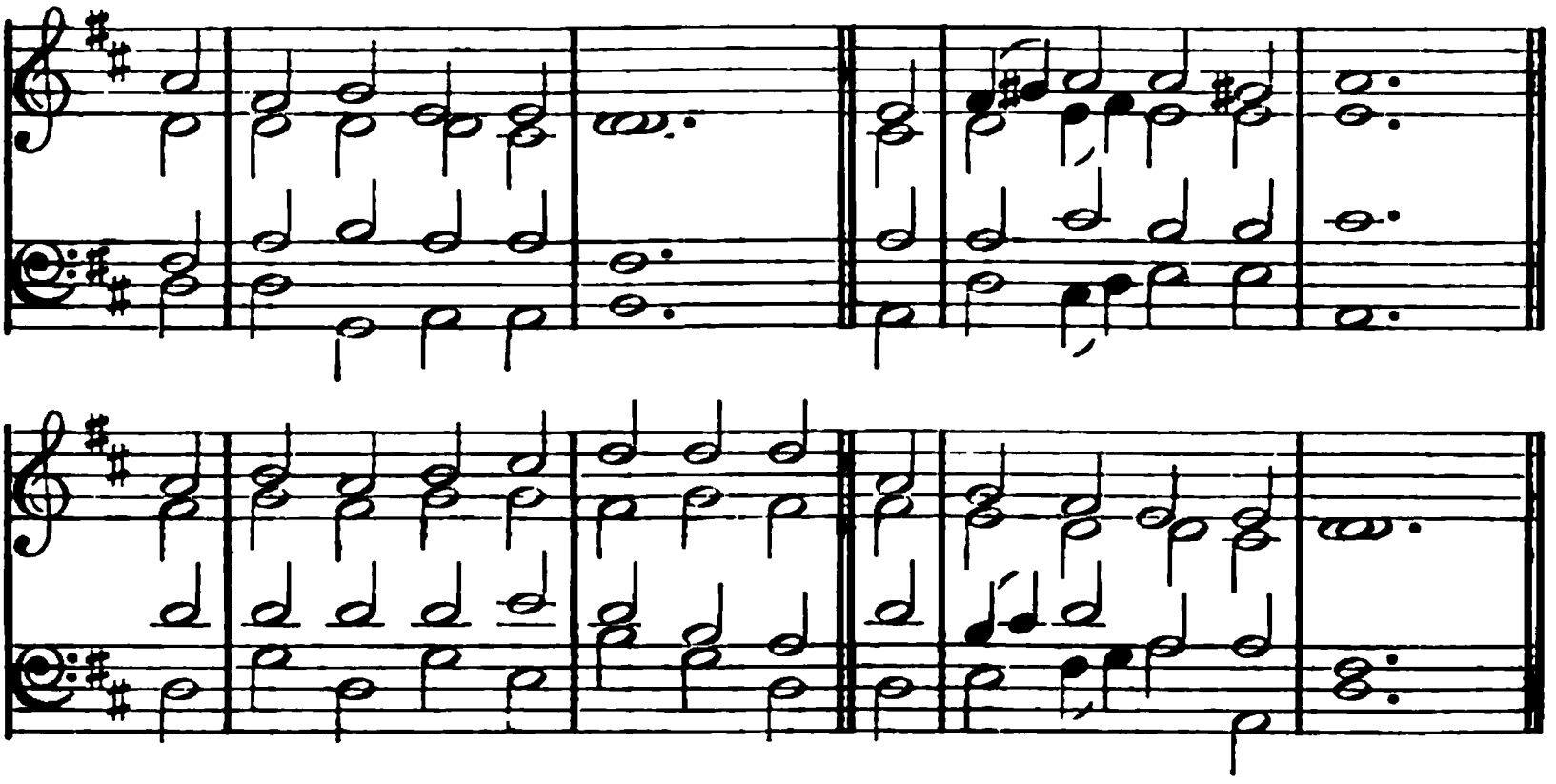
5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

6 O hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

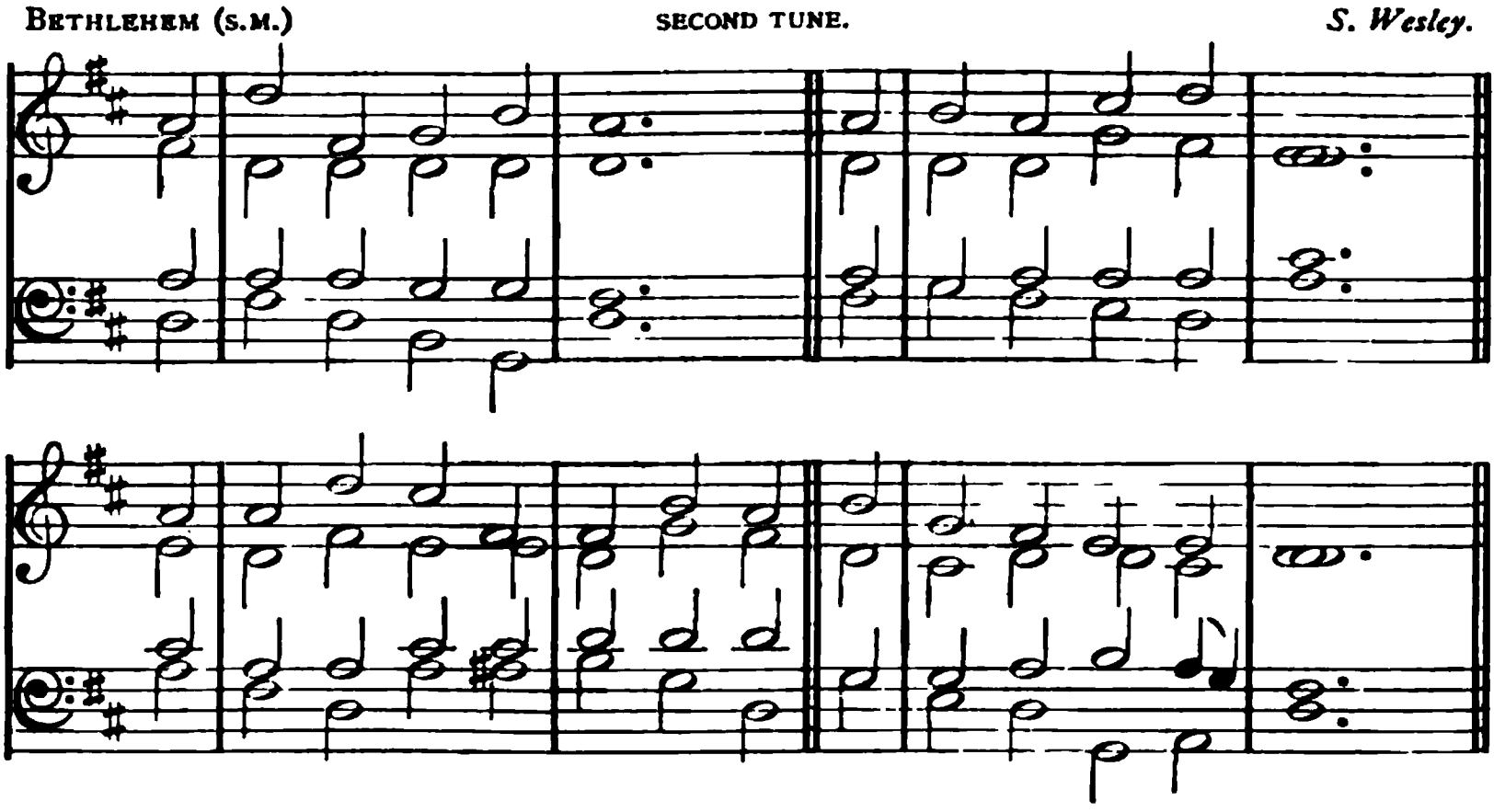
7 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

Hymn 282 (313)

SWABIA (S.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Ancient German Melody.*



BETHLEHEM (S.M.) SECOND TUNE. *S. Wesley.*



"See then that ye walk circumspectly,....redeeming the time."

1 ANOTHER day begun !
Lord, grant us grace that we,
Before the setting of the sun,
Redeem the time for Thee.

2 Another day of toil !
To Thee we yield our powers ;
Keep Thou our souls from guilty soil
Through all the passing hours.

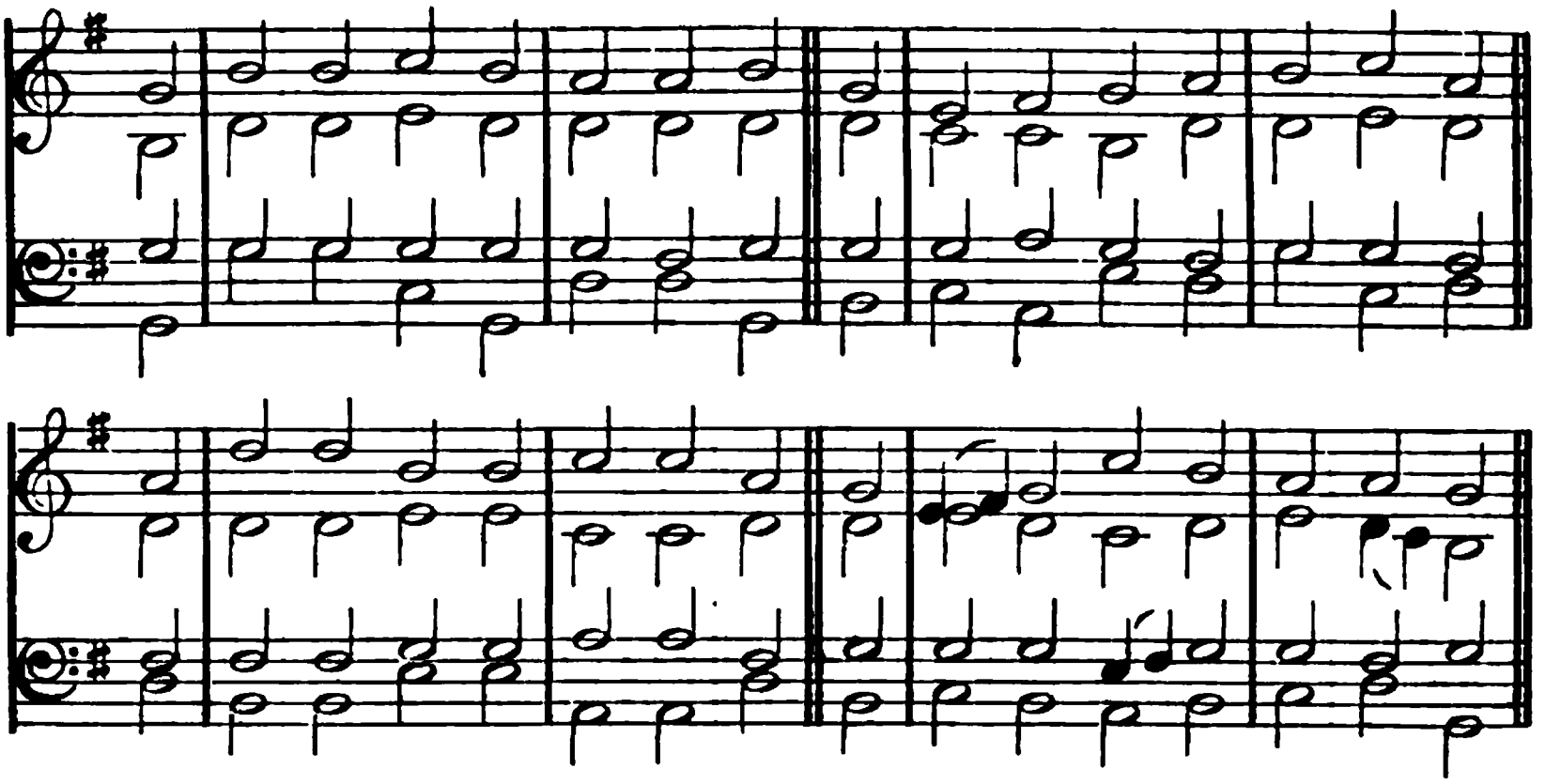
3 Another day of fear !
For watchful is our foe ;
And sin is strong, and death is near,
And short our time below.

4 Another day of hope !
For Thou art with us still ;
And Thine almighty strength can cope
With all who seek our ill.

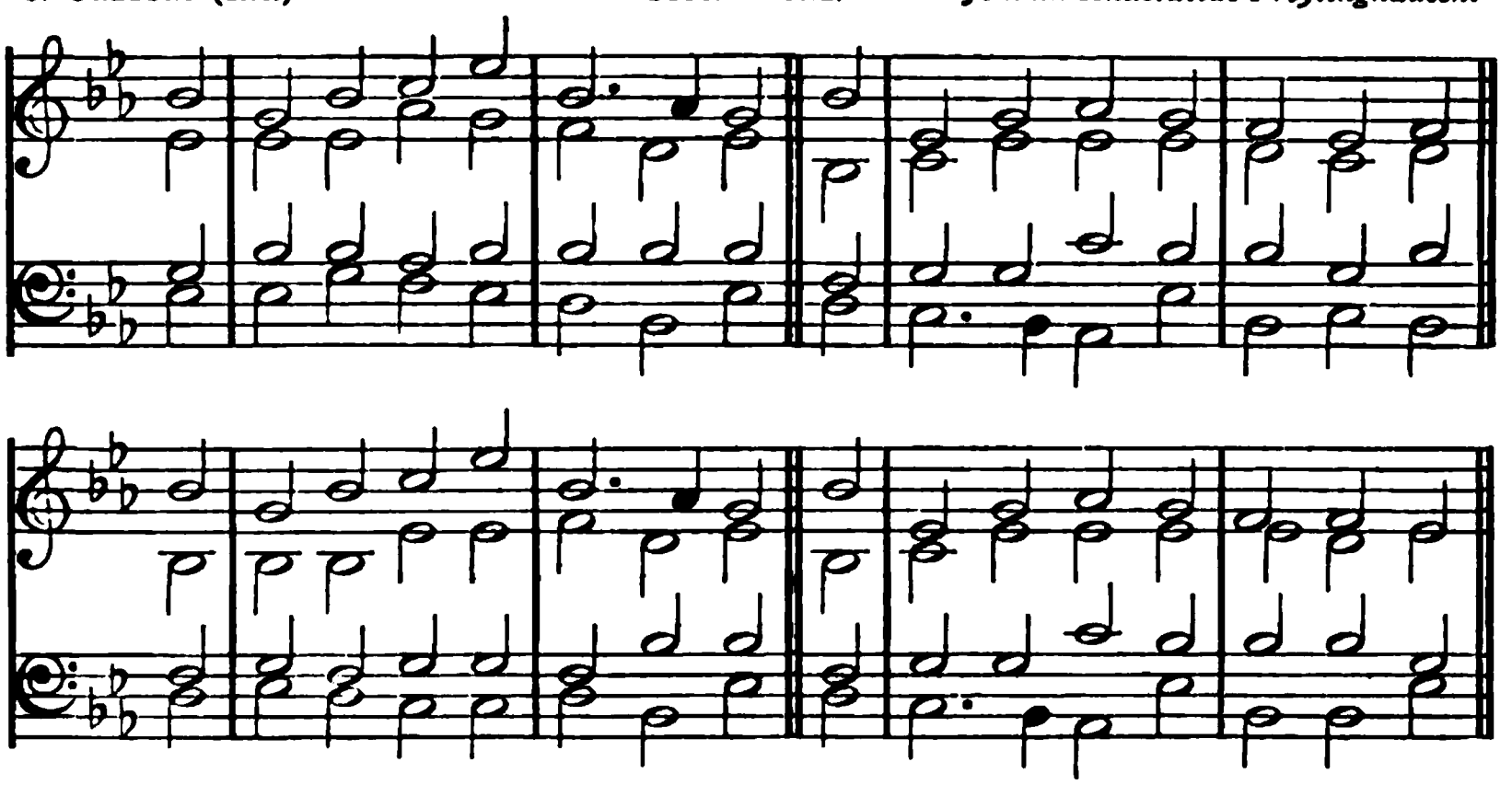
5 Another day of grace
To help us on our way !
One step towards the Resting-place—
The eternal Sabbath-day.

Hymn 283 (314)

MORNING HYMN (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *William Boyce, Mus. D.*



S. GREGORY (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen.*



"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."

1 NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do and say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day;

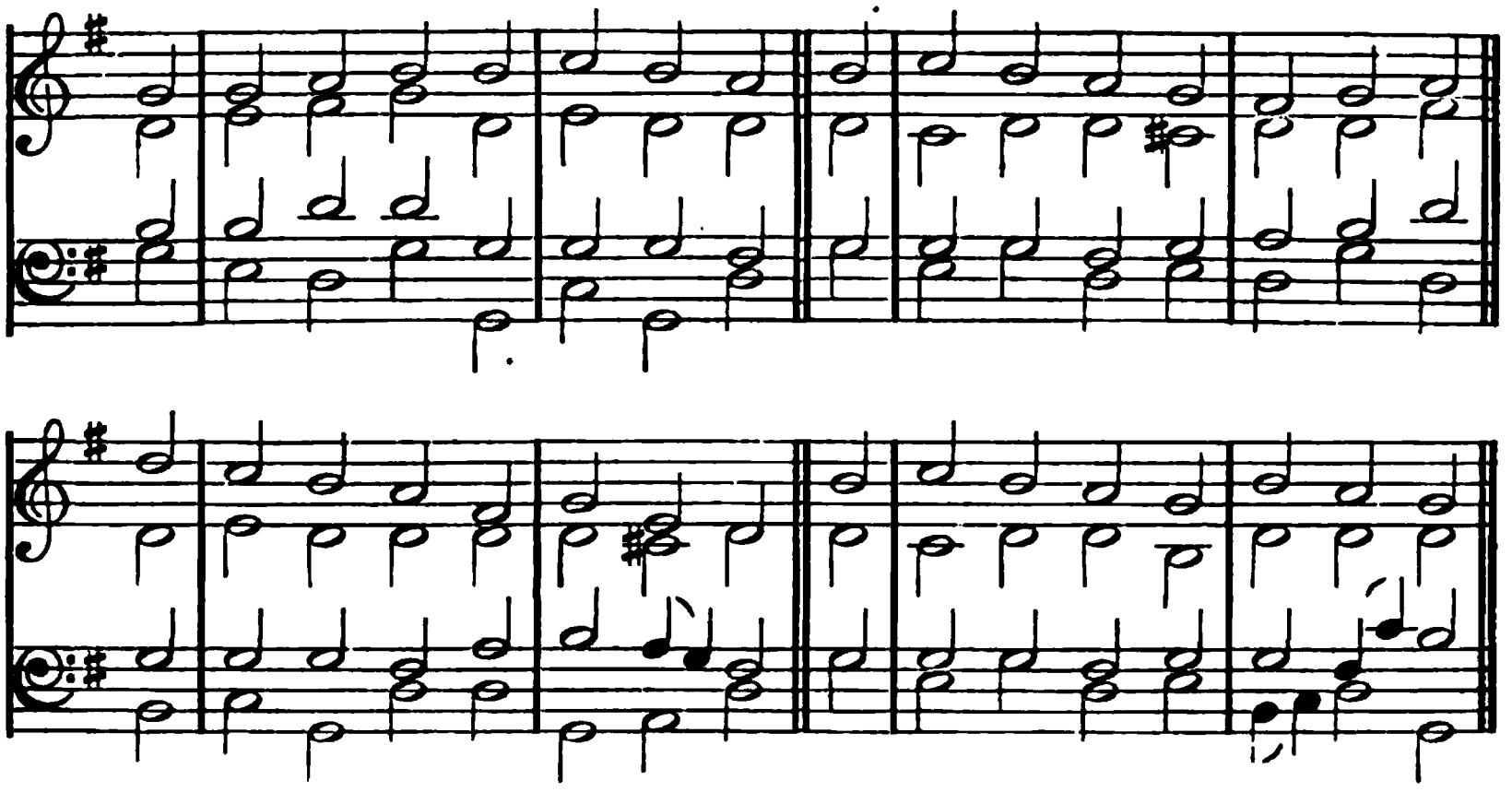
2 Would guard our hearts and tongue from strife,
From anger's din would shield our life,
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,
Would close our ears from vanities;

3 Would keep our inmost conscience pure,
Our souls from folly would secure,
Would help us check the pride of sense
By due and holy abstinence.

4 So we, when this new day is gone,
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise His name for victory gained.

Hymn 284 (315)

COMMANDMENTS (L.M.) *Genevan Psalter, 1561.*



"I have set the Lord always before me; because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

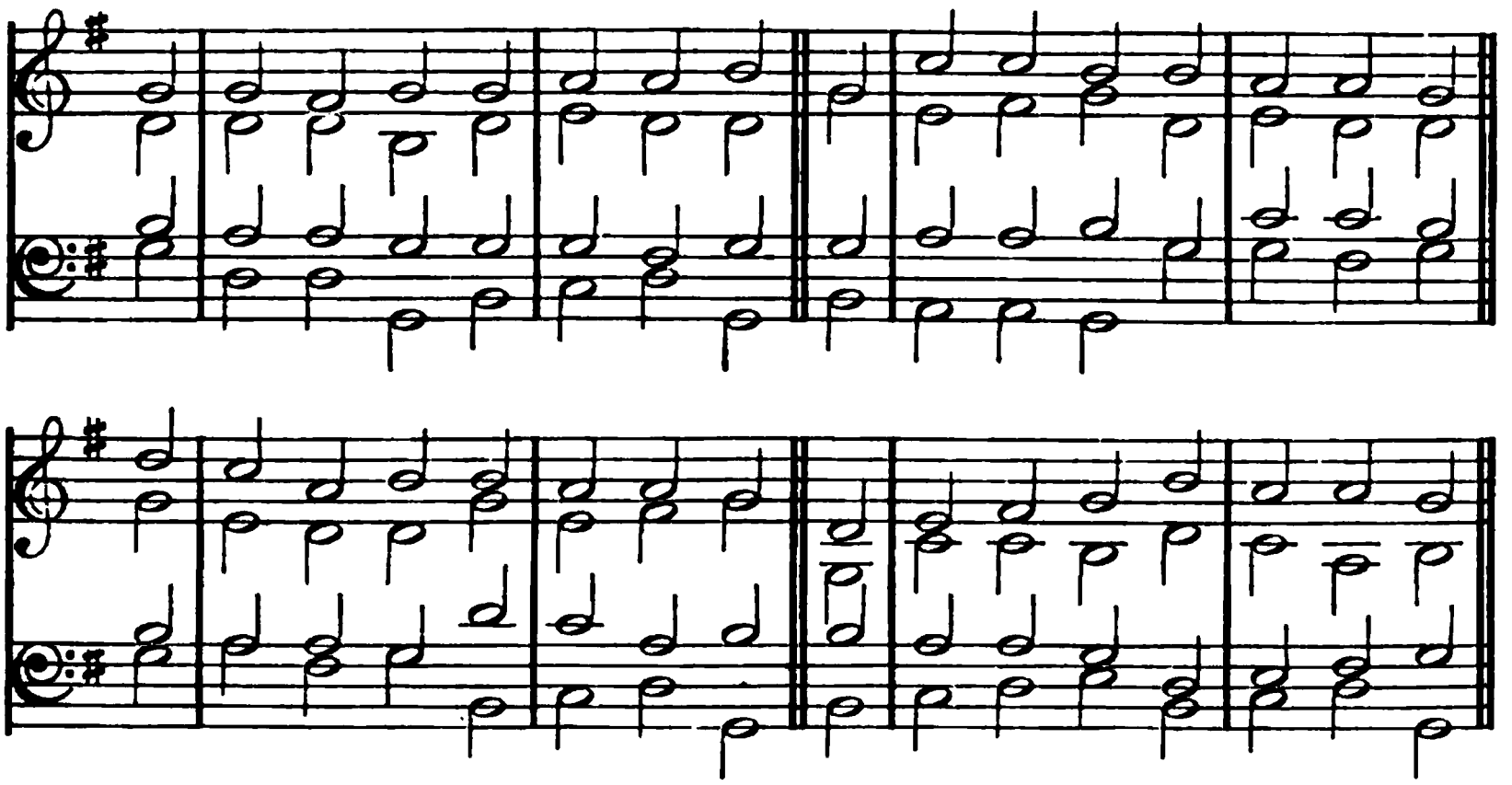
3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Hymn 285 (170)

EVENING HYMN (L.M.) *Thomas Tallis.*



"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

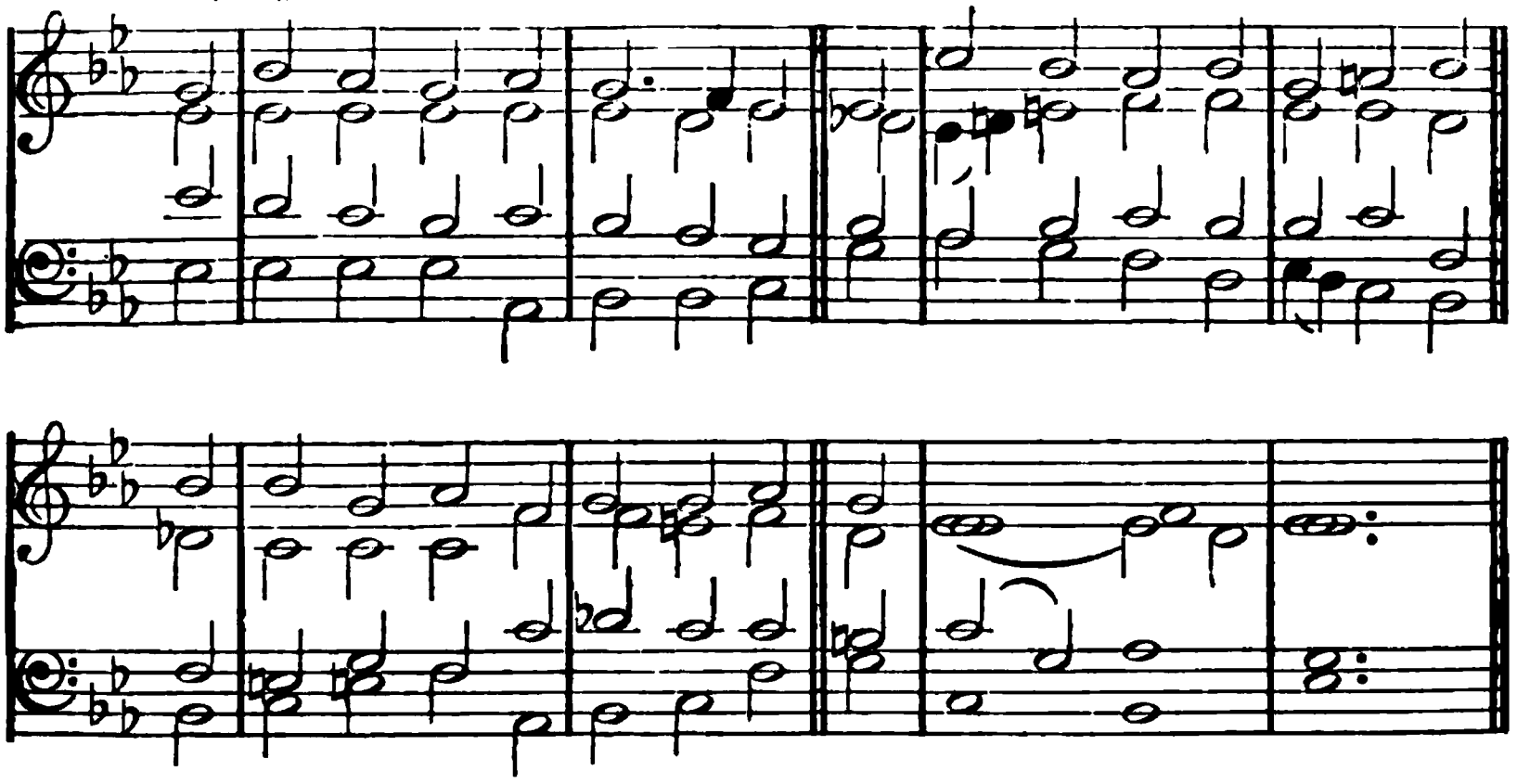
4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

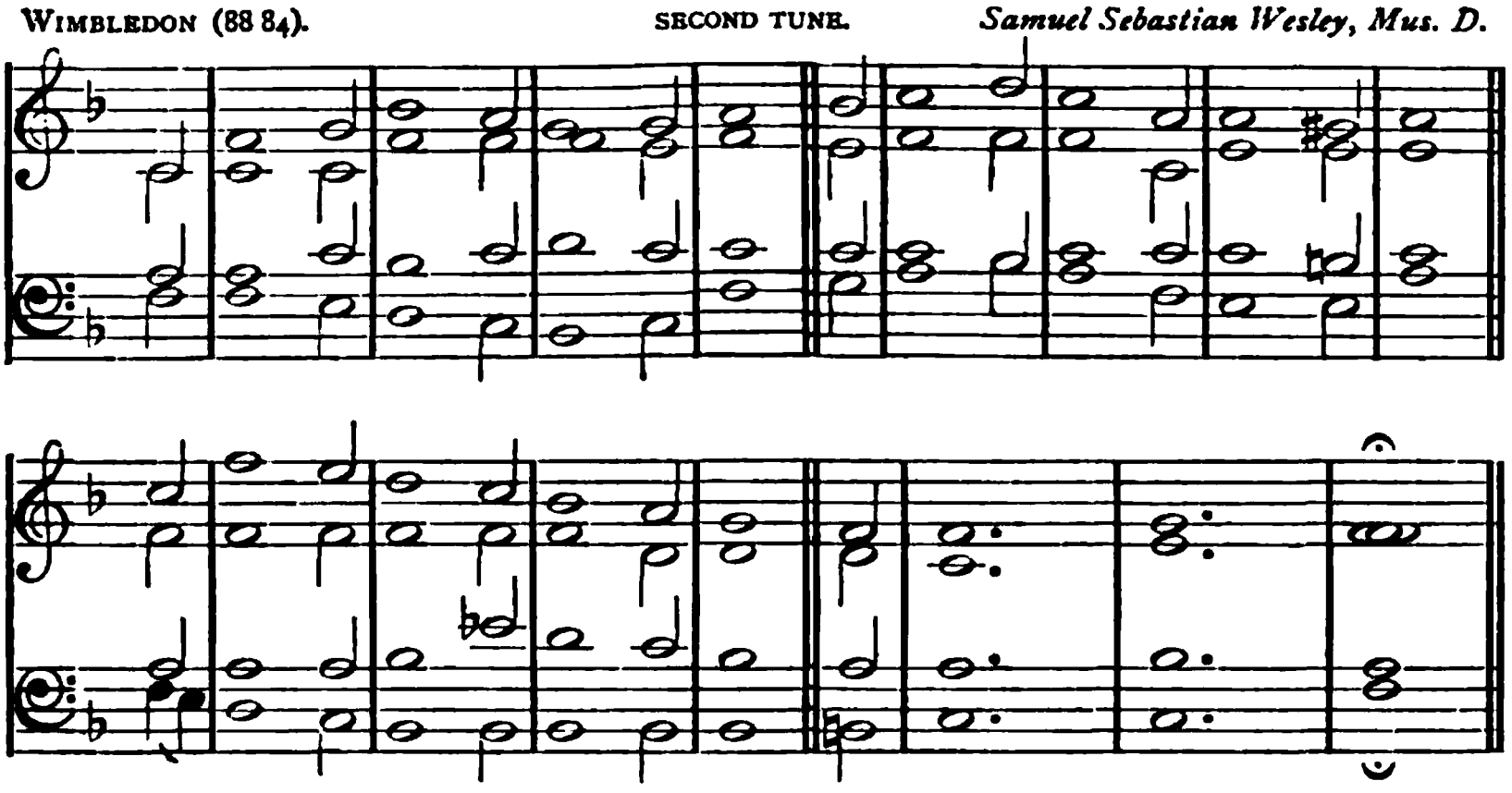
6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 286 (321)

S. Gabriel (88 84). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.*



Wimbledon (88 84). SECOND TUNE. *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



"The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light."

1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

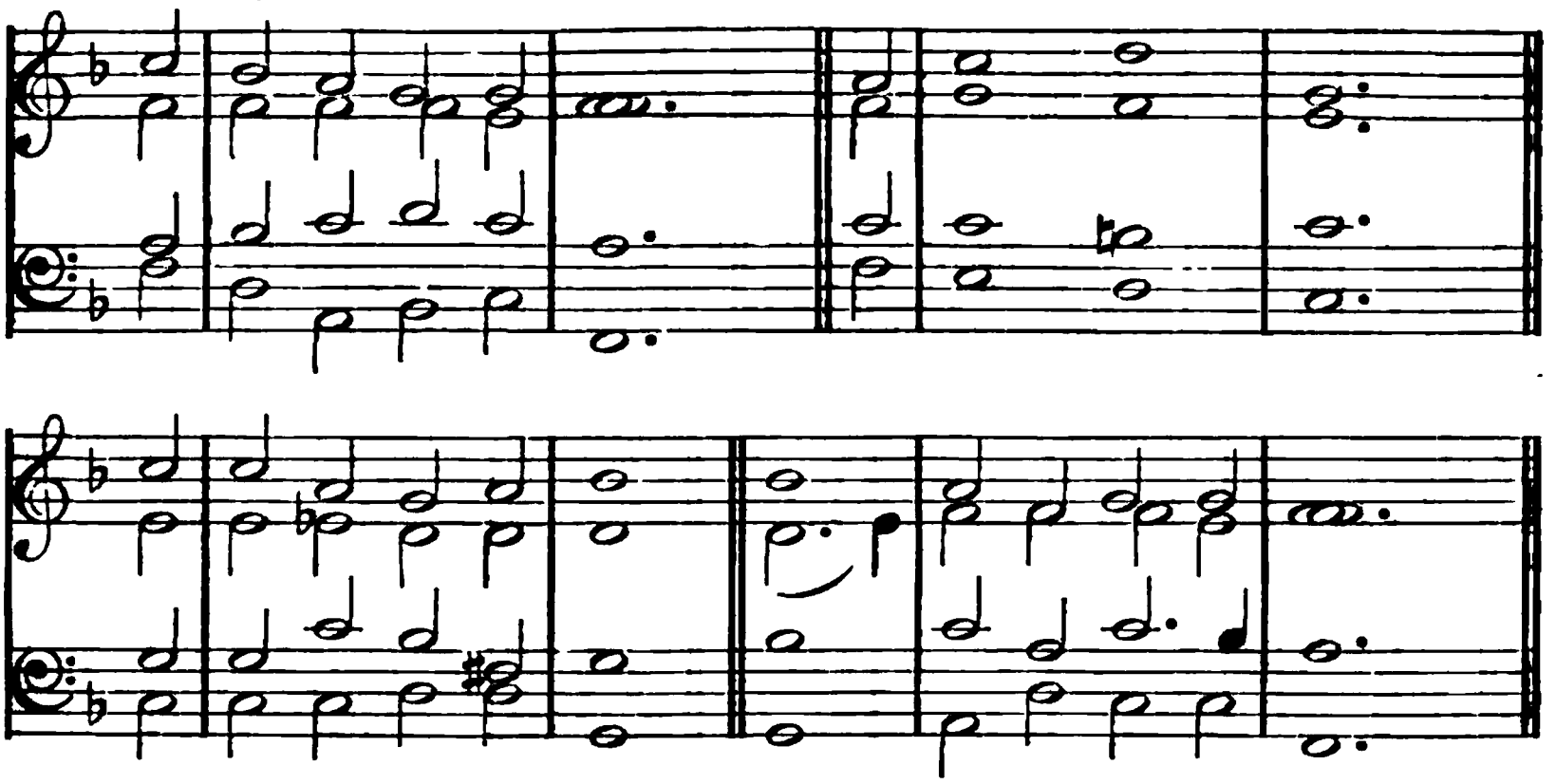
3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high:
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain.

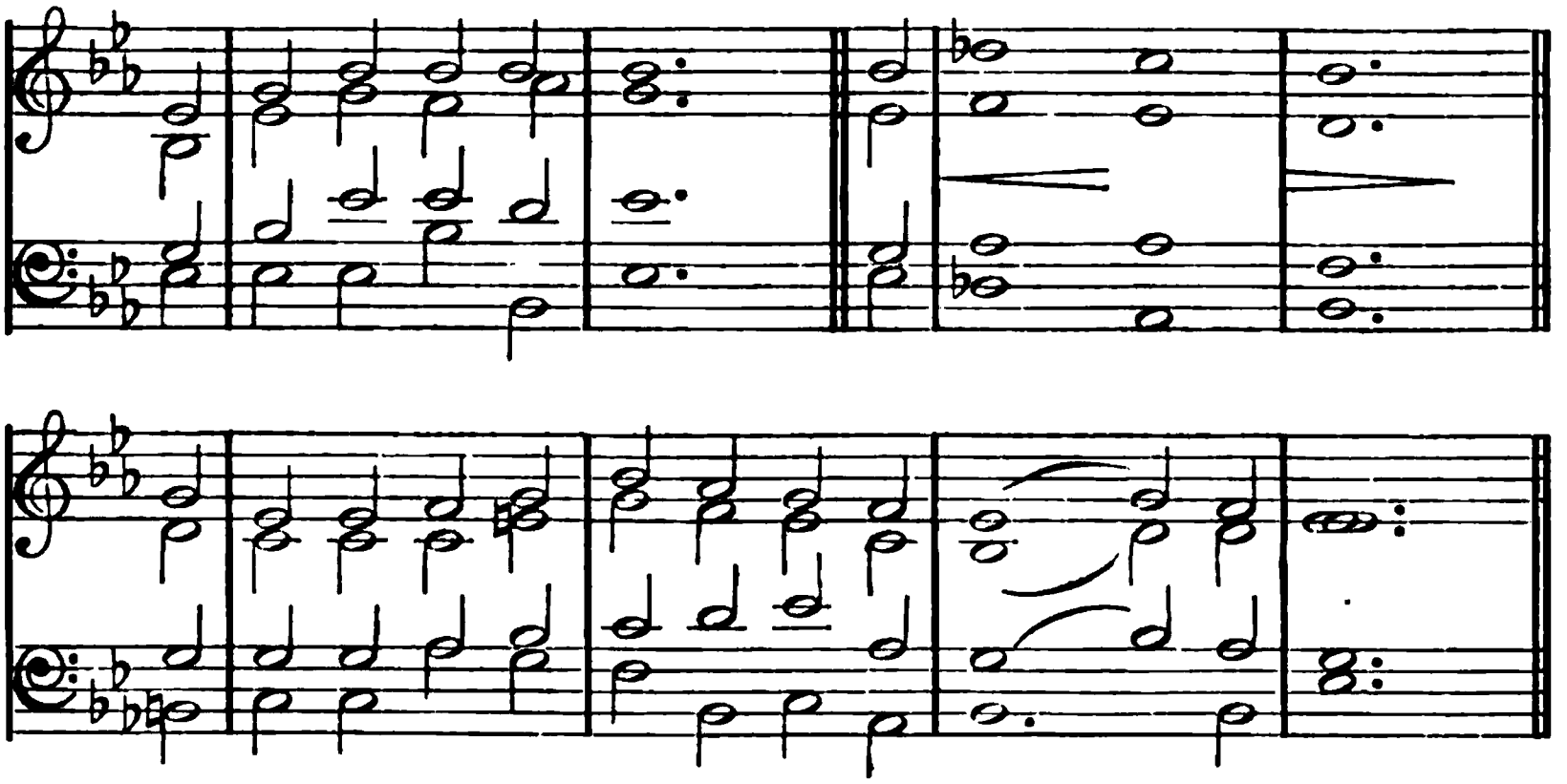
5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Hymn 287 (317)

S. Columba (64 66). FIRST TUNE. *H. S. Irons.*



Vespers (64 66). SECOND TUNE. *Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. D.*



"Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."

1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,—

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

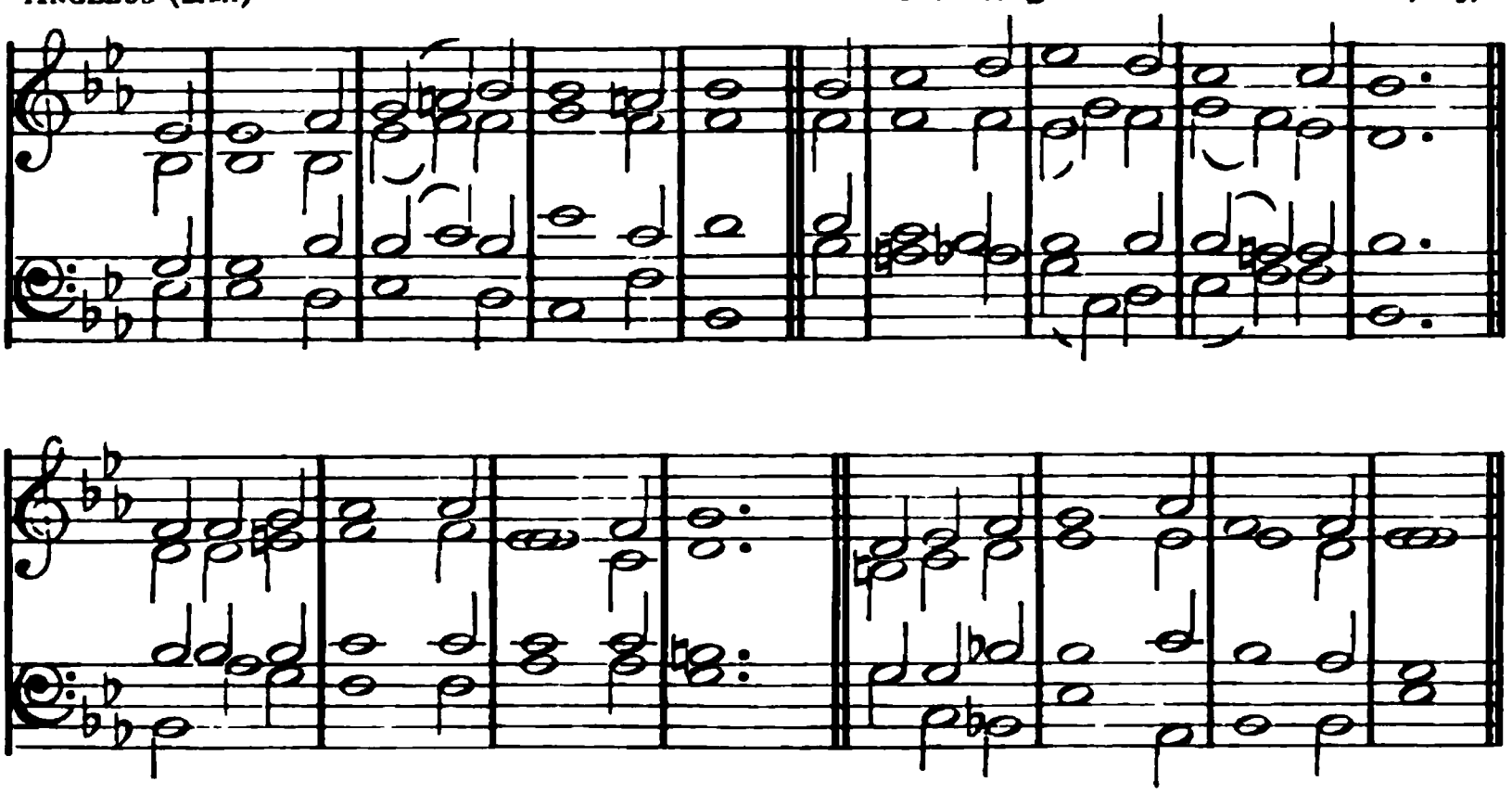
6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

Hymn 288 (316)

ANGELUS (L.M.)

Georg Josephi.
From Scheffler's "Geistliche Hirtenlieder," 1657.



"And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door."

1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt,
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

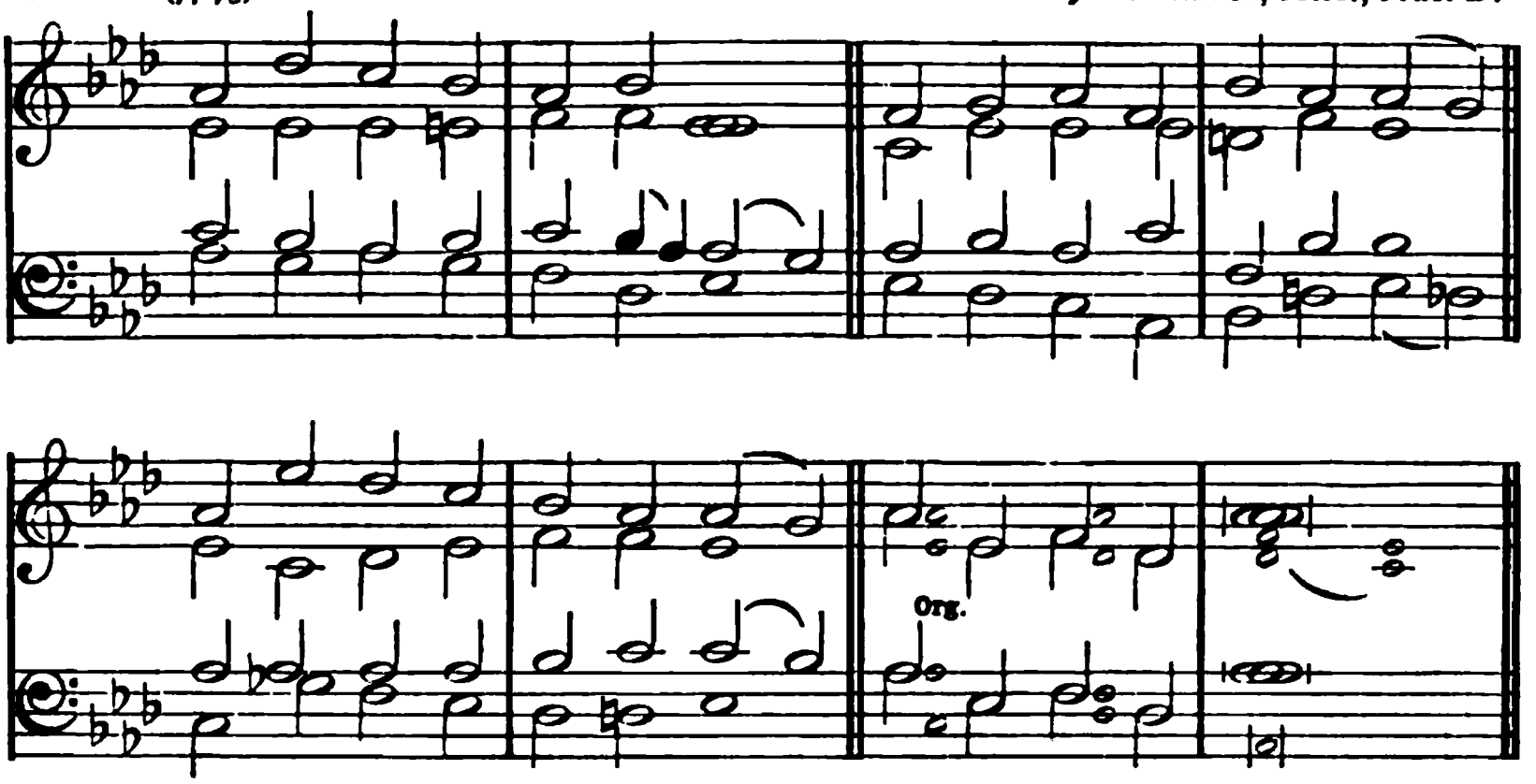
6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide!

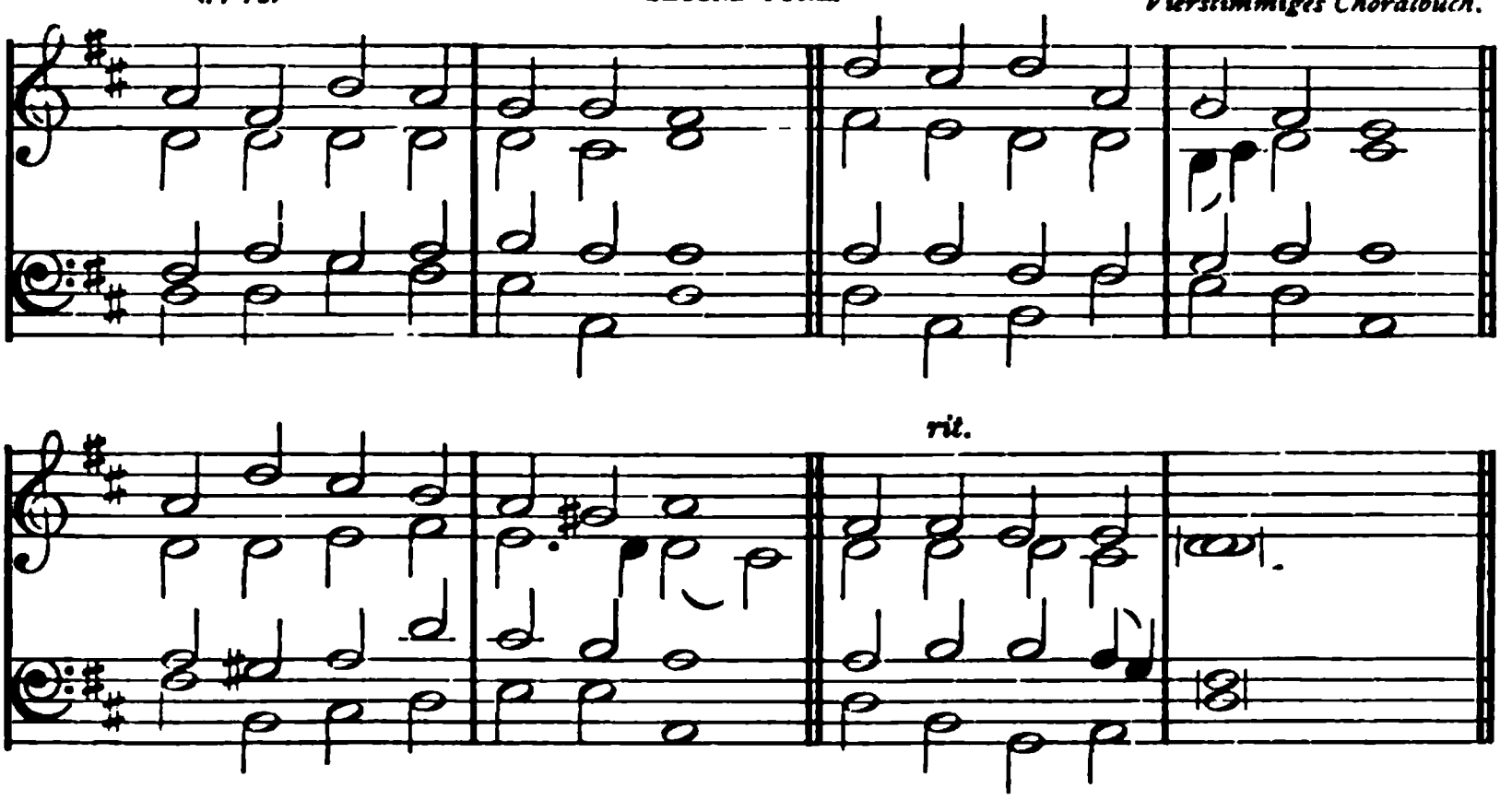
8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Hymn 289 (319)

CHARITY (77 75). FIRST TUNE. *John Stainer, M.A., Mus. D.*



CAPETOWN (77 75). SECOND TUNE. *Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D.*
Vierstimmiges Choralbuch.



"*At evening time it shall be light.*"

1 HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

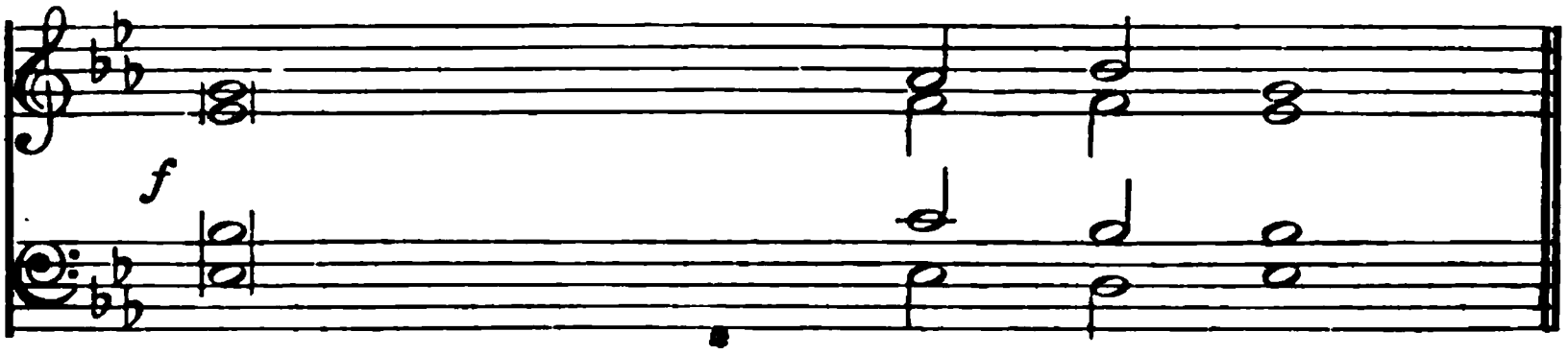
2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

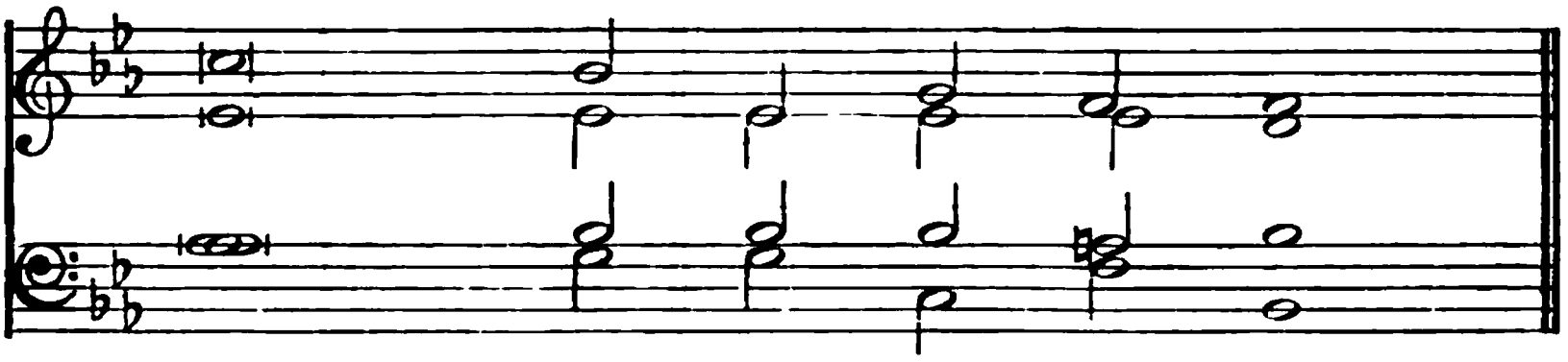
4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time

Hymn 290 (318)

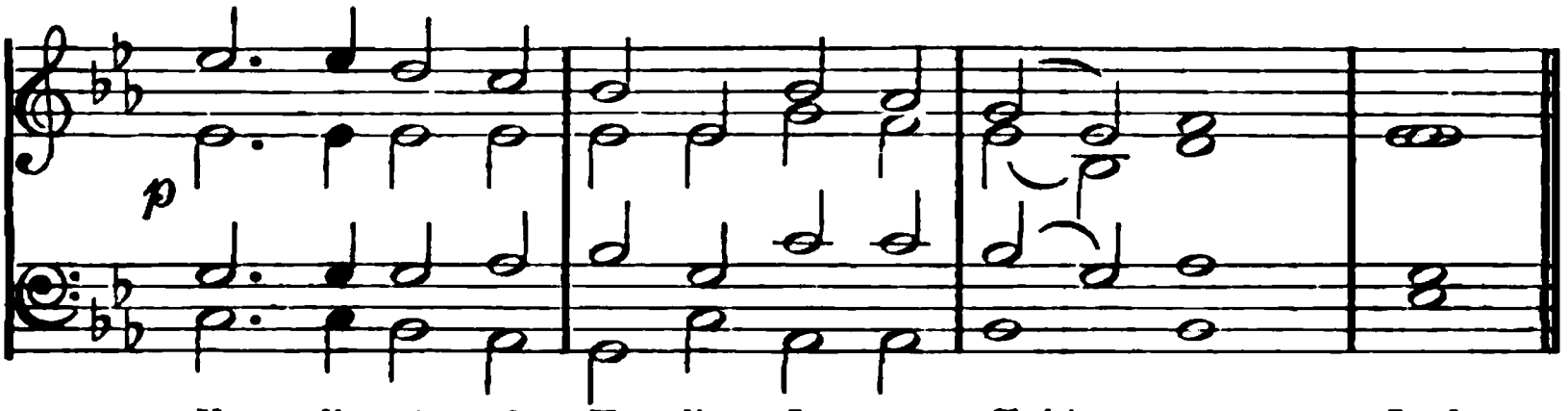
SEBASTE (Irregular) *John Stainer, M.A., Mus. D.*



1. Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glo - ry poured

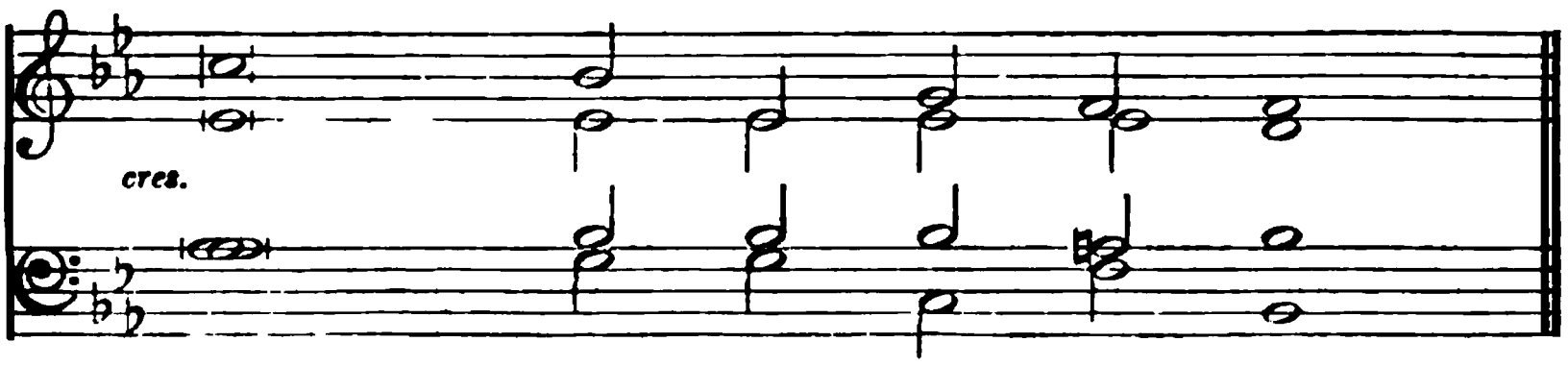


Who is the Immortal Fa - ther, Heaven - ly, Blest,



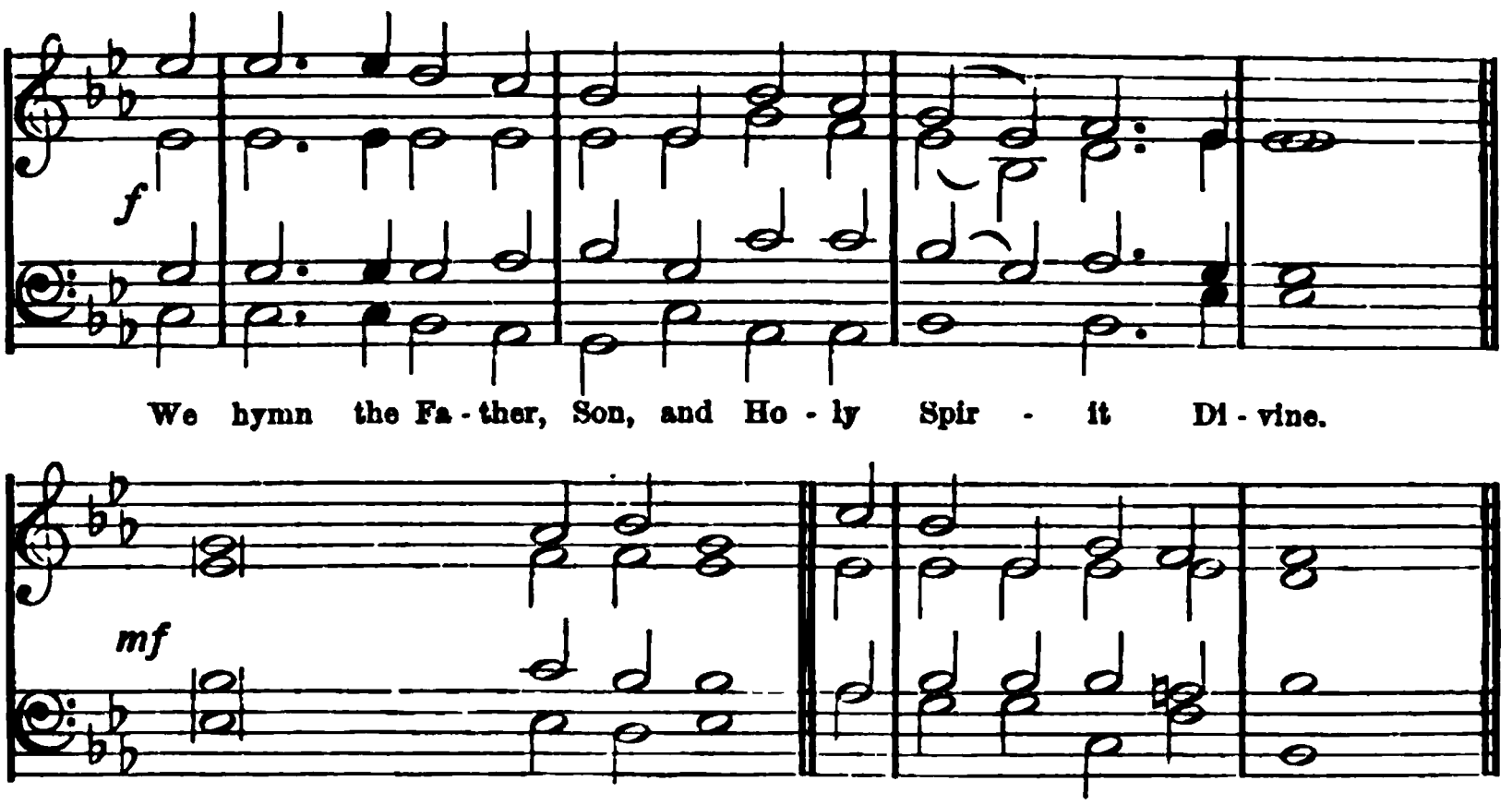
Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

2. Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,



The lights of even - ing round us shine,

Hymn 290 (318)



"The true Light."

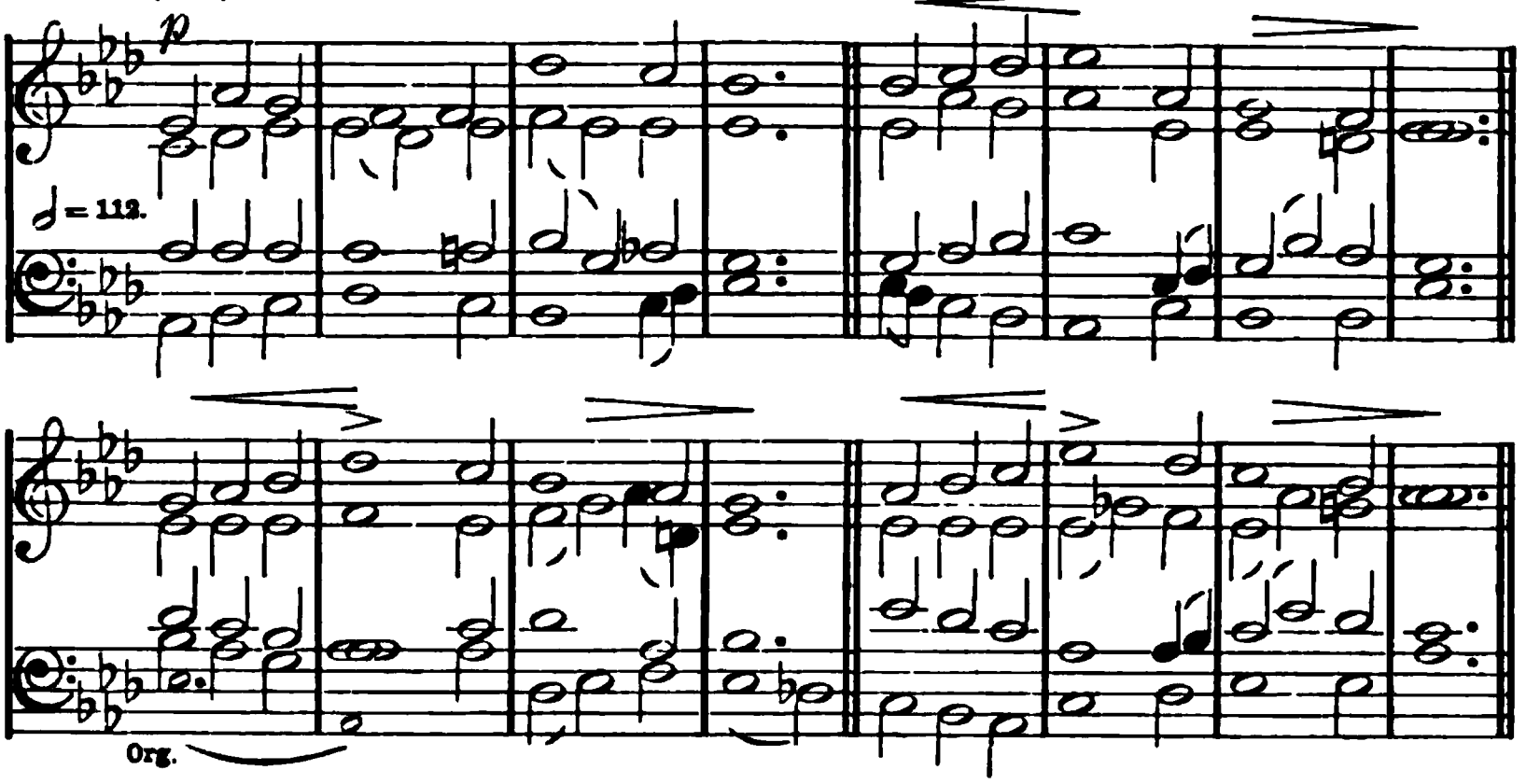
1 HAIL, gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured
Who is the Immortal Father, Heavenly, Blest,
Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

2 Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.

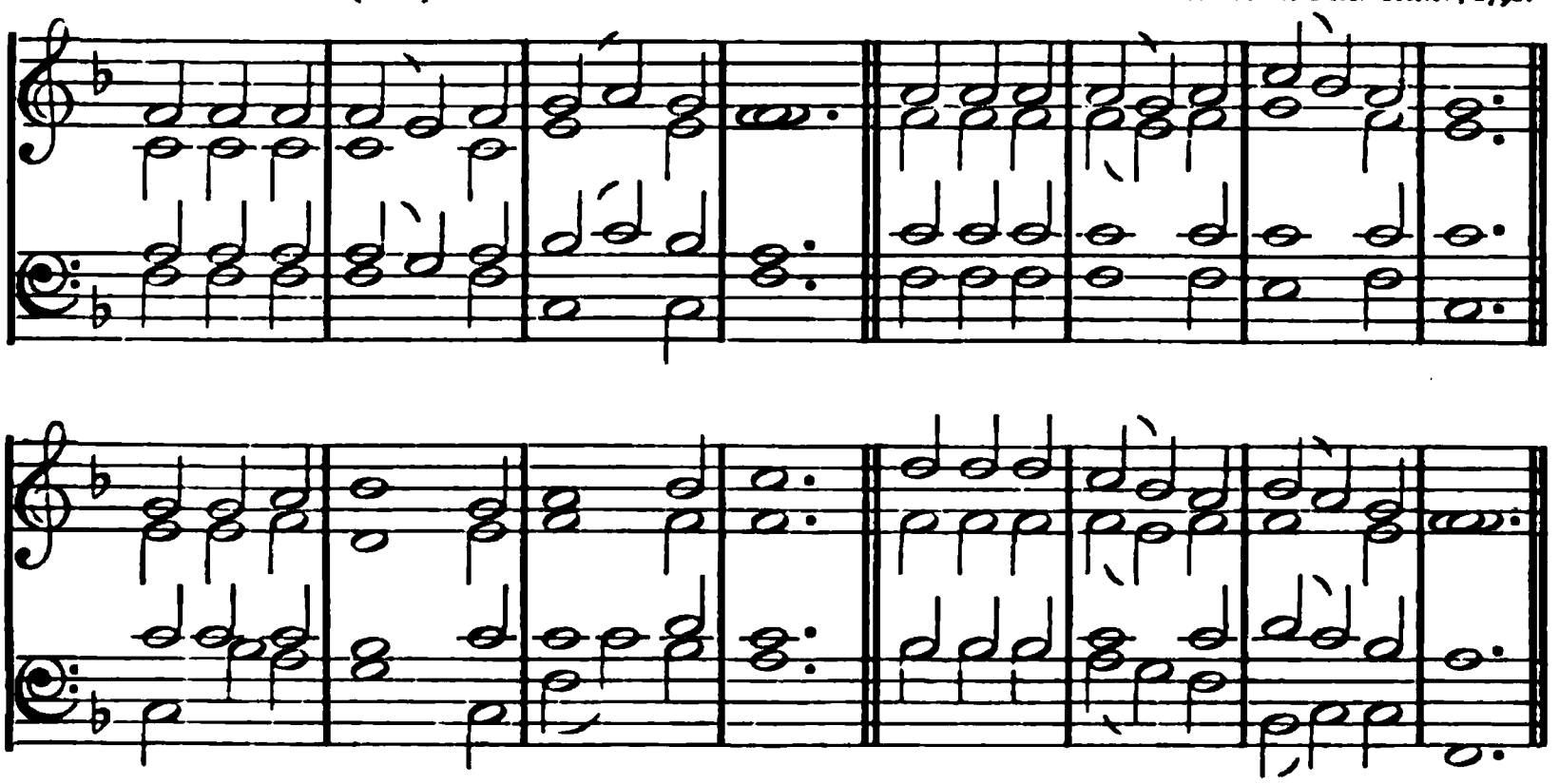
3 Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung
With undefilèd tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life, alone;
Therefore in all the world Thy glories, Lord, they own.

Hymn 291 (171)

ABENDS (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. D.*



PASCAL or HURSLEY (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *German Chorale. Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792.*



"Abide with us."

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh!
For without Thee I dare not die.

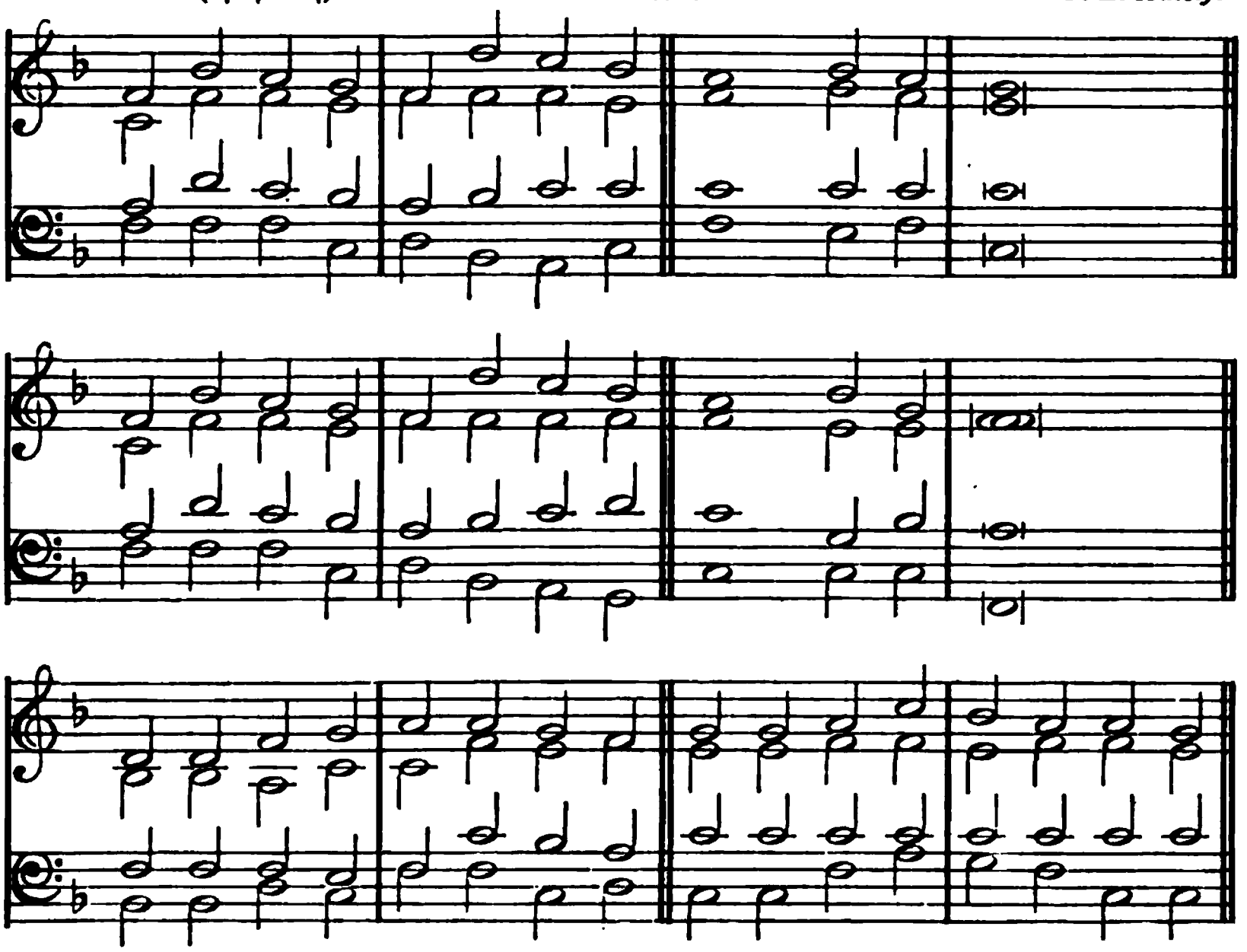
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,—
Let him no more lie down in sin.

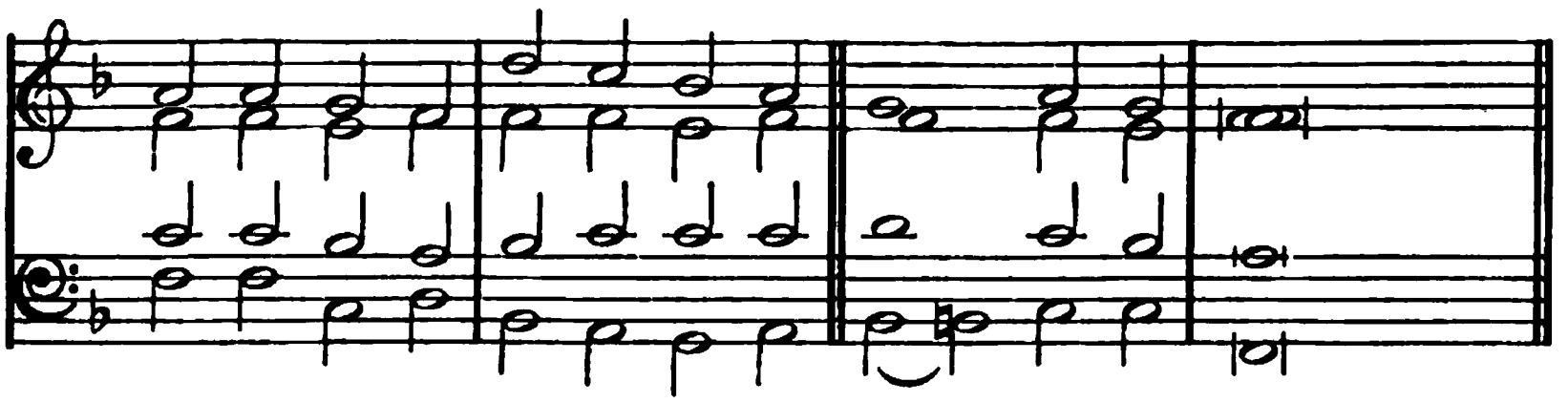
5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,—
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Hymn 292 (172)

MAKERSTOUN (84 84 88 84). FIRST TUNE. *T. L. Hately.*





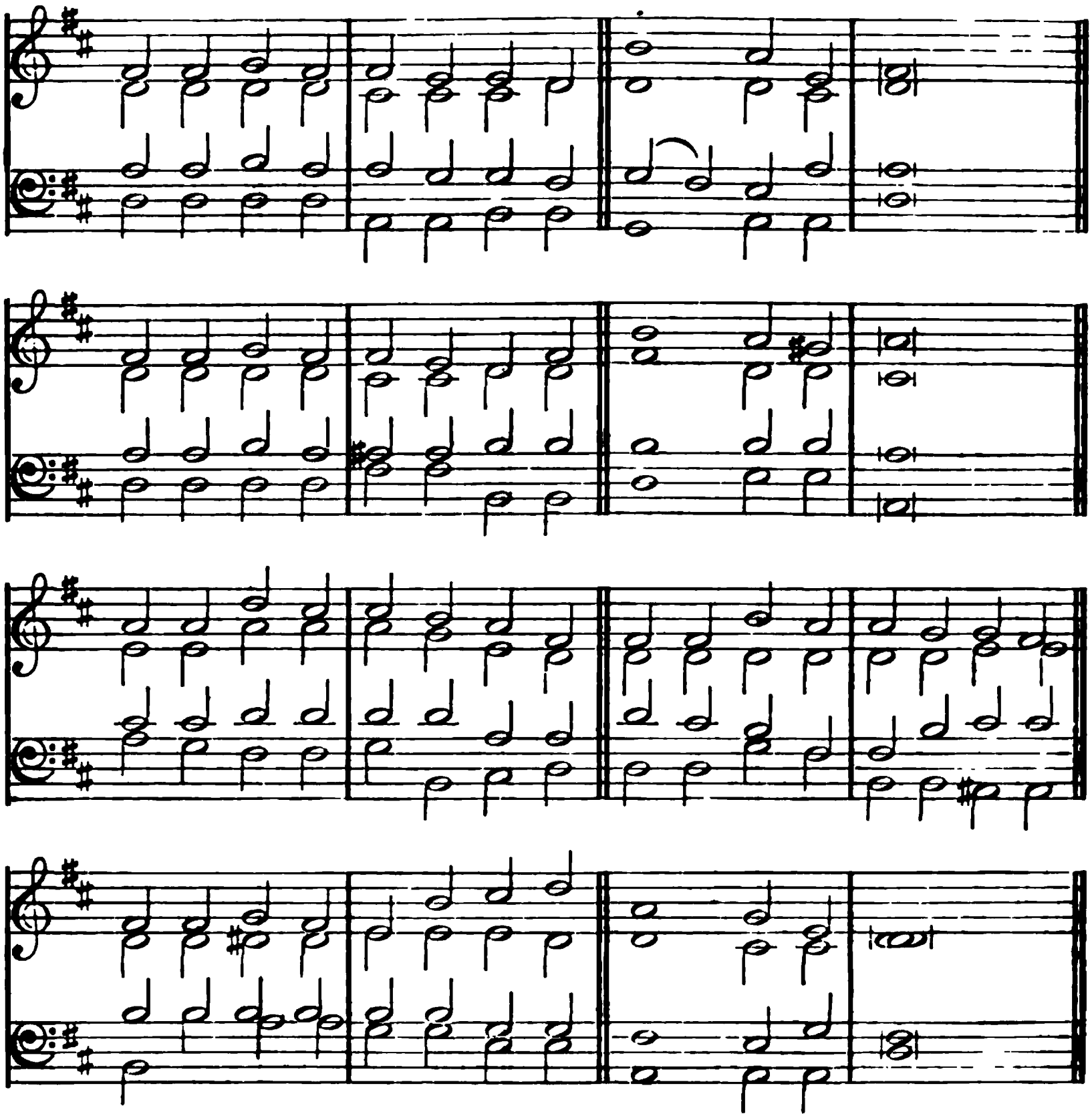
" The Lord shall command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me."

1 GOD, that madest earth and heavèn,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast givèn,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us!
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us!
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie!
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us;
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high!

Hymn 292 (172)

TEMPLE (8 4 8 4 8 8 8 4). SECOND TUNE. *E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.*



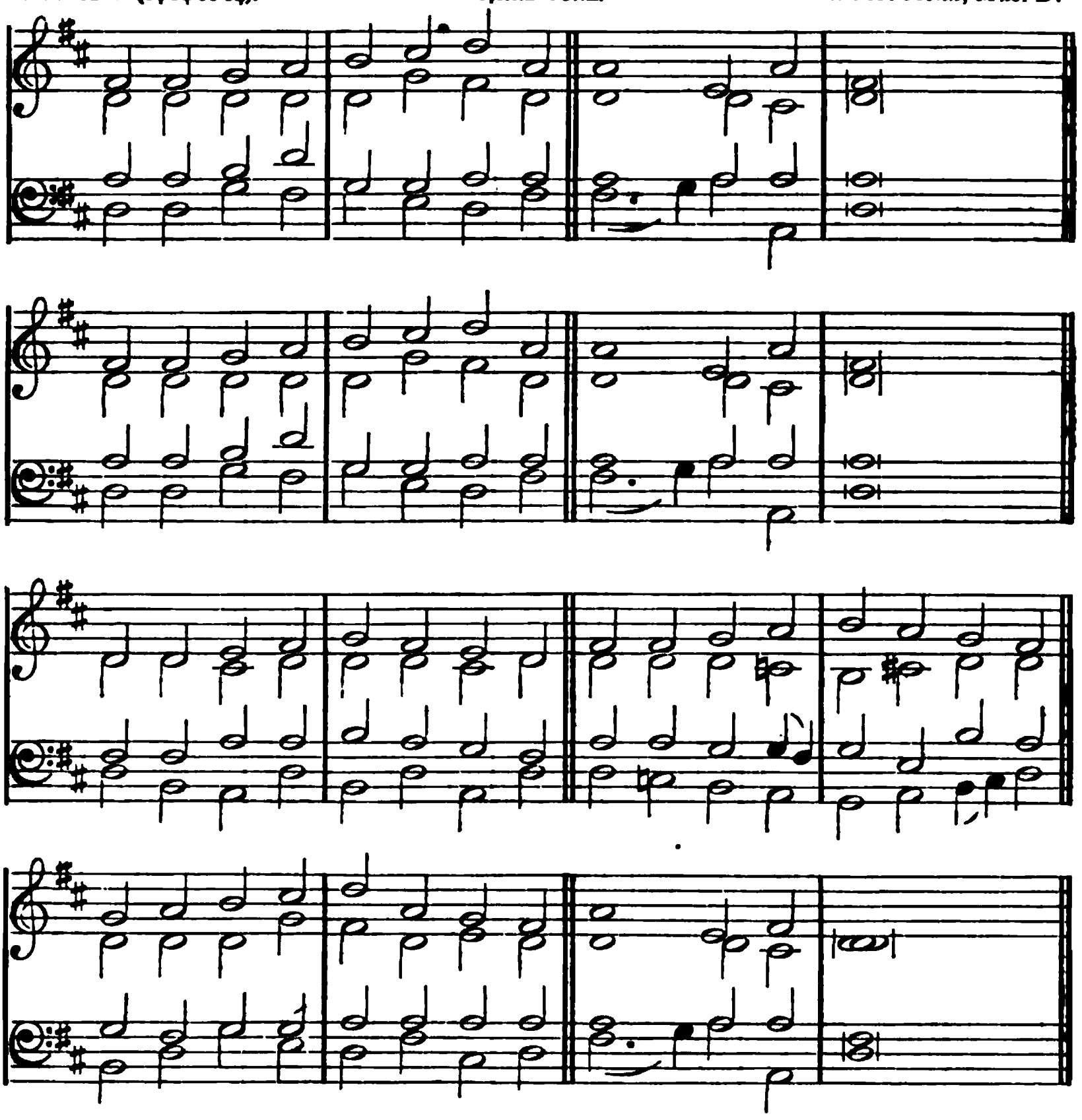
" The Lord shall command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me."

1 GOD, that madest earth and heavèn,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast givèn,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us!
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us!
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie!
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us;
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high!

Hymn 292 (172)

NUTFIELD (84 84 88 84). THIRD TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



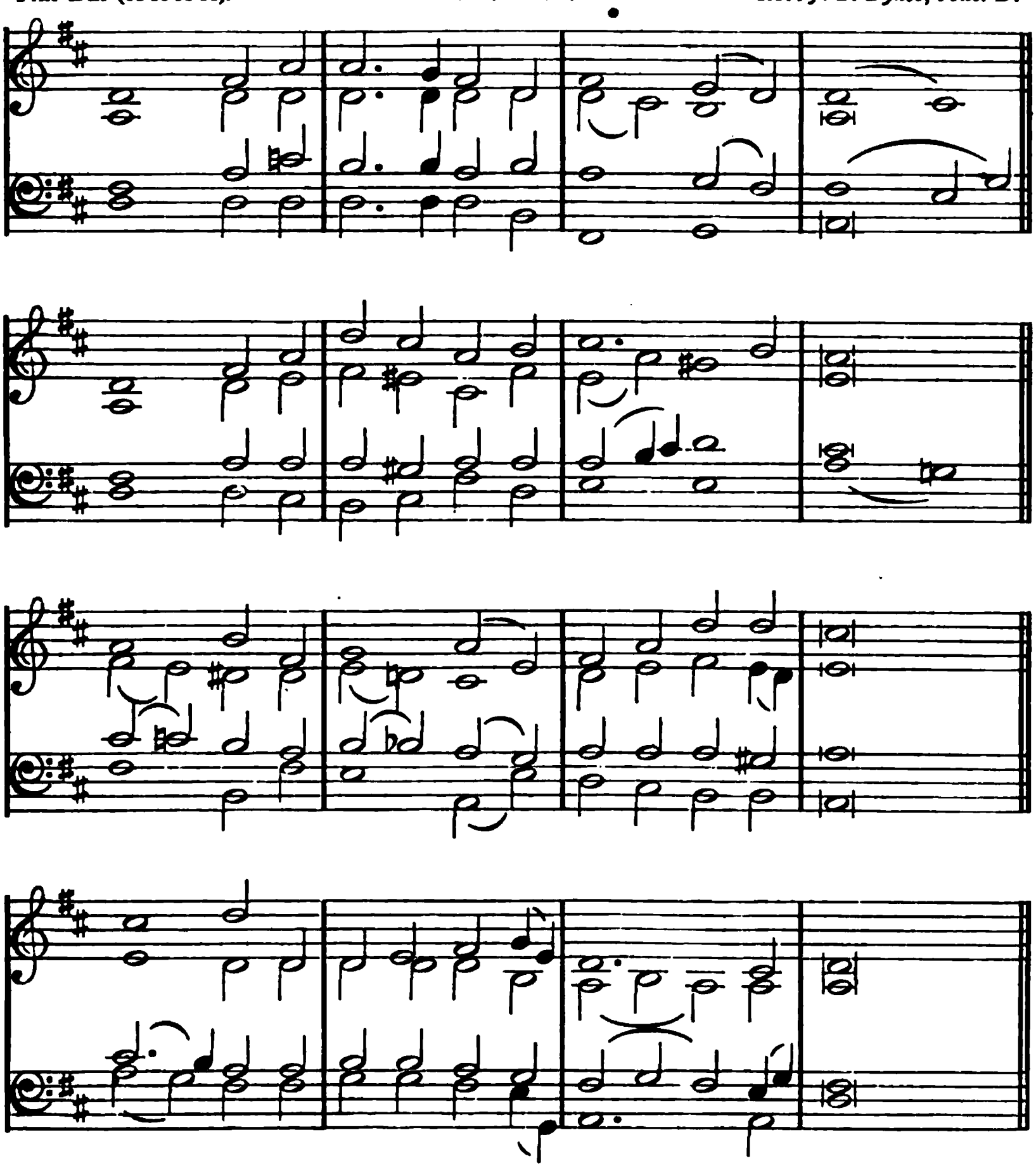
" The Lord shall command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me."

1 GOD, that madest earth and heavèn,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast givèn,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us!
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us!
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie!
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us;
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high!

Hymn 293 (320)

PAX DEI (10 10 10 10). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



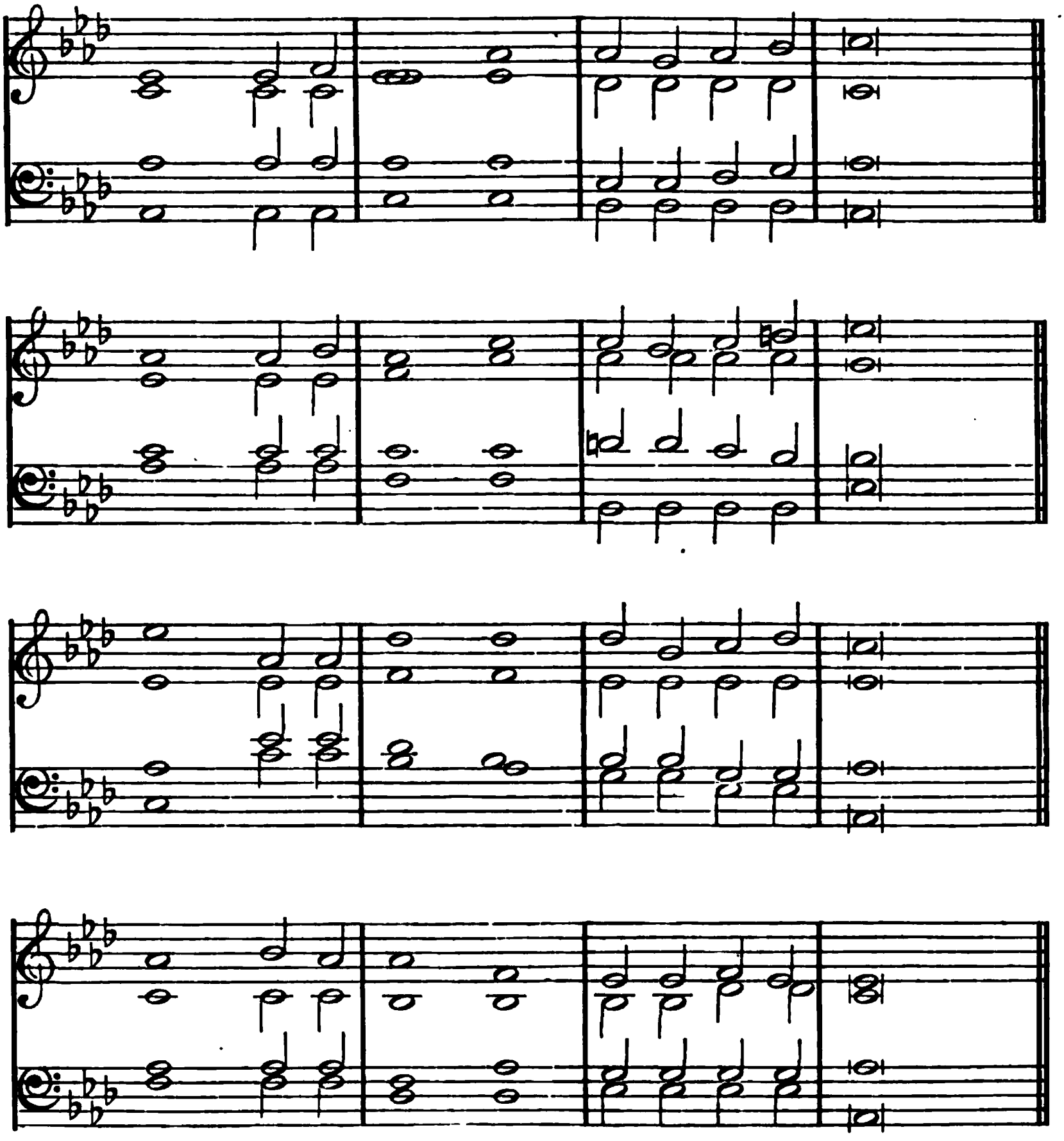
"The Lord will bless His people with peace."

1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Hymn 293 (320)

BENEDICTION (10 10 10 10). SECOND TUNE. *E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.*

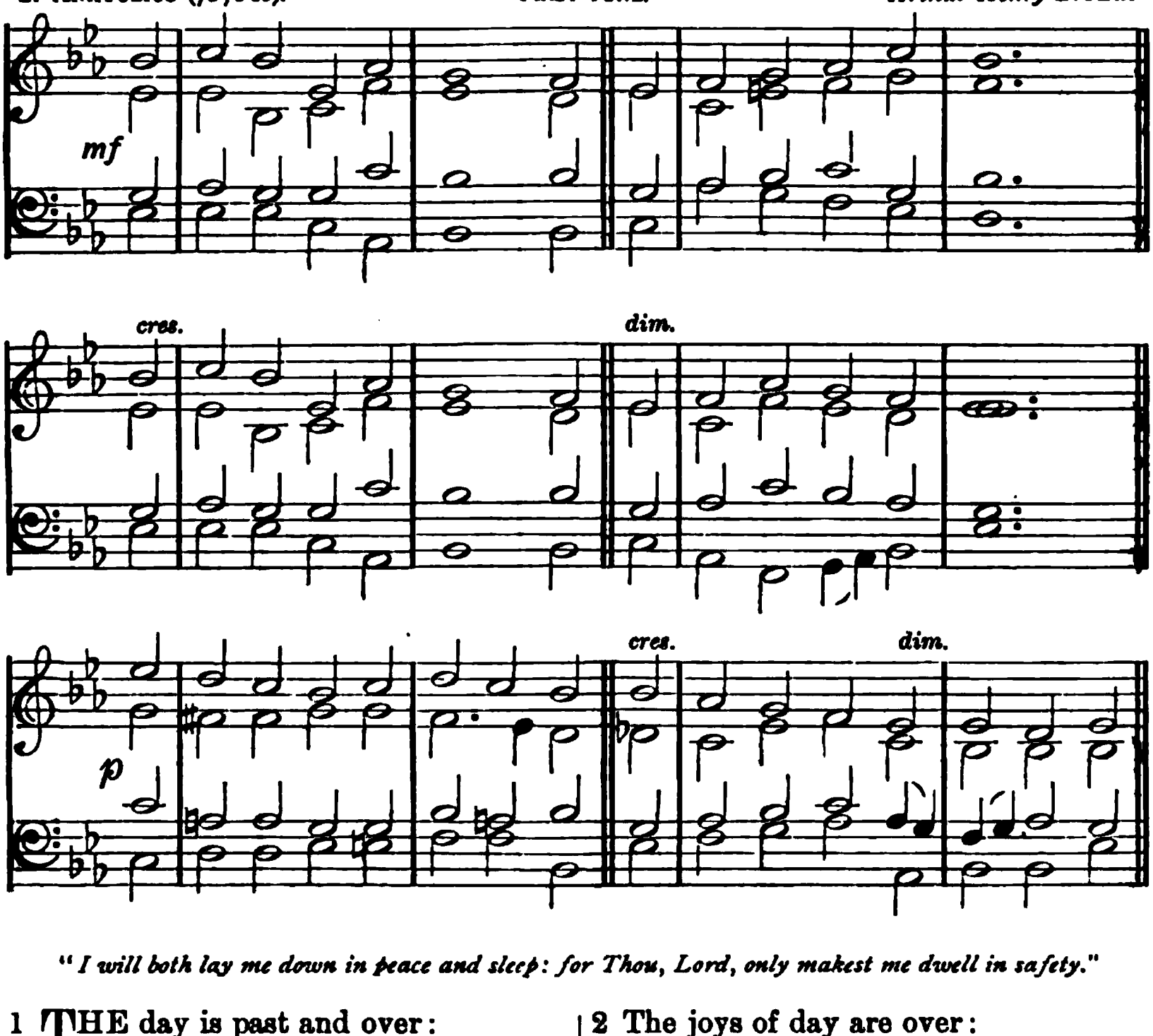


3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Hymn 294 (322)

S. Anatolius (76 76 88). FIRST TUNE. *Arthur Henry Brown.*



"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

1 THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

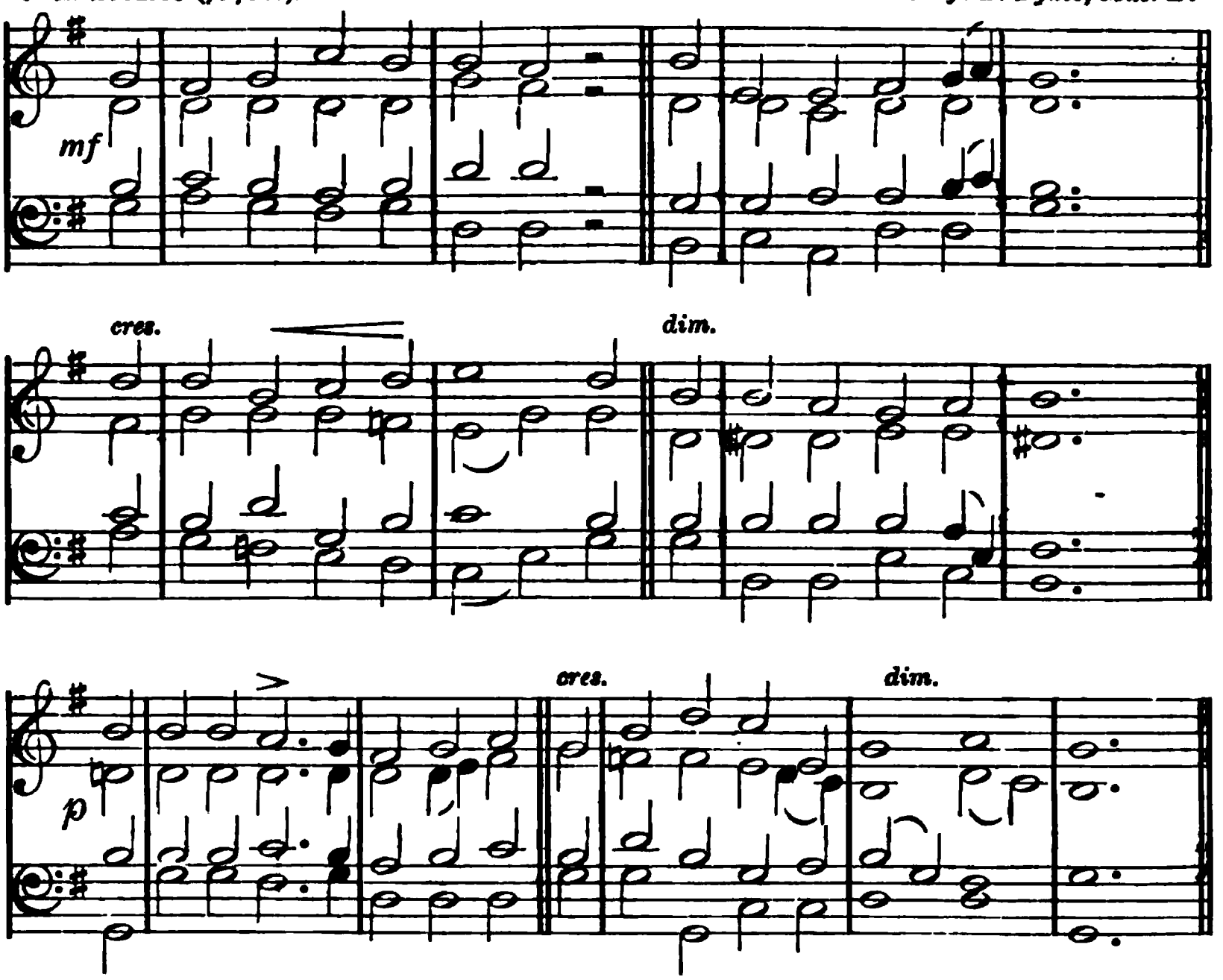
2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Hymn 294 (322)

S. Anatolius (76 76 88). SECOND TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



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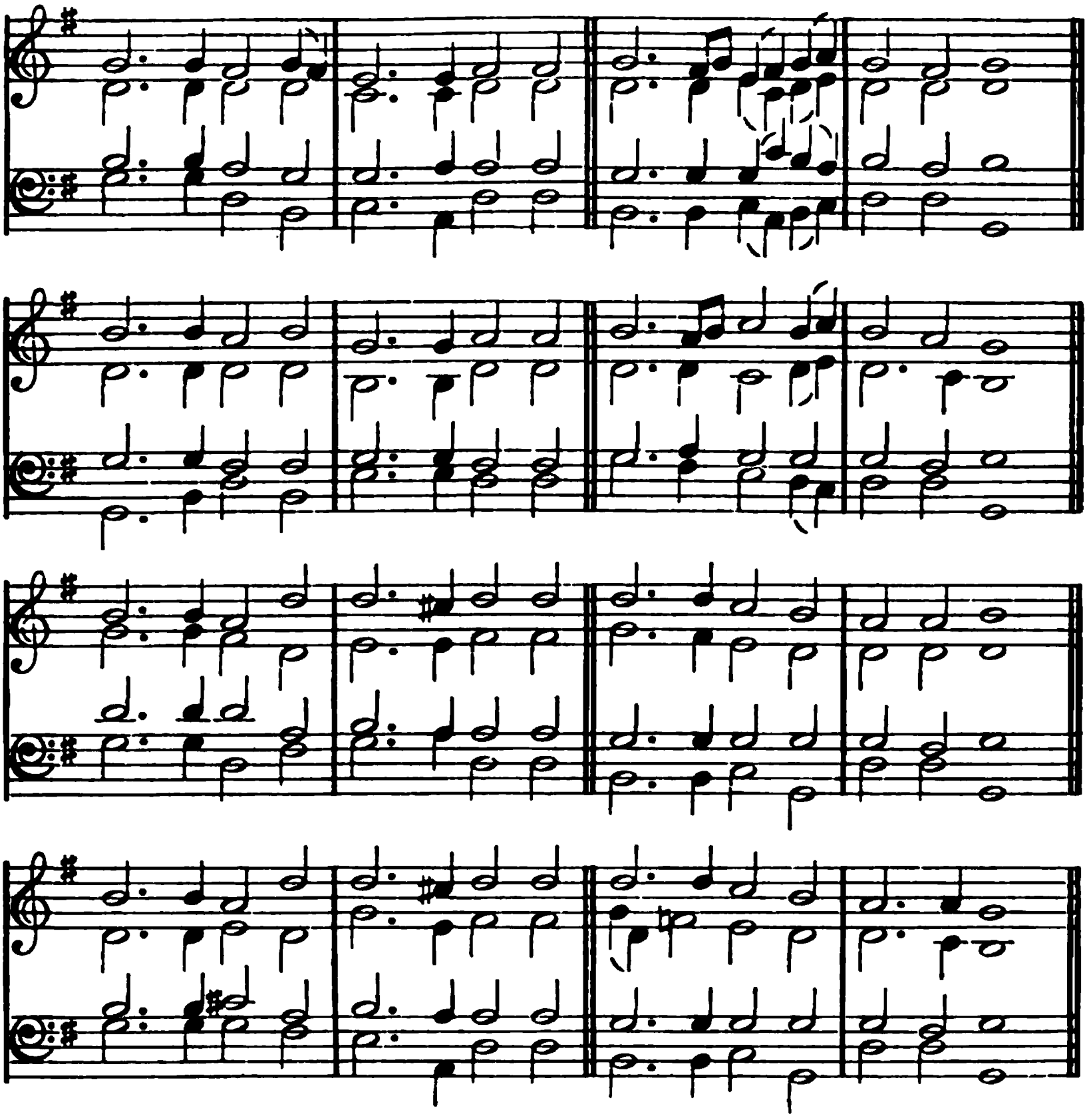
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Hymn 295 (173)

LUGANO (87 87 D.) FIRST TUNE. *Italian Chorale.*



" Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

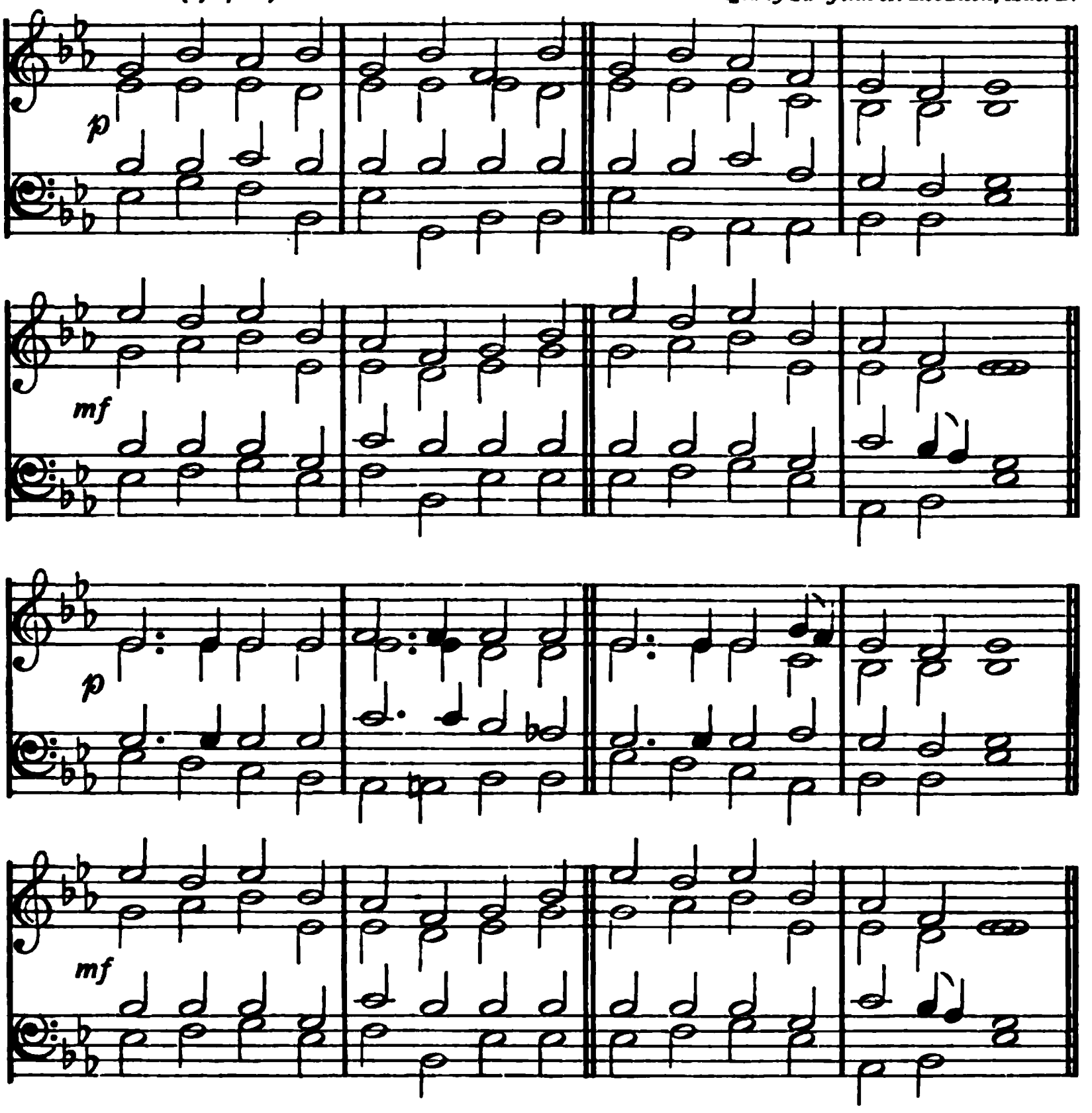
1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Hymn 295 (173)

VESPER HYMN (87 87 D.) SECOND TUNE. *Russian Air.* *Arranged by Sir John A. Stevenson, Mus. D.*



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And our couch become our tomb,
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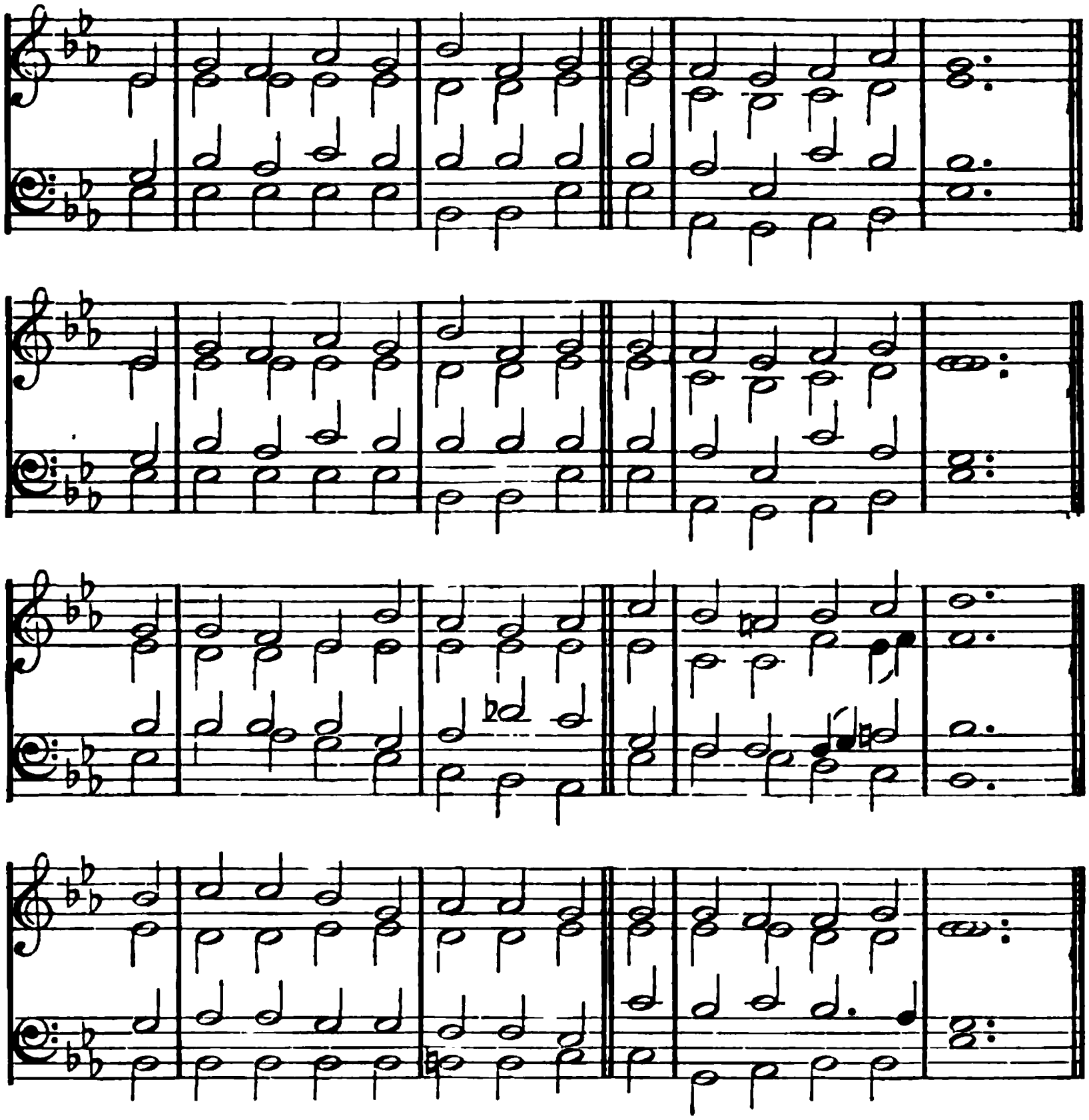
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Hymn 296 (323)

WINTHORPE (D.C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.*



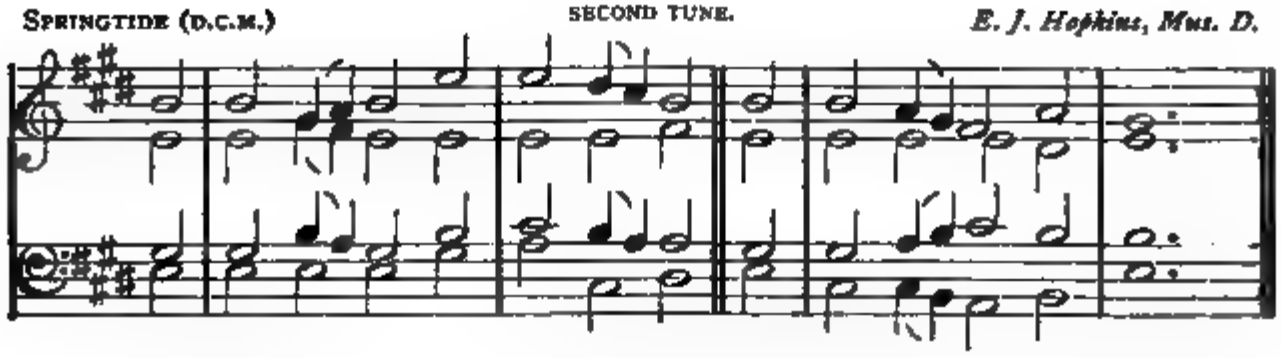
"Thou blessest the springing thereof."

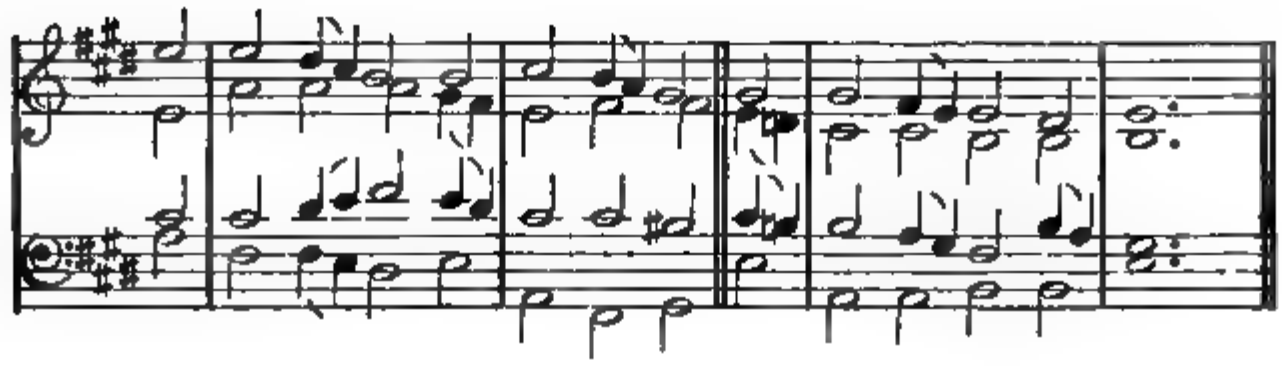
1 THE spring-tide hour brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.
Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But this poor heart bears not its part,—
In it there is no spring.

2 Dews fall apace: the dews of grace
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine delights to shine
Upon the waste within:

Hymn 296 (323)

SPRINGTIDE (D.C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.*





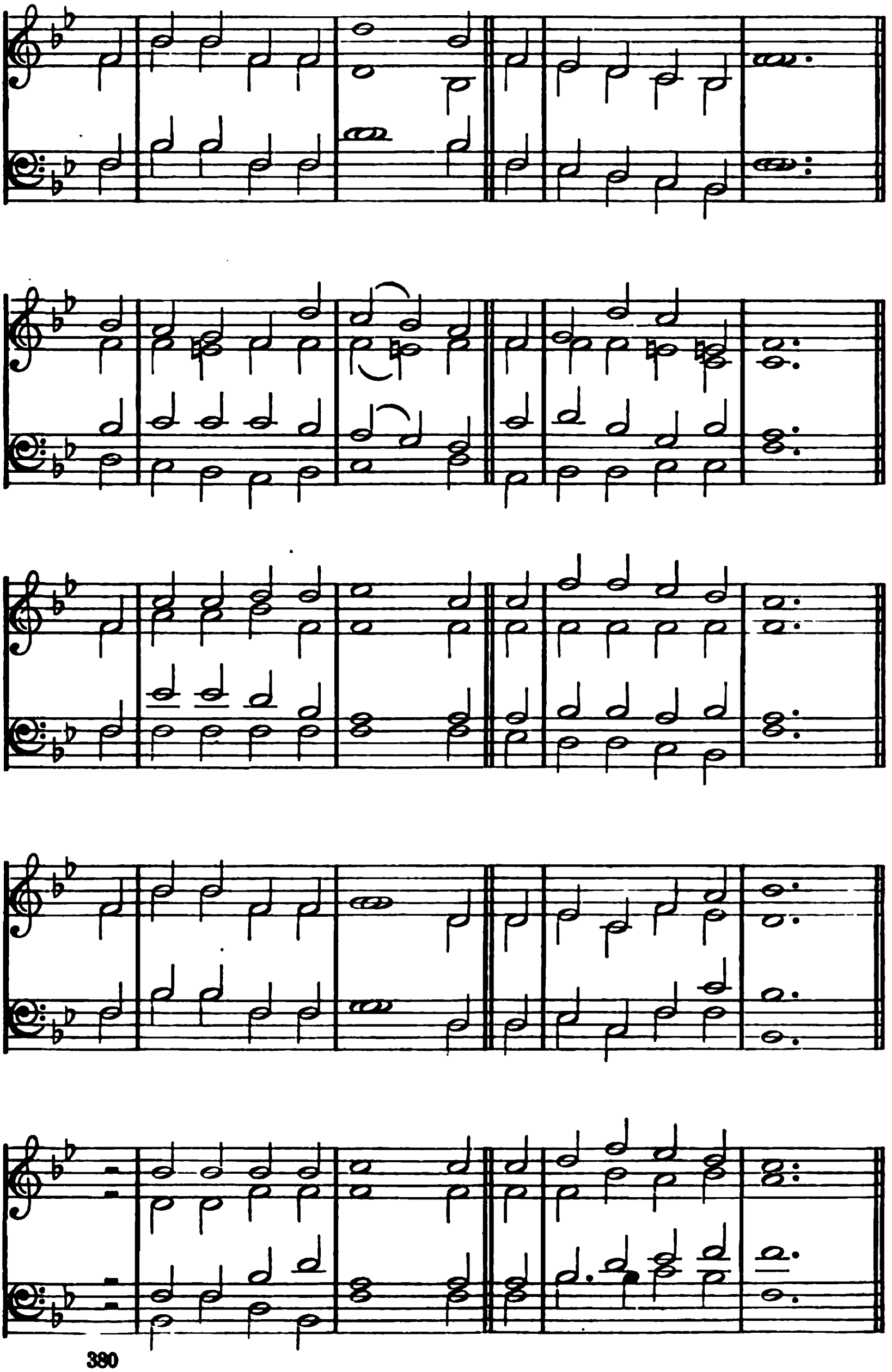
Yet, year by year, fruits, flowers, appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But this poor heart bears not its part,—
Its winter has no spring.

3 Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,—
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow!
And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
Lord, make this heart to bear its part,
And join the praise of spring!

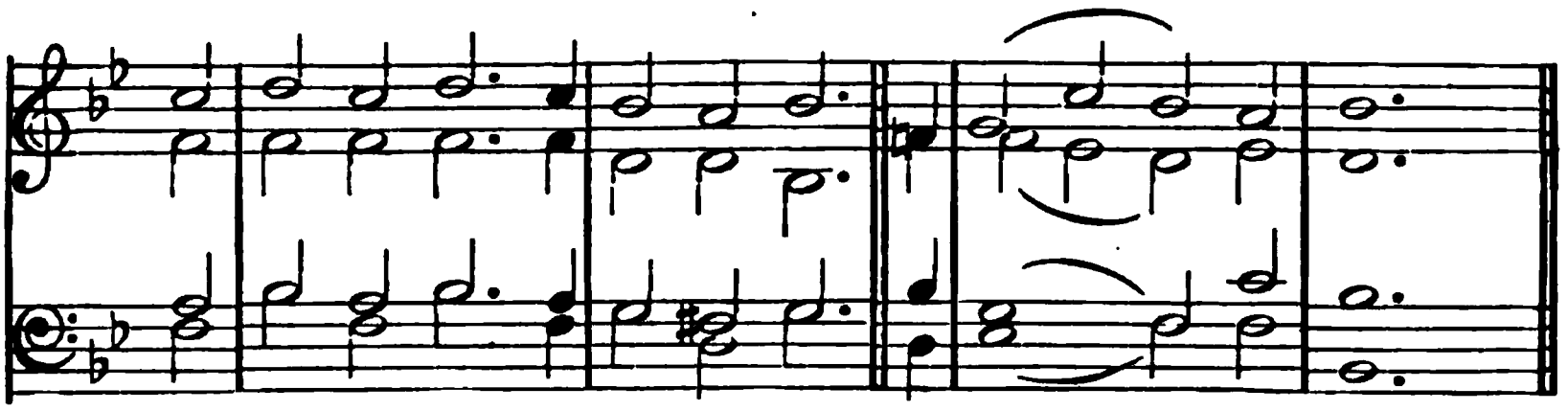
Hymn 297 (324)

DRESDEN (76 76 D. 66 84).

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz.
"Wir pflügen und wir streuen."



Hymn 297 (324)



"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

1 WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
For all His love! [*Lord,*

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The wind and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

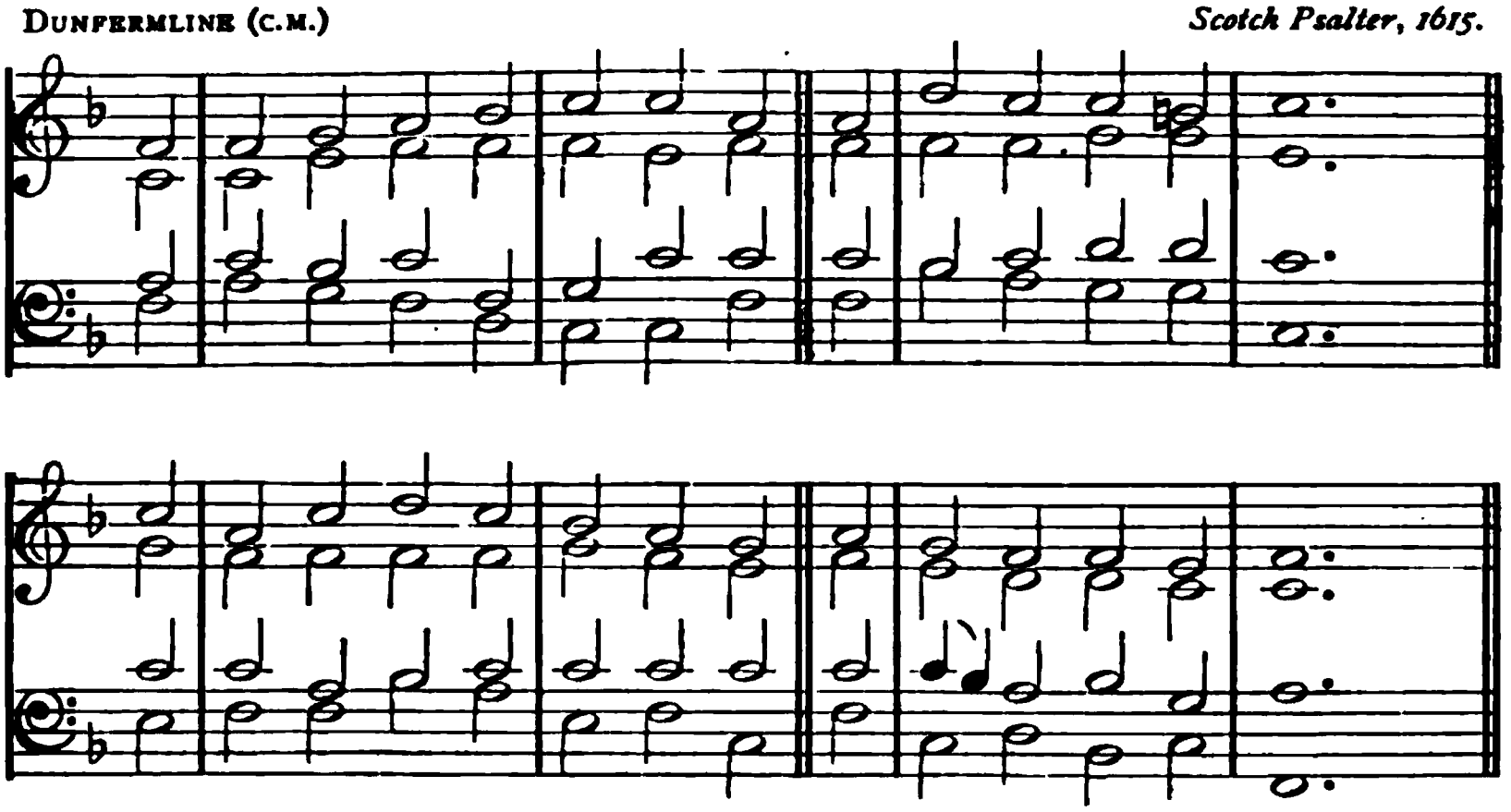
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
For all His love! [*Lord,*

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

Hymn 298 (175)

DUNFERMLINE (C.M.) *Scotch Psalter, 1615.*



"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

1 LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee;
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

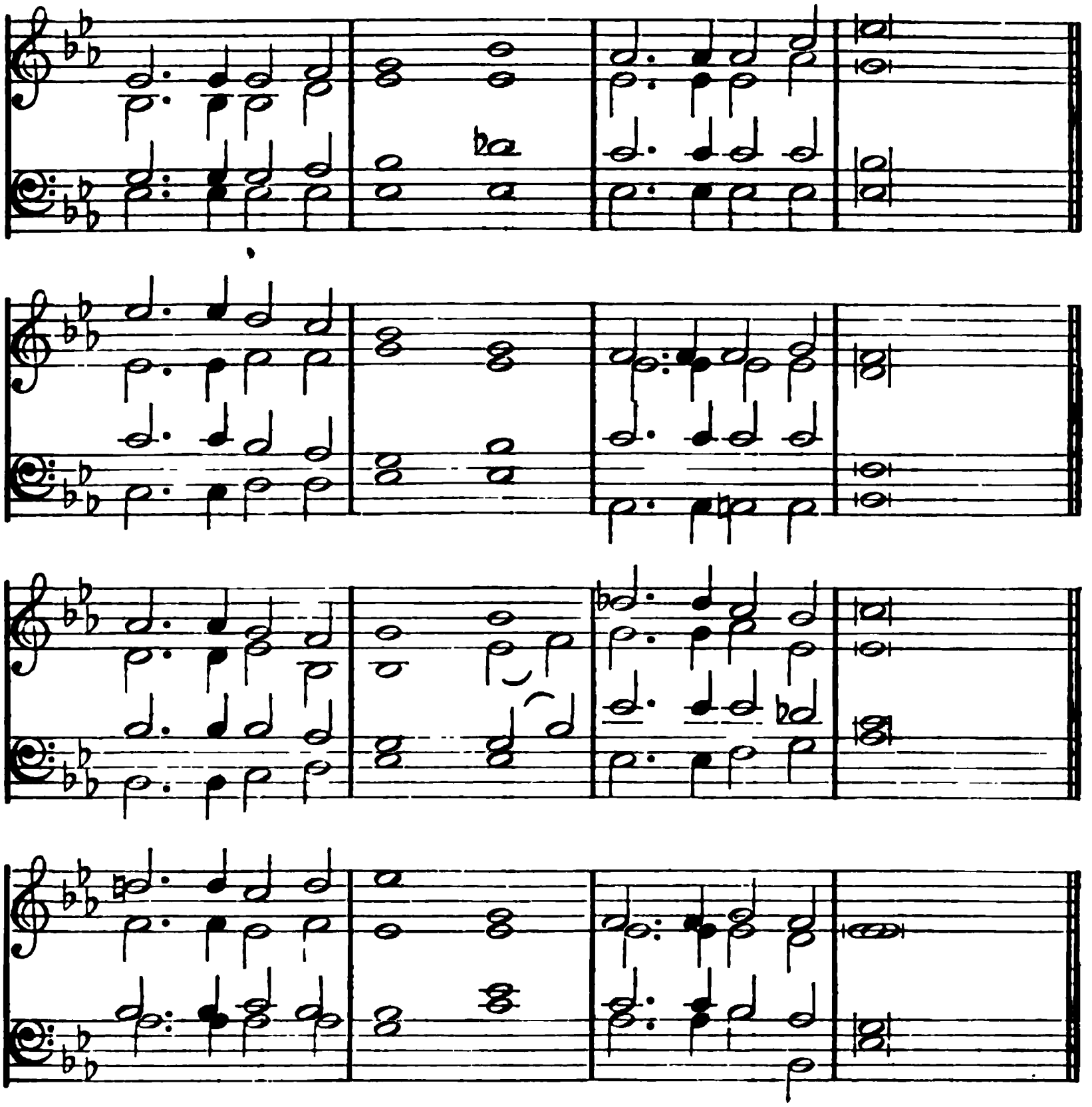
3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

Hymn 299 (325)

RUTH (6565 D.) *Samuel Smith.*



"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

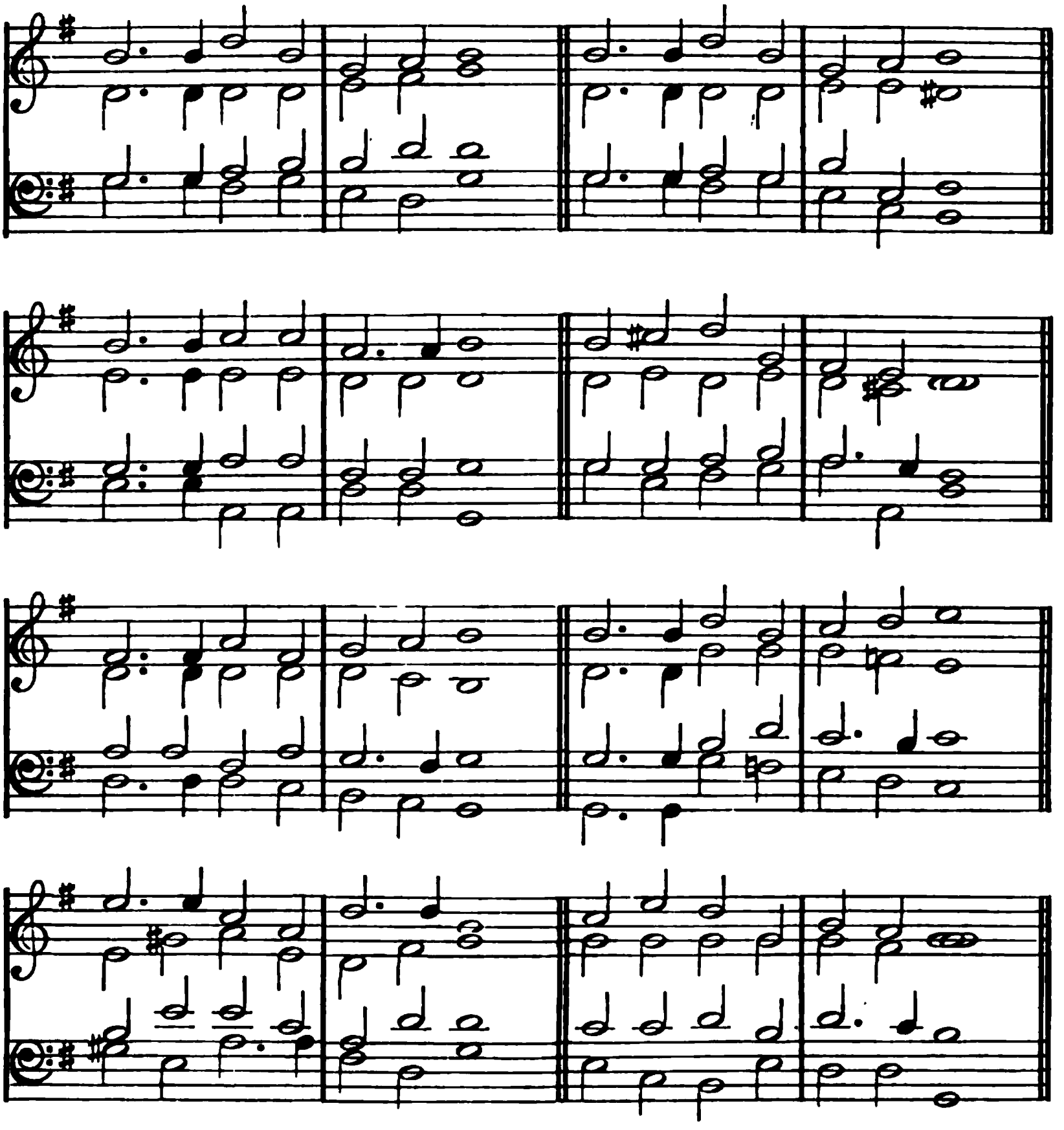
2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Hymn 300 (176)

S. George's, Windsor (77 77 D.) — *Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.*



" The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels."

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

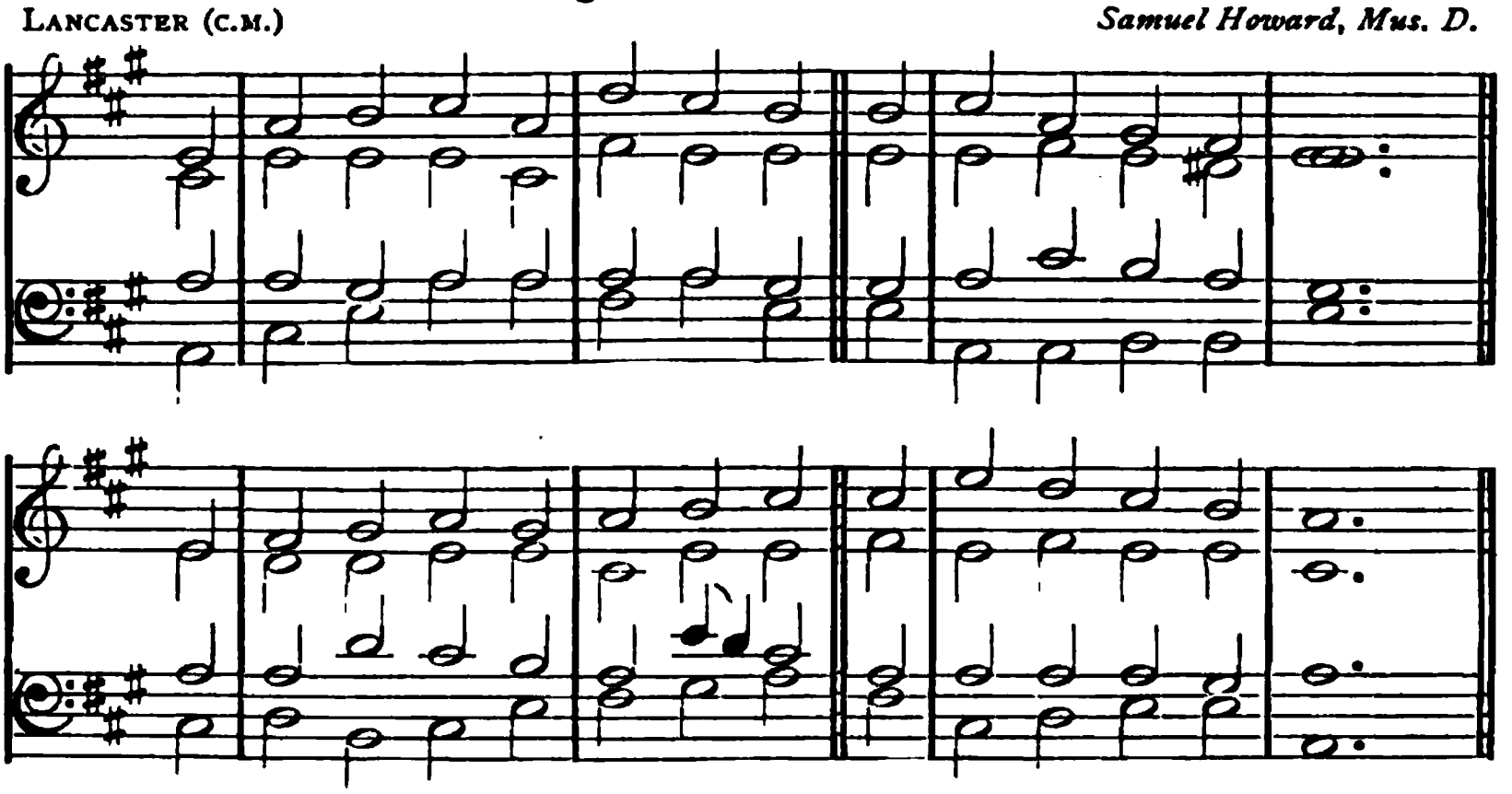
Hymn 300 (176)

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His Harvest-home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

Hymn 301 (174)

LANCASTER (C.M.) *Samuel Howard, Mus. D.*



"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

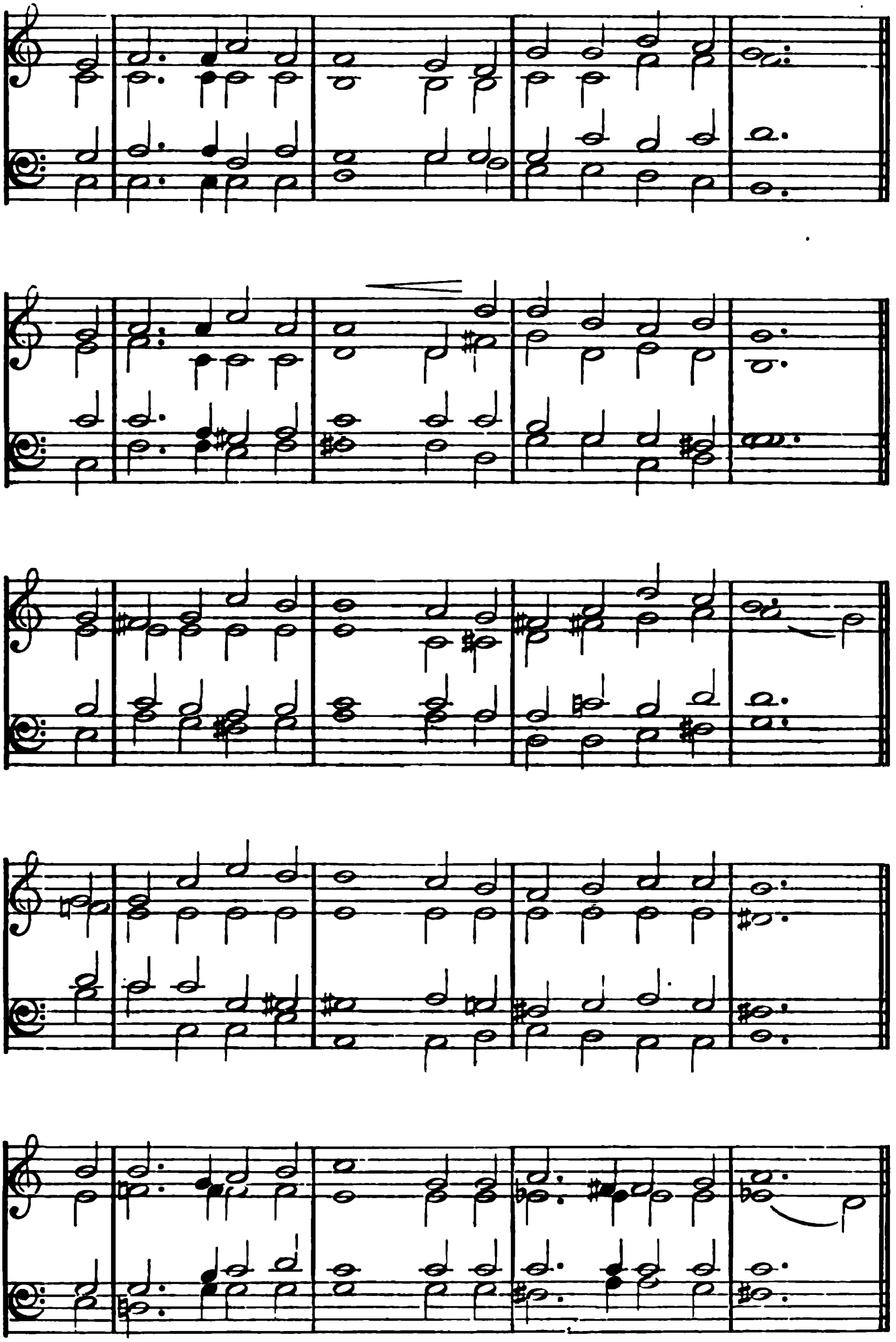
4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow!

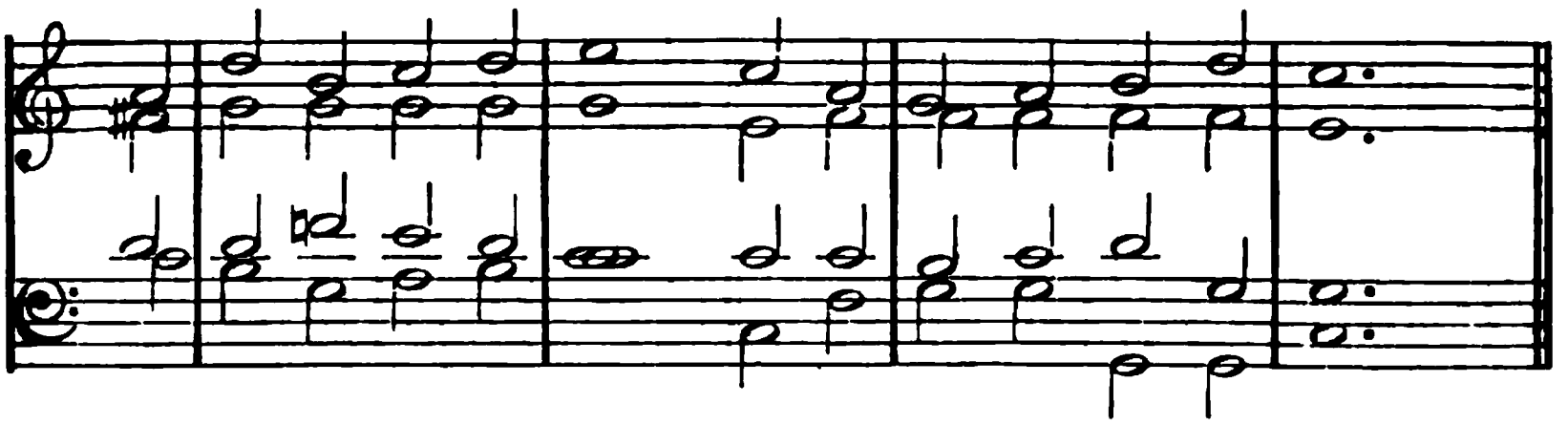
6 Fountain of love! our praise is Thine:
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise!

Hymn 302 (326)

S. Beatrice (76—12 lines). *J. F. Bridge, Mus. D.*



Hymn 302 (326)



"Behold, a sower went forth to sow."

1 THE sower went forth sowing,
The seed in secret slept
Through weeks of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept;
And warmed by golden sunshine,
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whitened
To harvest once again.
O praise the heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watched and watered duly,
And ripened for our need.

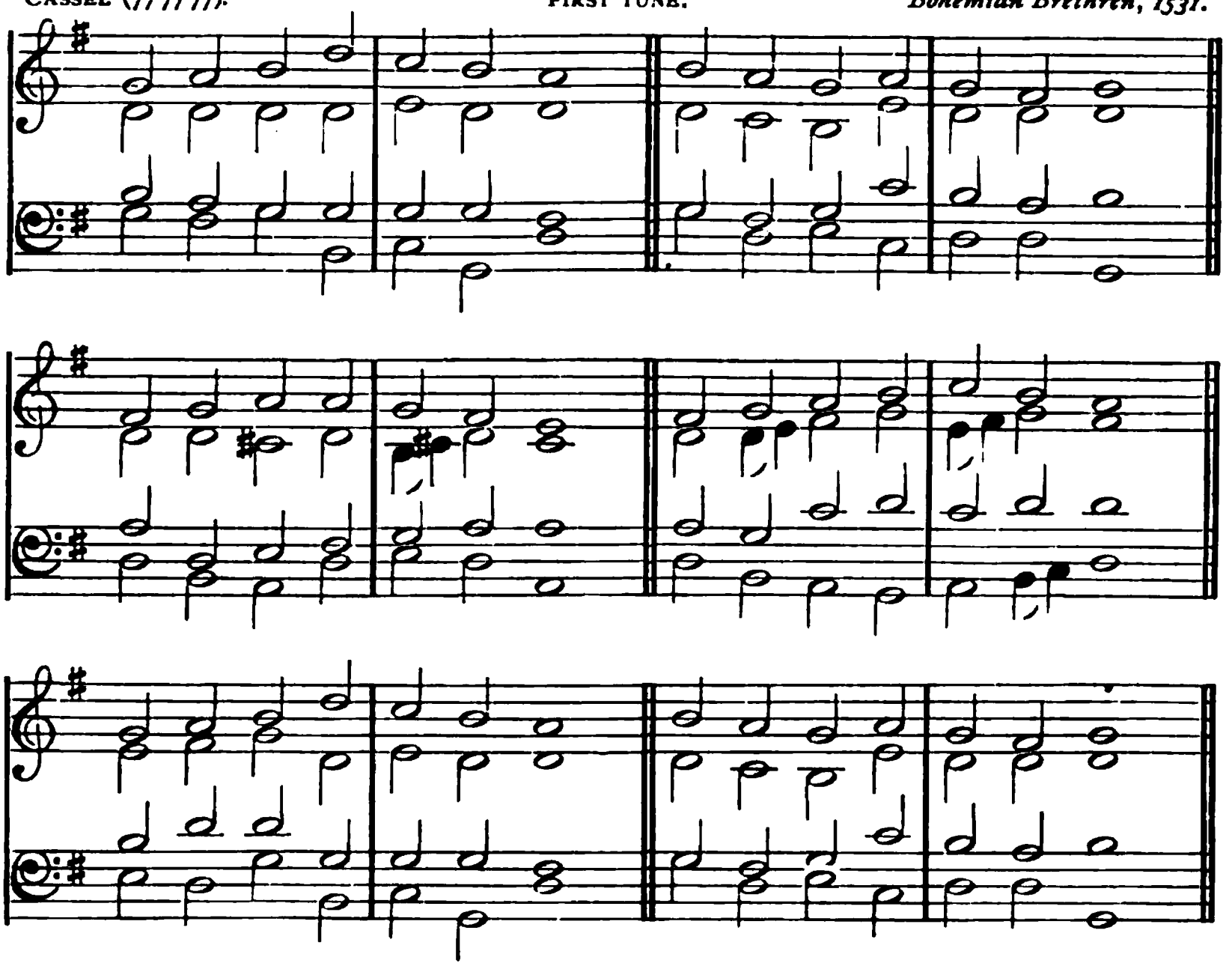
2 Behold the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The Word of sure salvation,
With feet and hands that bleed;
Here in His Church 'tis scattered,
Our spirits are the soil;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
O, beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

3 Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;
For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

4 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own;
And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away.

Hymn 303 (327)

CASSEL (77 77 77). FIRST TUNE. *Choralbuch of the Bohemian Brethren, 1531.*



"Although....the fields shall yield no meat,....yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

1 WHAT our Father does is well;
Blessèd truth His children tell!
Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well;
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies:
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod?

4 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell:
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be
Now, and through eternity.

Hymn 303 (327)

S. Bruno (77 77 77). SECOND TUNE. *John Hullah, LL.D.*

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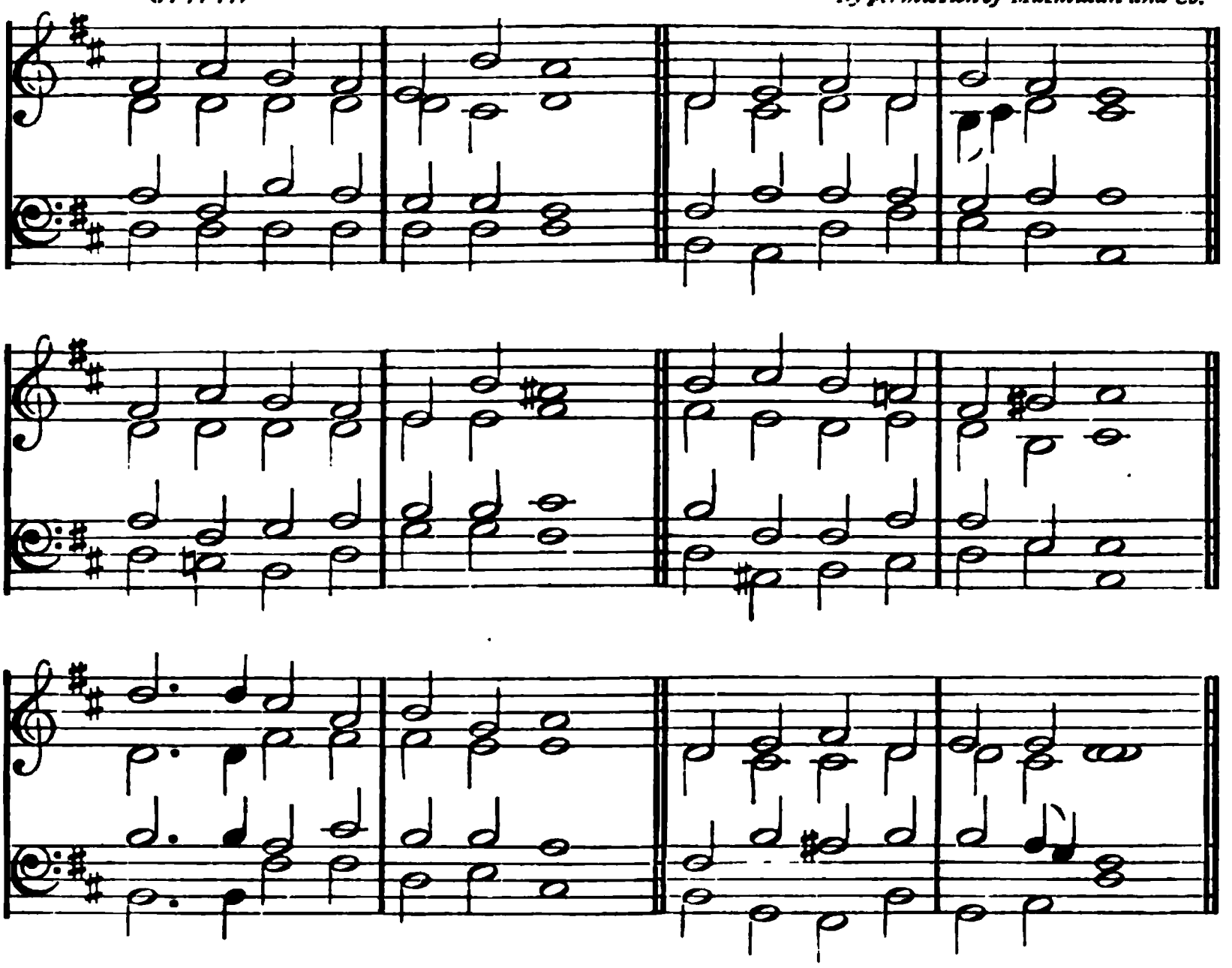

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God can save us in our need,
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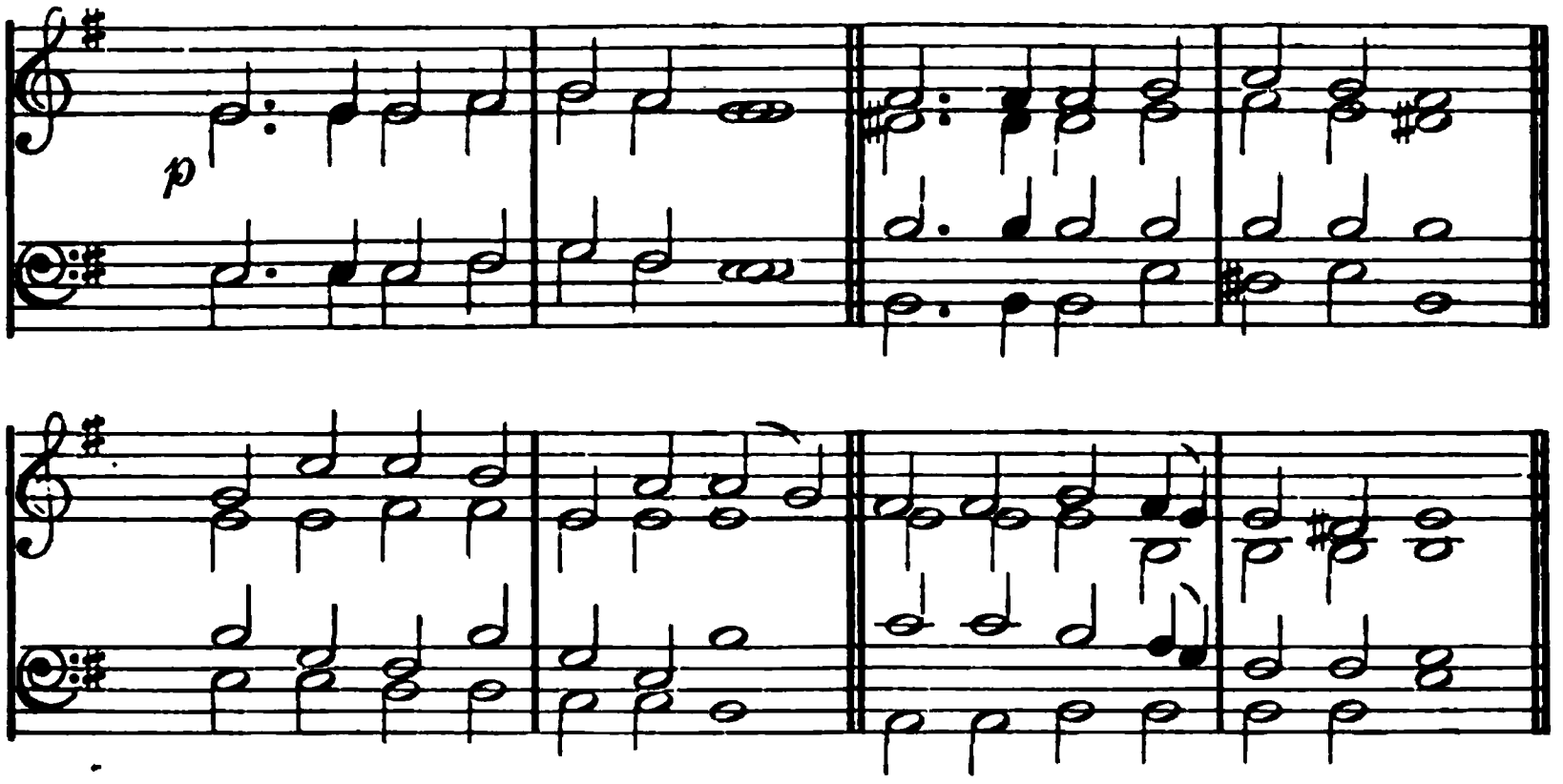
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be
Now, and through eternity.

Hymn 304 (328)

CLARENCE (7777). *Arranged by Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.*



"The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen."

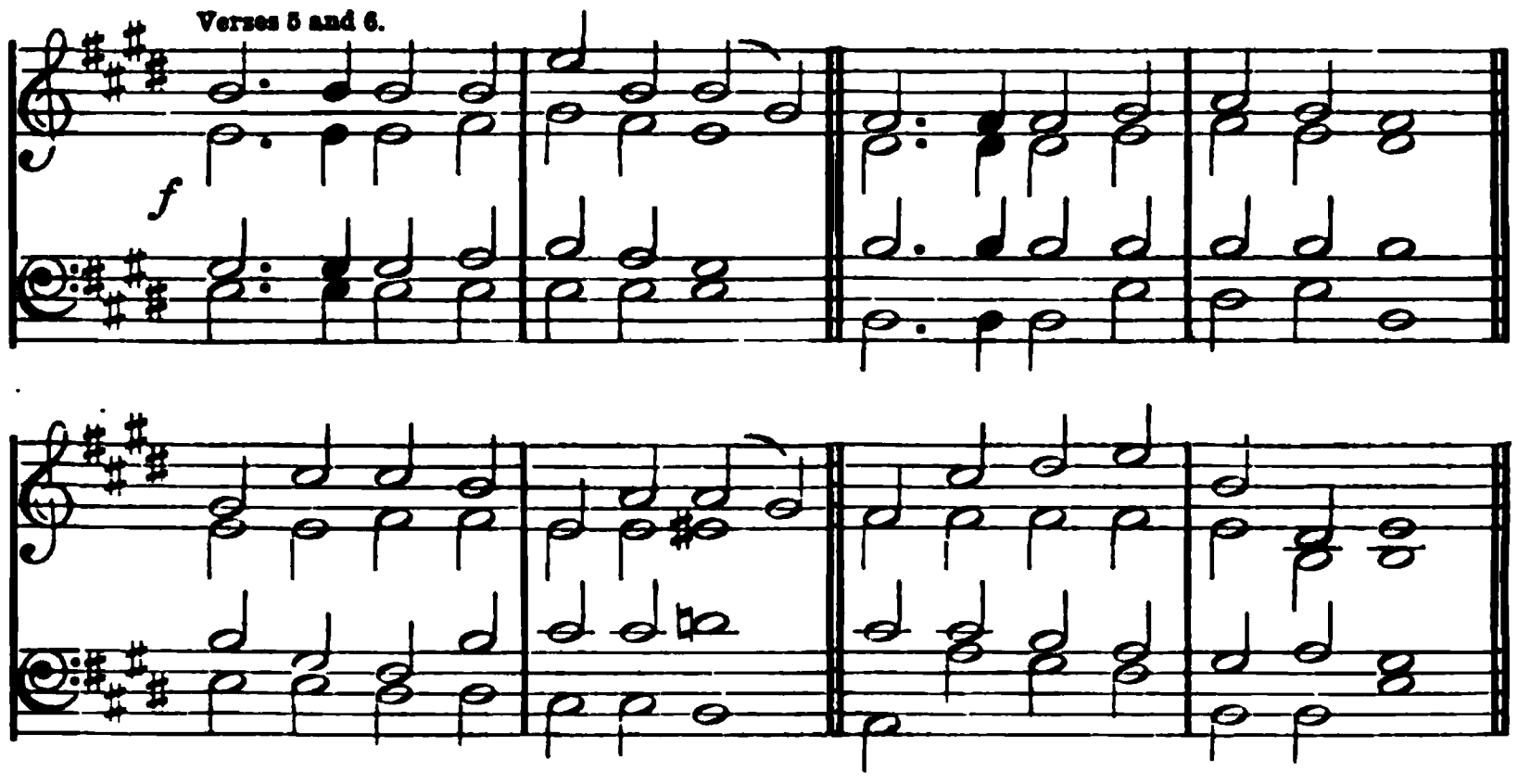
1 WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the fallen leaf,
Soon shall fade and fall and die.

Verses 5 and 6.

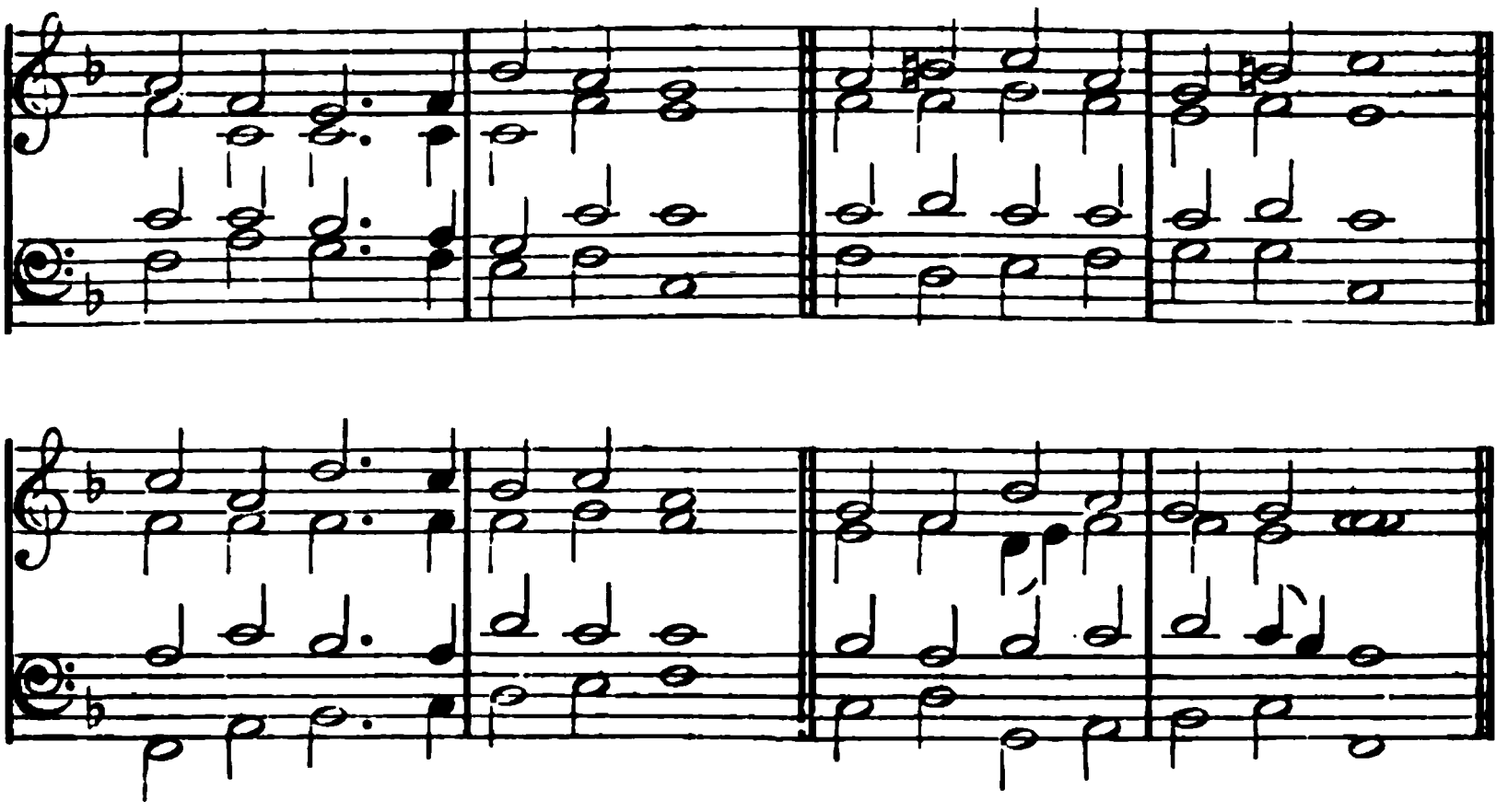


5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So, Lord, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading spring.

Hymn 305 (177)

S. MARTIN'S (7777). *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Father and Redeemer, hear!

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!

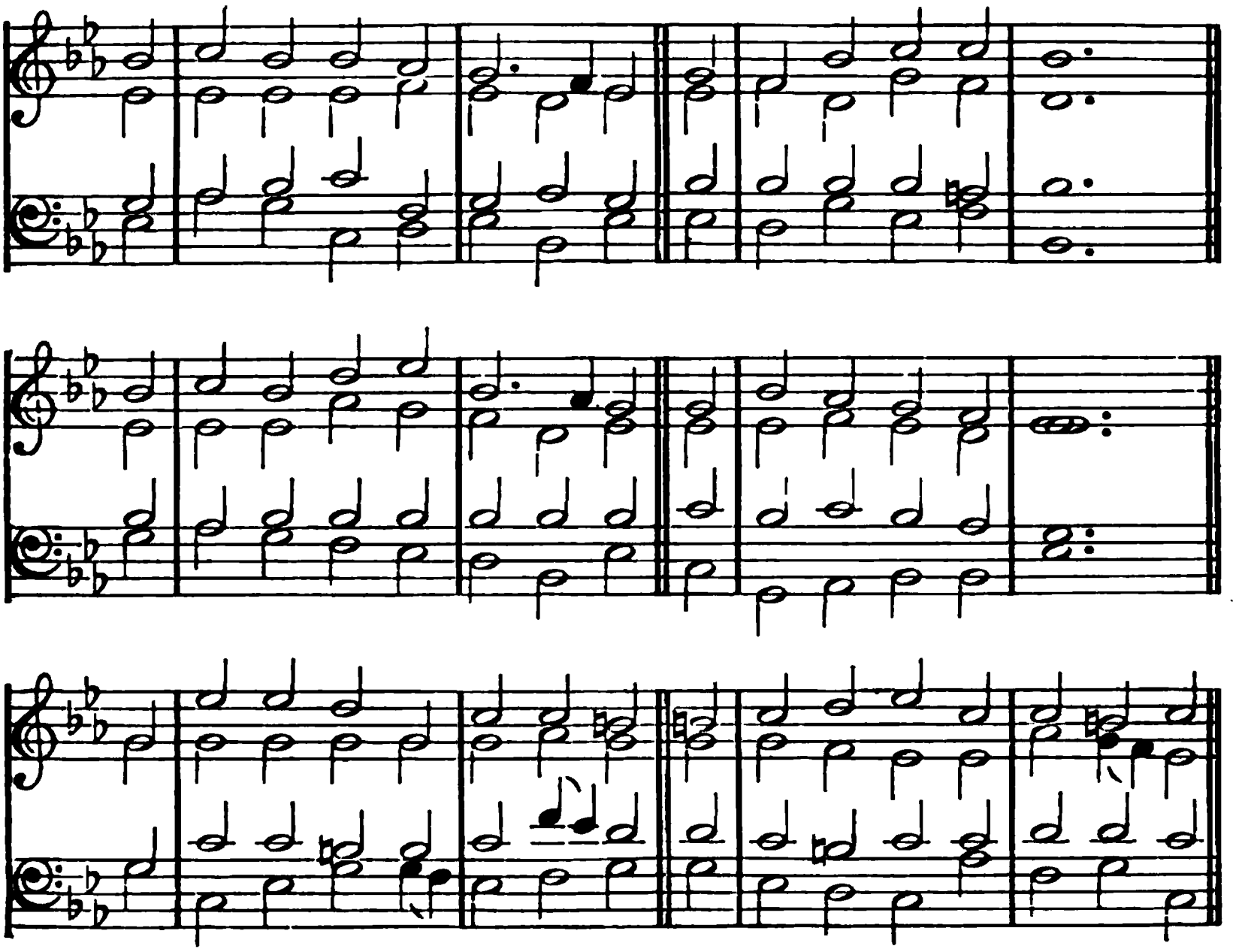
3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head!

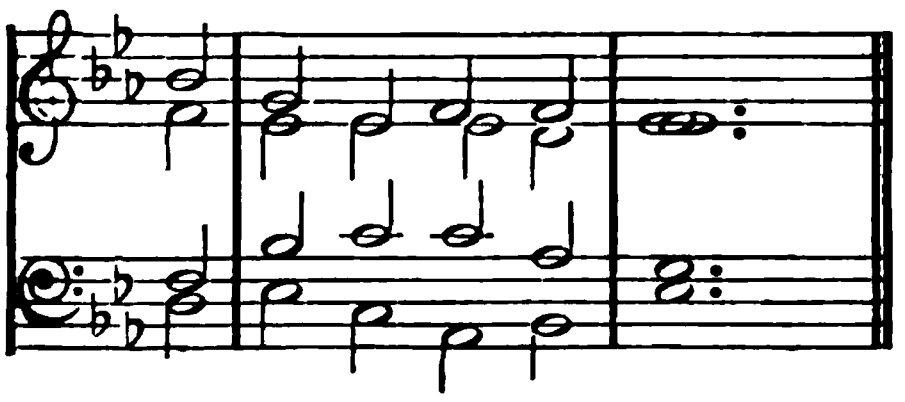
4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for the promised crown!

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

Hymn 306 (178)

S. Sulpice (86 86 886). *Augustus G. Jamieson.*





"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

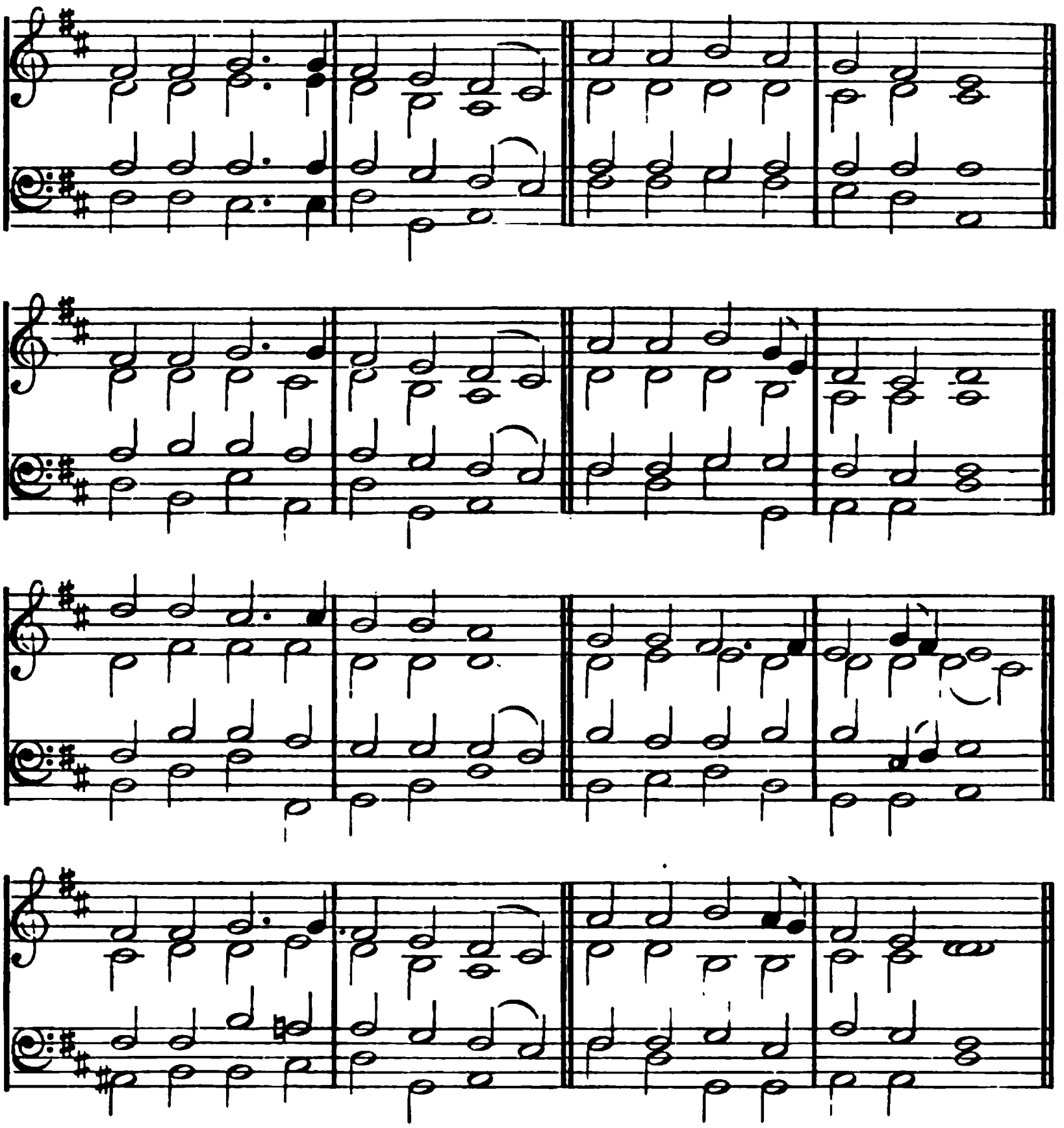
1 ANOTHER year has fled; renew,
Lord, with our days Thy love!
Our days are evil here and few;
We look to live above:
We will not grieve, though day by day
We pass from earthly joys away;
Our joy abides in Thee.

2 Yet, when our sins we call to mind,
We cannot fail to grieve;
But Thou art pitiful and kind,
And wilt our prayer receive:
O Jesus, evermore the same,
Our hope we rest upon Thy name;
Our hope abides in Thee!

3 For all the future, Lord, prepare
Our souls with strength divine;
Help us to cast on Thee our care,
And on Thy servants shine:
Life without Thee is dark and drear;
Death is not death if Thou art near;
Our life abides in Thee!

Hymn 307 (179)

S. Austin (77 77 D.) *Moravian Tune Book.*



"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

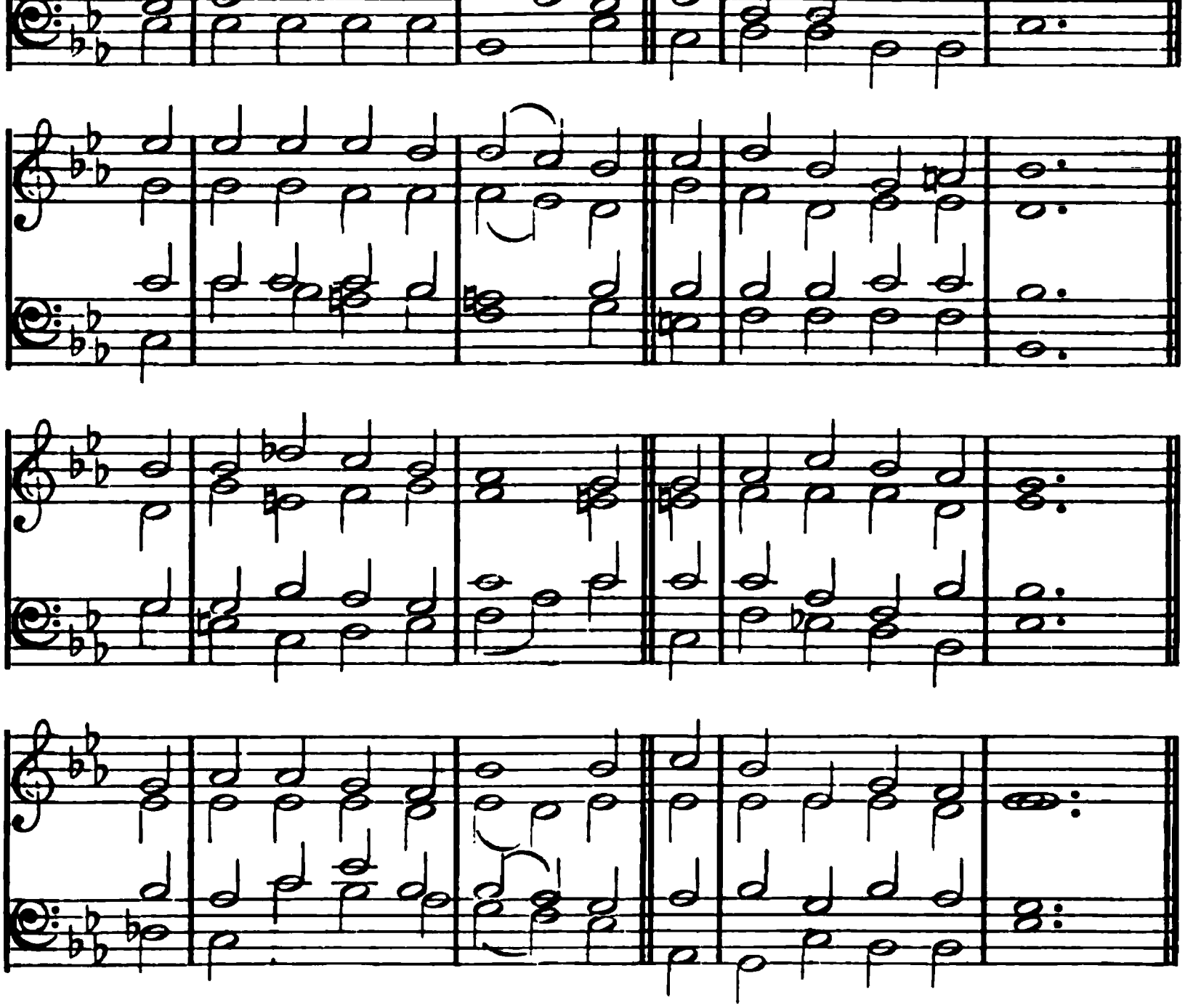
1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year;
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord! our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above!

Hymn 308 (329)

WELLESLEY (7676 D.) FIRST TUNE. *Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.*



"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

1 STILL on the homeward journey
Across the desert-plain,
Beside another landmark
We pilgrims meet again;
We meet in cloud and sunshine
Beneath a changeful sky,
With calm and storm before us
As in the days gone by.

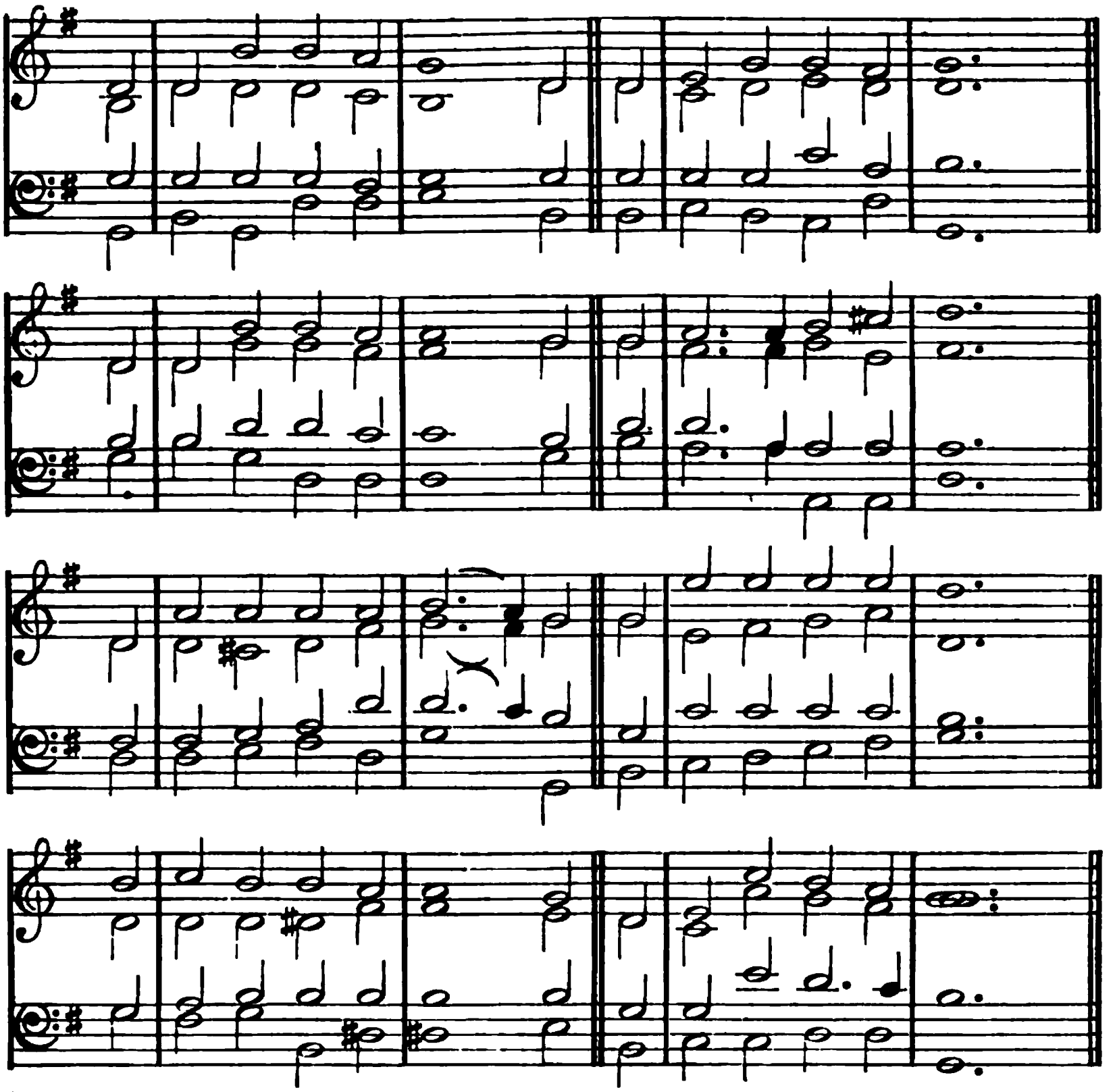
2 We meet with loving greetings,
Fond wishes from the heart,
As brothers often parted
And soon again to part.
With tender recollections,
With many a gentle tear,
We meet, for some are wanting,—
All loved ones are not here.

3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
With Him for ever blest,
How glorious is their portion,
How undisturbed their rest;
How gladly will they greet us,
When, all our journey past,
We reach the better country,
The Father's house, at last.

4 Thus round the silent landmark,
Here on the desert-plain,
We pilgrims meet together
With loving hearts again.
The storm may gather round us,
But Christ has gone before;
We follow in His footsteps,
And doubt and fear no more.

Hymn 308 (329)

CHENIES (76 76 D.) SECOND TUNE. *Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.*



"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

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Across the desert-plain,
Beside another landmark
We pilgrims meet again;
We meet in cloud and sunshine
Beneath a changeful sky,
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Fond wishes from the heart,
As brothers often parted
And soon again to part.
With tender recollections,
With many a gentle tear,
We meet, for some are wanting,—
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How glorious is their portion,
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How gladly will they greet us,
When, all our journey past,
We reach the better country,
The Father's house, at last.

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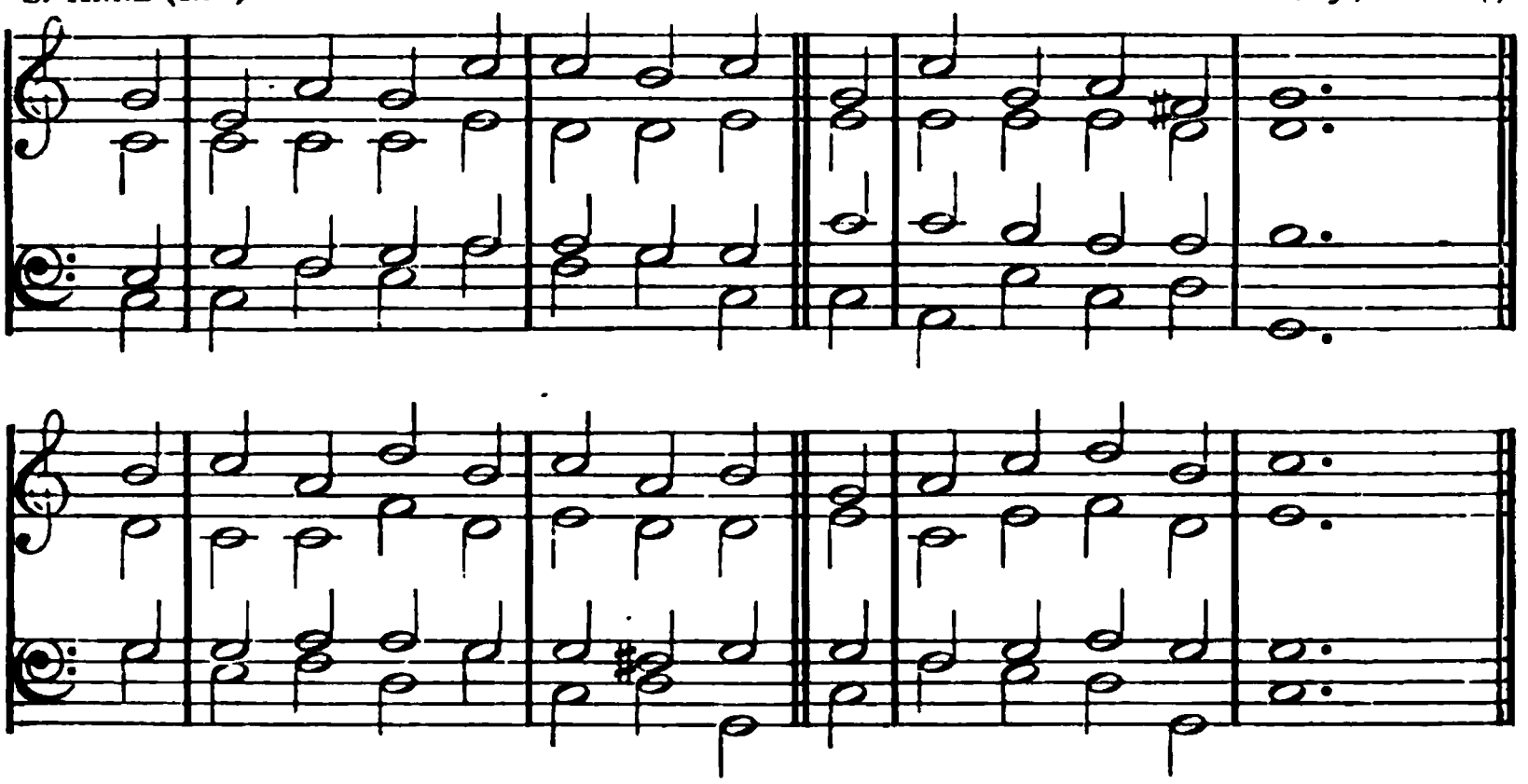
Here on the desert-plain,
We pilgrims meet together
With loving hearts again.
The storm may gather round us,
But Christ has gone before;
We follow in His footsteps,
And doubt and fear no more.

Hymn 309 (180)

S. Anne (c.m.)

Old Melody
William Croft, Mus. D. (?)



"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

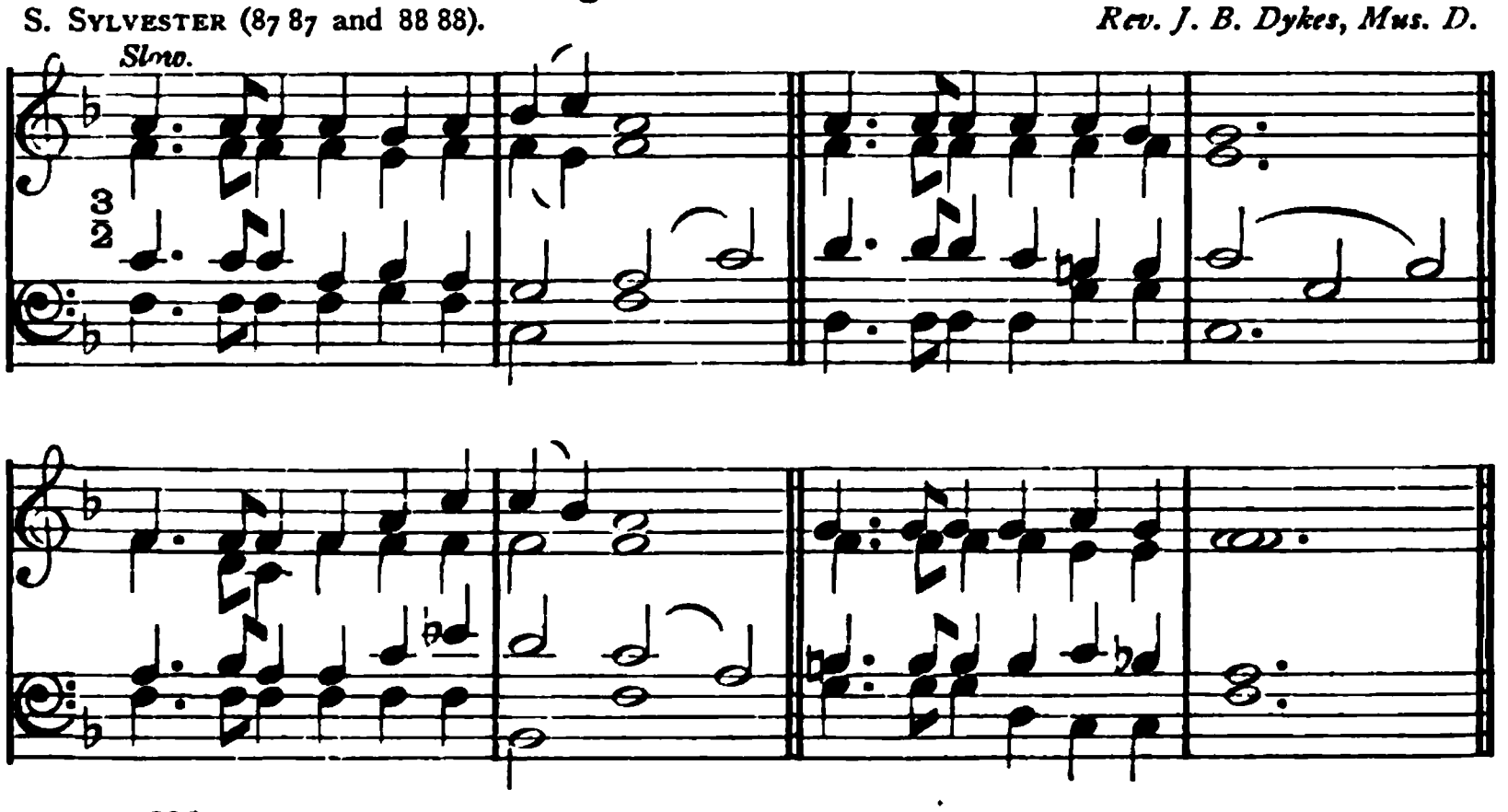
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

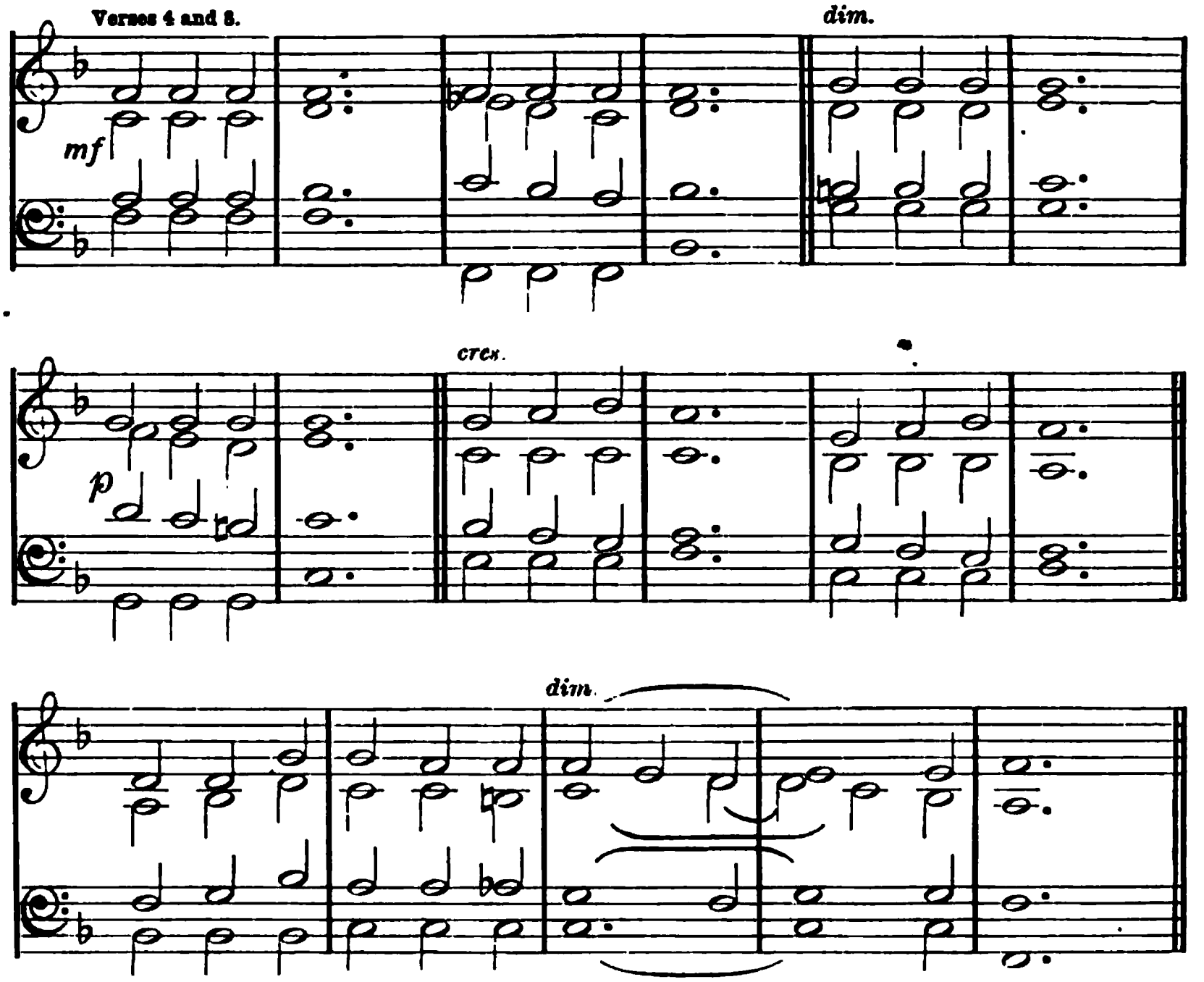
Hymn 310 (330)

S. Sylvester (87 87 and 88 88).

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.



Hymn 310 (330)



"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead:
O, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

4 Life passeth soon:
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

5 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

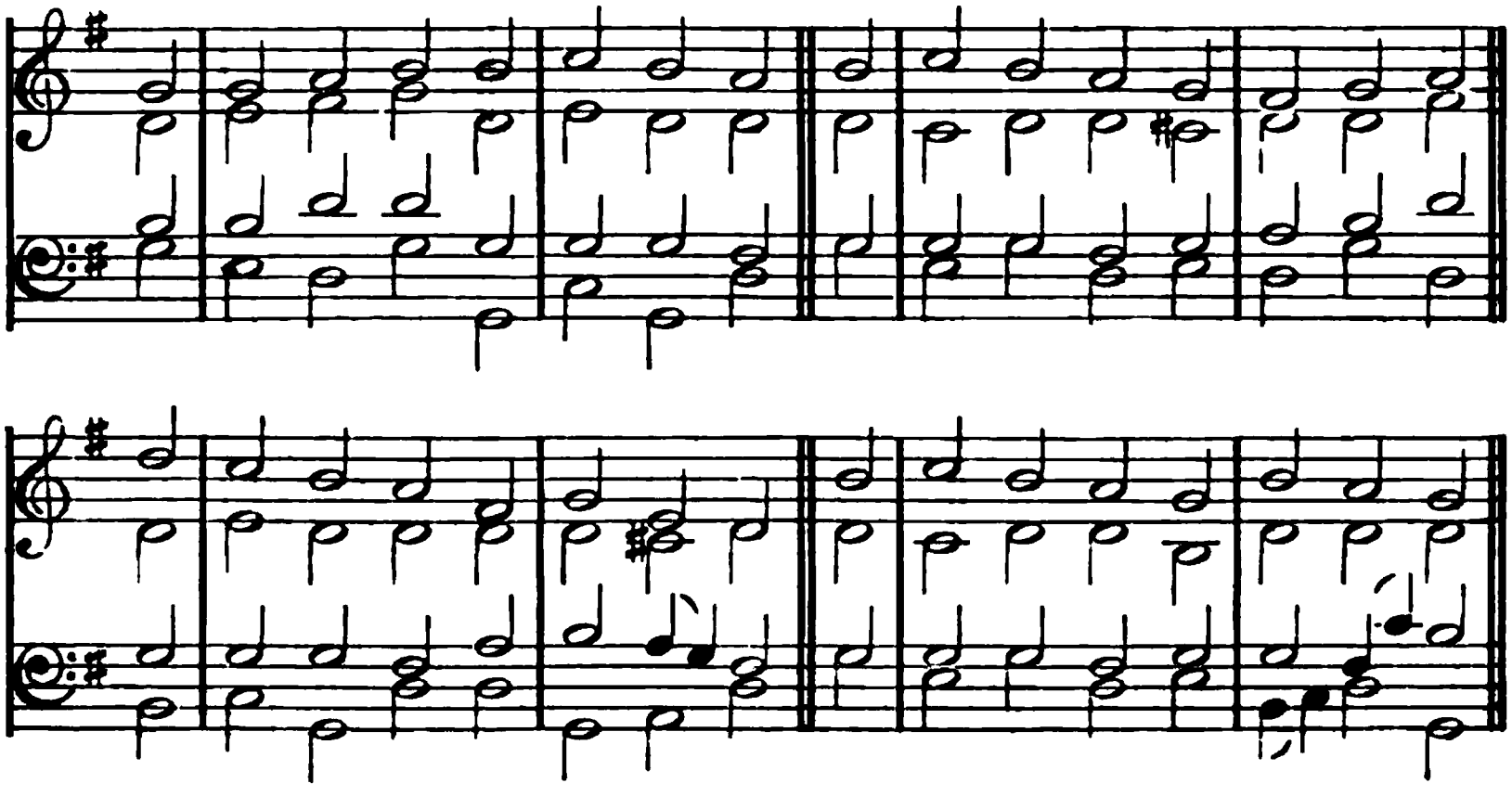
6 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

7 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

8 Life passeth soon:
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

Hymn 311 (181)

COMMANDMENTS (L.M.) *Genevan Psalter, 1561.*



"When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, His name was called JESUS."

1 A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His name,
And angels worshipped, as He lay,
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
Let little children come to Me.

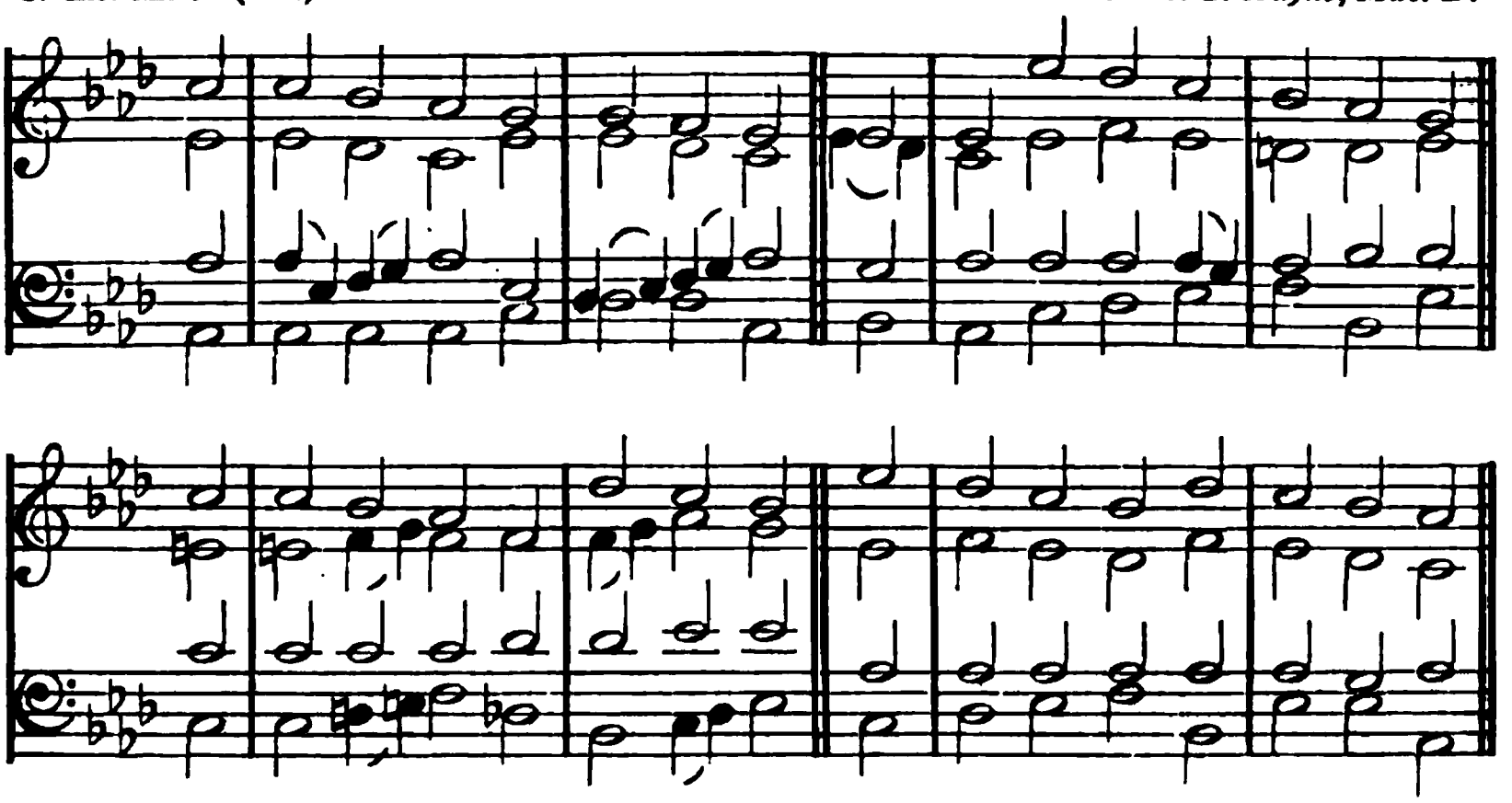
3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord!
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 O Thou, who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 312 (331)

S. Lawrence (L.M.) *Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. D.*



"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

1 O HOLY Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowliest place;
Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
Obedience meek Thy brightest grace.

2 Lead every child that bears Thy name
To walk in Thine own guileless way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

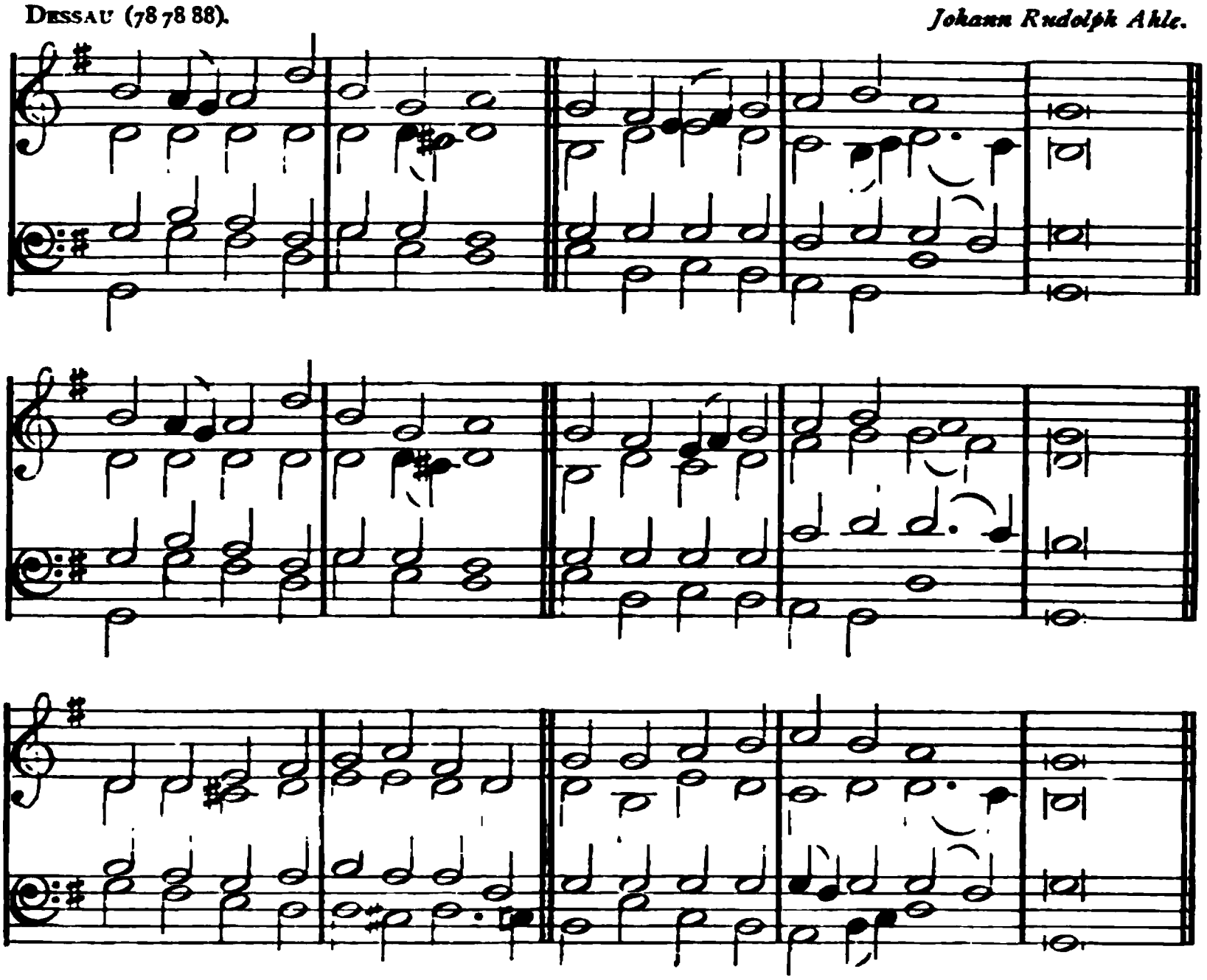
3 O, let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour with both God and man.

Hymn 313 (182)

DESSAU (78 78 88). *Johann Rudolph Ahle.*



"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

1 BLESSED Jesus, here we stand,
Met to do as Thou hast spoken;
And this child, at Thy command,
Now we bring to Thee in token,
That to Christ it here is givèn,
For of such shall be His heavèn.

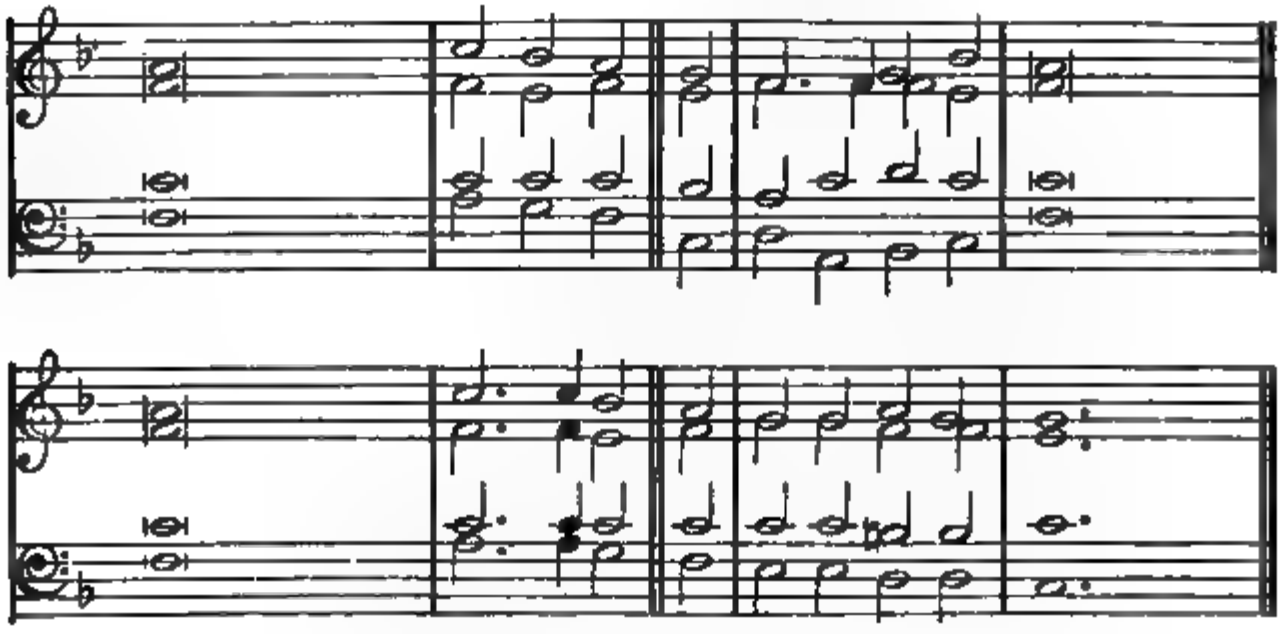
2 Therefore hasten we to Thee,
Take the pledge we bring—O take it!
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never—
Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

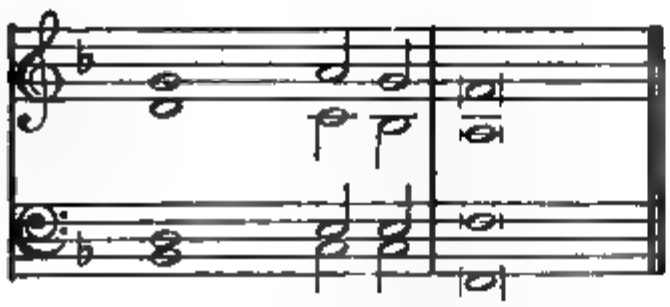
3 Make it, Head, Thy member now;
Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou;
Way of life, to heaven O lead it!
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Grafted firm in Thee for ever.

4 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs–
Pour Thy blessing without measure;
Write the name we now have givèn,
Write it in the book of heavèn.

Hymn 314 (332)

S. Francis (10 6 10 6 8 8 4). *Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.*





"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

1 O FATHER, Thou who hast cre | ated all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy | gracious [call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er him in Thy tenderness,
Thine image on his soul impress;
O Father, hear!

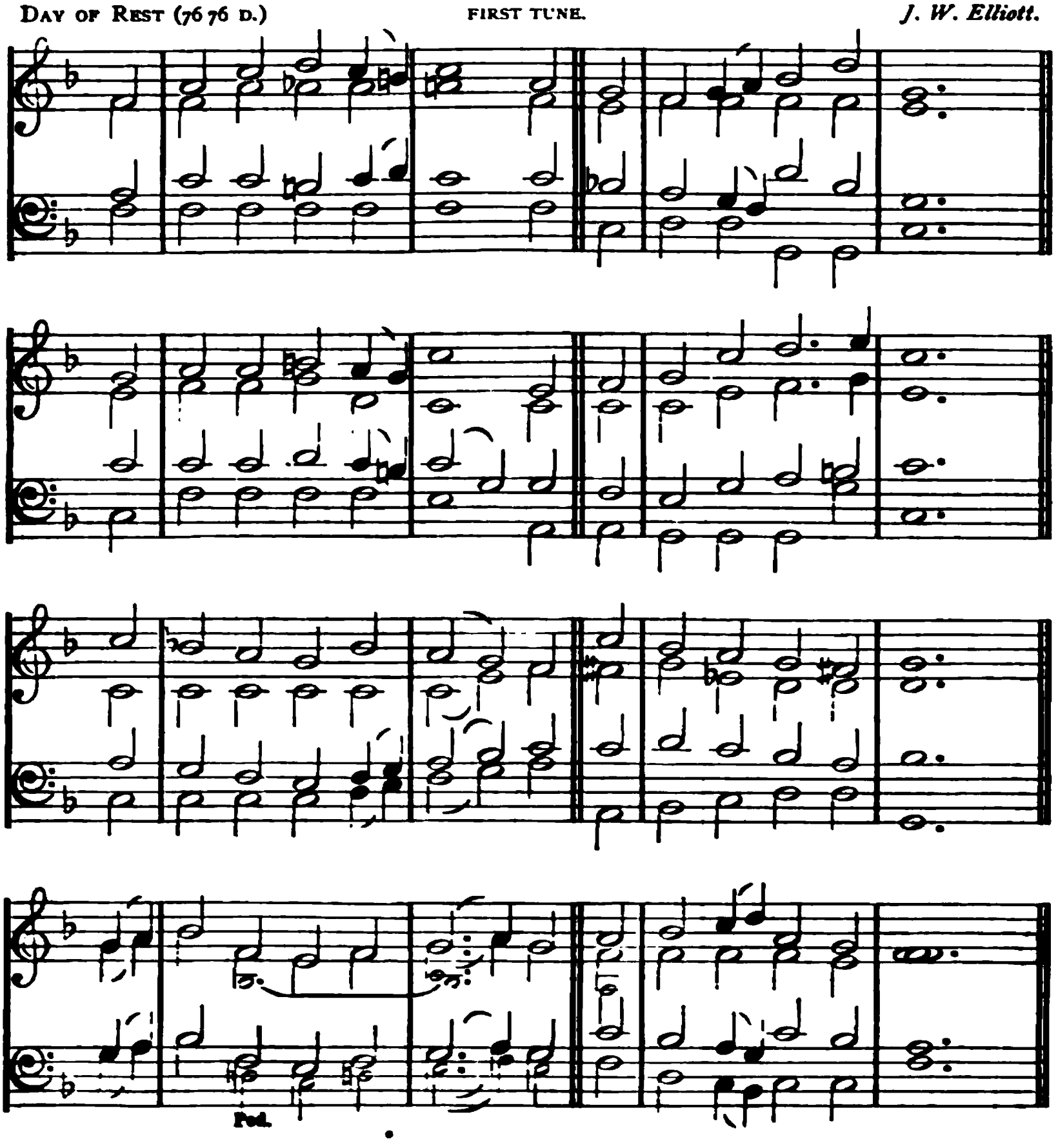
2 O Son of God, who diedst for | us, behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, take him | to Thy [fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend him through this earthly strife,
And lead him on the path of life,
O Son of God!

3 O Holy Ghost, who broodedst | o'er the [wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give him undying life, his | spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant him, while yet a babe, to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

4 O Triune God, what Thou com | mand'st is [done;
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our | earthly [sun,
Yet pour on him Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God!

Hymn 315 (334)

DAY OF REST (76 76 D.) FIRST TUNE. *J. W. Elliott.*



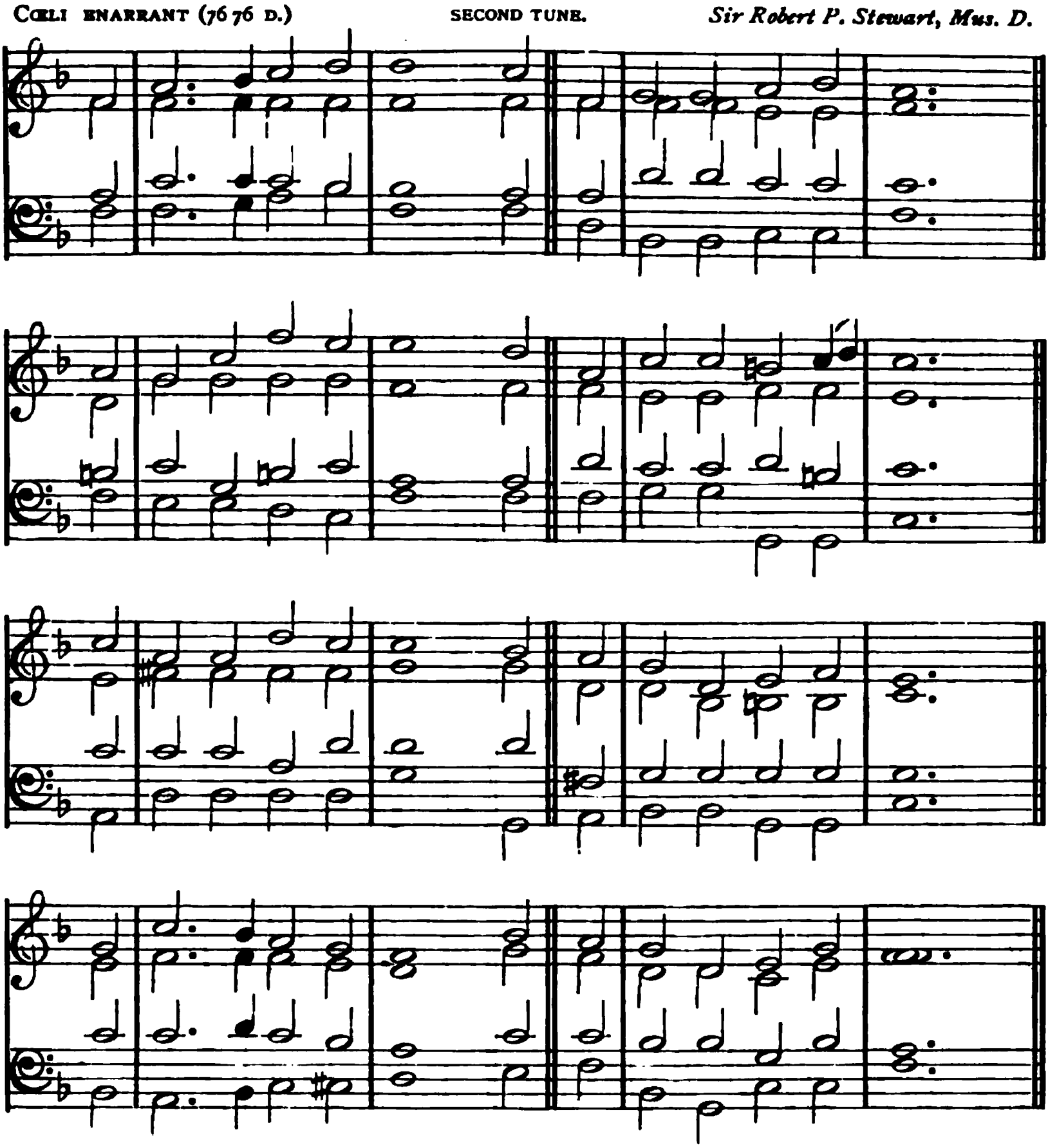
"Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near,—
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

Hymn 315 (334)

CŒLI ENARRANT (76 76 D.) SECOND TUNE. *Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. D.*



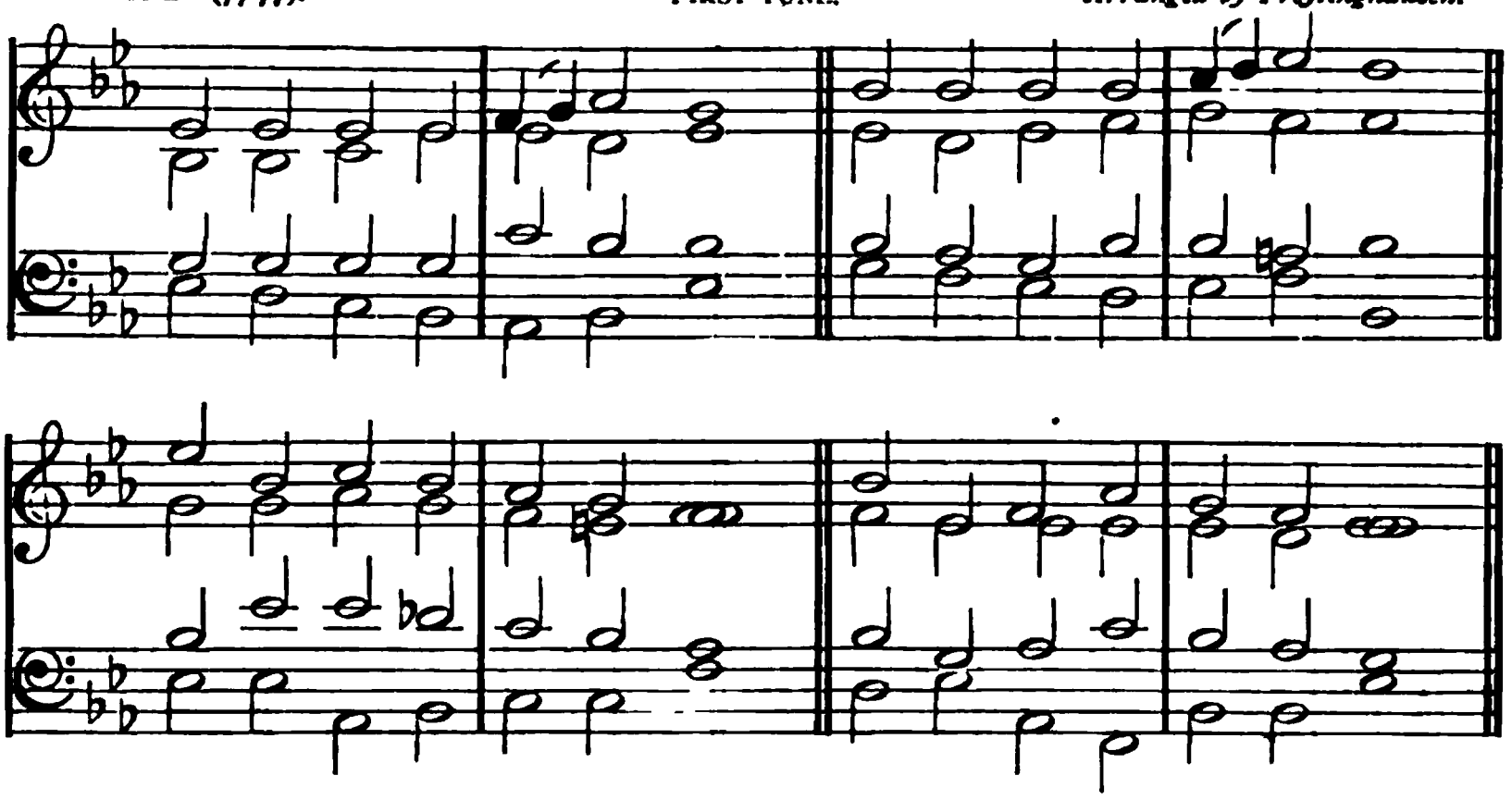
3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

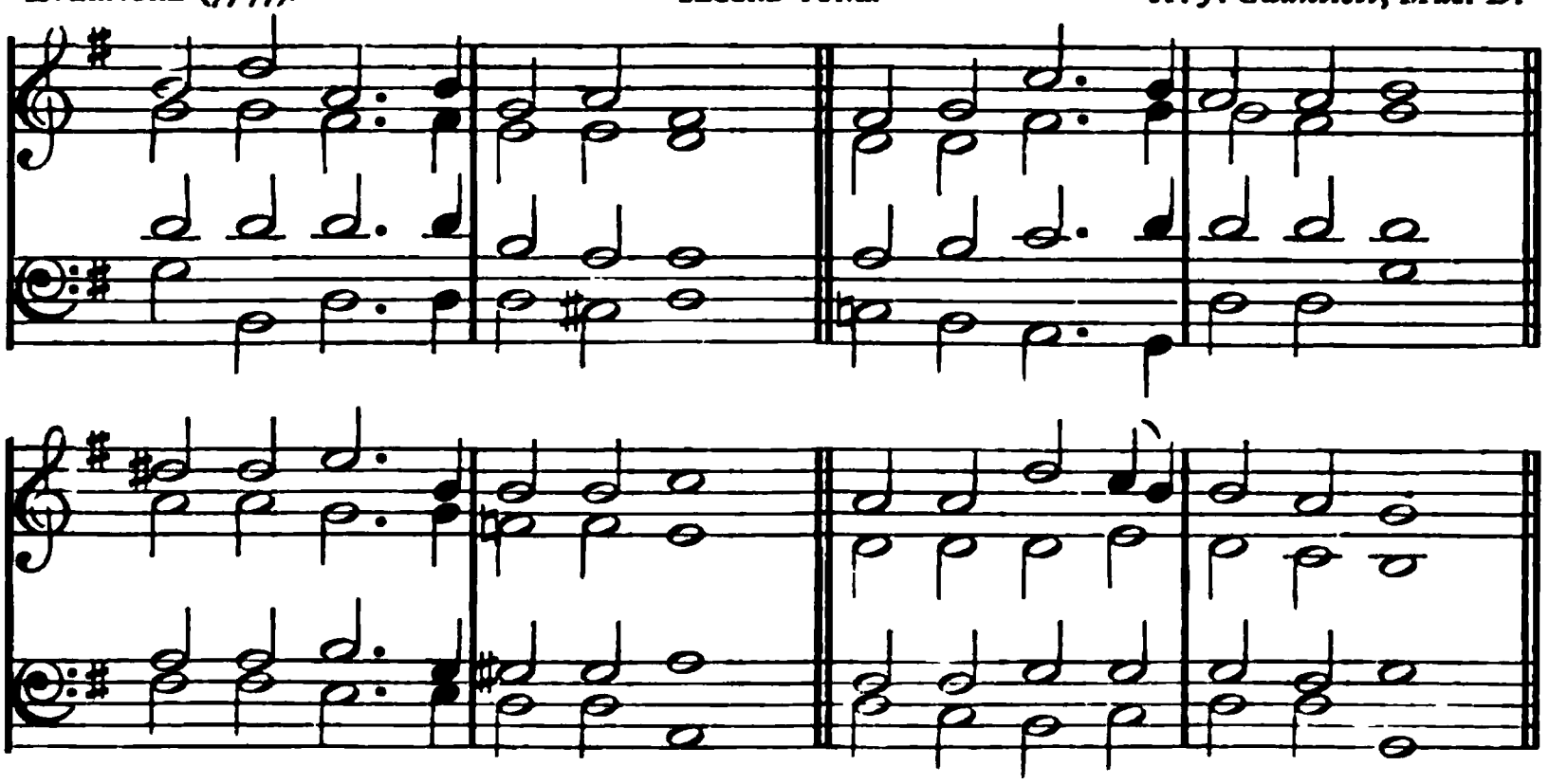
5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

Hymn 316 (333)

STRATTNER (77 77). FIRST TUNE. *German Melody by Strattner. Arranged by Freylinghausen.*



EVERMORE (77 77). SECOND TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



" And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

1 THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

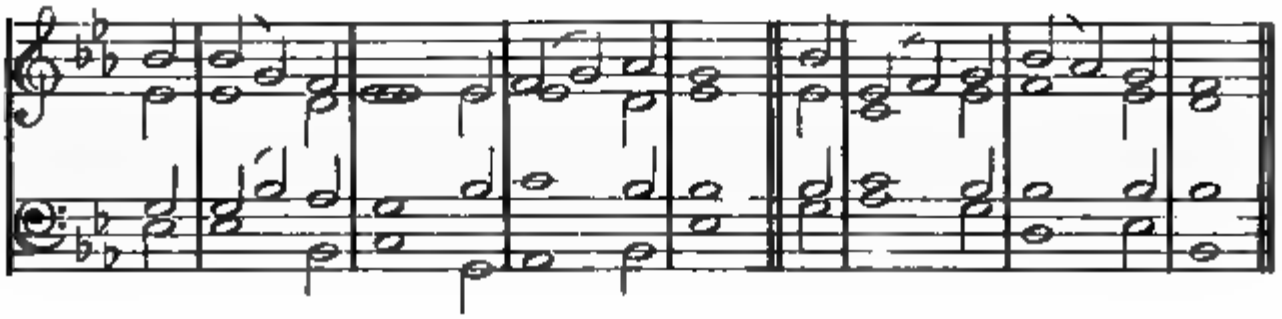
3 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

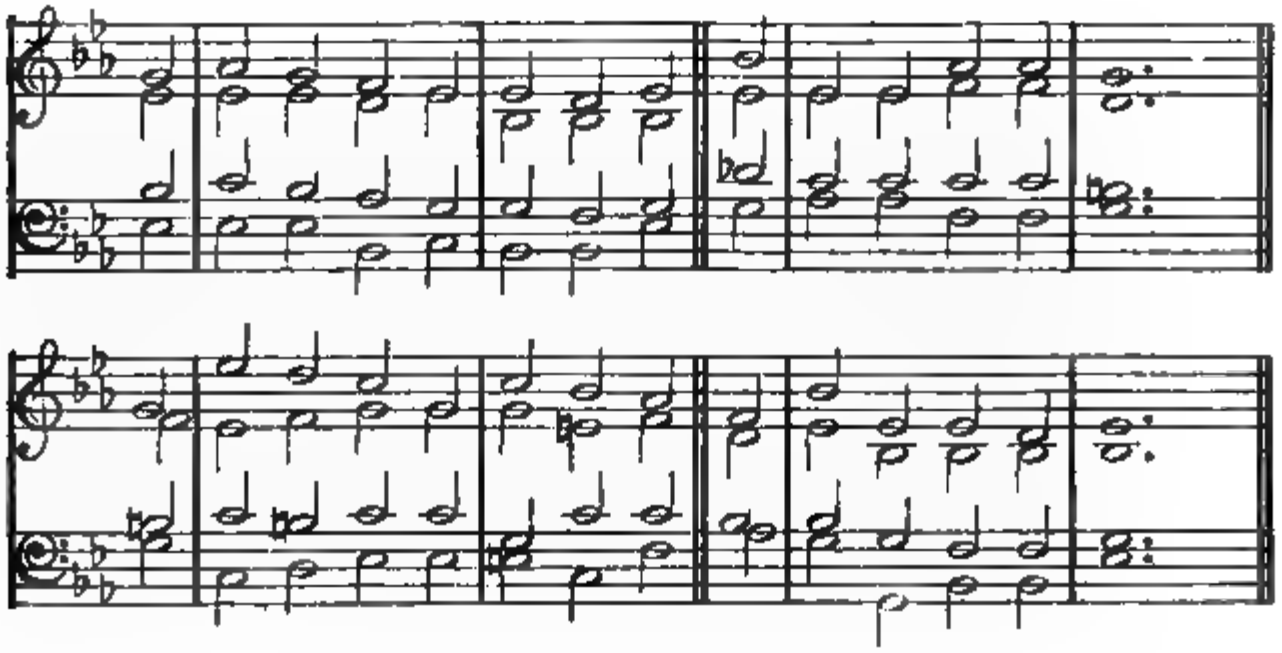
5 Thine for ever! Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Hymn 317 (337)

LEICESTER (C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *William Hurst.*



FINGAL (C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *J. S. Anderson, Mus. B.*



"The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof; but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

1 I AM not worthy, Holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word; one gracious [word
Can set the sinner free.

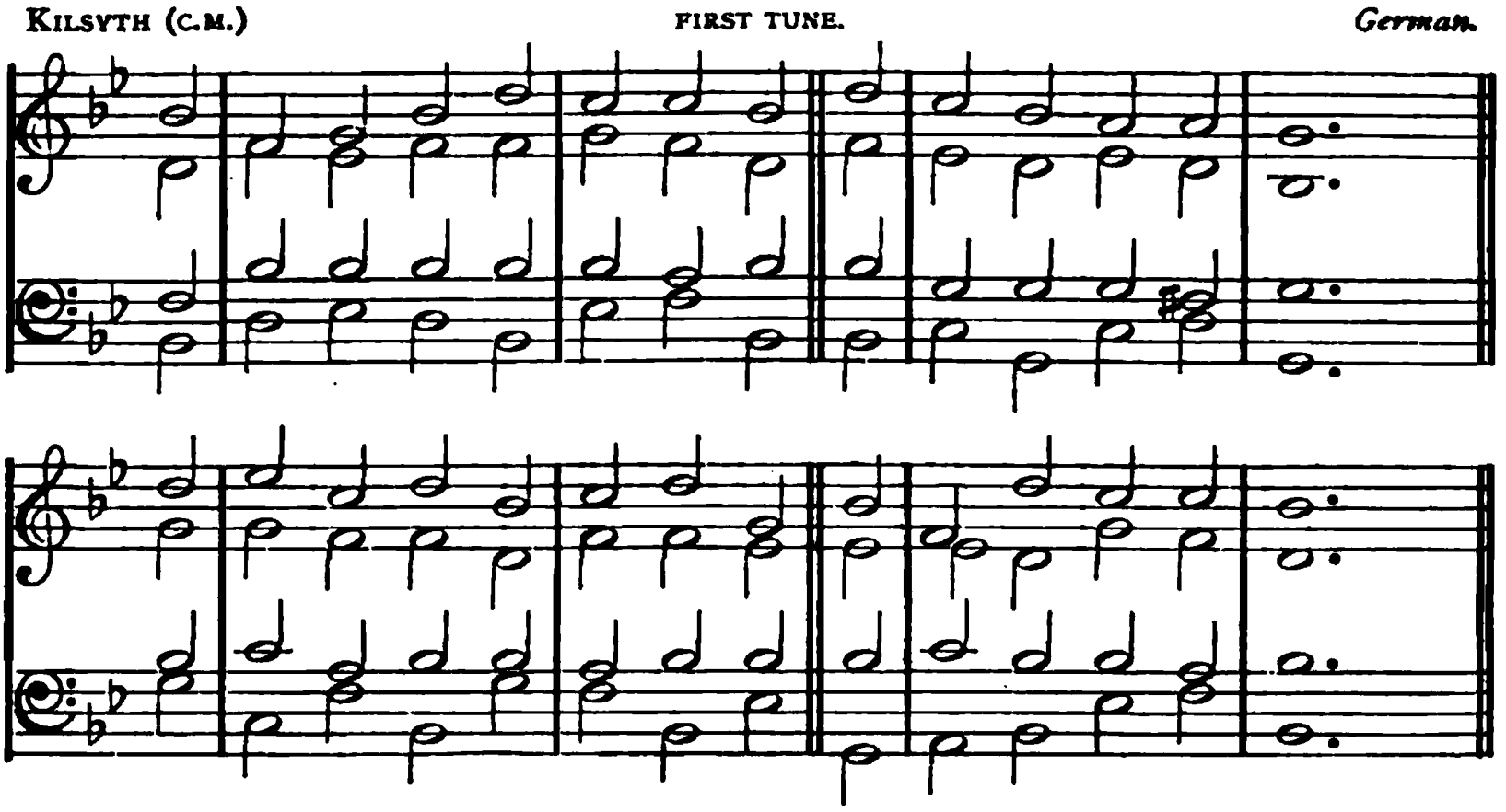
2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay;
Thee, who didst give Thy Flesh and [Blood
My ransom-price to pay?

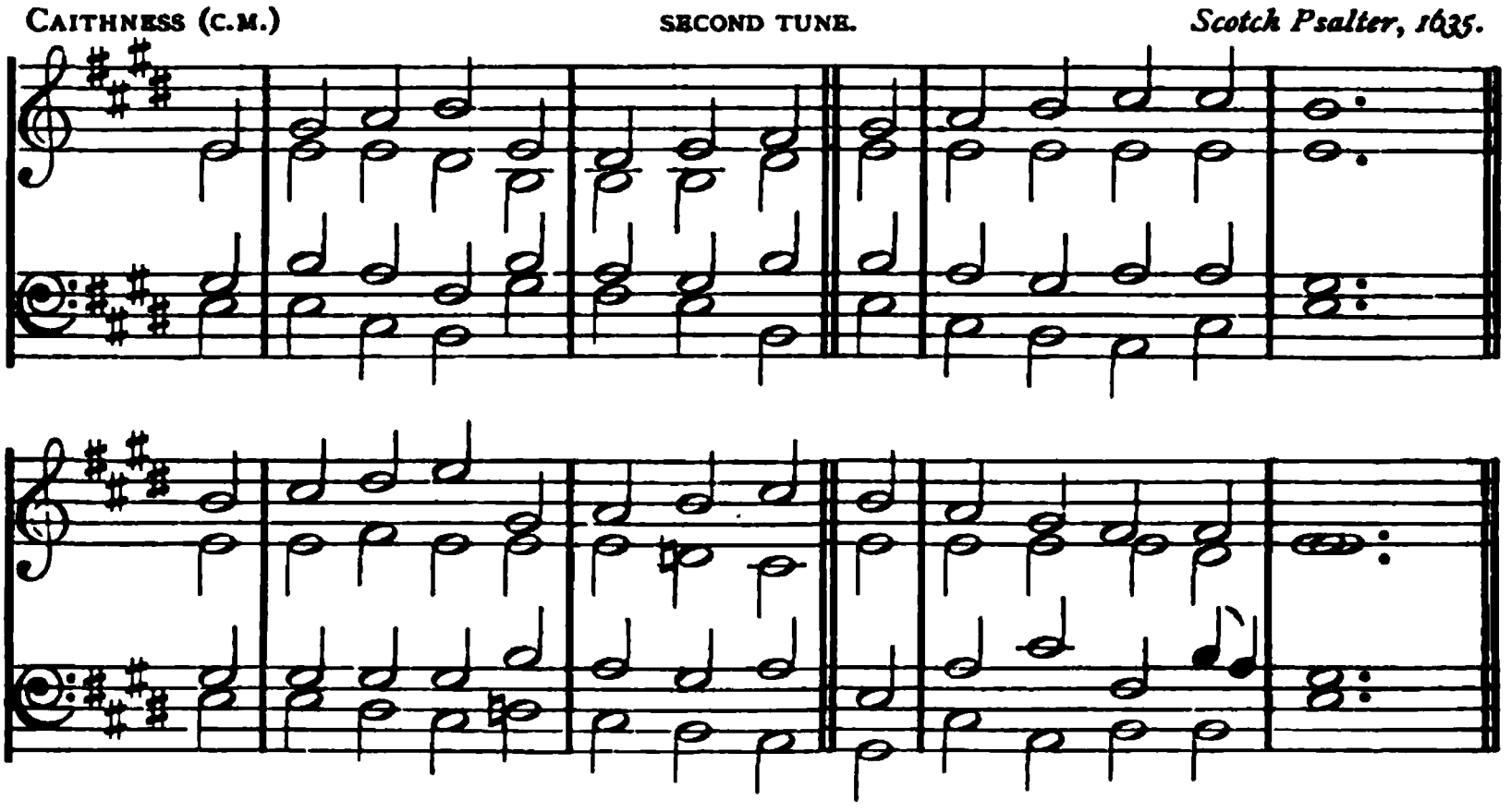
4 O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

Hymn 318 (185)

KILSYTH (C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *German.*



CAITHNESS (C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Scotch Psalter, 1635.*



"This do in remembrance of Me."

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

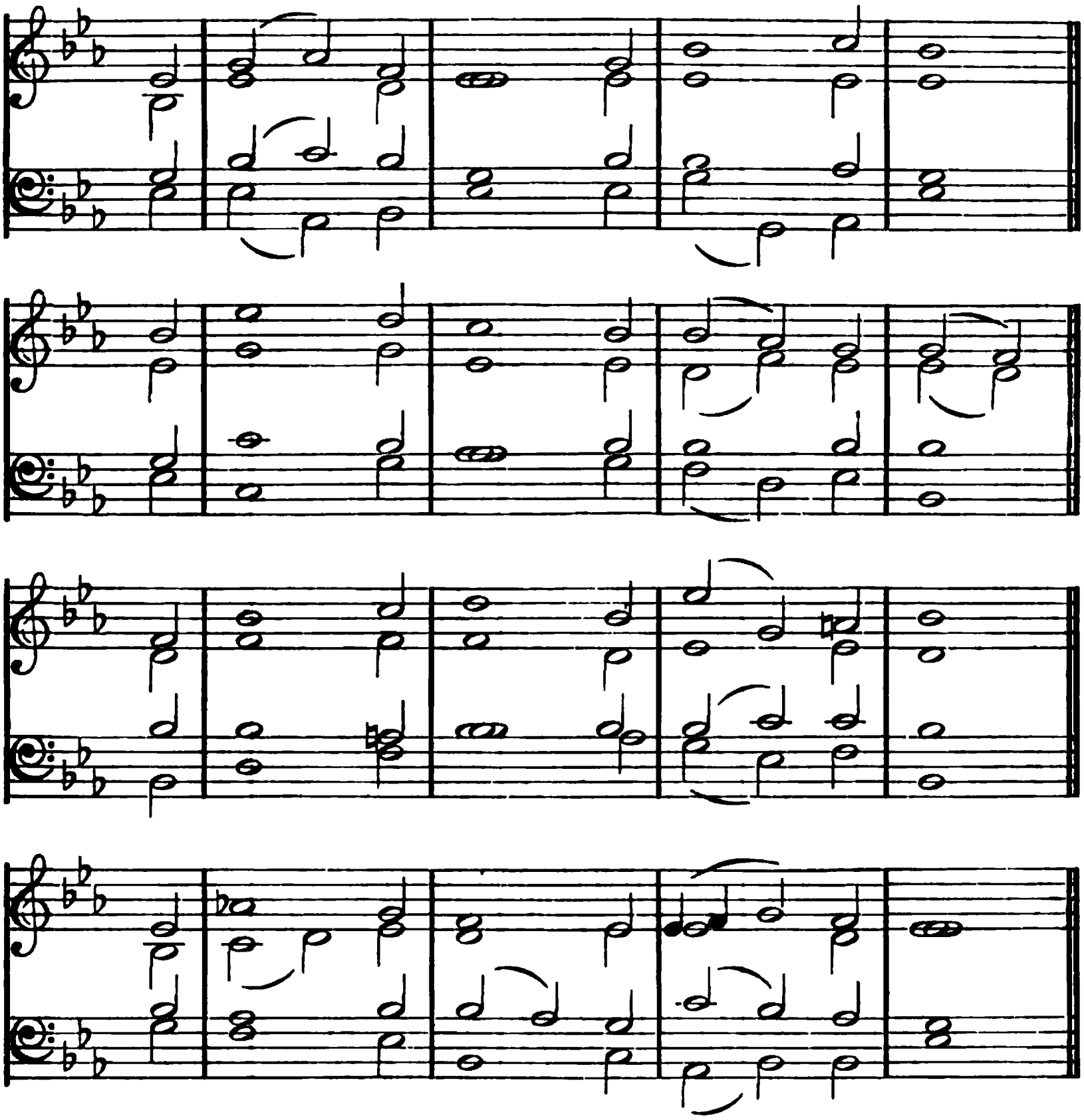
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And gaze on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Good Lord, remember me.

Hymn 319 (186)

COMMUNION or ROCKINGHAM (L.M.) — *Edward Miller, Mus. D.*



" Then said He unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many."

1 MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

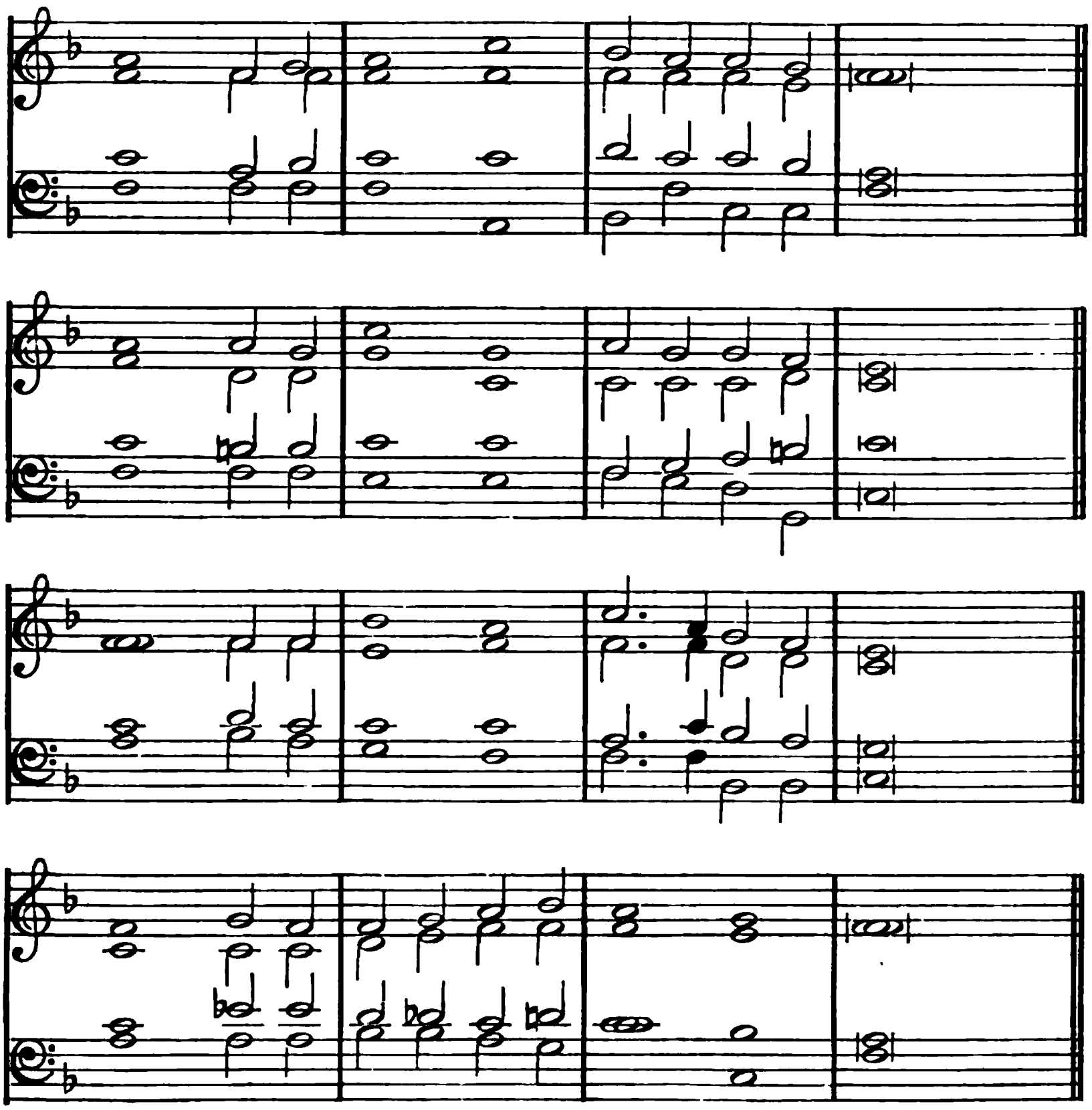
3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

5 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's love alone can give.

Hymn 320 (335)

S. Agnes (10 10 10 10). *James Langran, Mus. B.*



"I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him."

1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

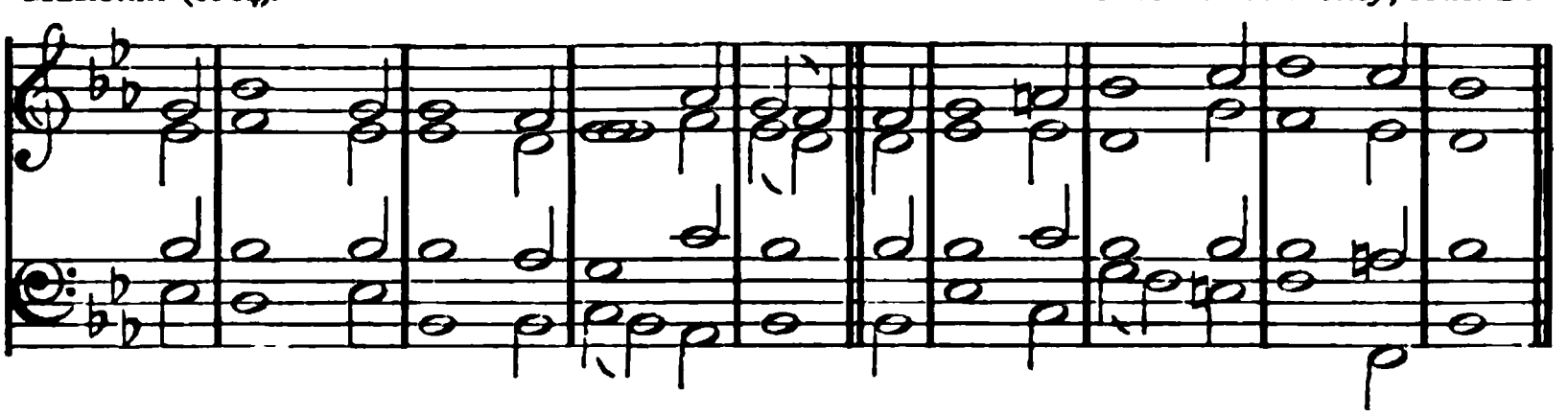
Hymn 320 (335)

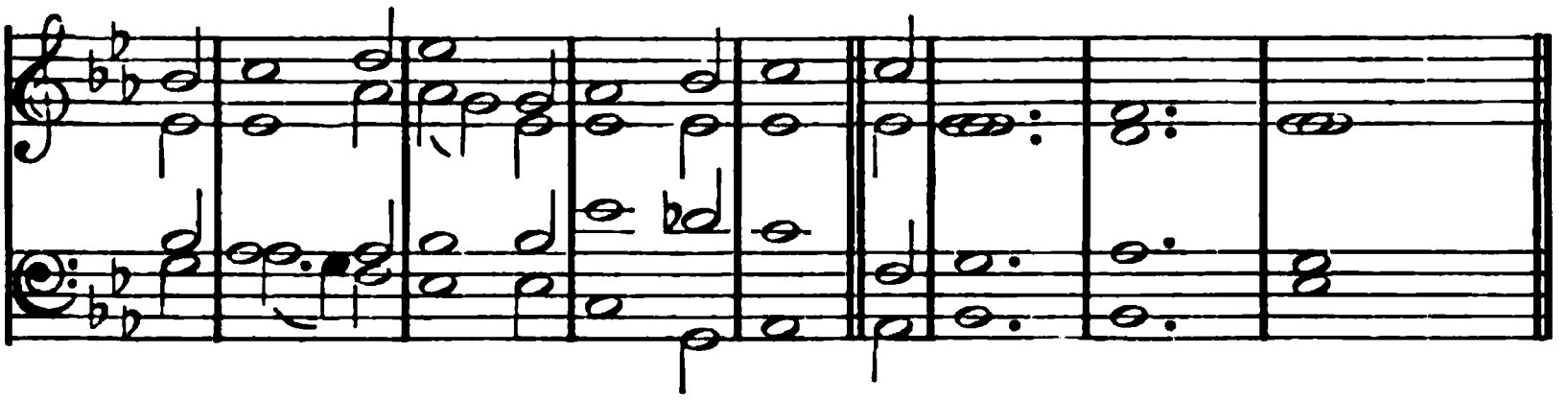
4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Hymn 321 (336)

MEMORIA (88 84). *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*





"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

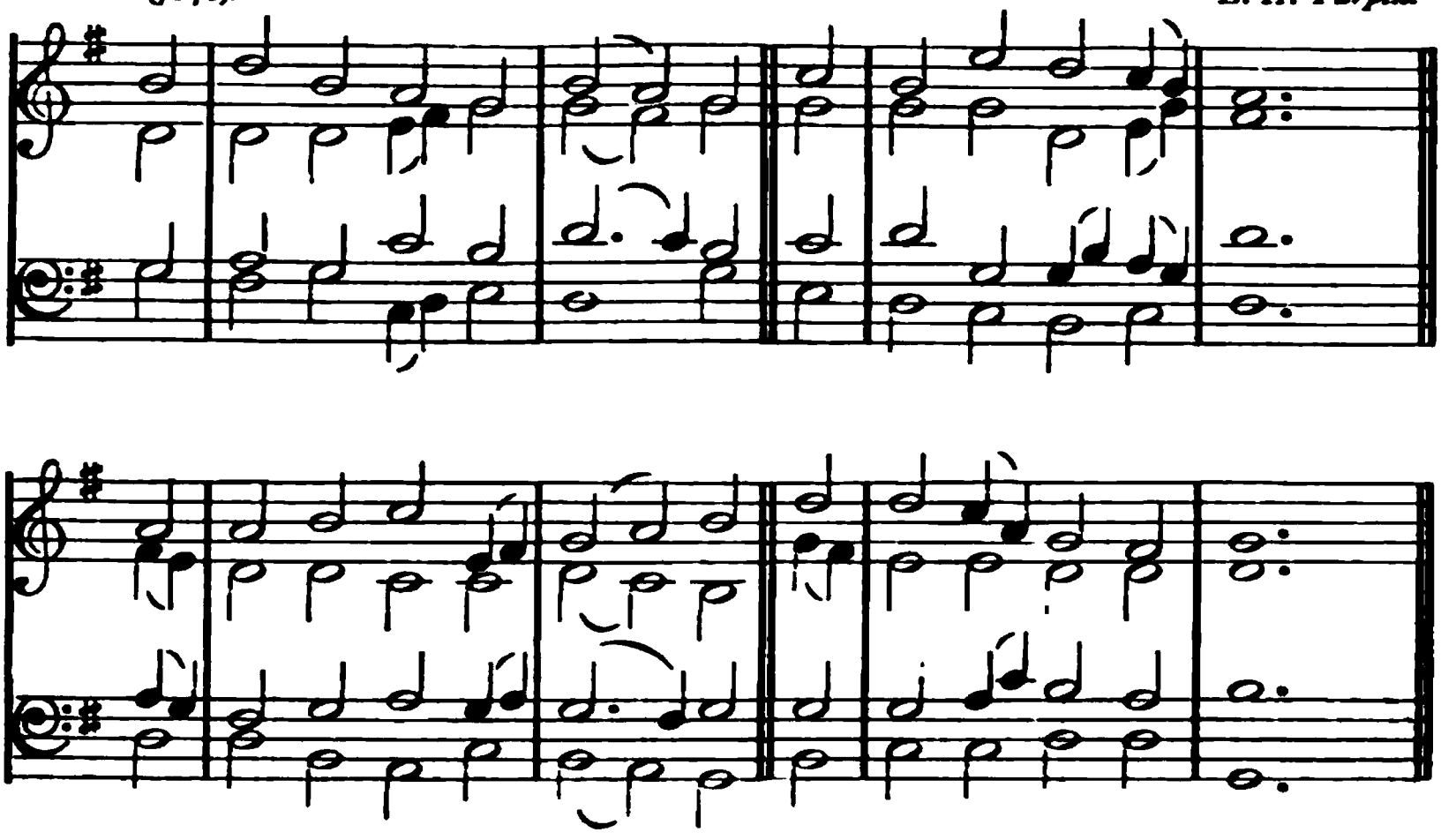
4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come.

Hymn 322 (339)

ARGYLE (76 76). *E. H. Turpin.*



"And another angel came and stood at the altar, bearing a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which is before the throne."

1 THOU standest at the altar,
Thou offerest every prayer;
In faith's unclouded vision
We see Thee ever there.

2 Out of Thy hand the incense
Ascends before the throne,
Where Thou art interceding,
Lord Jesus, for Thine own.

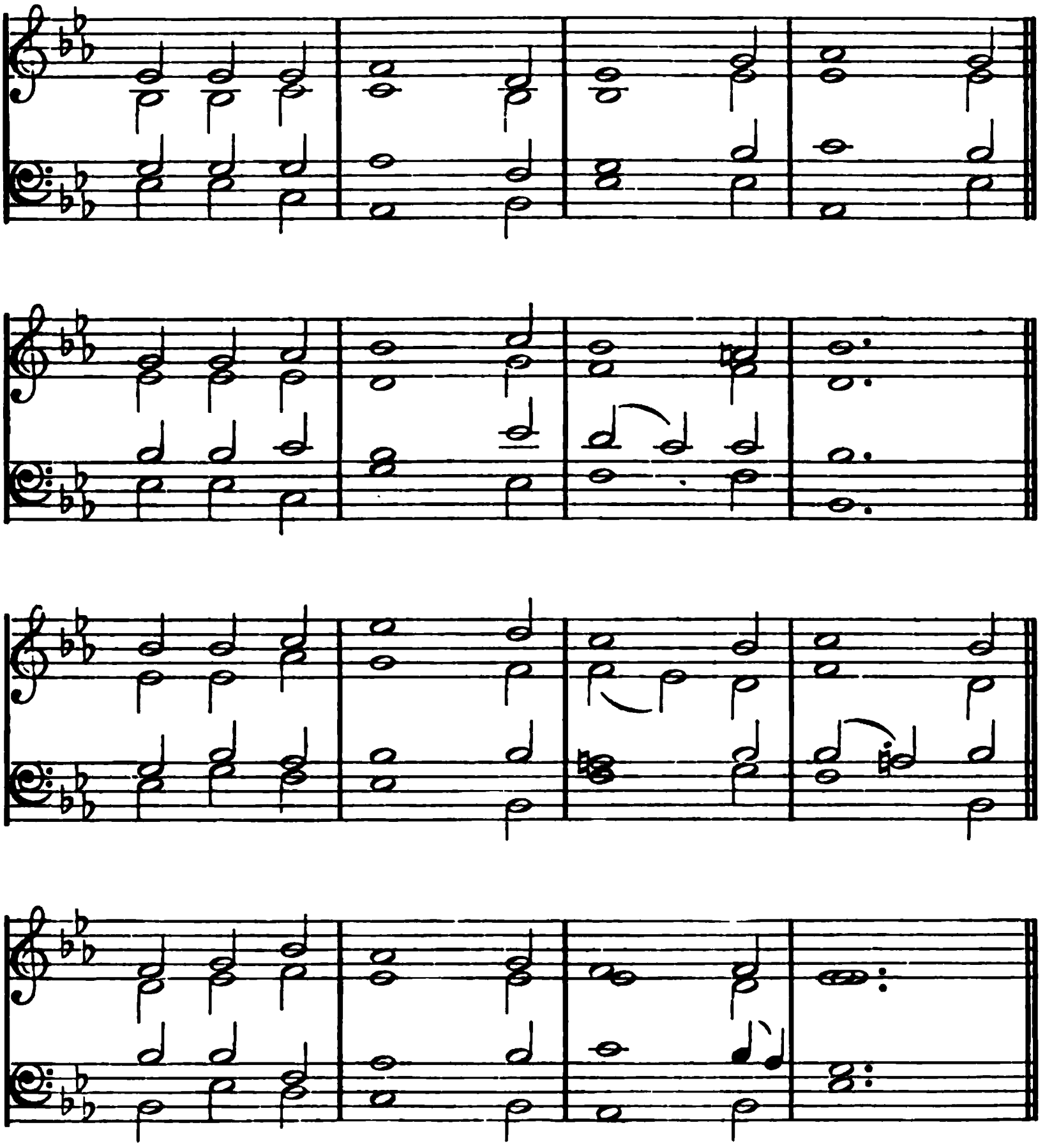
3 And, through Thy blood accepted,
With Thee we keep the feast;
Thou art alone the Victim,
Thou only art the Priest.

4 We come, O only Saviour;
On Thee, the Lamb, we feed:
Thy flesh is bread from heavèn,
Thy blood is drink indeed.

5 To Thee, Almighty Father;
Incarnate Son, to Thee;
To Thee, Anointing Spirit,
All praise and glory be.

Hymn 323 (187)

ERLANGEN (98 98). *German.*



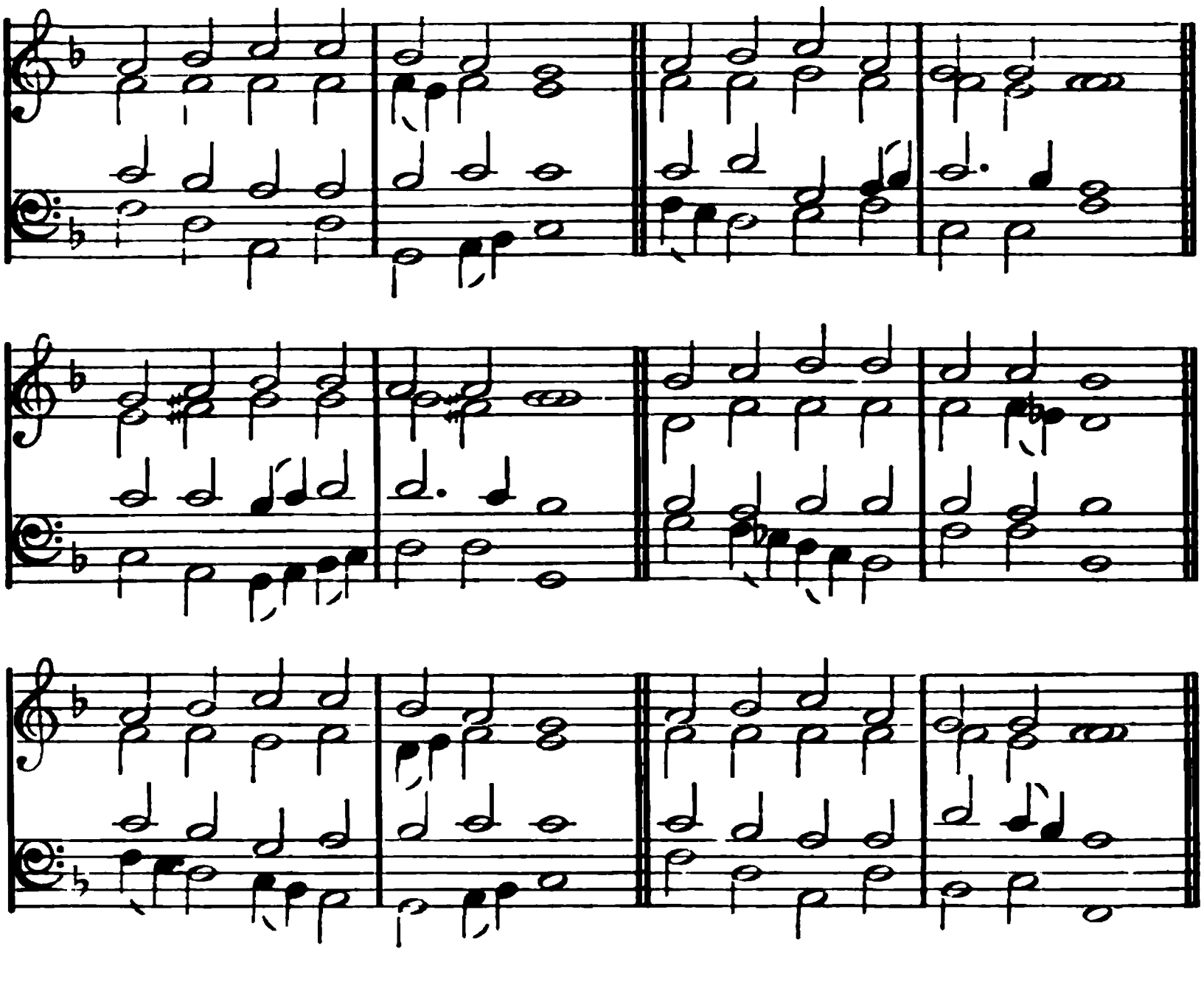
" Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life."

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead:

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken;
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Hymn 324 (188)

EILENBURG (77 77 77). *Johann Schop.*



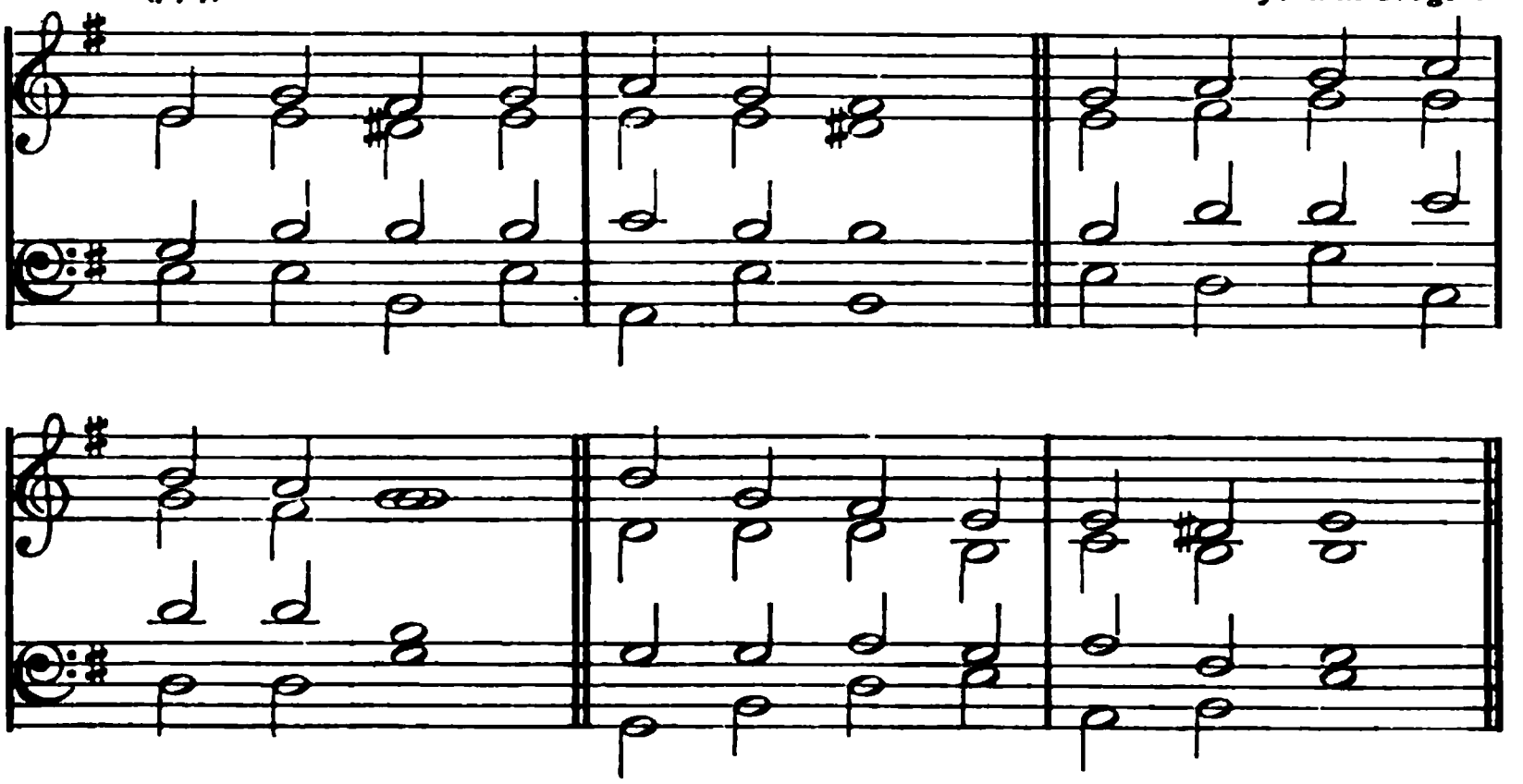
"I am the living bread which came down from heaven."

1 BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

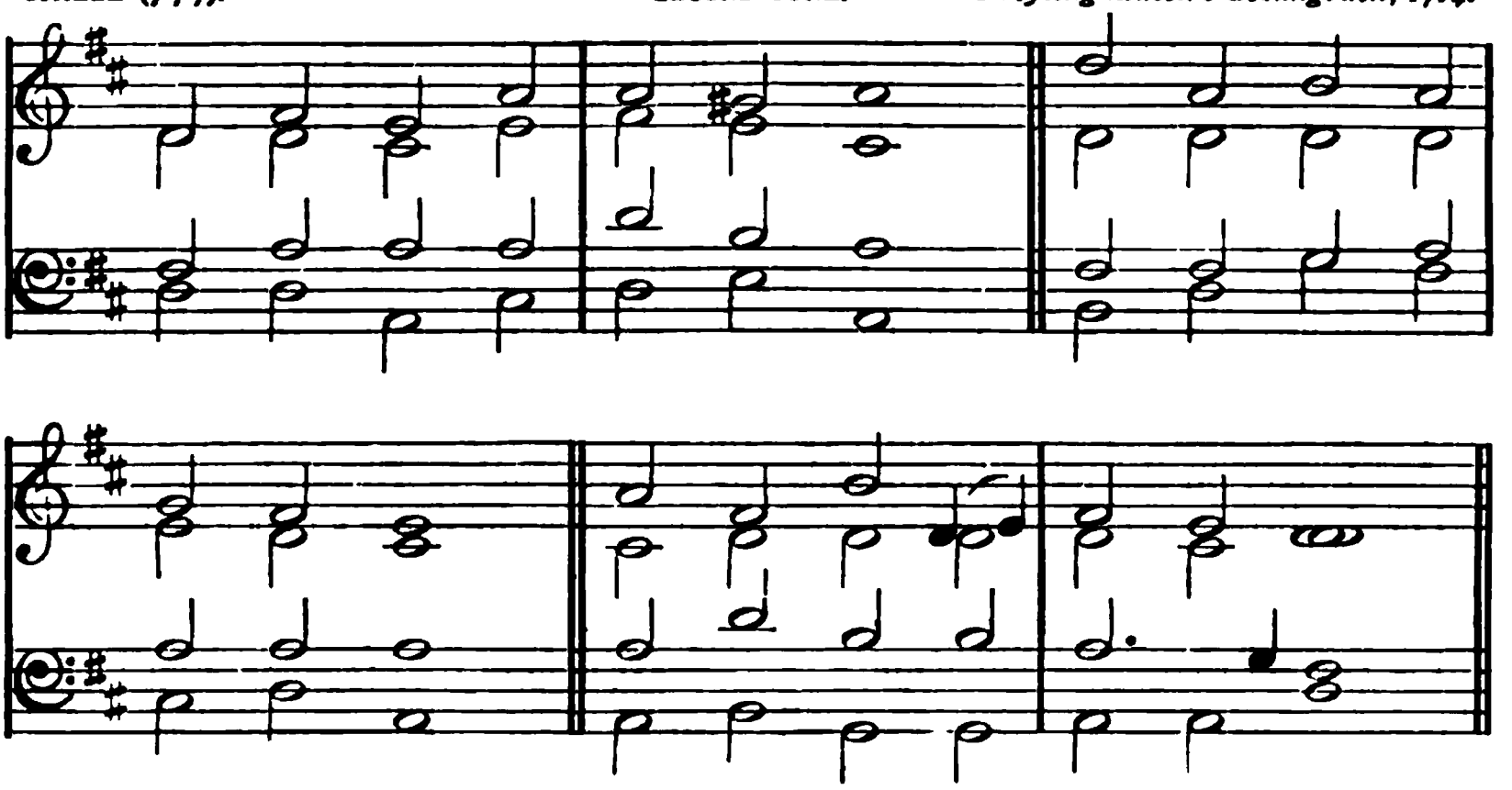
2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give;
To Thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life! oh, let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

Hymn 325 (189)

BERLIN (7 7 7). FIRST TUNE. *Johann Crüger.*



HALLE (7 7 7). SECOND TUNE. *Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1714.*



"That ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom."

1 JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 While upon Thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

3 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

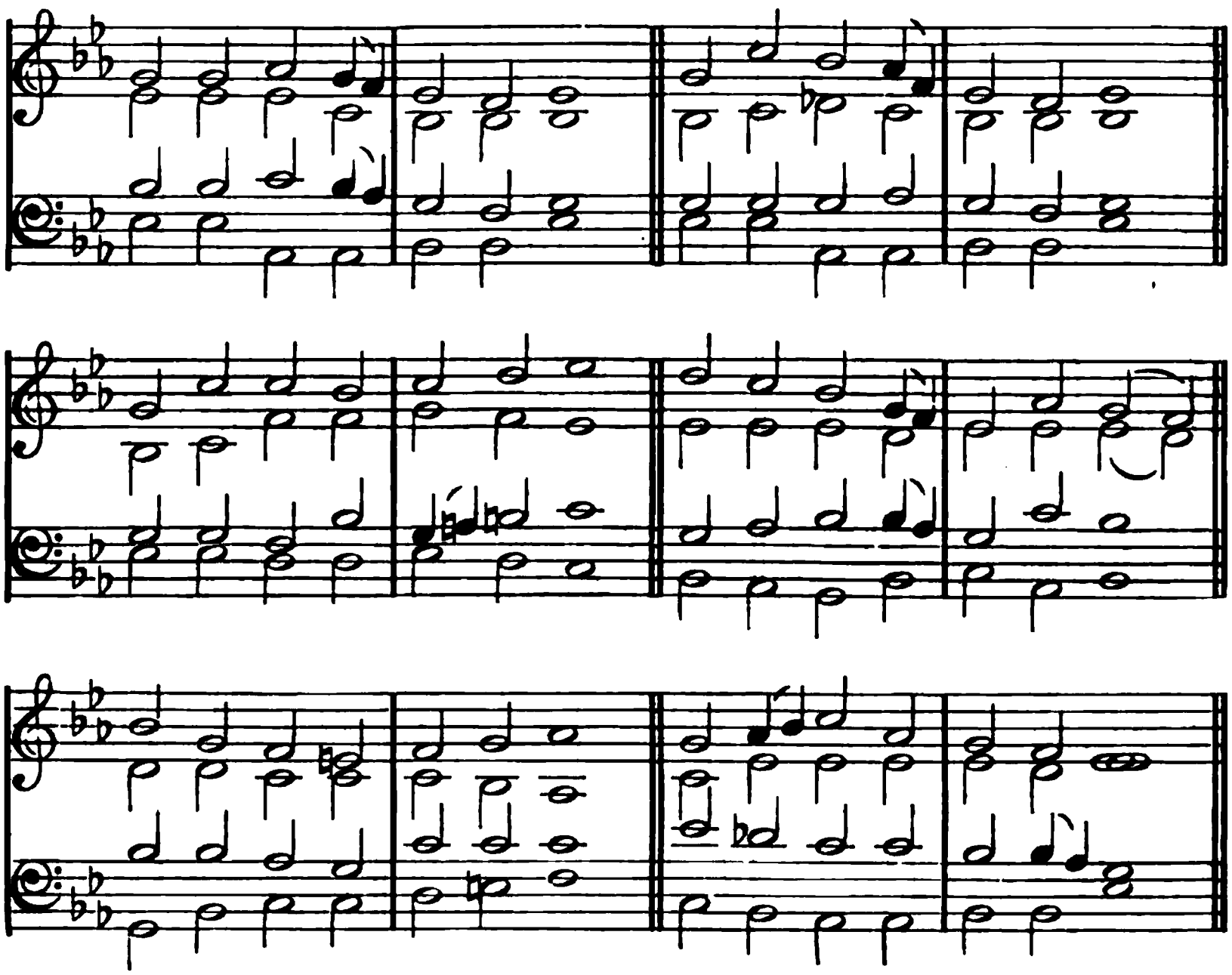
4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

Hymn 326 (338)

S. Sebastian (77 77 77). *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



"Ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

1 TILL He come—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

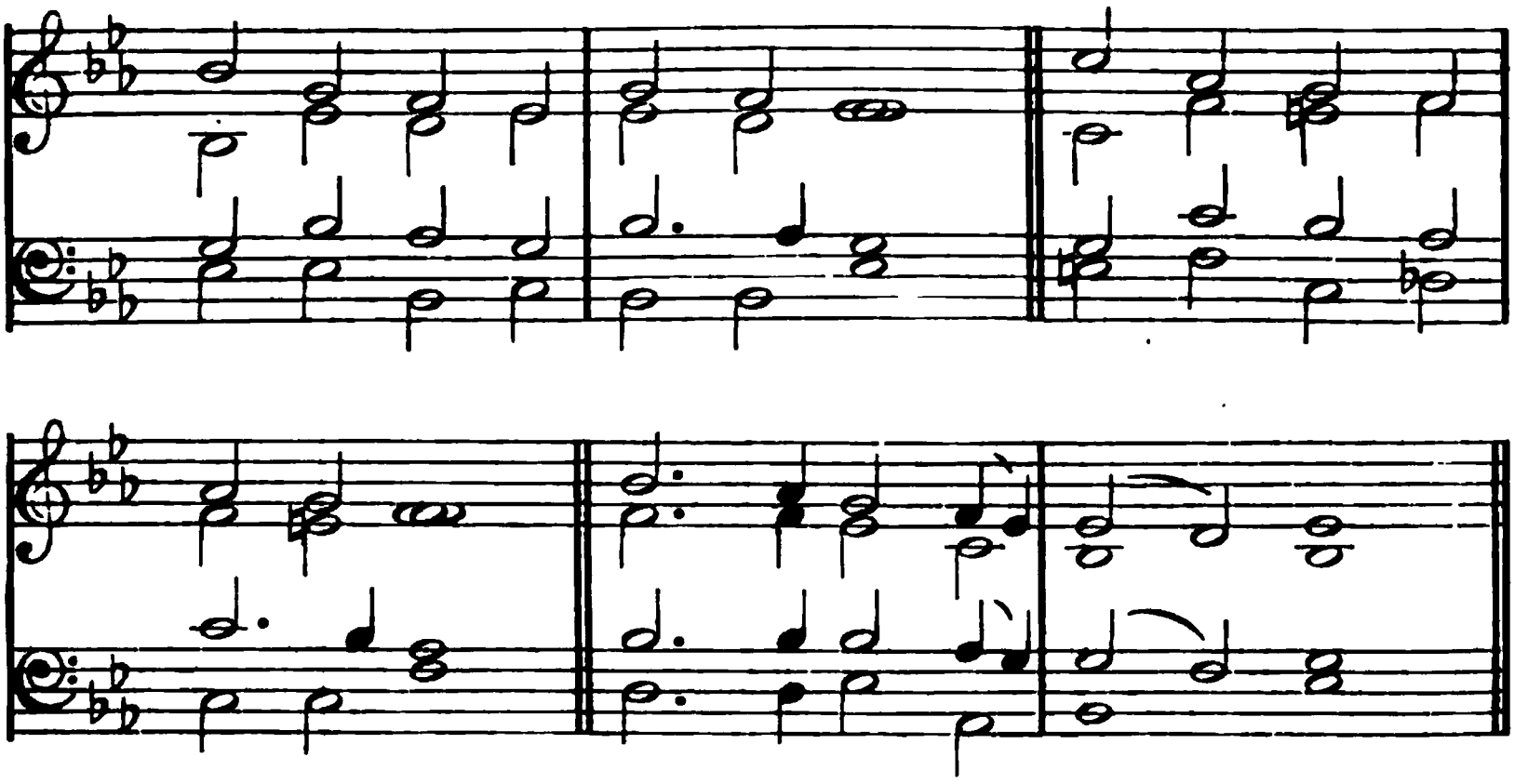
2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only till He come.

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till He come."

4 See, the feast of love is spread!
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come.

Hymn 327 (340)

LITANY (776). PART I. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"He forgetteth not the cry of the humble. Have mercy upon me, O Lord."

PART I

1 GOD of God, and Light of Light,
King of glory, Lord of might:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Shepherd, whom the Father gave
His lost sheep to find and save:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Offering pure in every place,
Pledge and means of heavenly grace:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Priest and Victim, whom of old
Type and prophecy foretold:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

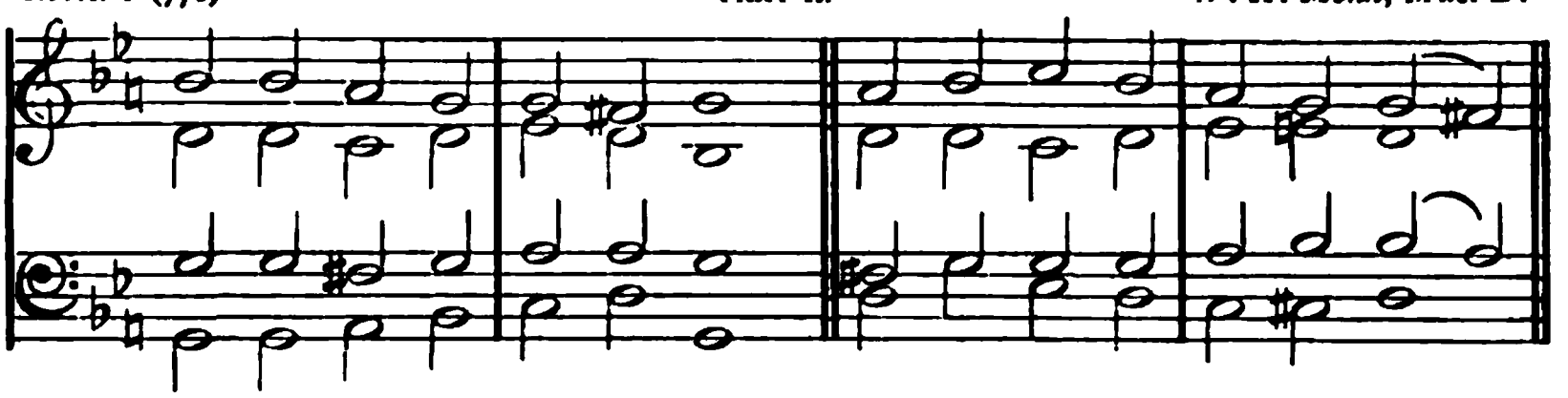
5 King of Salem, Priest Divine,
Bringing forth Thy bread and wine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Paschal Lamb, whose sprinkled blood
Saves the Israel of God.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

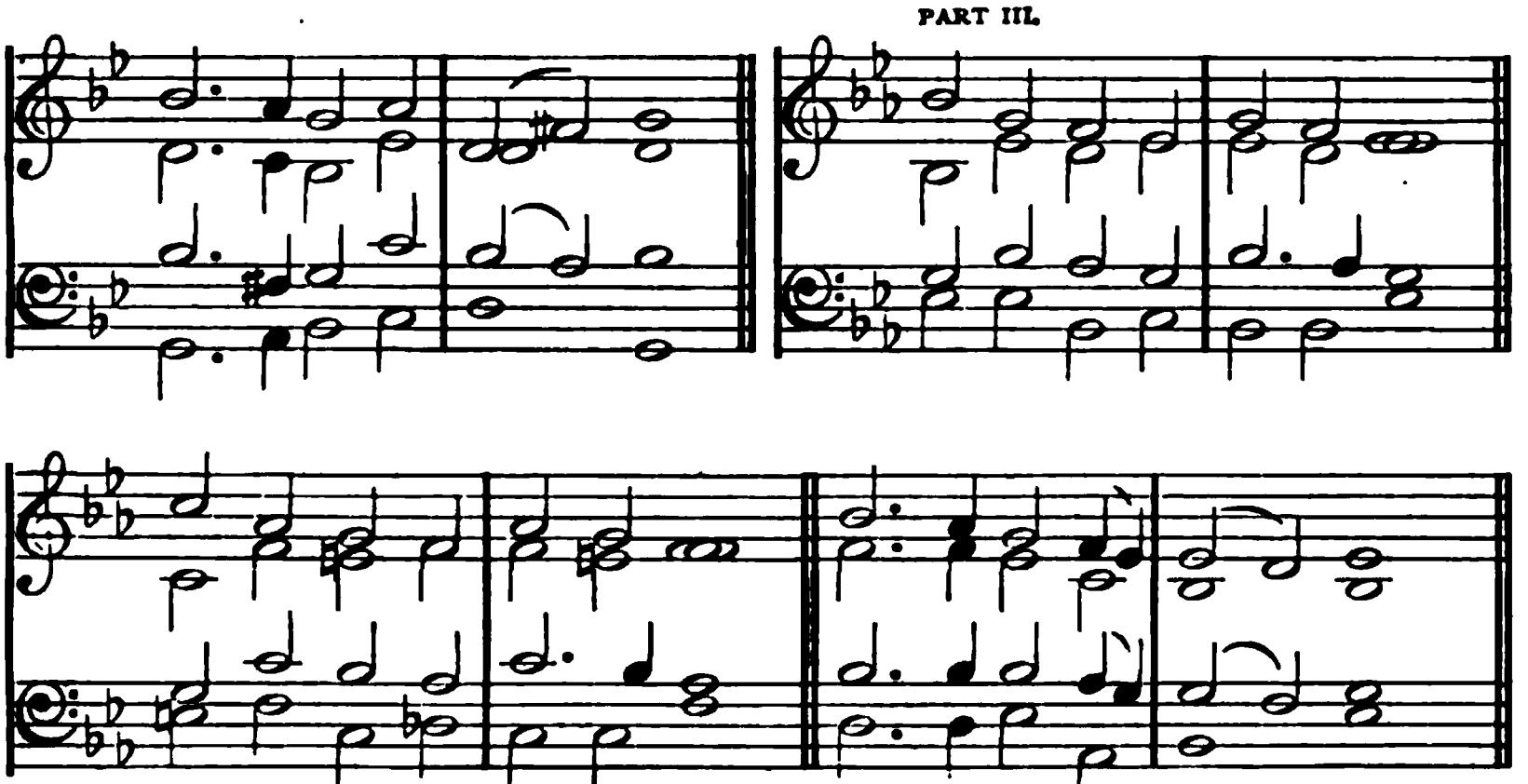
7 Manna, found at dawn of day,
Pilgrim's food in desert-way:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Hymn 327 (340)

LITANY (776). PART II. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



PART III.



PART II.

8 By the mercy, that of yore
Shadowed forth Thy gifts in store :
Save us, Holy Jesus.

9 By the love, on that last night
That ordained the better rite :
Save us, Holy Jesus.

10 By the death, that could alone
For the whole world's sin atone :
Save us, Holy Jesus.

11 By the wounds, that ever plead
For our help in time of need :
Save us, Holy Jesus.

PART III.

12 That we may remember still
Kedron's brook and Calvary's hill :
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

13 That our thankful hearts may glow
As Thy precious death we show :
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

14 That Thy sacred flesh and blood
Be our true life-giving food :
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

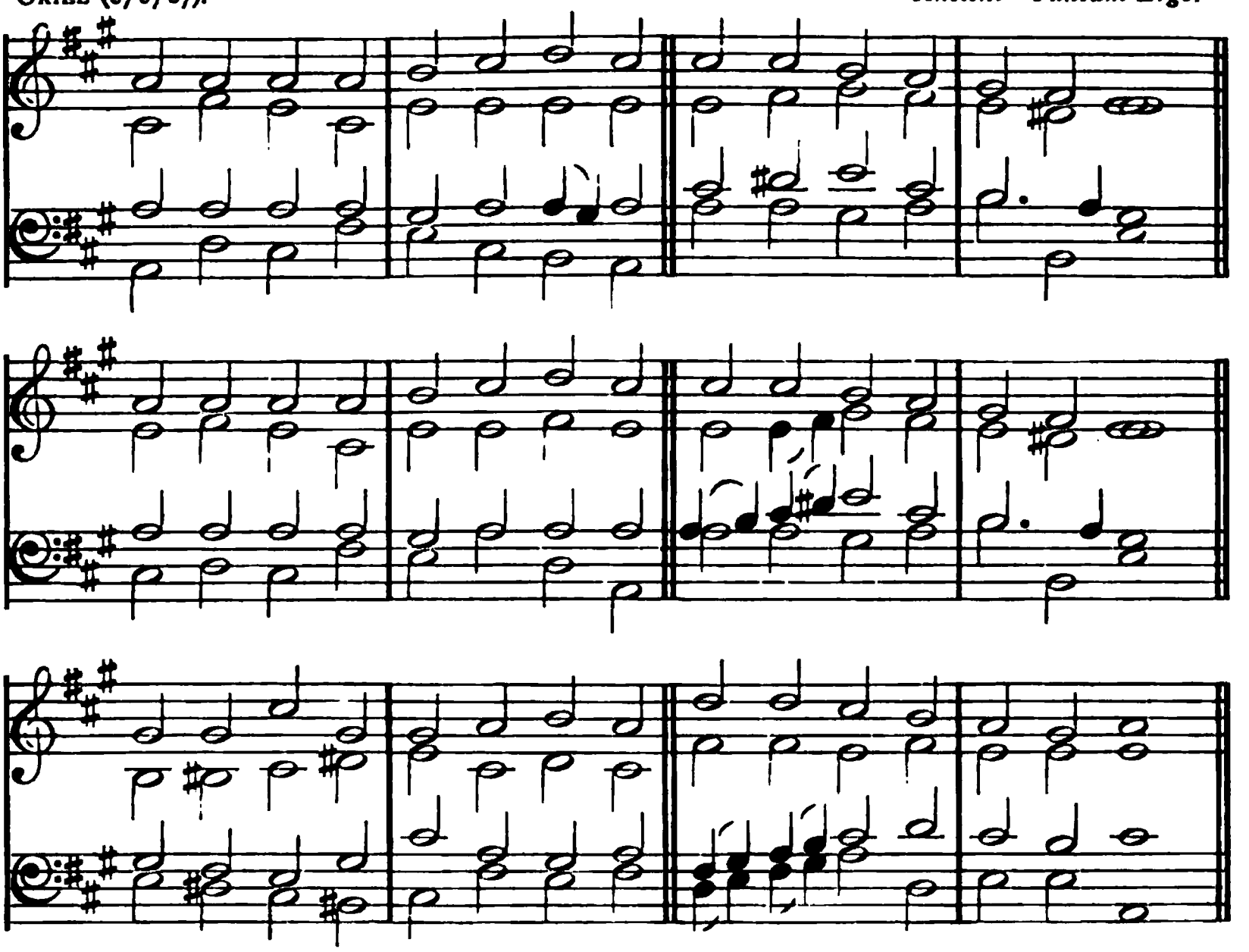
15 That in all our words and ways
We may daily show Thy praise :
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

16 That, as death's dark vale we tread,
Thou mayst be our strengthening [Bread:
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

17 That, unworthy though we be,
We may ever dwell with Thee :
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

Hymn 328 (190)

ORIEL (87 87 87). *Ancient "Tantum Ergo."*



"Behold, I lay in Sion a chief Corner Stone, elect, precious."

1 CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

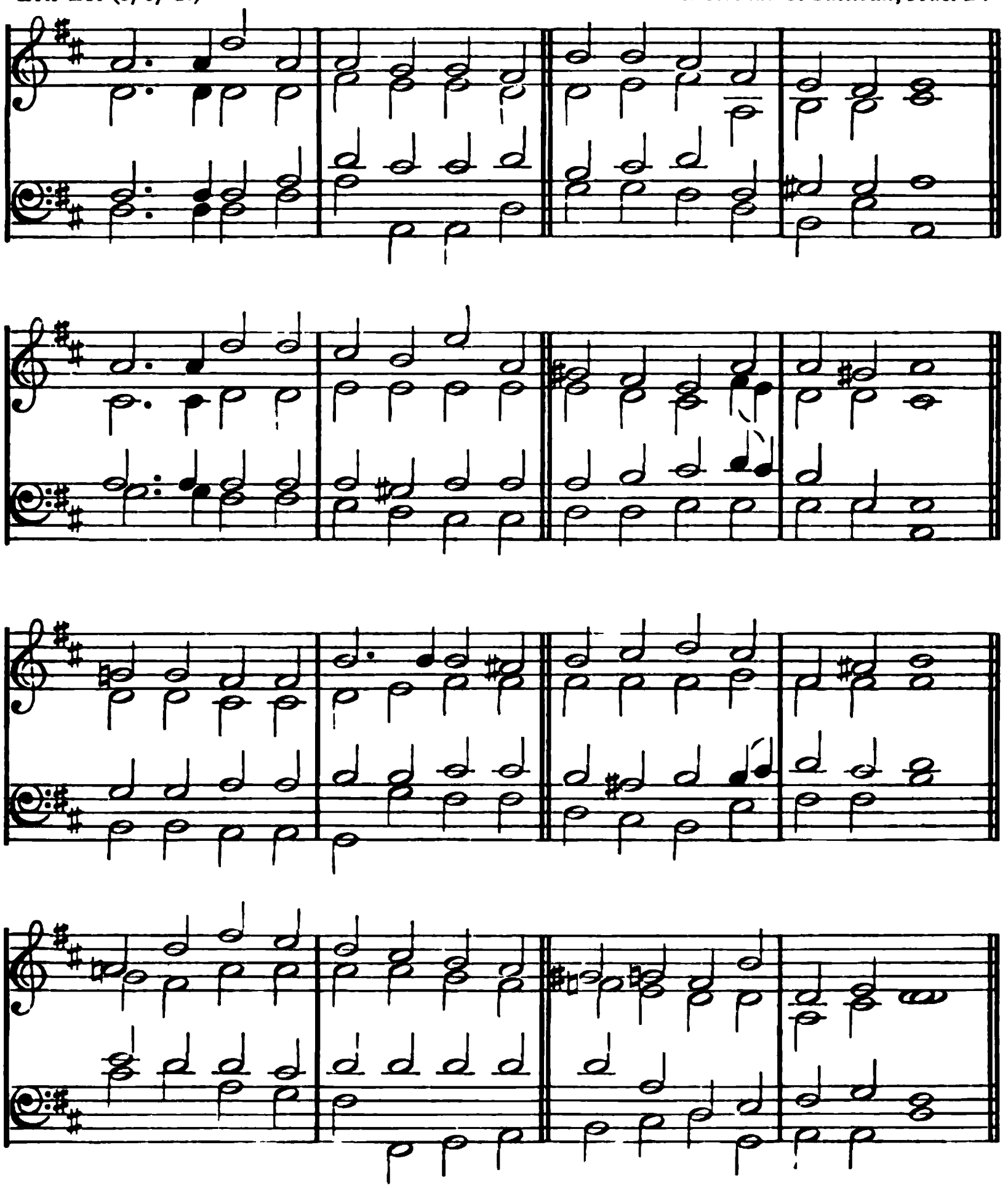
3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants, as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run.

Hymn 329 (341)

Lux Eoi (87 87 D.) *Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.*



"I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation."

1 IN the Name which earth and heavèn
Ever worship, praise, and fear,—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—
Shall a house be builded here:
Here with prayer its deep foundations,
In the faith of Christ, we lay,
Trusting by His help to crown it
With the top-stone in its day.

2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesus, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

Hymn 329 (341)

3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:
  Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
  Of the holier House on high.
Weary hearts and troubled spirits
  Here shall find a still retreat;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
  Here to the Absolver's feet.

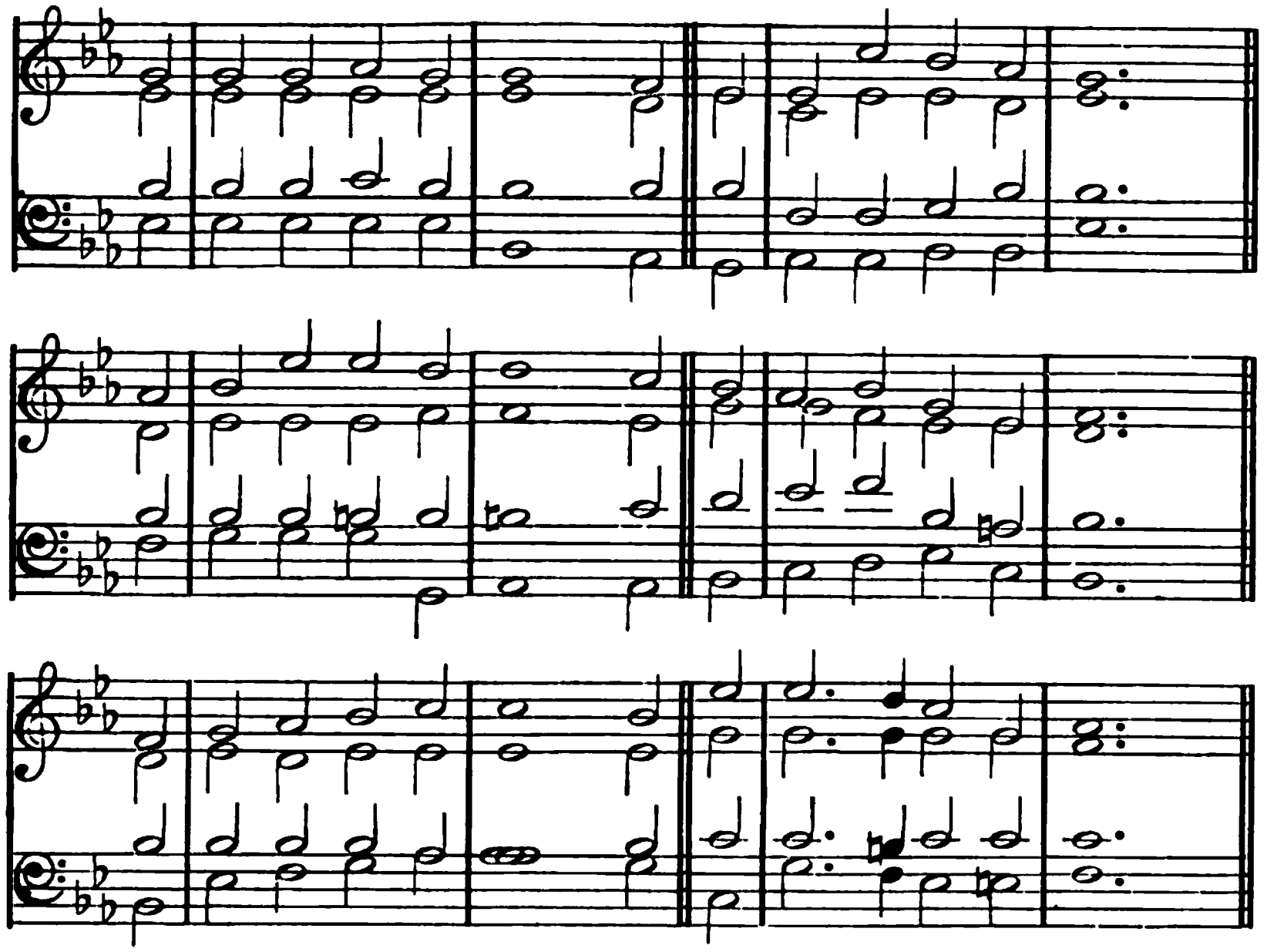
4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
  Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemèd,
  Robes her for her marriage morn;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
  Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
  Till she may behold His face.

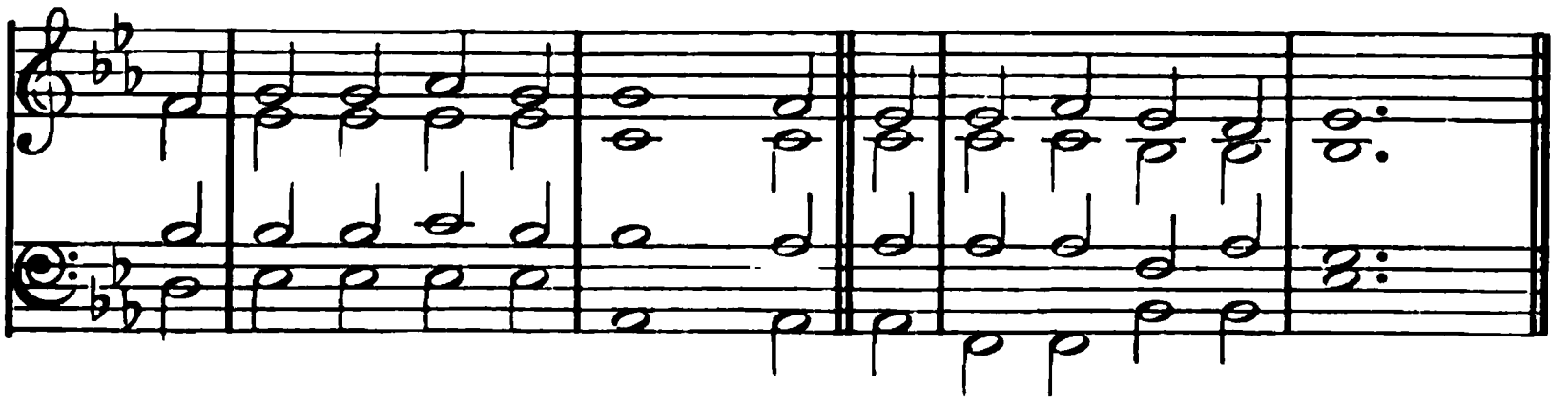
5 Here in due and solemn order
  May her ceaseless prayer arise;
Here may strains of holy gladness
  Lift her heart above the skies;
Here the word of life be spoken;
  Here the child of God be sealed;
Here the Bread of heaven be broken,
  "Till He come" Himself revealed.

6 Praise to Thee, O Master-Builder,
  Maker of the earth and skies;
Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple
  Fitly framed together lies;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
  Binding all that lives in one:
Till our earthly praise be ended,
  And the eternal song begun!

Hymn 330 (342)

AURELIA (76 76 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*





" He is the Head of the body, the Church."

1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, " How long ? "
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Hymn 330 (342)

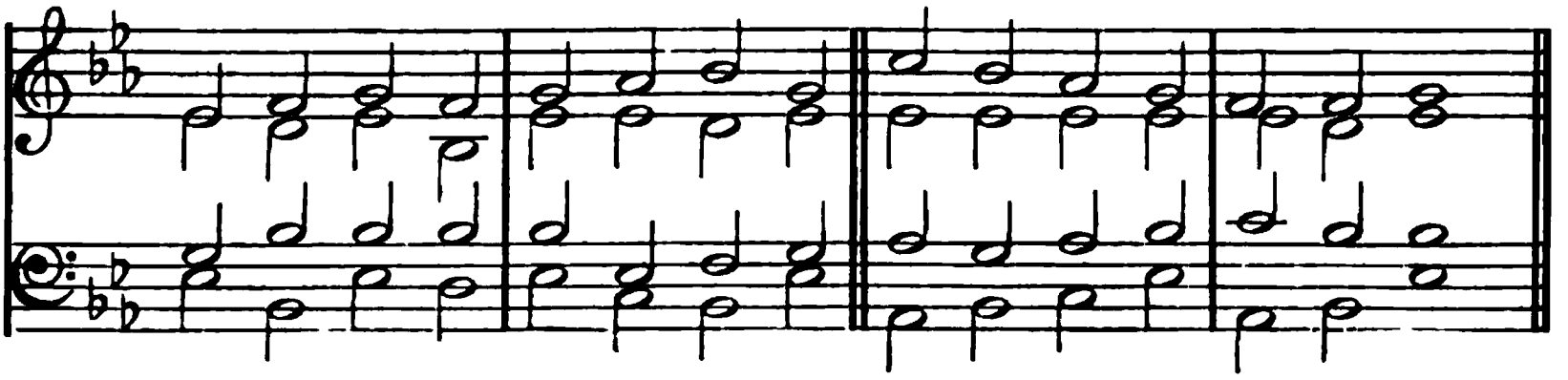
4 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

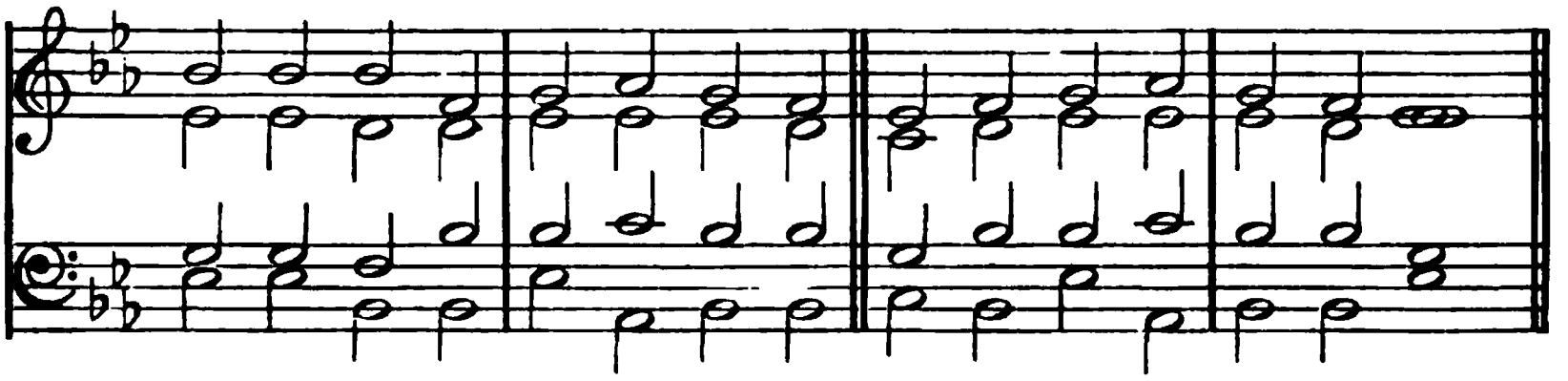
5 Yet she on earth had union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Hymn 331 (191)

BATTY or TURNAU (87 87).

German.
Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch.





"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

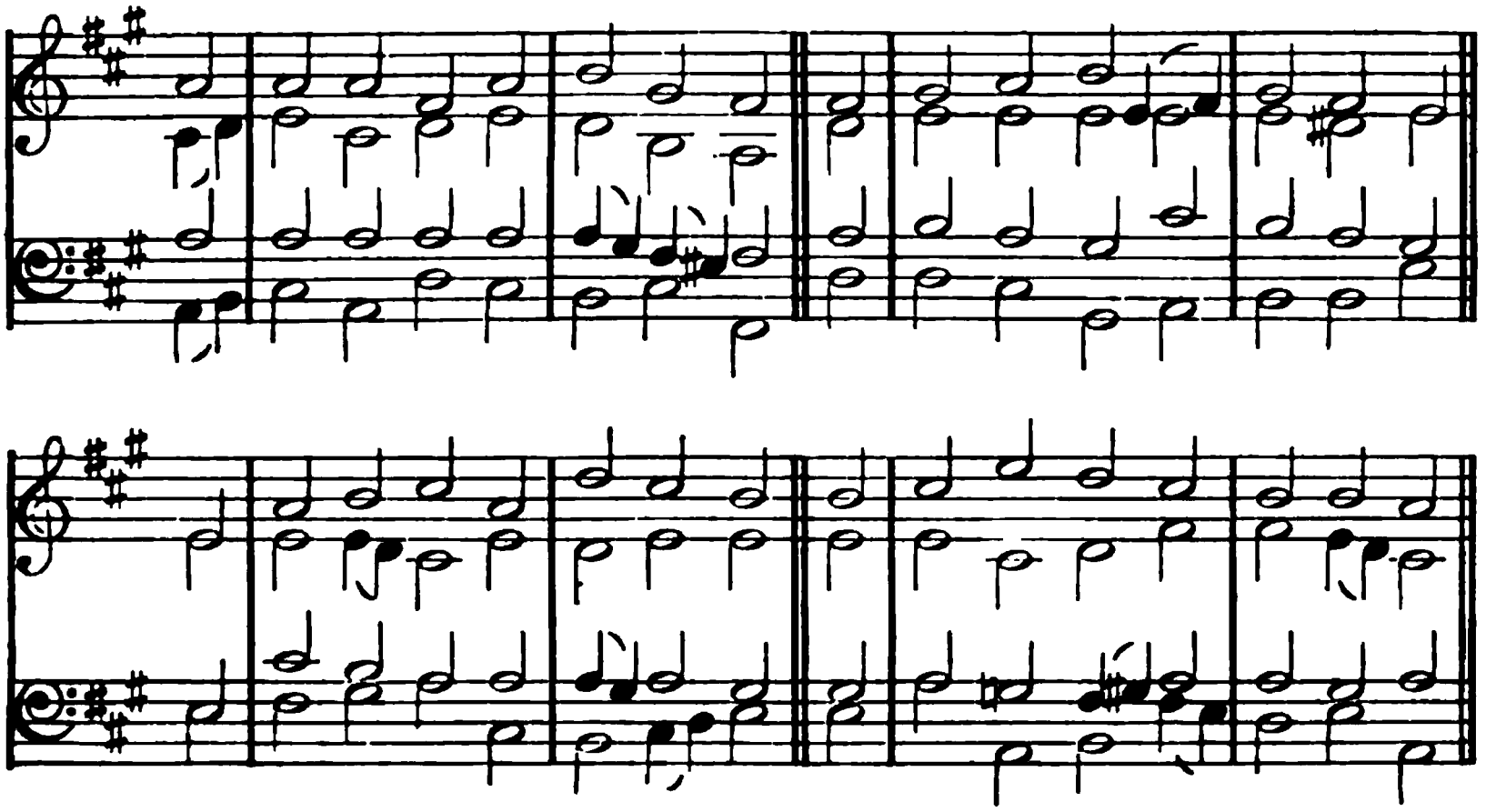
5 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering;
Showing that the Lord is near.

6 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:

7 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Hymn 332 (192)

BRESLAU (L.M.) *Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.*



"The laying on of the hands of the presbytery."

1 LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordainèd servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple, when they stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

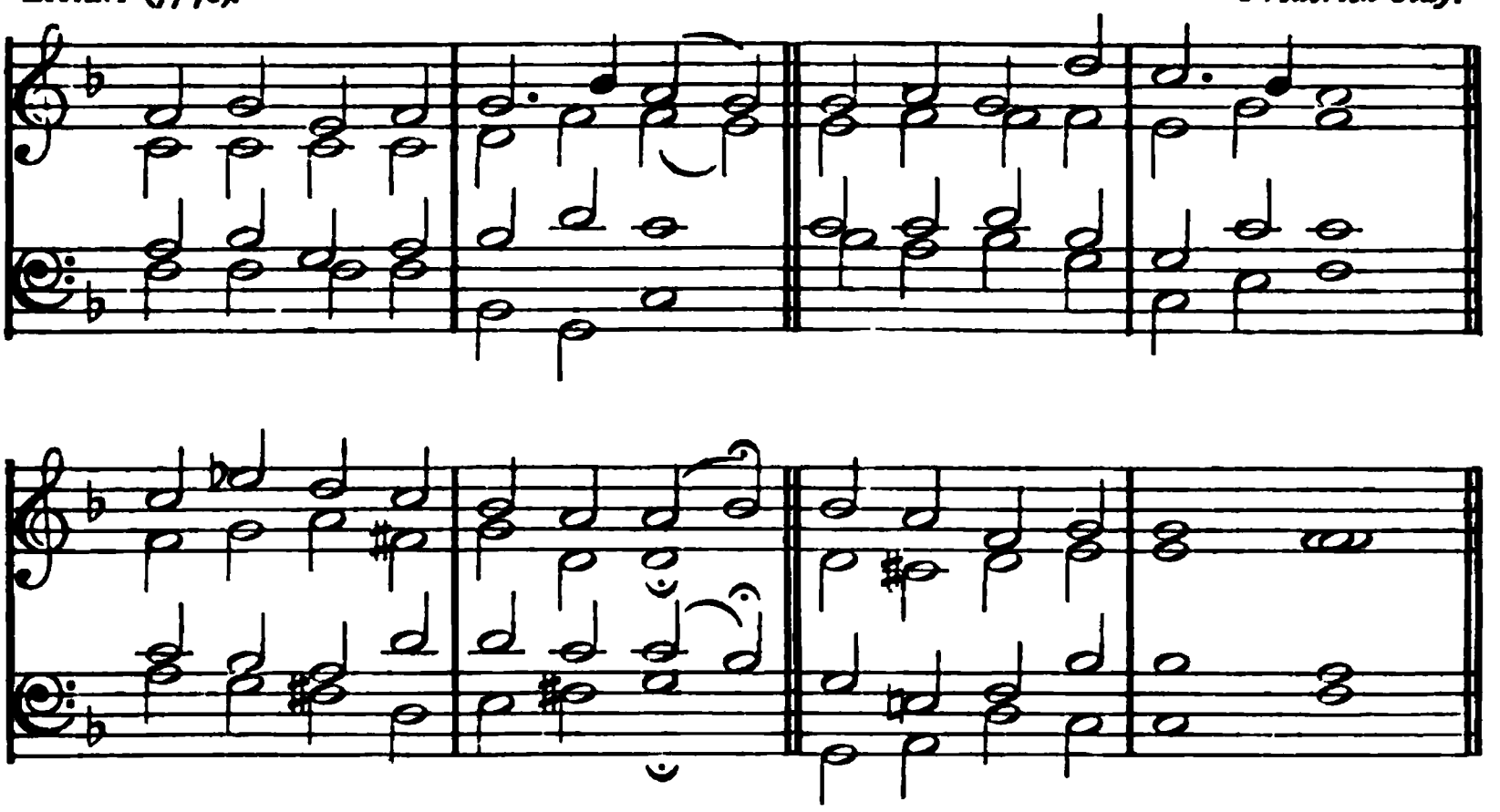
3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

5 So when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign!
So when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine!

Hymn 333 (343)

LITANY (77 76). *Frederick Clay.*



"Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it."

1 JESUS, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Keep her life and doctrine pure;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round—Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

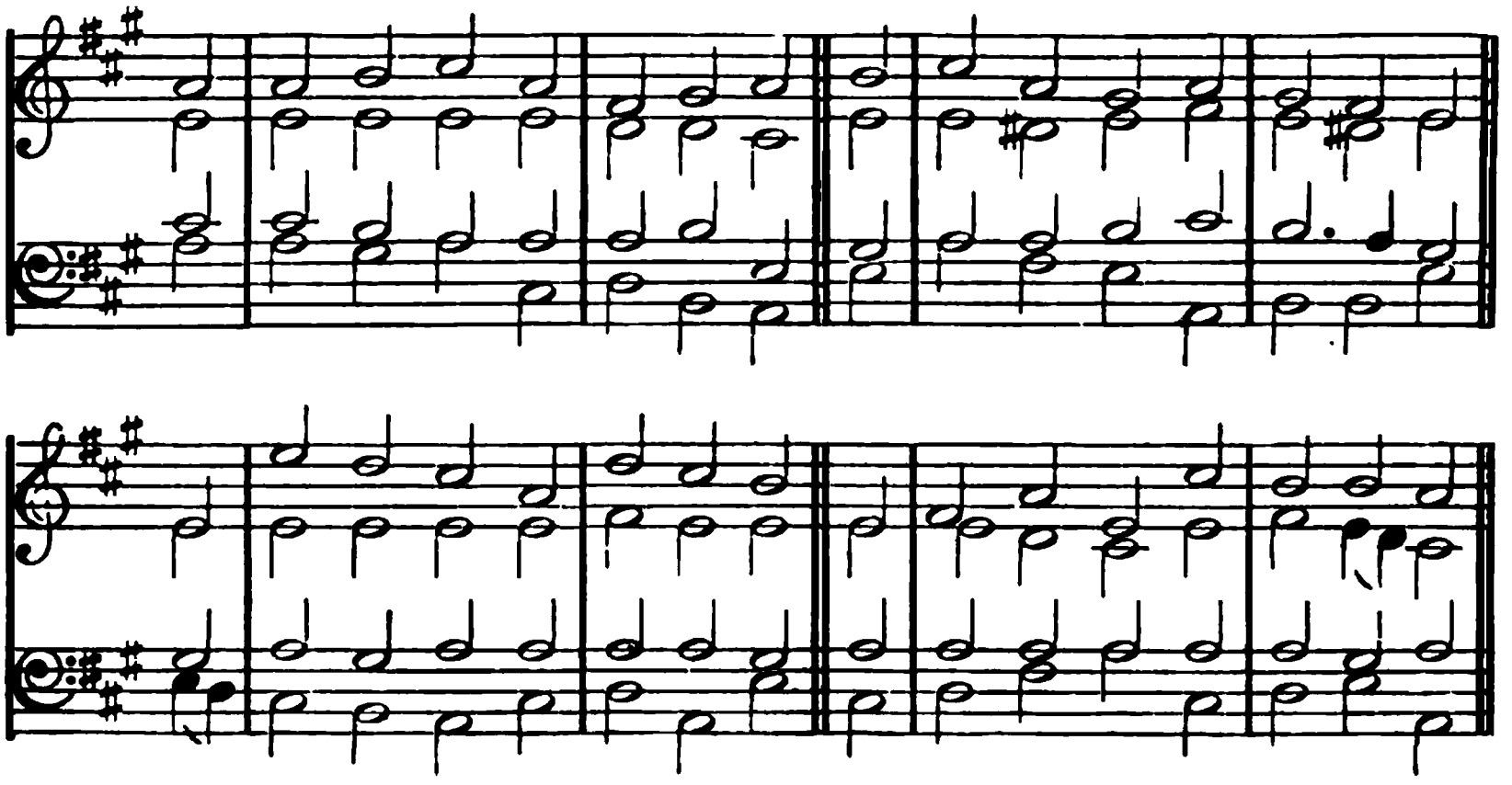
11 Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all Thy chosen in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Hymn 334 (344)

ELY (L.M.) *Bishop Turton.*



"Here am I, send me."

1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

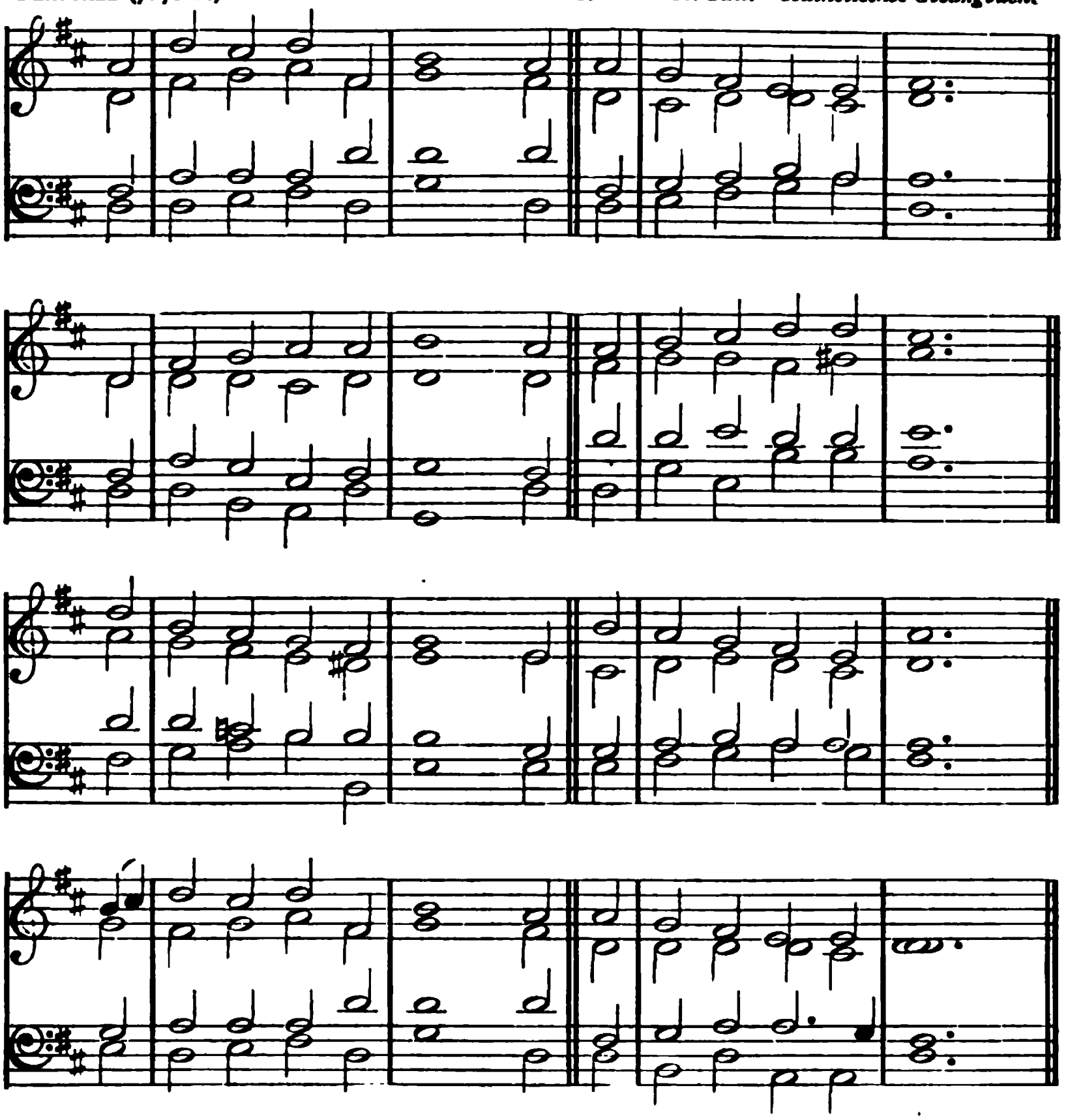
5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Hymn 335 (345)

PEARSALL (76 76 D.) FIRST TUNE. *St. Gall. "Katholisches Gesangbuch."*



"He that reapeth....gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

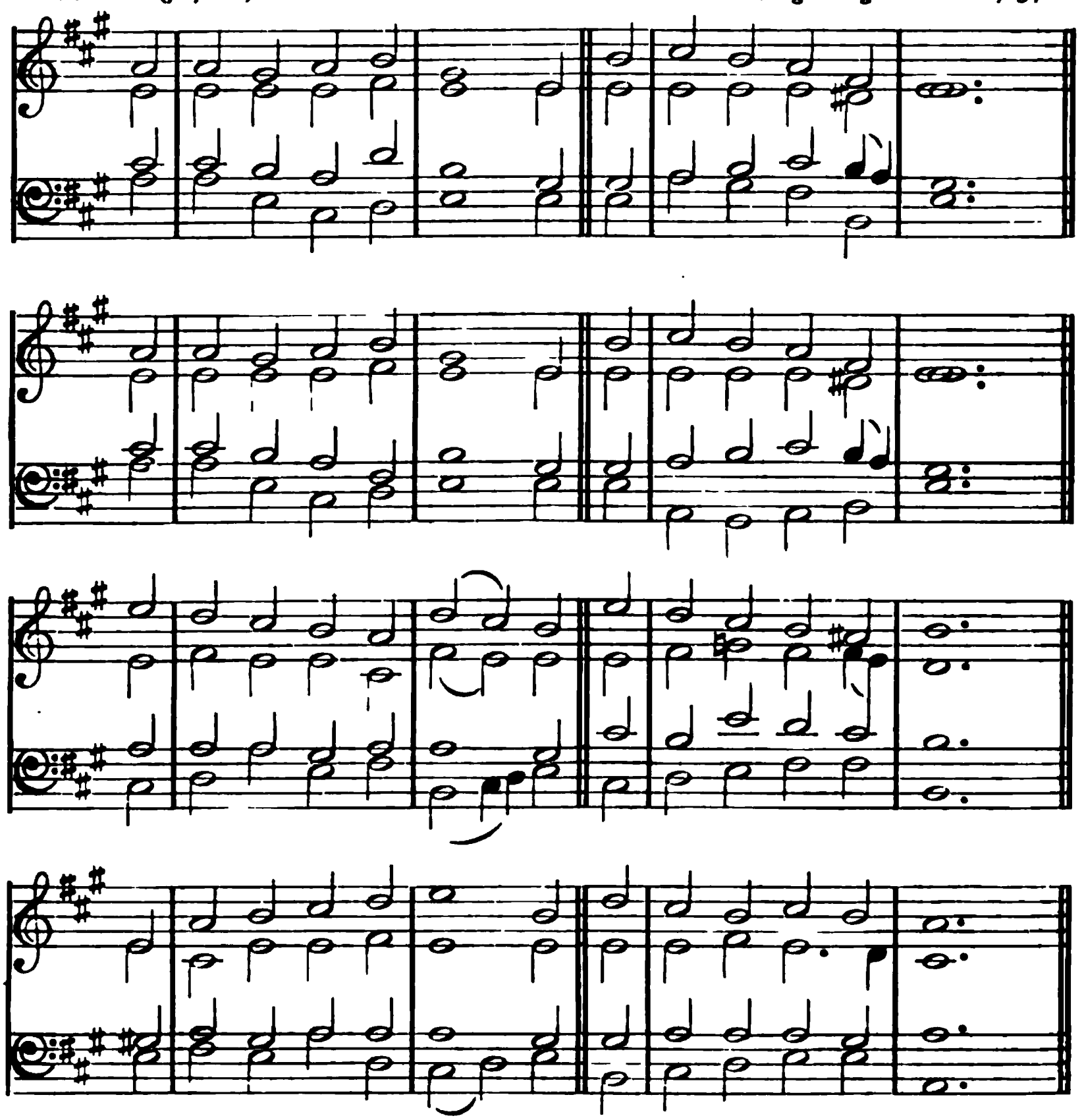
1 LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee:
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Be with us, God the Father!
Be with us, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
O blessèd Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness
Now and for evermore.

Hymn 335 (345)

KREUZNACH (76 76 D.) SECOND TUNE. *Magdeburg Choralbuch, 1540.*



"He that reapeth....gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

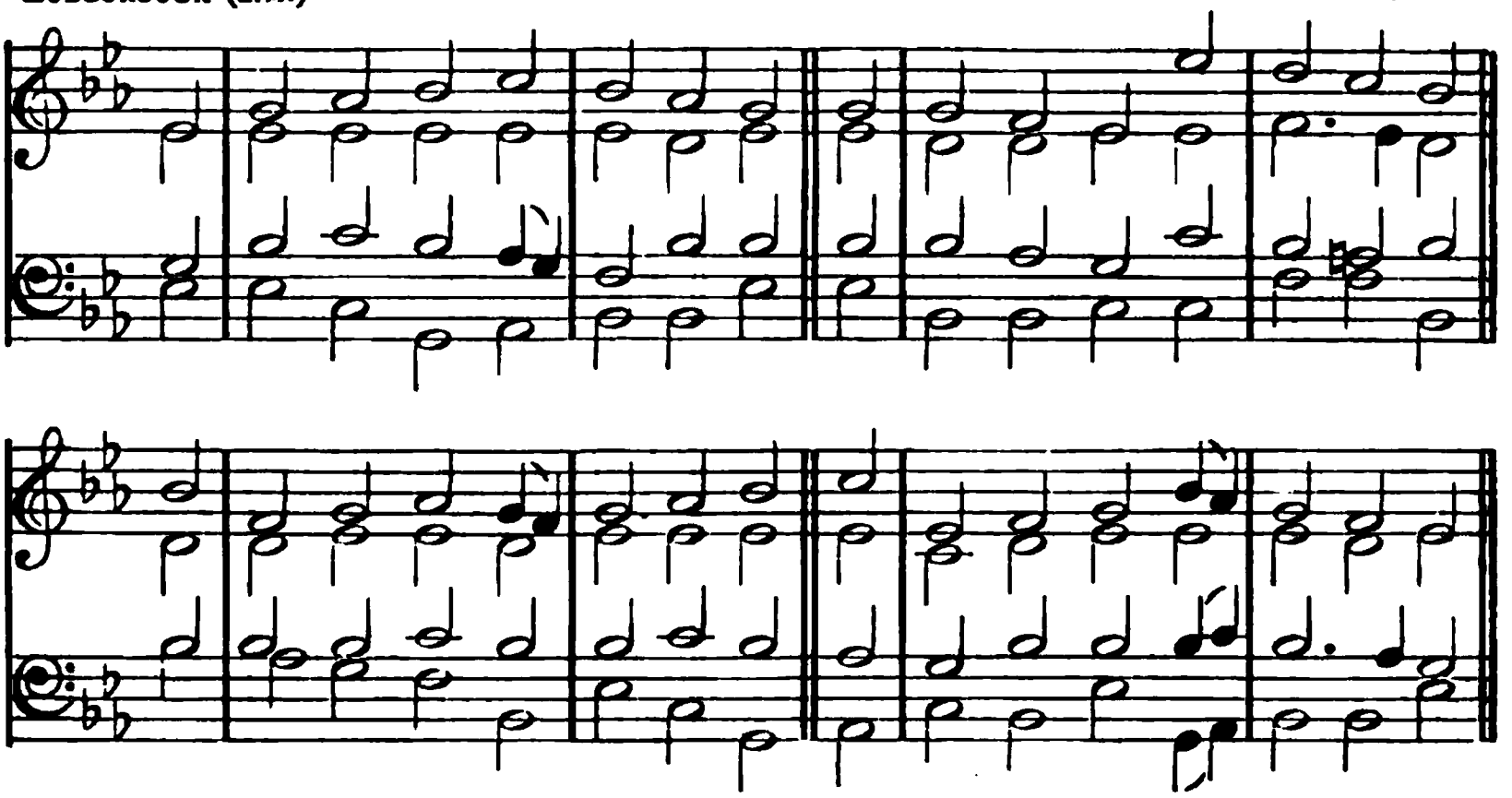
1 LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee:
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Be with us, God the Father!
Be with us, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
O blessèd Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness
Now and for evermore.

Hymn 336 (346)

LUDBOROUGH (L.M.) *Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.*



"Let us not be weary in well-doing."

1 GO, labour on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labour on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

4 Go, labour on while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

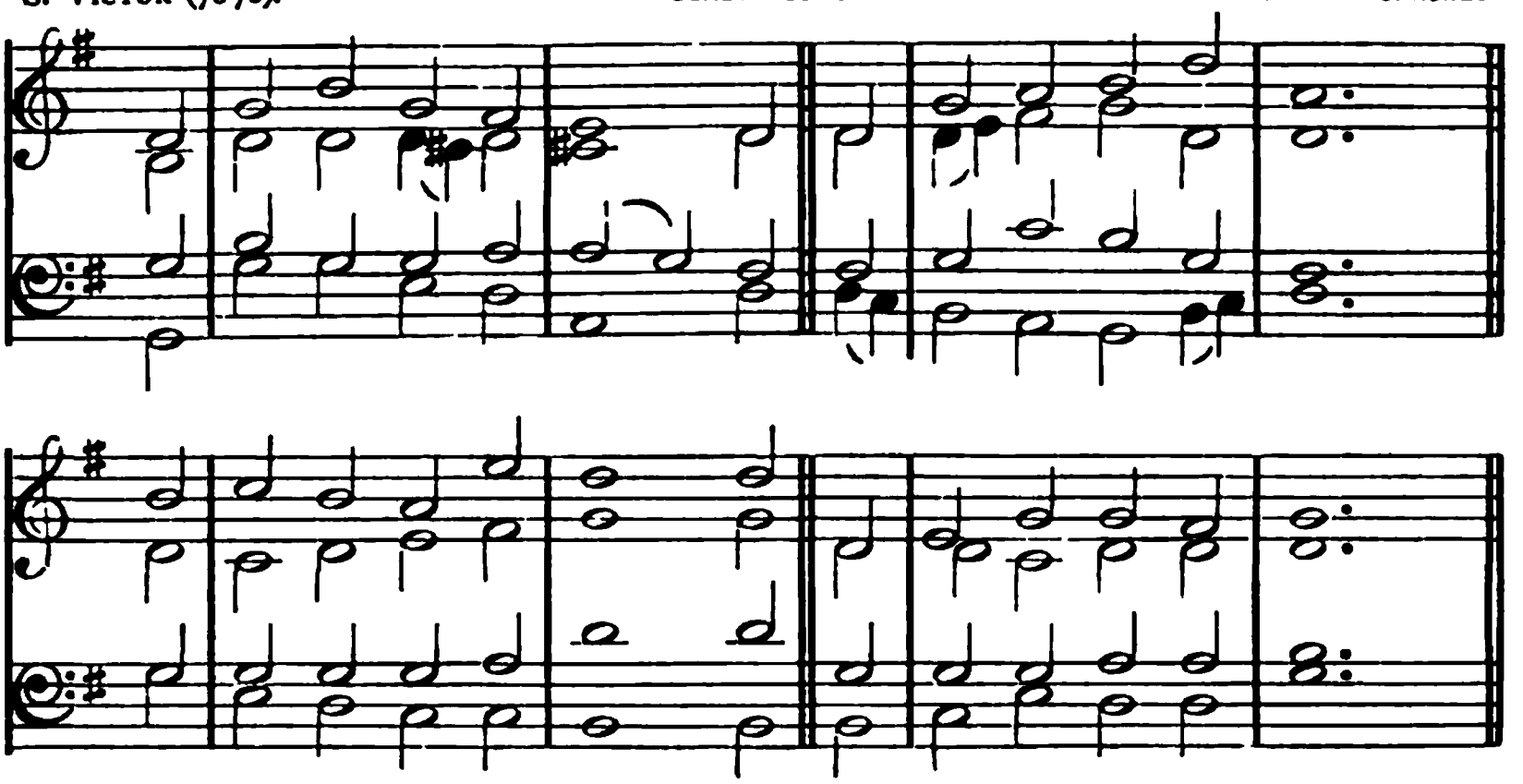
5 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Hymn 337. (347)

S. Victor (76 76). FIRST TUNE. *Richard Redhead.*



"Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause Thy face to shine; and we shall be saved."

1 BOWED low in supplication,
We come, O Lord, to Thee;
Thy grace alone can save us;
To Thee alone we flee.

2 We come for this our Parish
Thy mercy to implore;
On Church, and homes, and people,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour.

3 Blot out our sins, O Father!
Forgive the guilty past;
Loose from their chains the captives
Whom Satan holdeth fast.

4 Wake up the slumbering conscience
To listen to Thy call;
The weak and wavering strengthen,
And raise up them that fall.

5 Our crying sin drive from us
With Thy chastising rod;
That we may be a people
Fearing and loving God.

6 O be Thy house, Lord, hallowed,
And hallowed be Thy day;
Let sin-stained souls find pardon,
And learn to love and pray.

7 O bless and keep the faithful,
That they may stand secure;
Unharmed by Satan's malice,
And steadfast, meek, and pure.

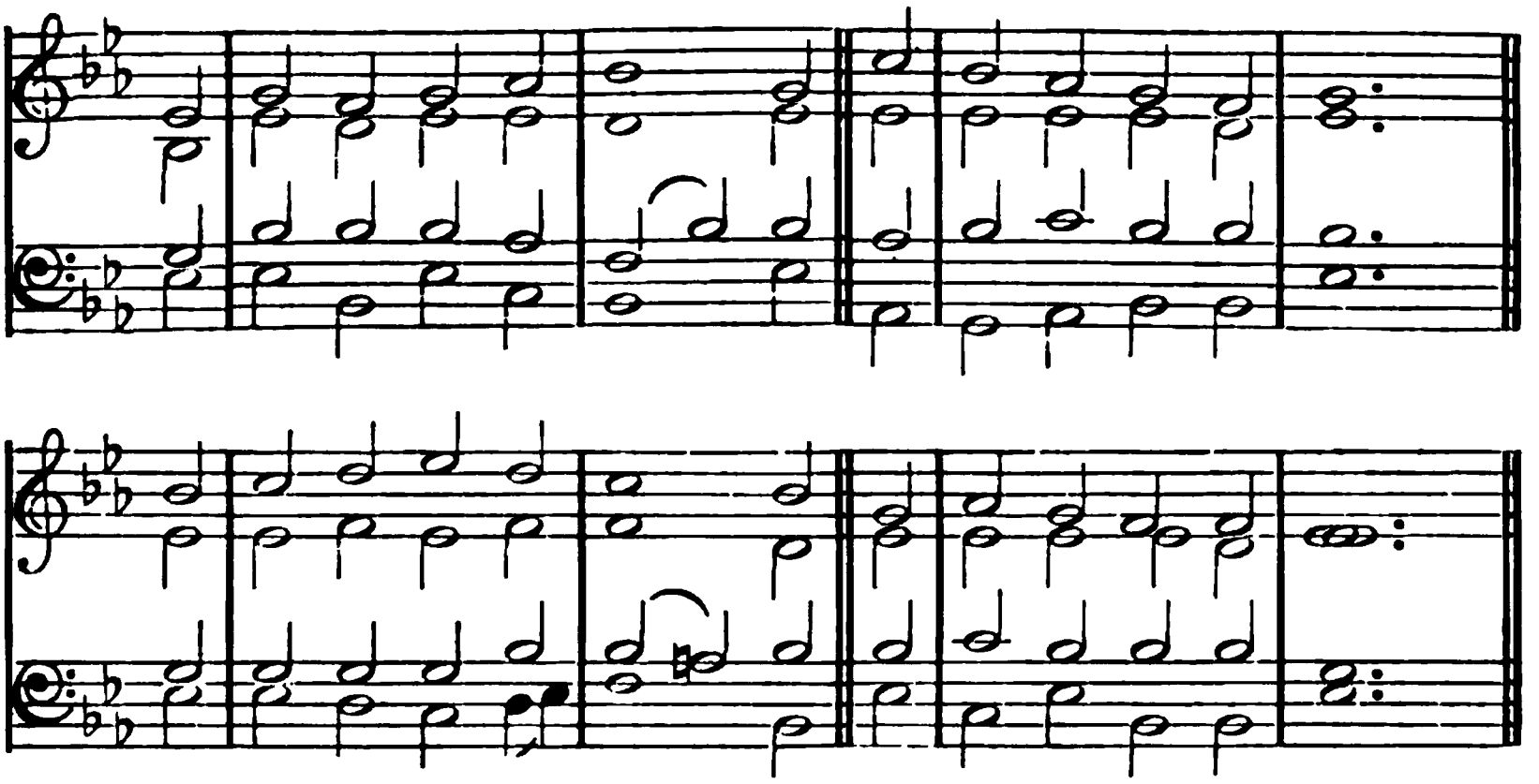
8 With heavenly food supported,
O be they firm and strong
To follow all things holy,
To flee from all things wrong.

9 Lord, banish strife and variance,
Knit sundered hearts in one;
And bind us all together
In love to Thy dear Son.

10 O Father, bless our Parish,
That all may grow in grace,
And love Thee daily better,
Until we see Thy face.

Hymn 337 (347)

BREMEN (76 76). SECOND TUNE. *Melchior Vulpius.*



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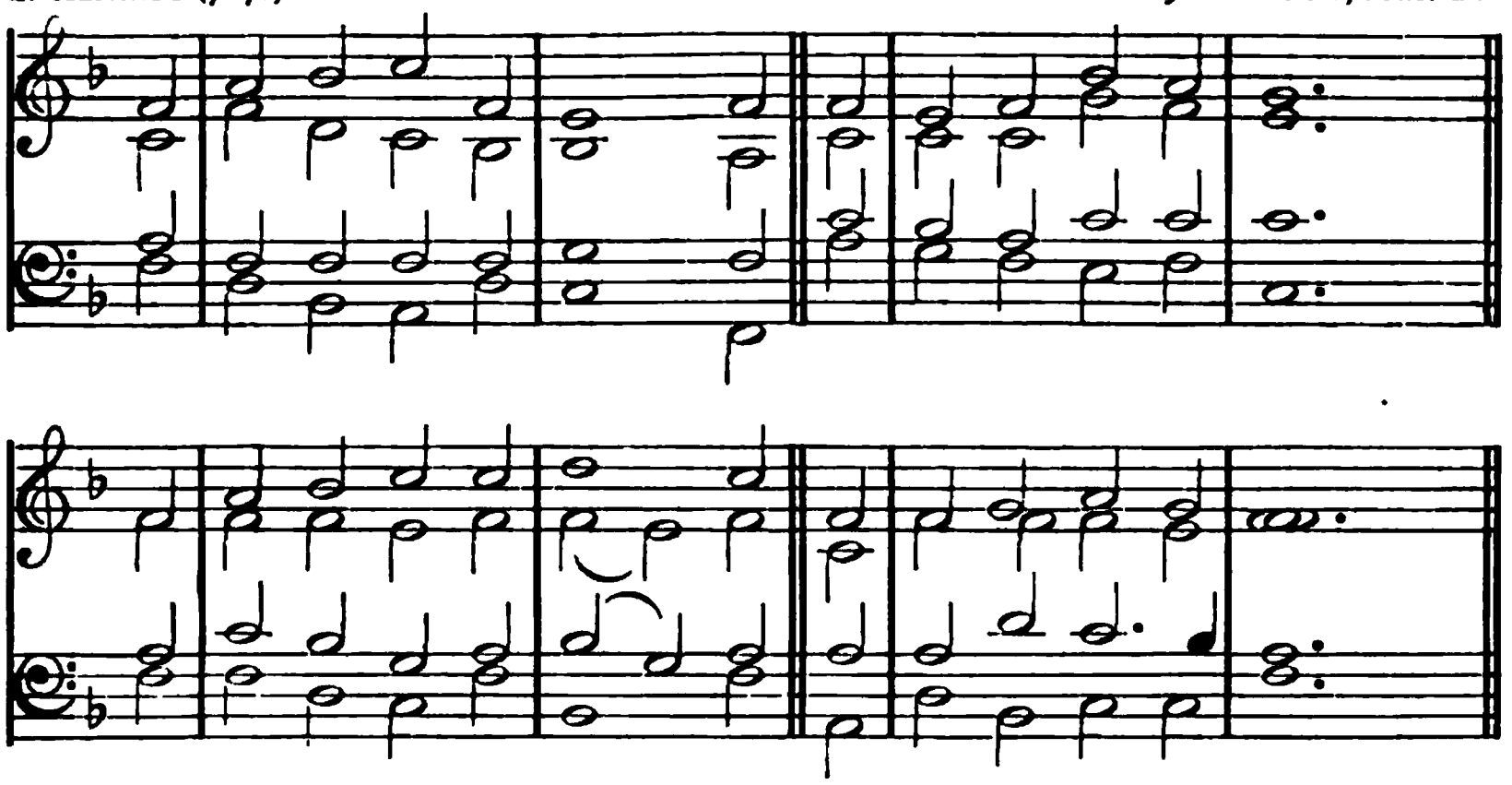
Hymn 338 (348)

S. ALPHEGE (76 76). FIRST TUNE. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"A threefold cord is not quickly broken."

1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away:

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said,

3 For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.

4 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side;

5 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands;

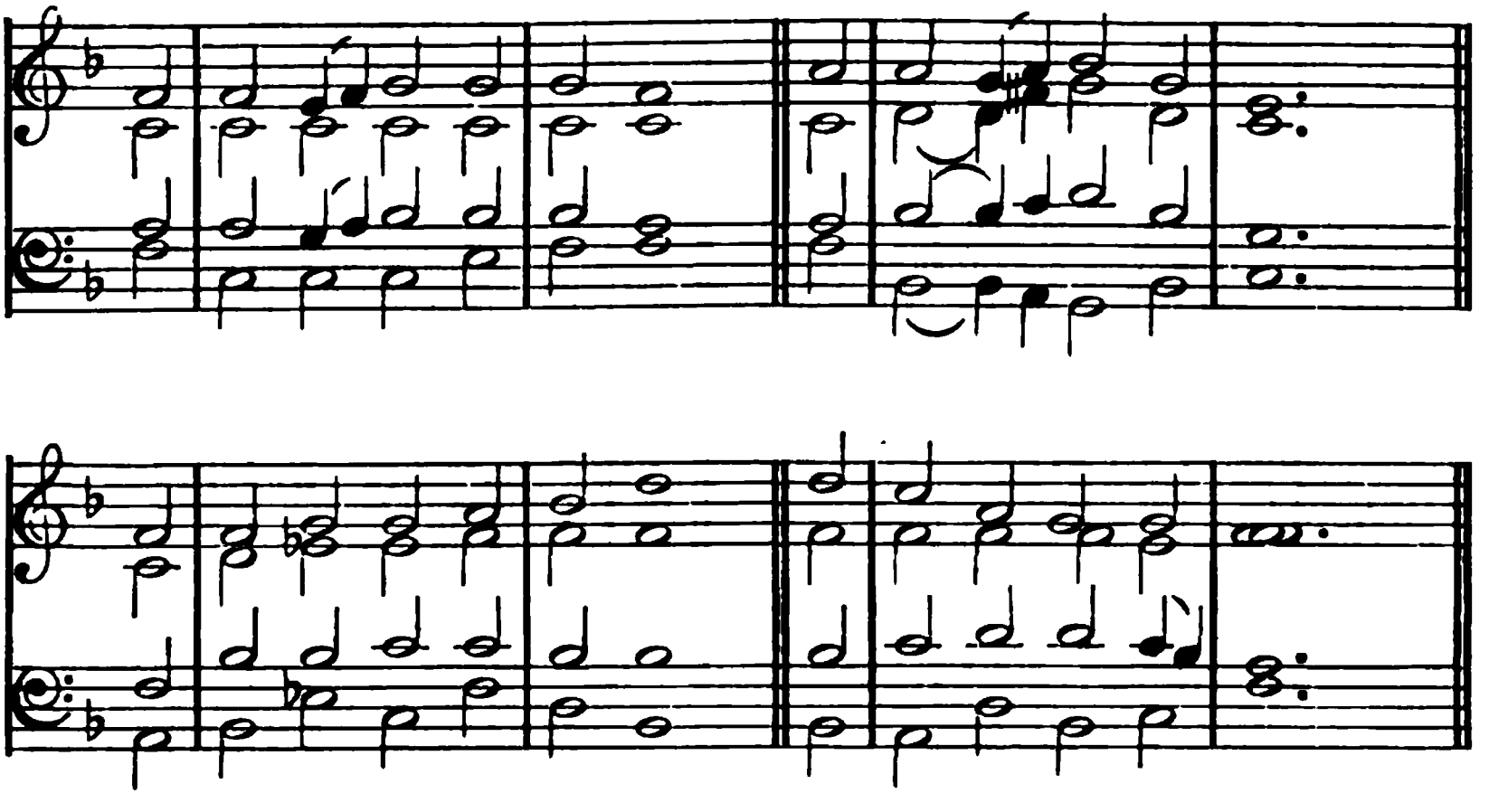
6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

8 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

Hymn 338 (348)

KNECHT (76 76). SECOND TUNE. *Justin Heinrich Knecht.*



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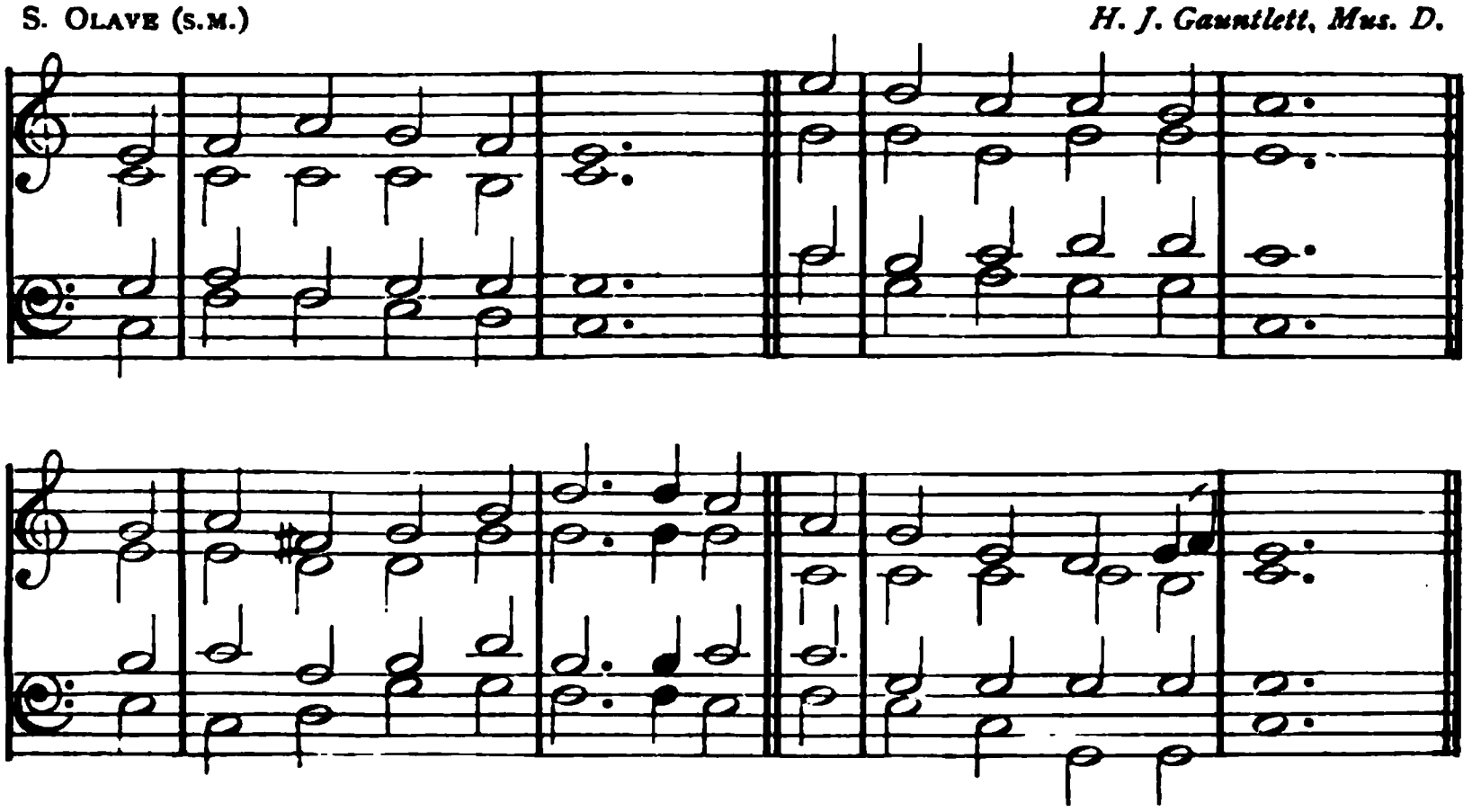
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

Hymn 339 (349)

S. Olave (s.m.) *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



"Both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage."

1 HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power Divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

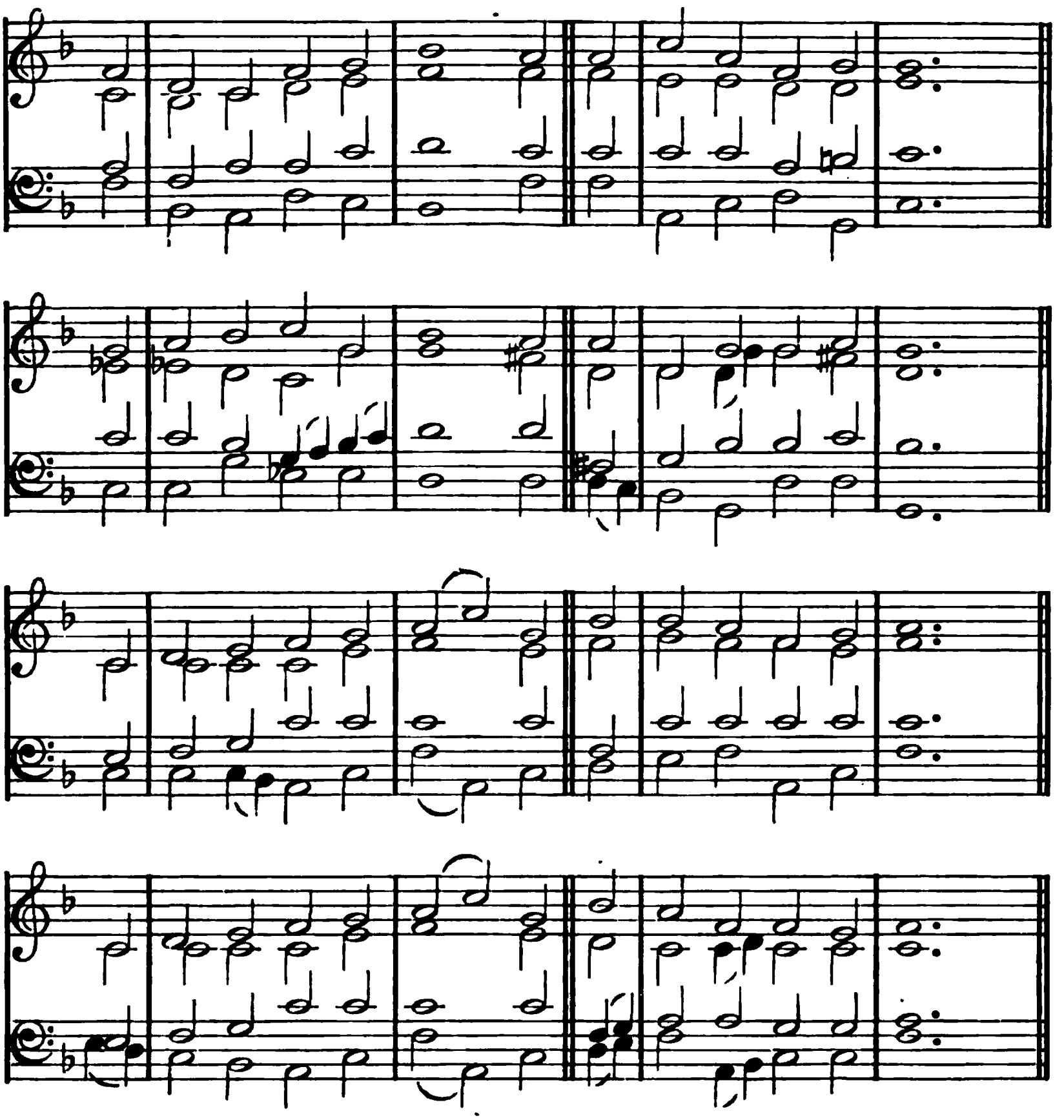
4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

6 Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

Hymn 340 (350)

EVNSHAM (76 76 D.) *E. H. Turpin.*



"Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage."

1 O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power,
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gift renew;
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

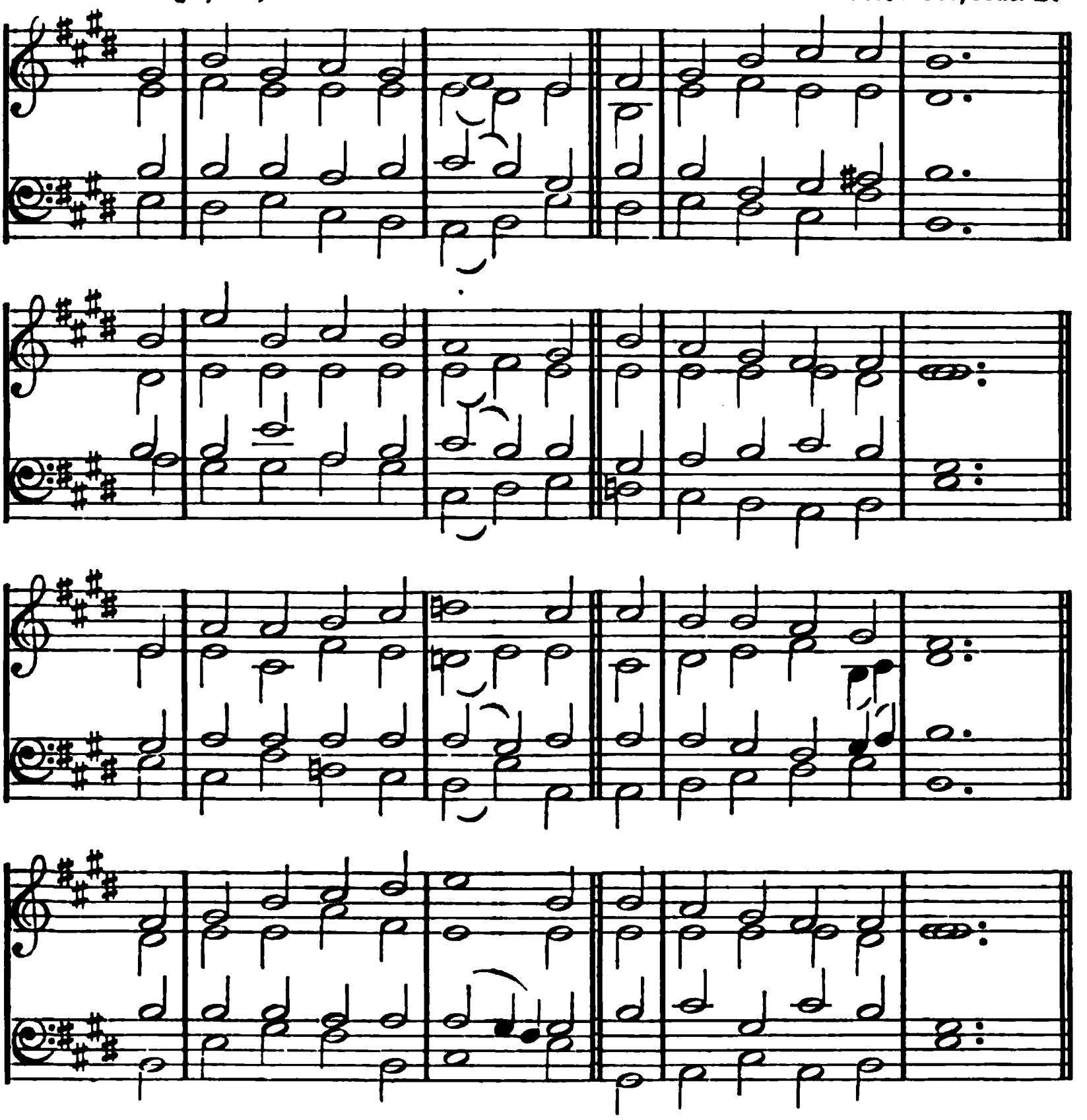
2 O Saviour, guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them in the tasting
To know the gift is Thine.

3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
That guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love which Thou hast hallowed
Is endless love begun.

Hymn 341 (351)

WORDSWORTH (7676 D.) FIRST TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

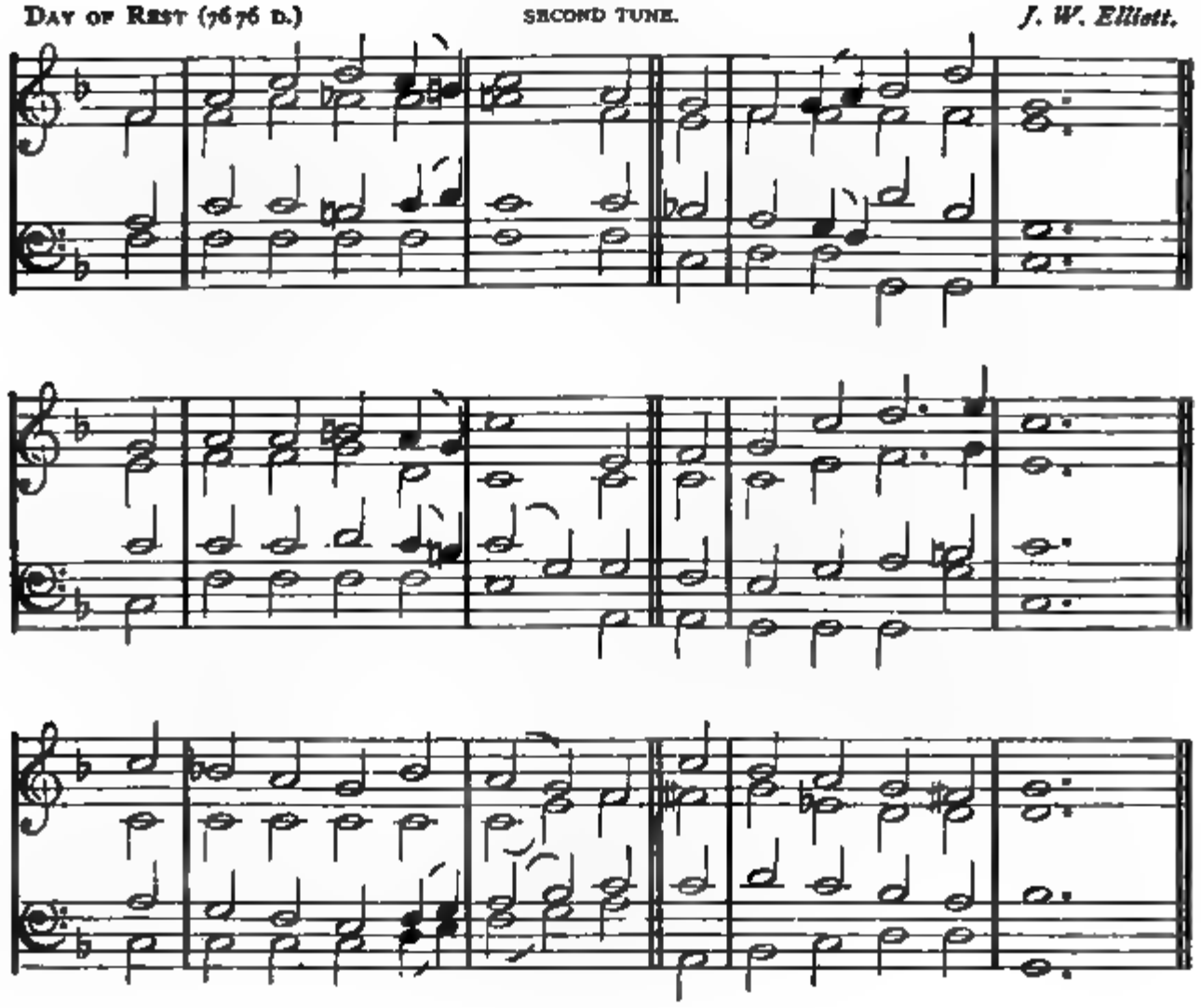
1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth:
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

Hymn 341 (351)

DAY OF REST (7676 D.) SECOND TUNE. *J. W. Elliott.*



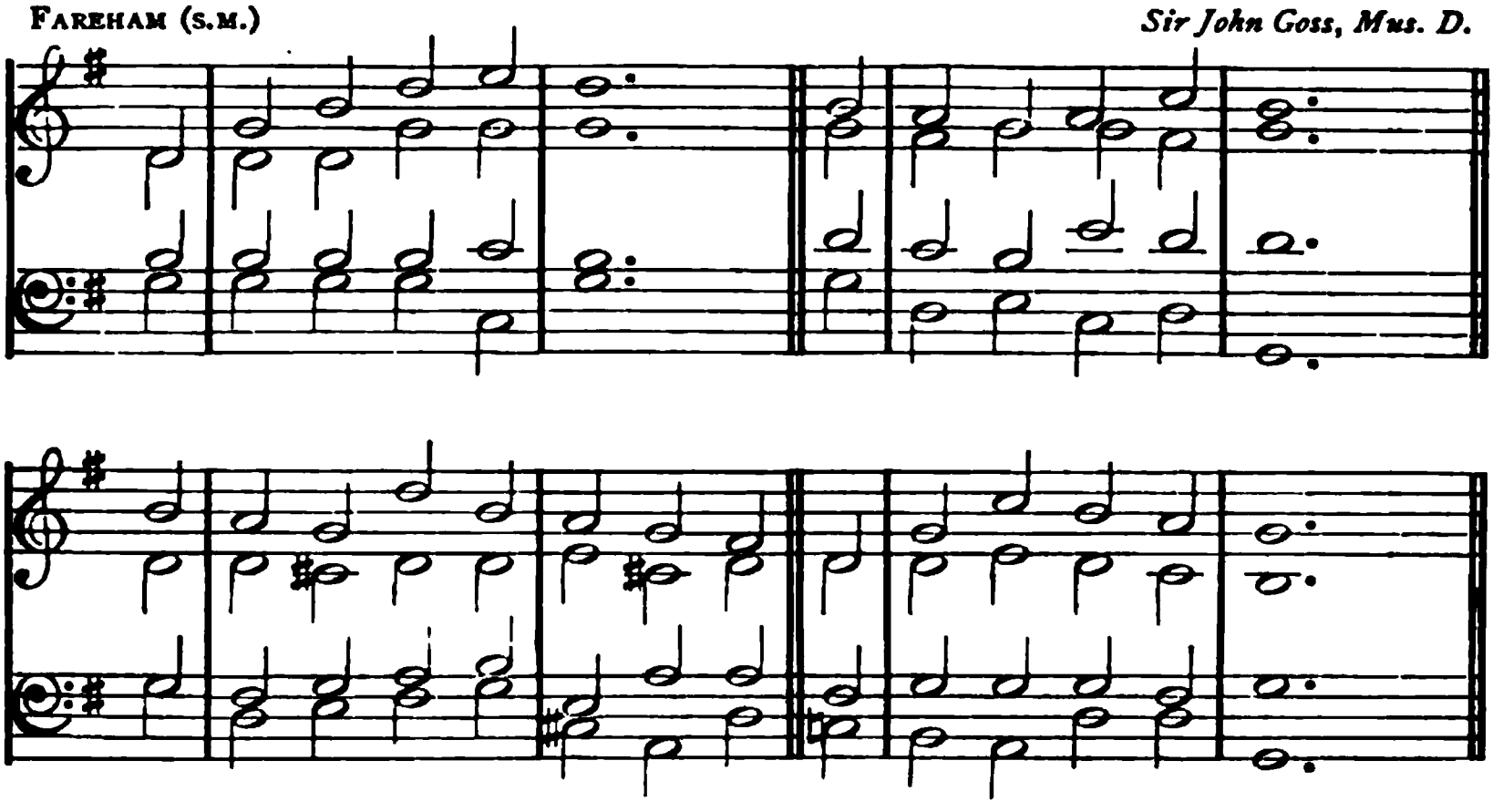
4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come:
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home.
A day of sweet refection,
A day thou art of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

5 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

6 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Hymn 342 (352)

FAREHAM (S.M.) *Sir John Goss, Mus. D.*



"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

1 THIS is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day ;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

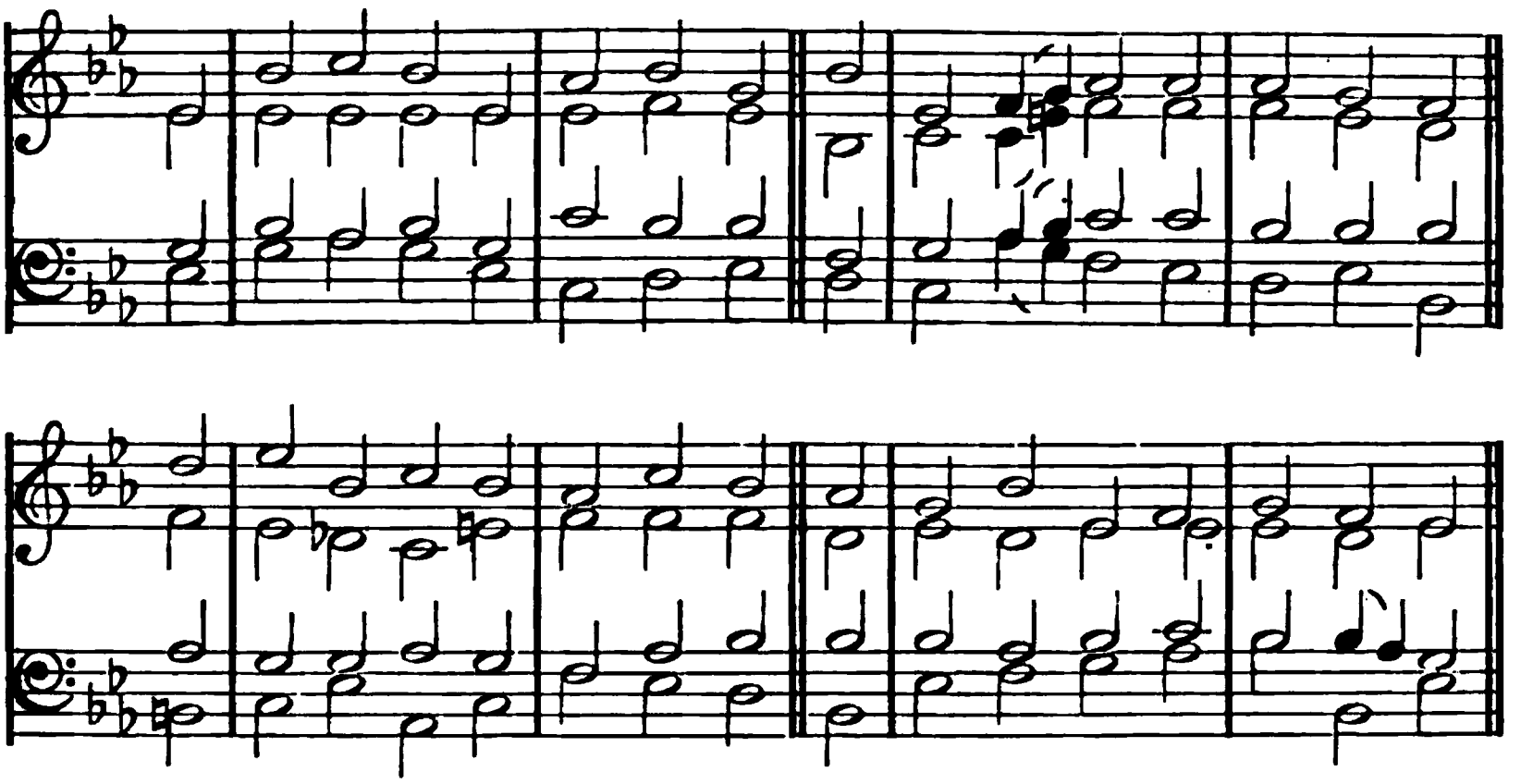
3 This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

Hymn 343 (193)

S. Sepulchre (L.M.) *George Cooper.*



"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth."

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

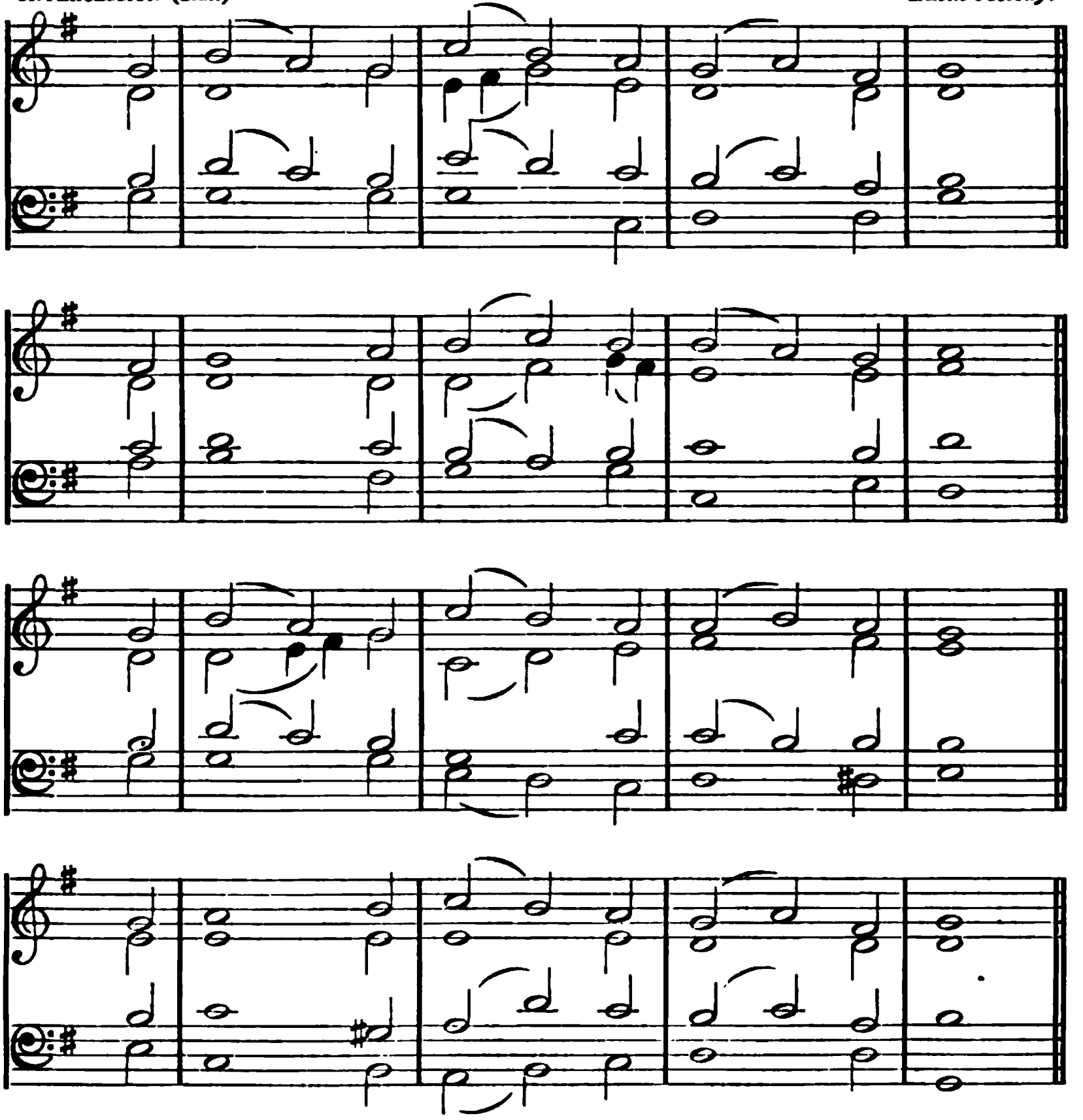
3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

Hymn 344 (194)

INTERCESSION (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Latin Melody.*



"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day:
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

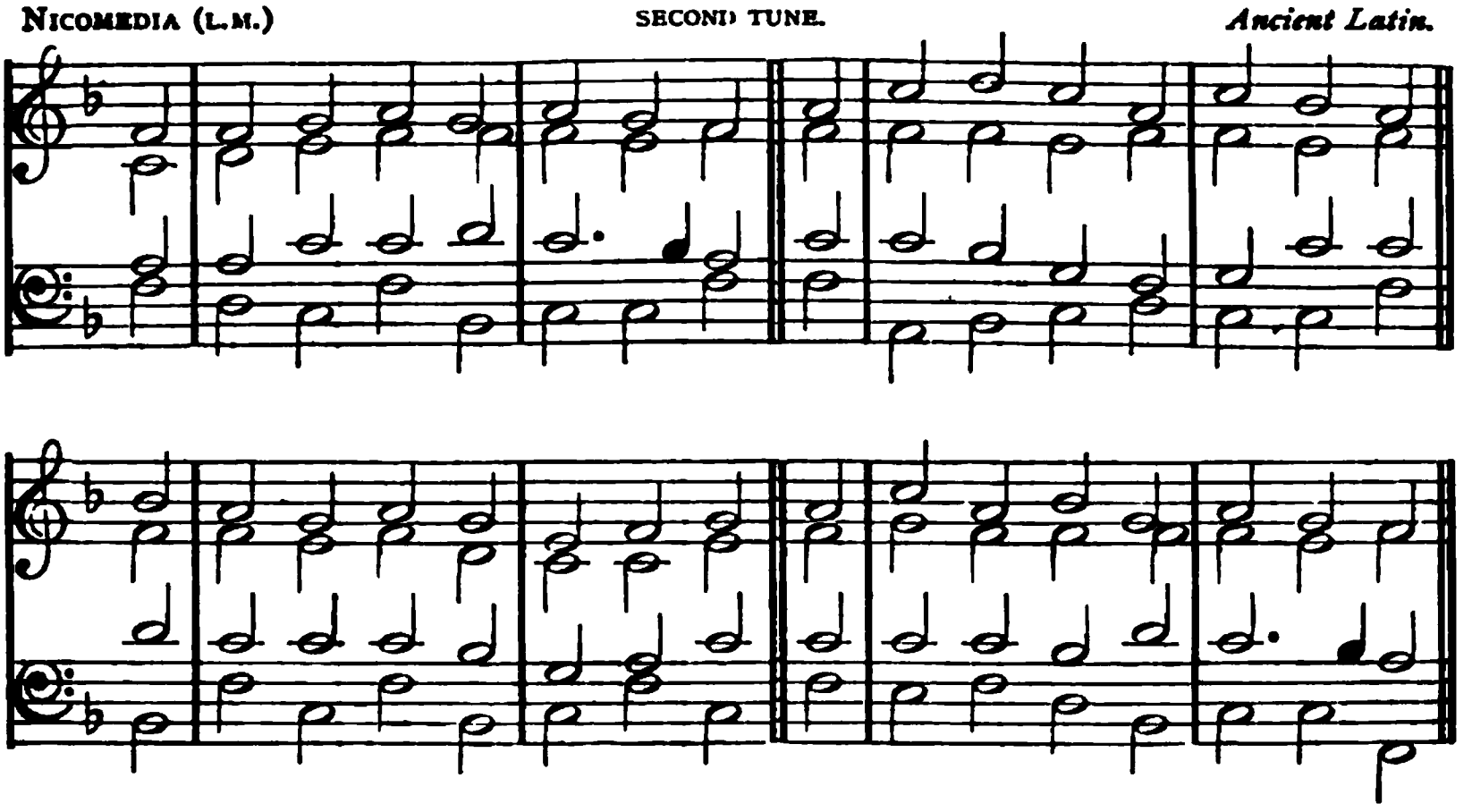
3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road.
And sleep in death, to rest with God!

Hymn 344 (194)

NICOMEDIA (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Ancient Latin.*



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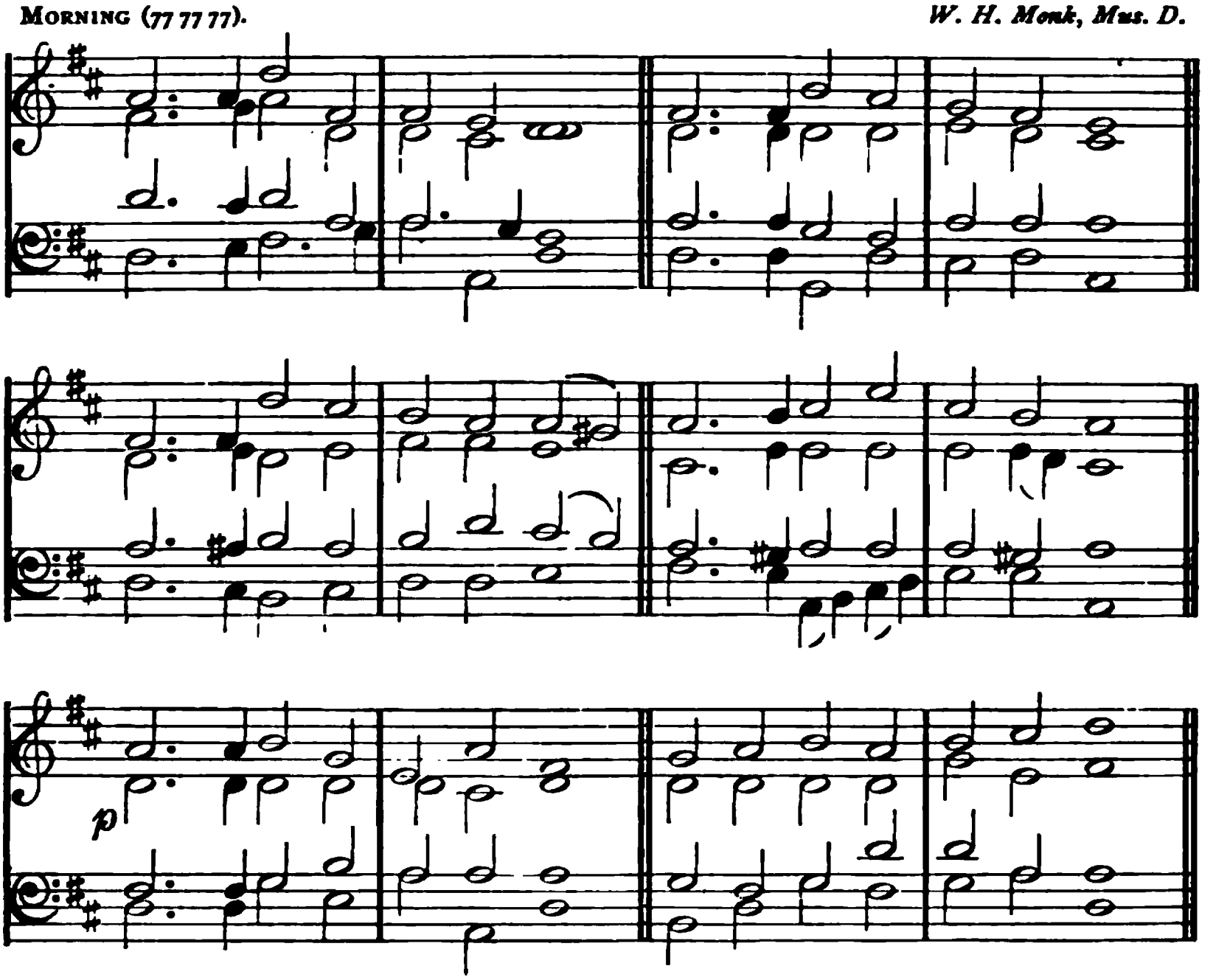
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God!

Hymn 345 (195)

MORNING (77 77 77). *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

1 HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams:
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

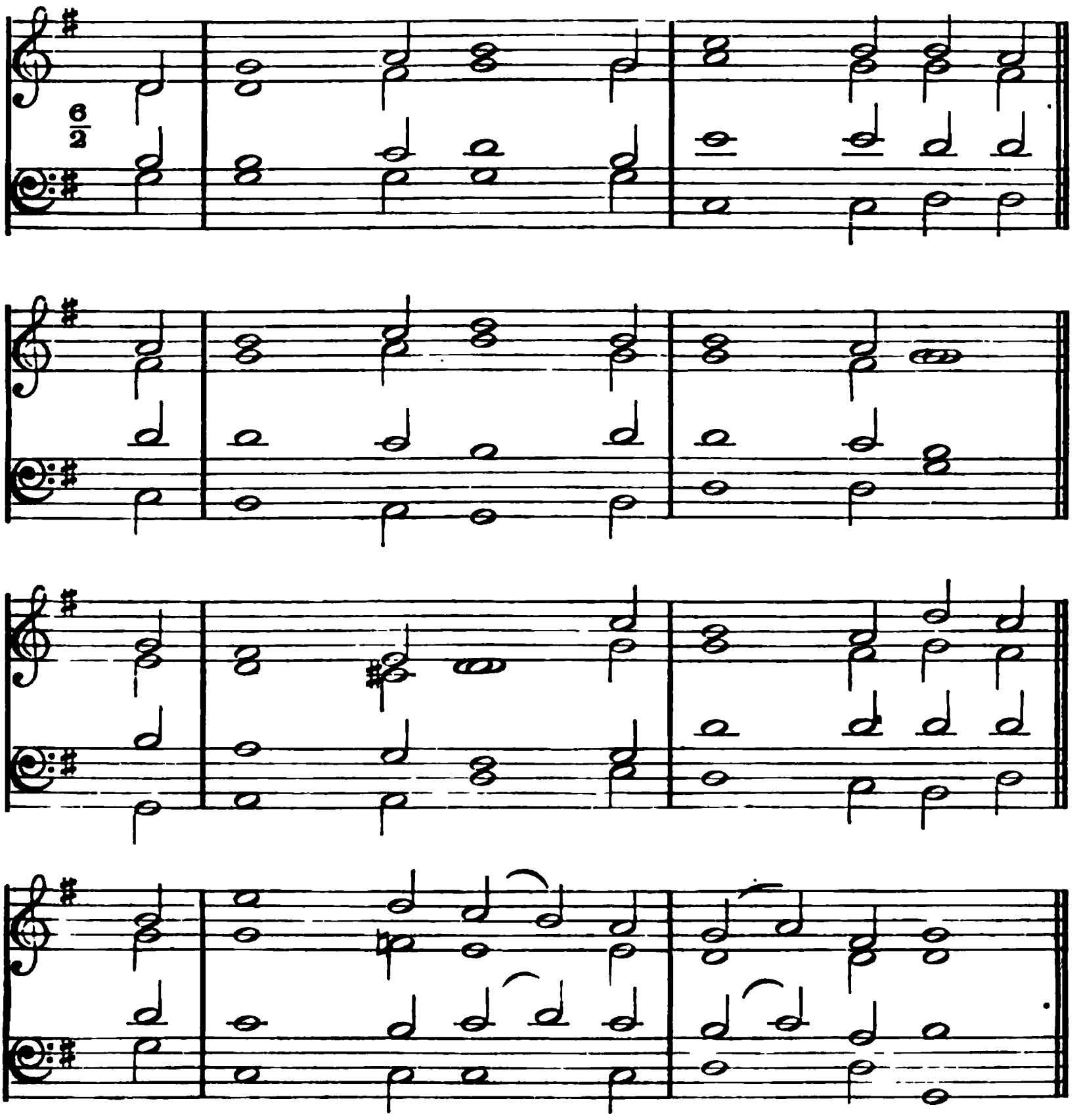
2 Great Creator! who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own Thy sway,
Hallowed be its hours and blest:
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone!

3 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

4 Blessèd Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God.

Hymn 346 (353)

RADFORD (98 98). *Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D.*



"Their office was....to stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even."

1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

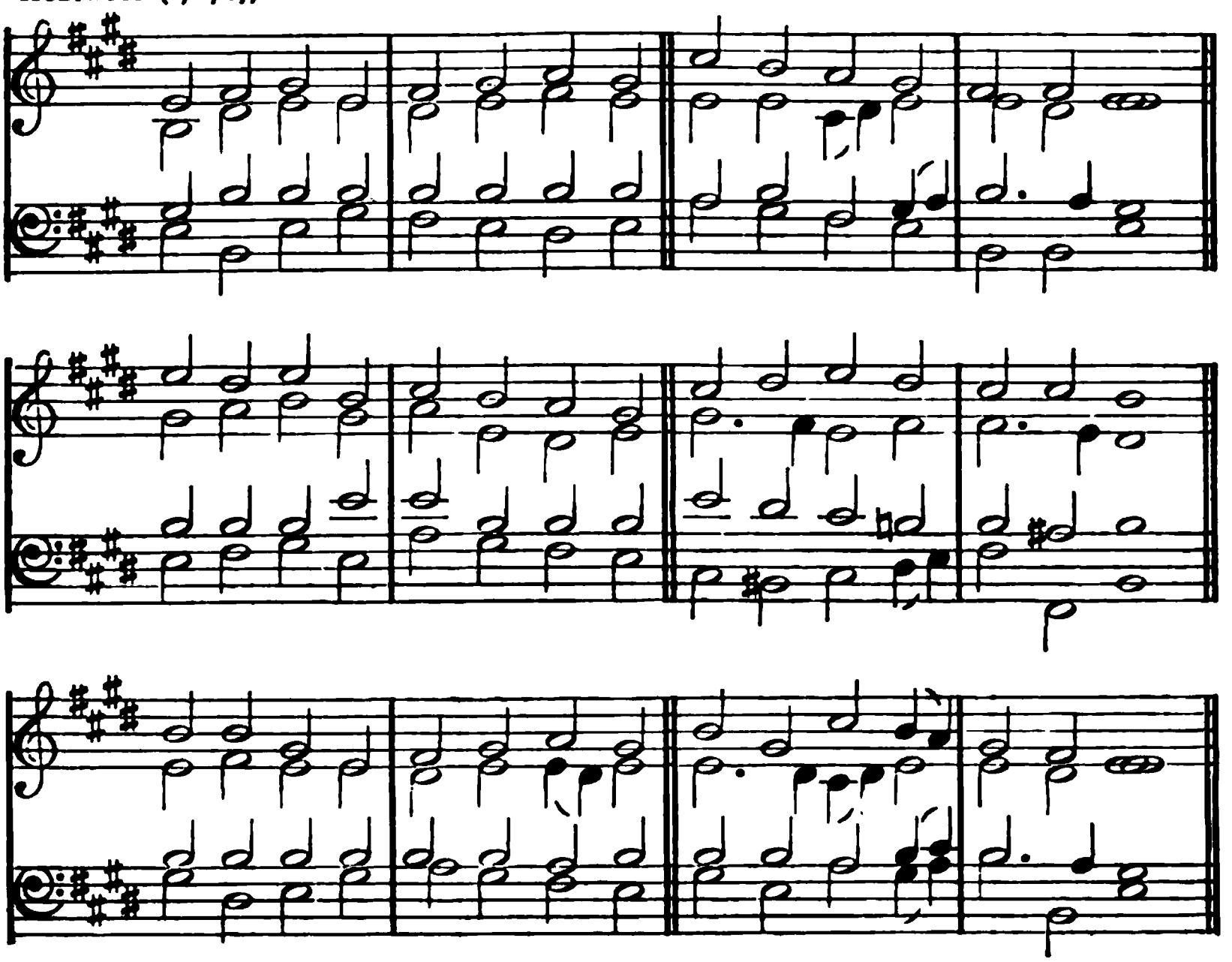
3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Hymn 347 (196)

HOLYWOOD (87 87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Samuel Webbe.*

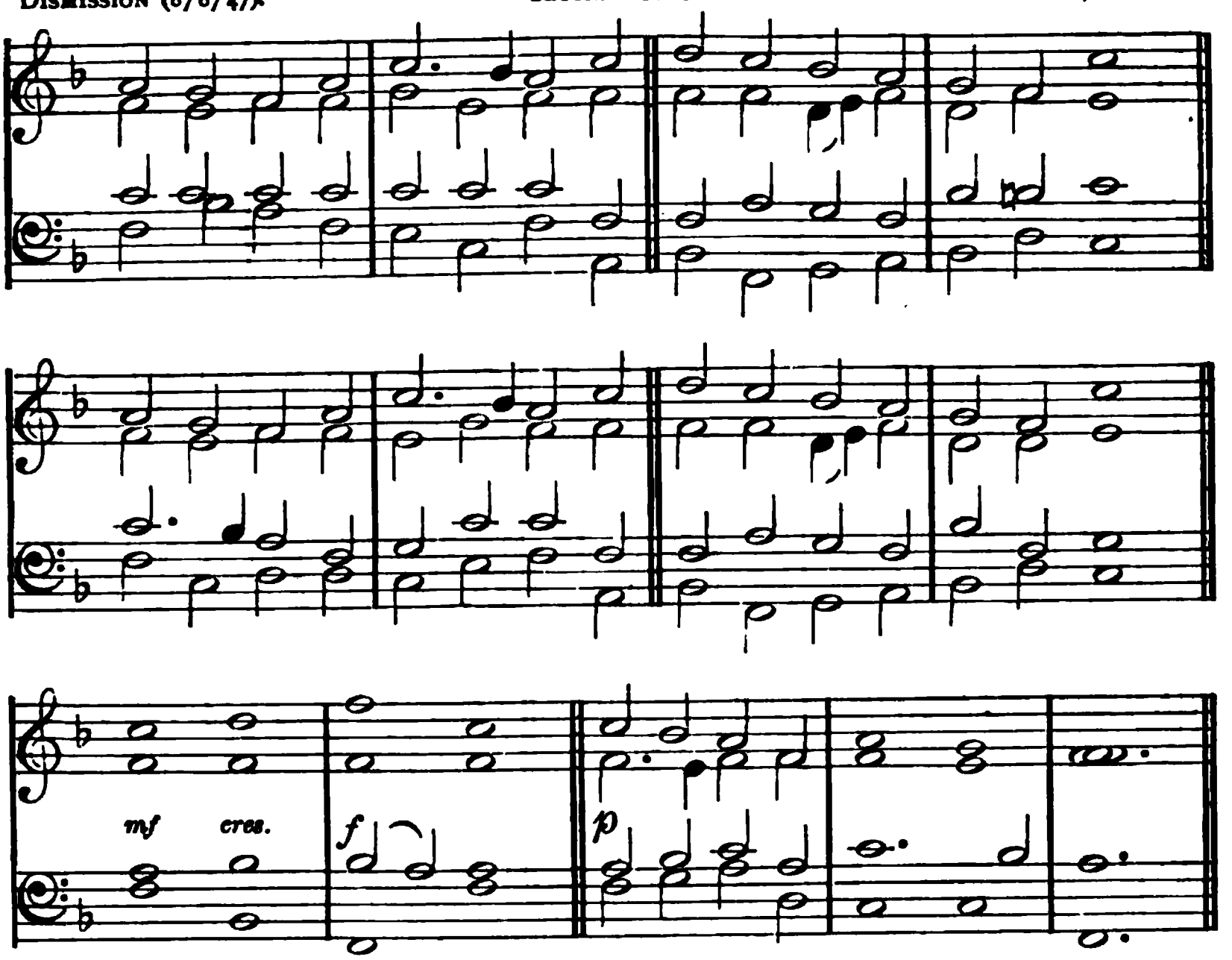


1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us,
Travelling through life's wilderness !

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found !

Hymn 347 (196)

DISMISSION (87 87 47). SECOND TUNE. *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



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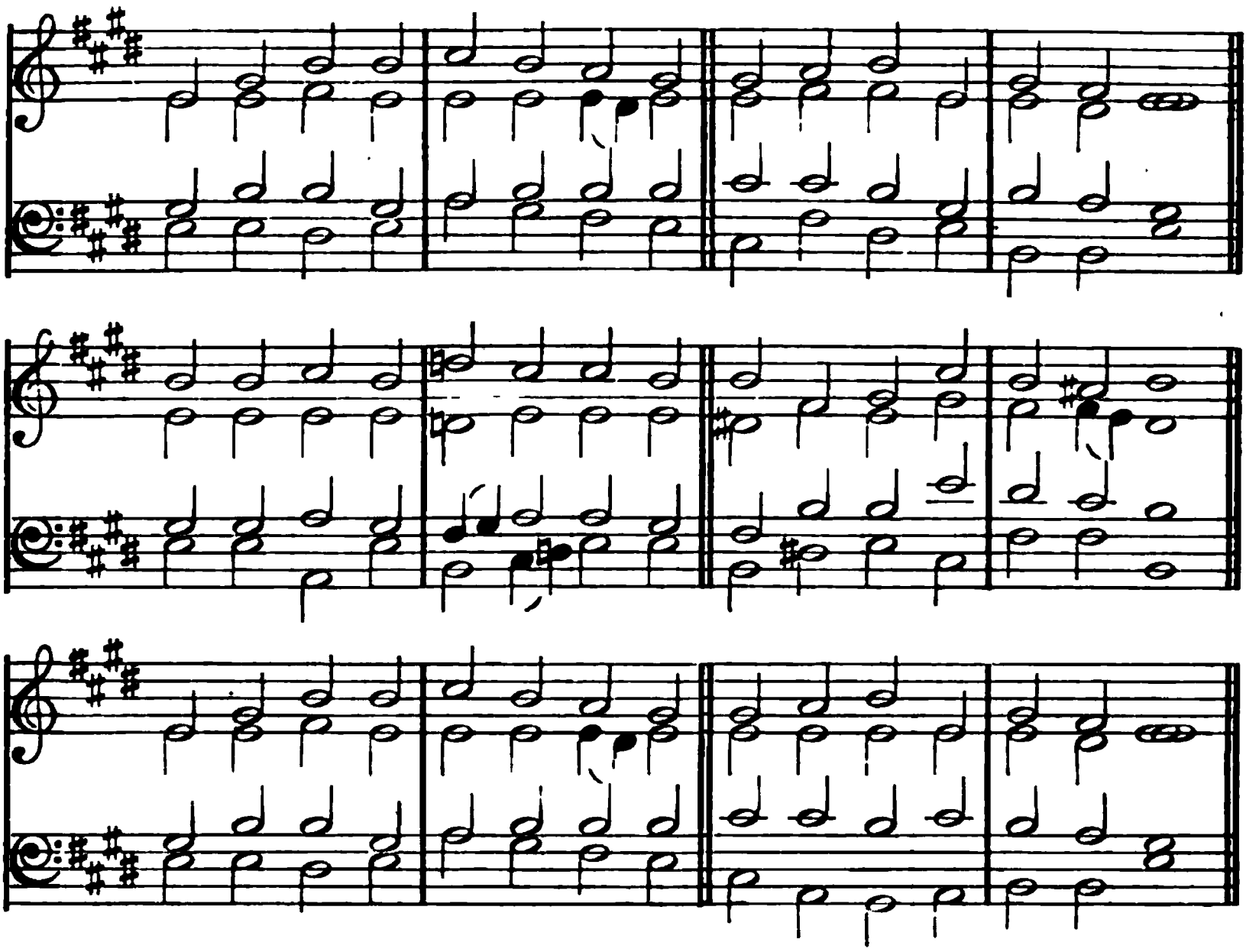
Travelling through life's wilderness!

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

Hymn 348 (197)

MANNHEIM (87 87 87).

Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D.
Vierstimmiges Choralbuch.



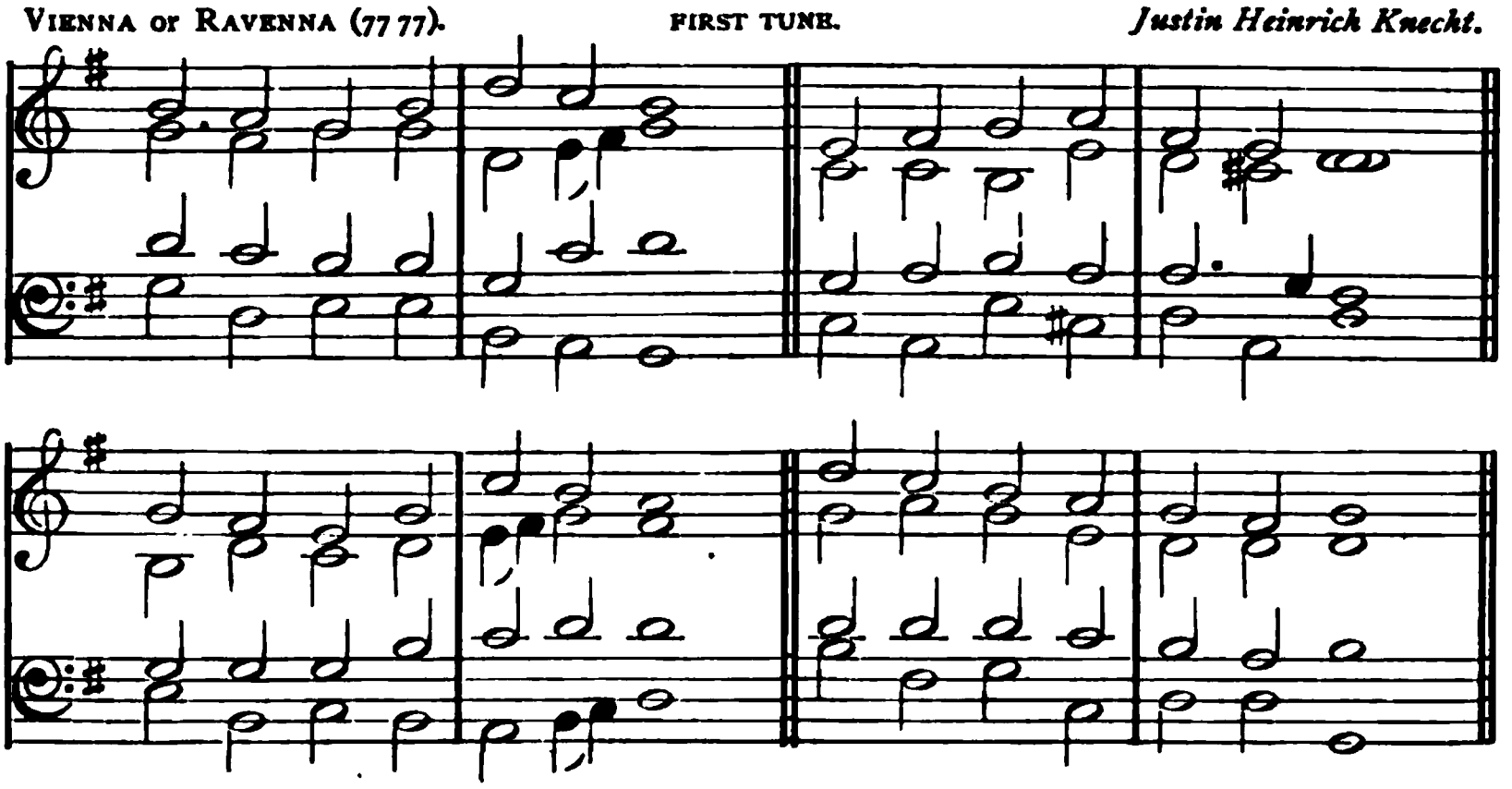
NOW to Him who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live;
Be the kingdom and dominion,
And the glory, evermore.

Hymn 349 (198)

VIENNA or RAVENNA (77 77).

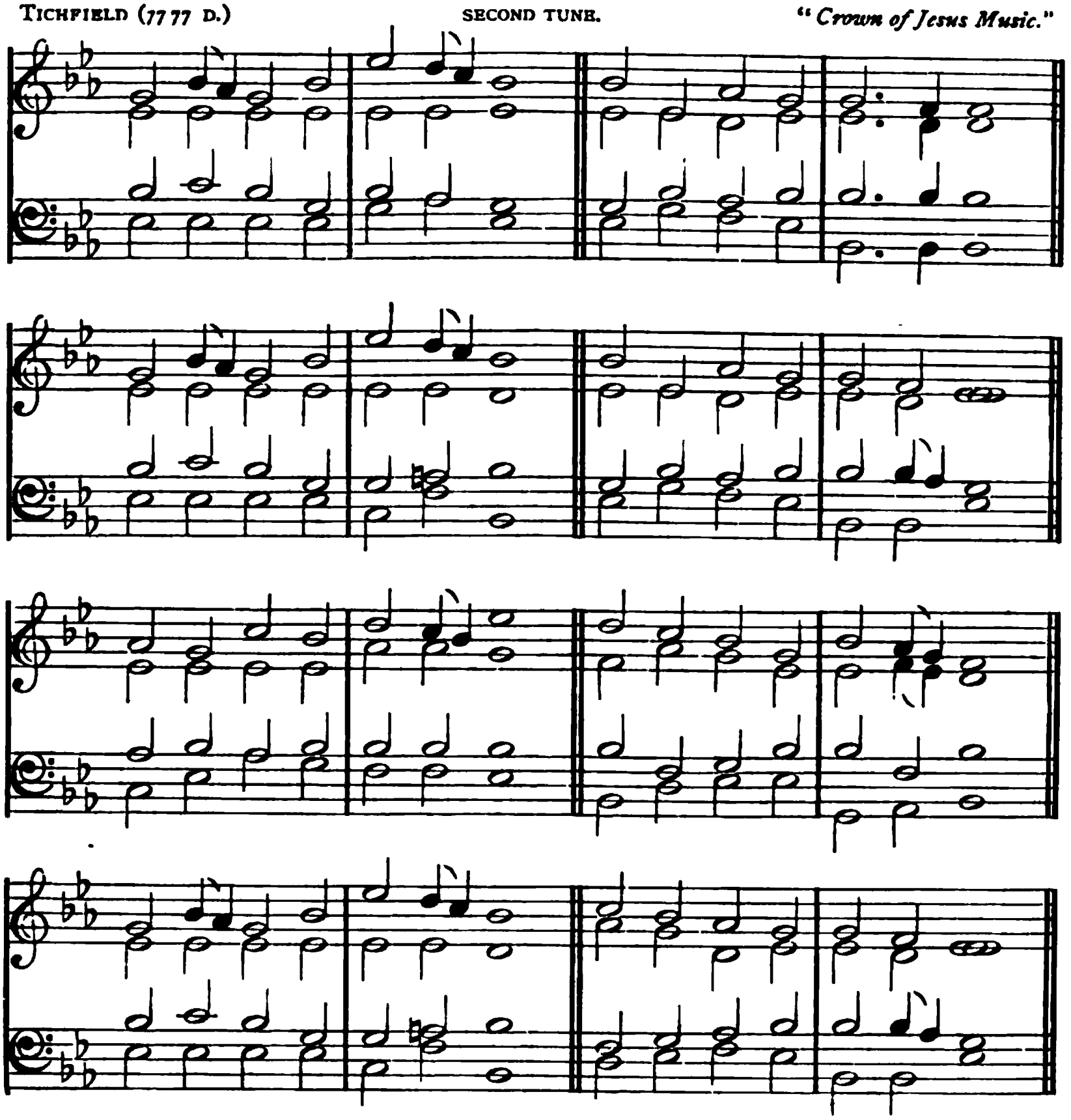
FIRST TUNE.

Justin Heinrich Knecht.



Hymn 349 (198)

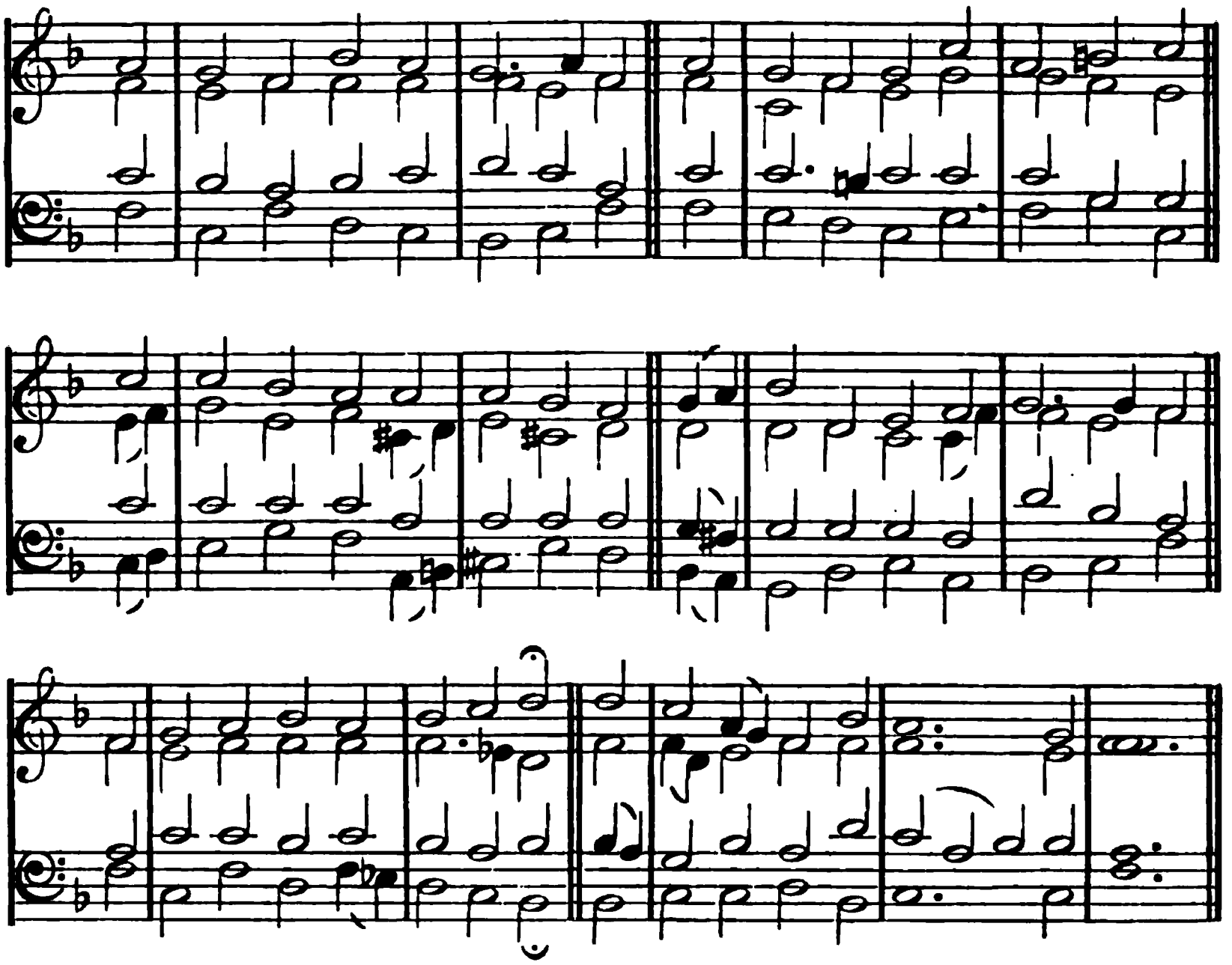
TICHFIELD (77 77 D.) SECOND TUNE. *"Crown of Jesus Music."*



PART in peace! Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life in Him;
Part in peace! Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in Him:
Part in peace! Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease;
Brethren, sisters, part in peace!

Hymn 350 (199)

S. MATTHIAS (88 88 88). *W. H. Monk, Mus. D.*



1 O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

3 Grant us, O Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

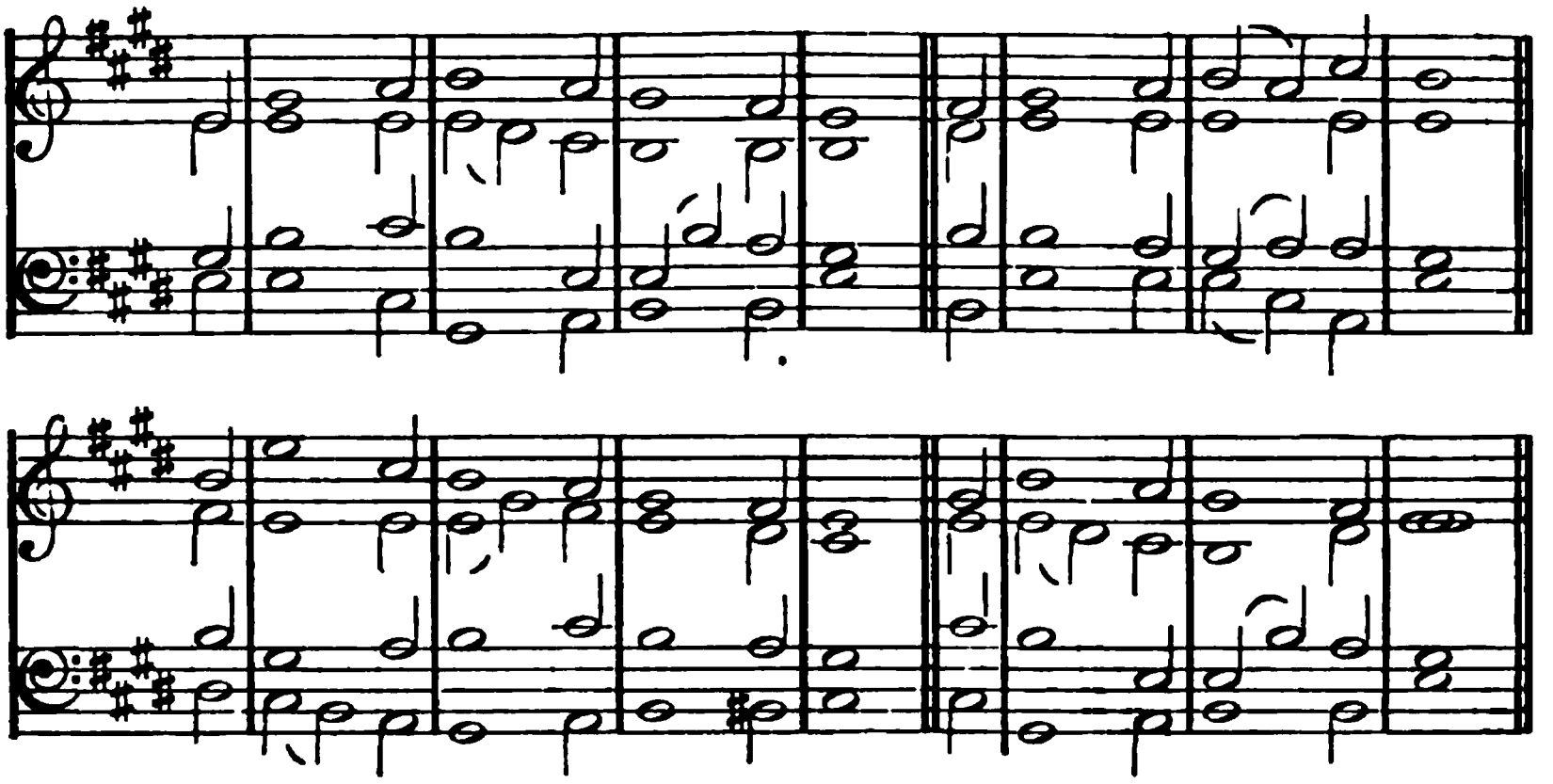
4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

5 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

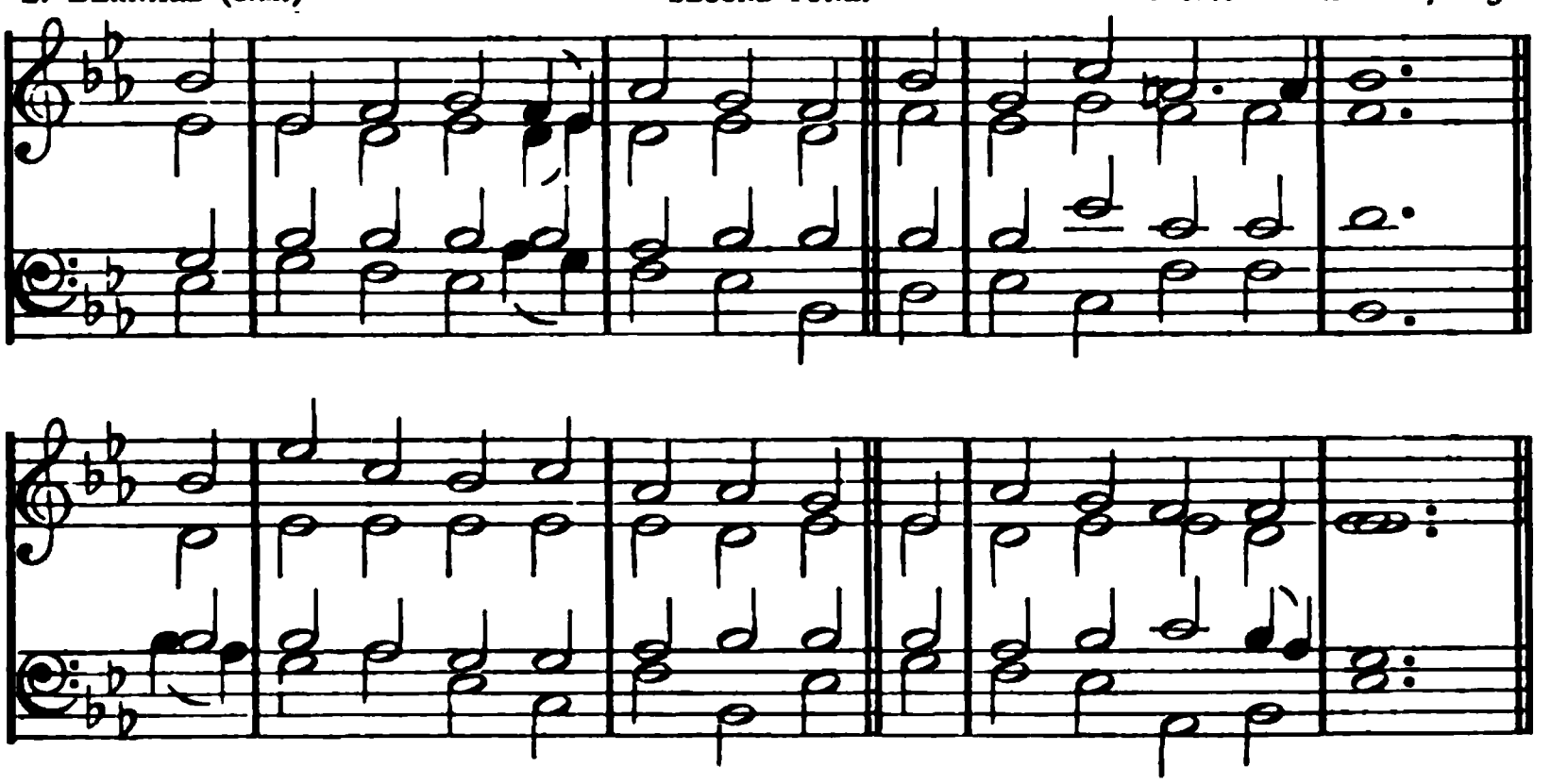
6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our Jesus and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

Hymn 351 (354)

S. Columba, or Erin (C.M.) FIRST TUNE. *Hymn of the Ancient Irish Church.*



S. Bernard (C.M.) SECOND TUNE. *Merton Tune Book, 1563.*



1 AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine.

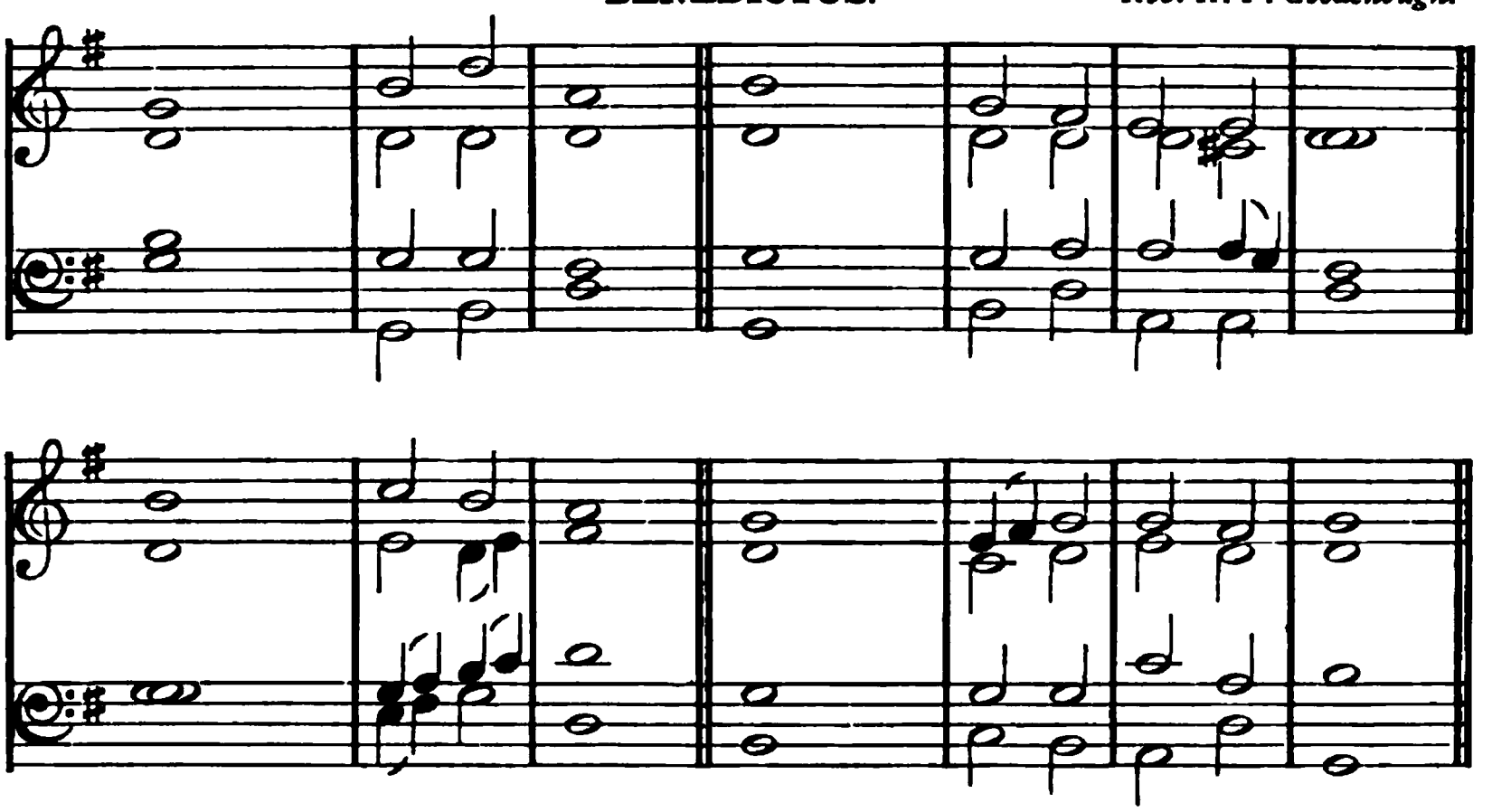
5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

Hymn 352 (355)

BENEDICTUS. *Rev. R. P. Goodenough.*



1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel || for He hath visited | and re | deemed His | people;

2 And hath raised up an horn of sal | vation | for us || in the | house of · His | servant | David;

3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | Prophets || which have been | since the | world be | gan;

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us;

5 To perform the mercy promised to | our | fathers || and to re | member His | holy | Covenant;

6 The oath which He sware to our | father | Abraham || that He would | grant | unto | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the hand | of our | enemies || might | serve Him | without | fear;

8 In holiness and righteousness be | fore | Him || all the | days | of our | life.

9 And thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord | to pre | pare His | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto His | people || by the re | mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mercy of | our | God || whereby the day-spring from on | high hath | visited | us;

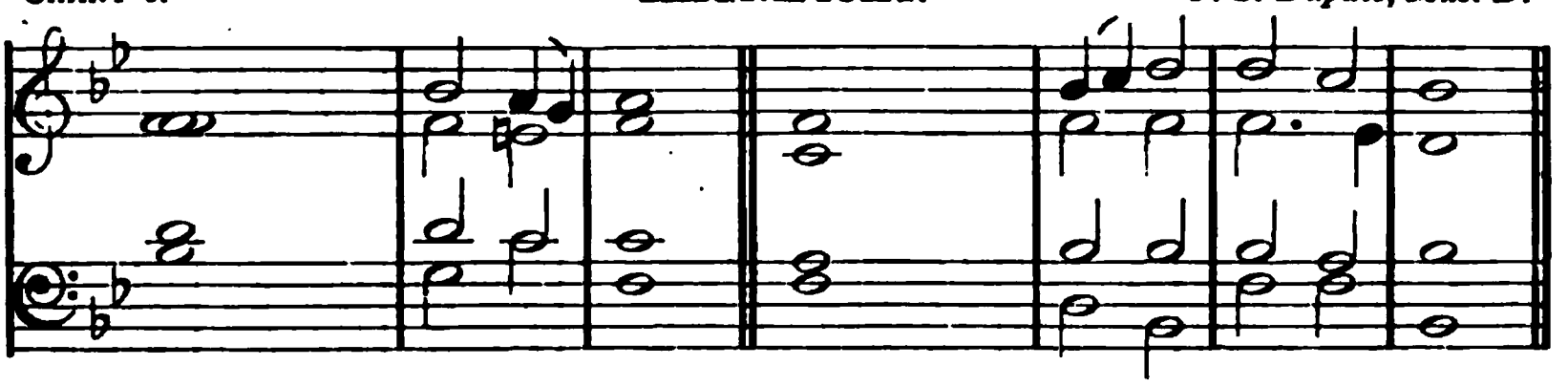
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the | shadow of | death || to guide our feet | into the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

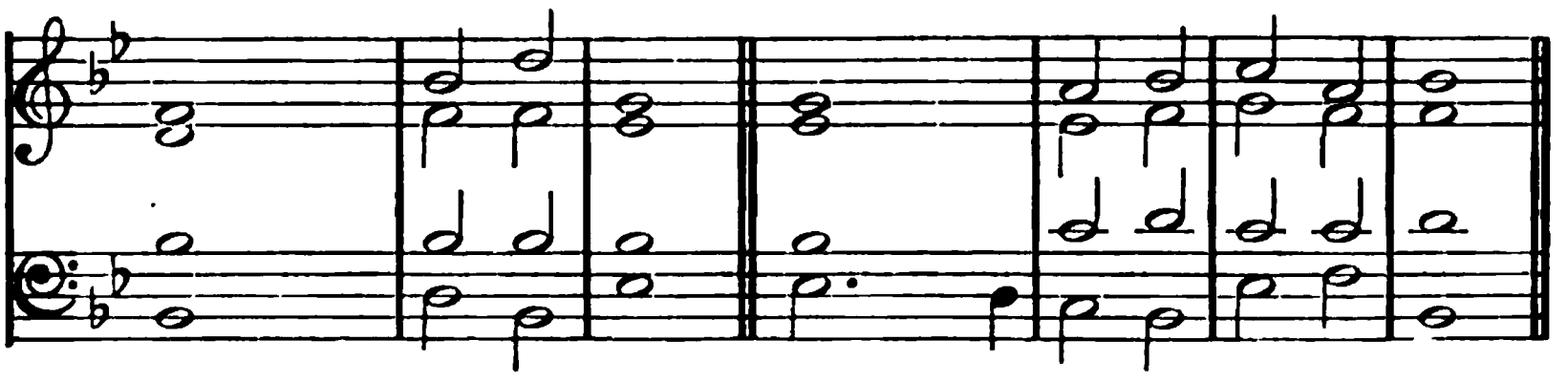
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be || world without end. | A — | — — | men.

Hymn 353 (356)

CHANT I. **MAGNIFICAT.** *T. S. Dupuis, Mus. D.*



CHANT II. *William Russell, Mus. B.*



1 MY soul doth magni | fy the | Lord || and my spirit hath re | joiced in | God my | Saviour.

2 For He | hath re | garded || the low estate | of His | hand | maiden.

3 For be | hold, from | henceforth || all gener | ations shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is mighty hath done to | me great | things || and | holy | is His | Name.

5 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him || from gener | ation to | gener | ation.

6 He hath shewed strength | with His | arm || He hath scattered the proud in the imagin | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats || and exalted | them of | low de | gree.

8 He hath filled the hungry | with good | things || and the rich He | hath sent | empty a | way.

9 He hath holpen His | servant | Israel || in re | membrance | of His | mercy:

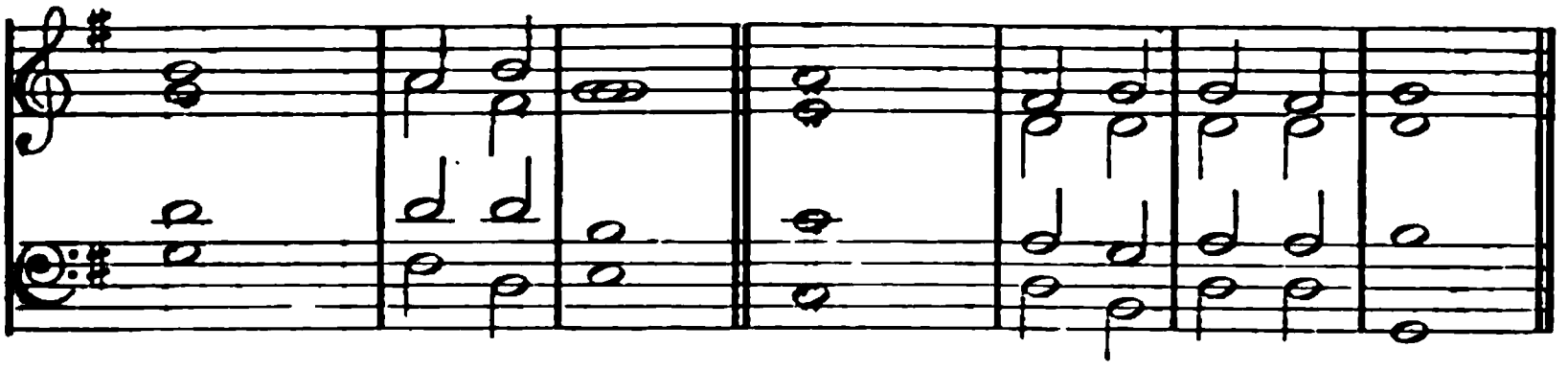
10 As He spake to | our | fathers || to Abraham, and | to his | seed, for | ever.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be || world without end. | A — | — — | men.

Hymn 354 (357)

CHANT I. **NUNC DIMITTIS.** *E. G. Monk, Mus. D.*



1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant de | part in | peace || ac | cording | to Thy | word.

2 For mine | eyes have | seen || Thy | — sal | va | tion,

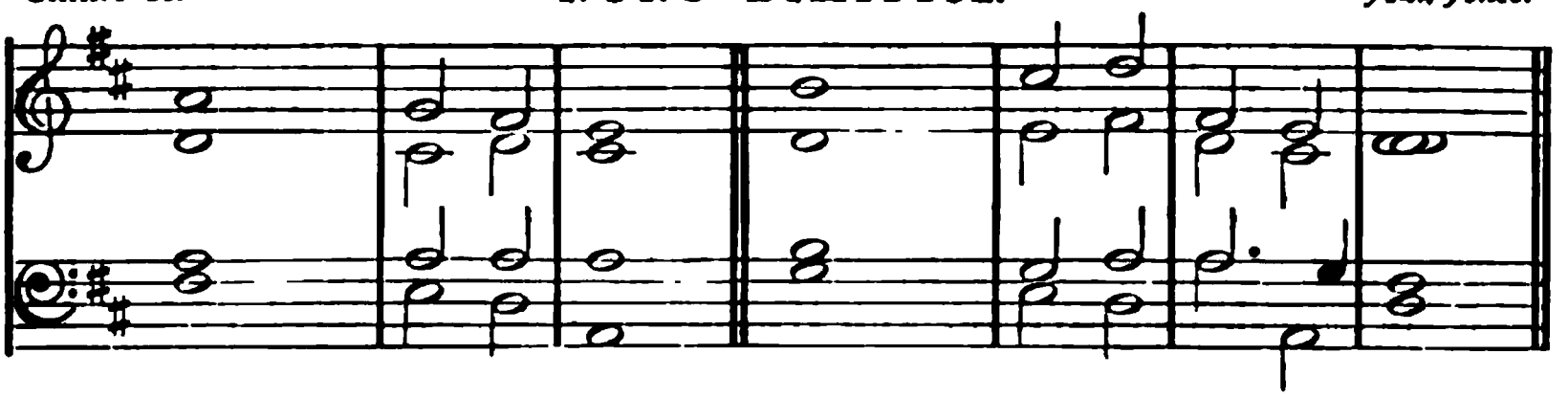
3 Which Thou | hast pre | pared || before the | face of | all | people;

4 A Light to | lighten the | Gentiles || and the glory | of Thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be || world without end. | A — | — — | men.

CHANT II. **NUNC DIMITTIS.** *John Jones.*



1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant de | part in | peace || ac | cording | to Thy | word.

2 For mine | eyes have | seen || Thy | — sal | va | tion,

3 Which Thou | hast pre | pared || before the | face of | all | people;

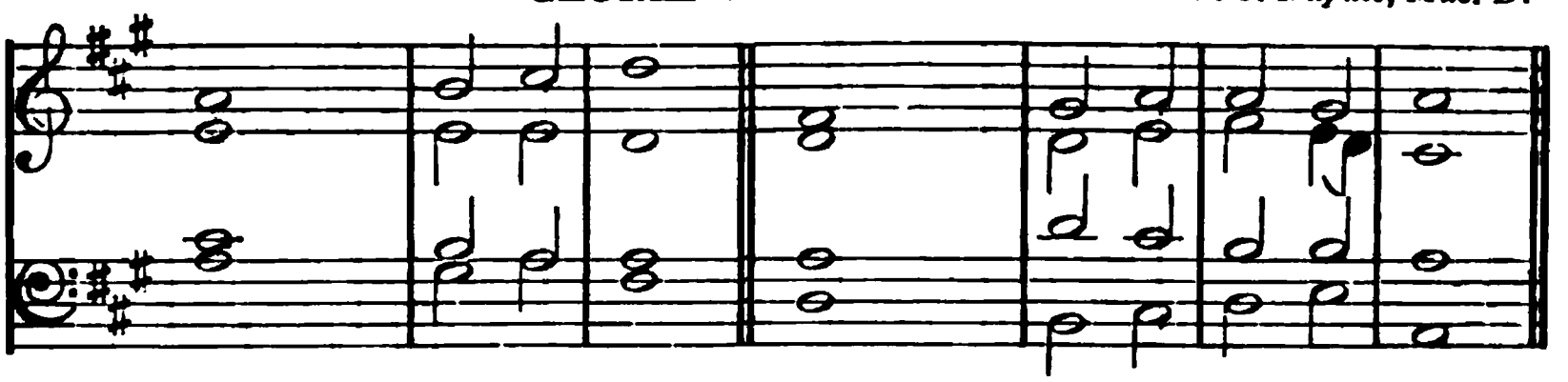
4 A Light to | lighten the | Gentiles || and the glory | of Thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be || world without end. | A — | — — | men.

Hymn 355 (358)

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. *T. S. Dupuis, Mus. D.*



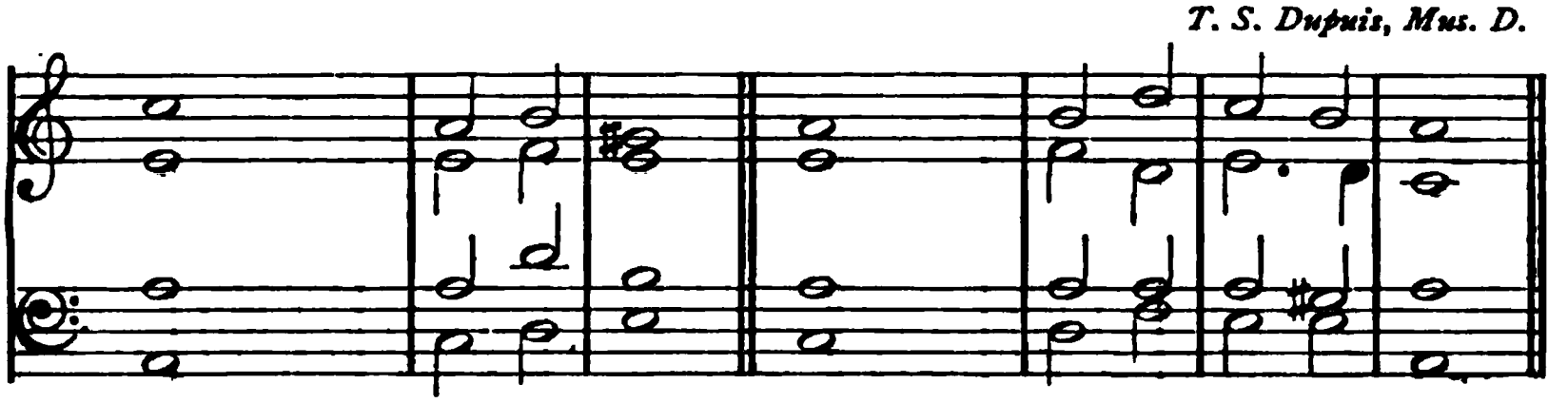
1 GLORY be to | God on | high || and in earth peace, good | will to | wards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee || we | glori | fy | Thee,

3 We give | thanks to | Thee || for | — Thy | great | glory,

4 O Lord God | heavenly | King || God the | Father | Al | mighty.

T. S. Dupuis, Mus. D.



5 O | — — | Lord || the only-begotten | Son | Jesus | Christ;

6 O Lord God | Lamb of | God || Son | of the | Fa | ther,

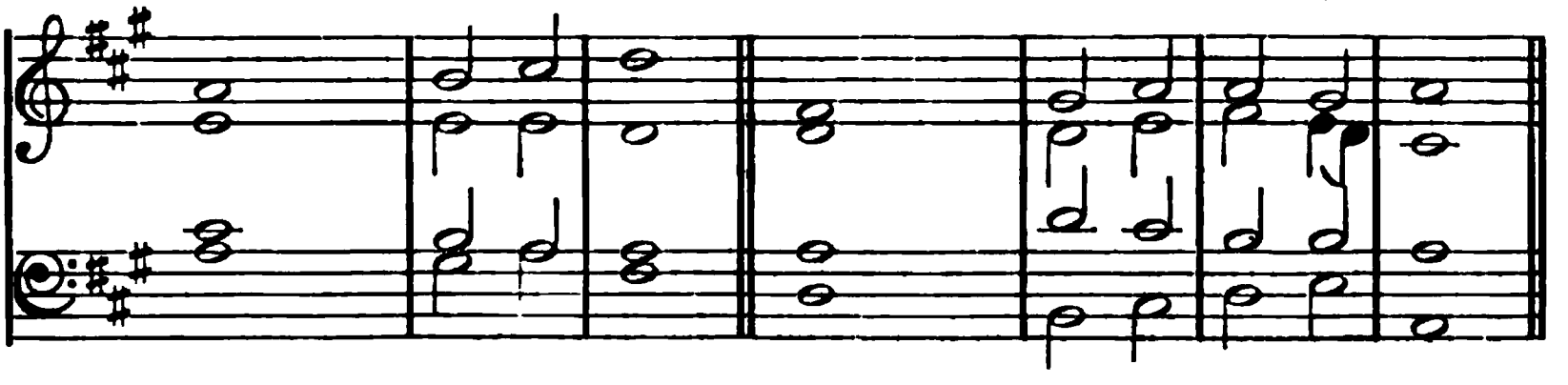
7 That takest away the sins | of the | world || have | mercy up | on | us.

8 Thou that takest away the sins | of the | world || have | mercy up | on | us.

9 Thou that takest away the sins | of the | world || re | ceive | — our | prayer.

10 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father || have | mercy up | on | us.

T. S. Dupuis, Mus. D.

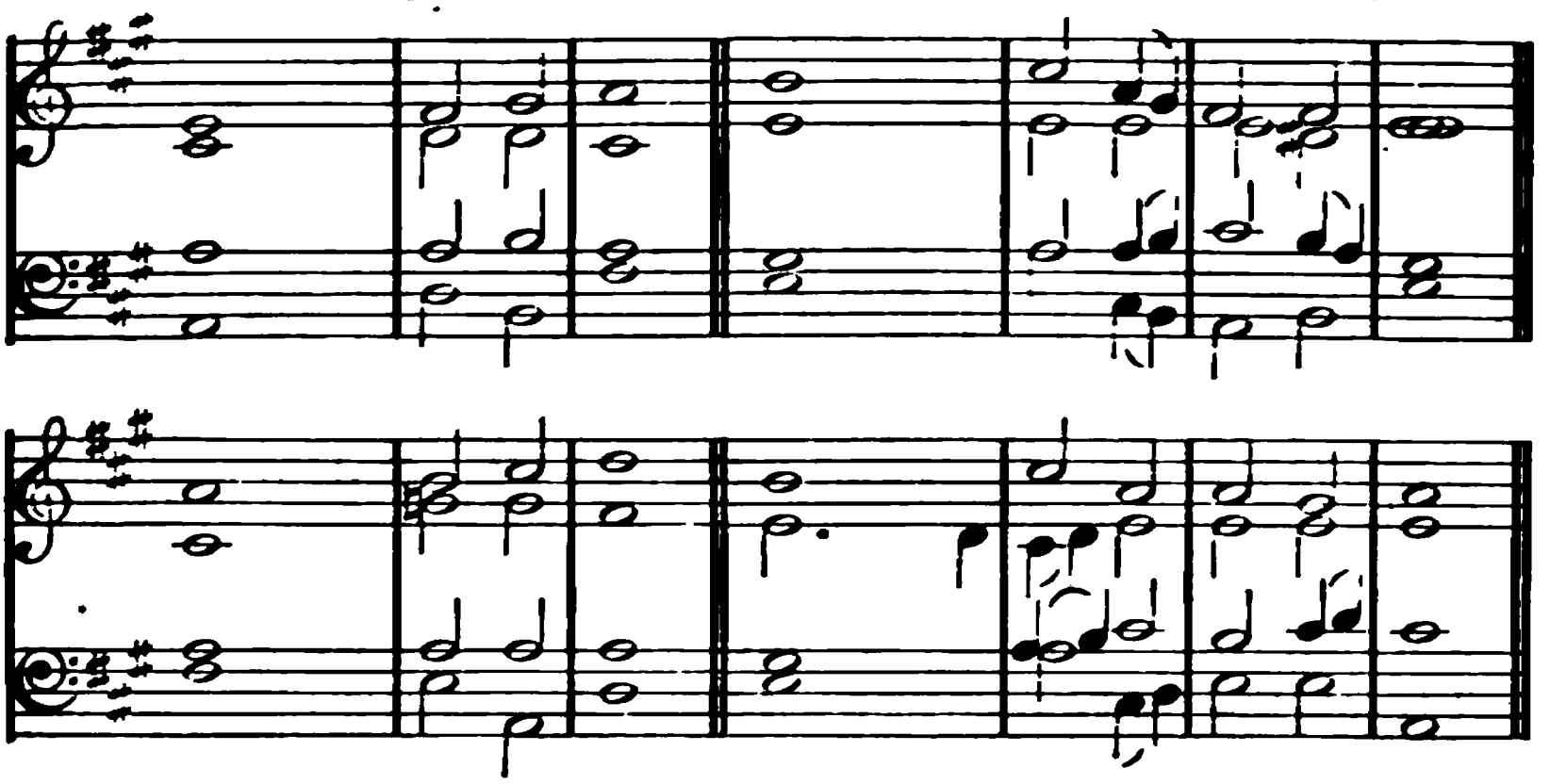


11 For Thou | only art | holy || Thou | only | art the | Lord.

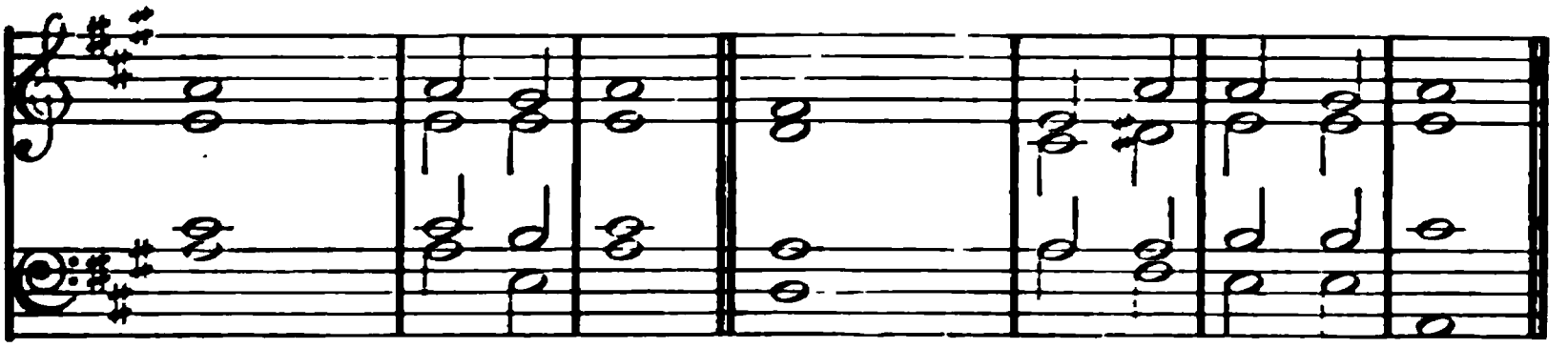
12 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost || art most high in the glory of God the Father. | A — | — — | men.

Hymn 356 (200)

Chant I. (Ver. 1-15; 24-29). **TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.** *Sir John Goss, Mus. D.*



Chant II. (Ver. 1-15; 24-29). *William Crotch, Mus. D.*

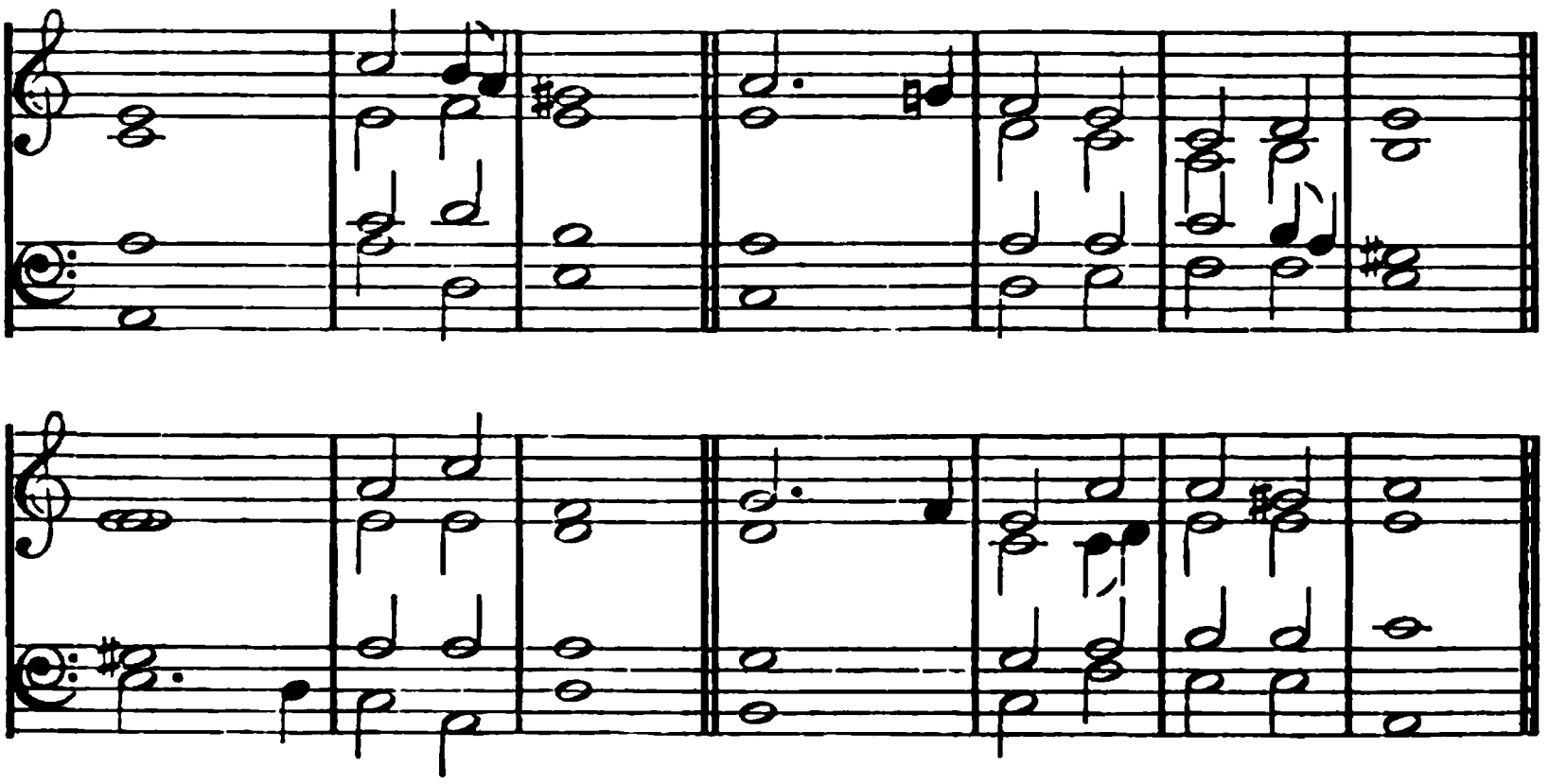


1 WE praise | Thee, O | God || we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the earth doth | worship | Thee || the | Father | ever | lasting.
3 To Thee all angels | cry a | loud || the heavens, and | all the | powers there | in.
4 To Thee Cherubin, and | Sera | phin || con | tinual | ly do | cry,
5 Holy | Holy | Holy || Lord | God · of Sa | ba | oth;
6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Majes | ty || of | — Thy | glo | ry.
7 The glorious company | of the · A | postles || praise | — — | — — | Thee.
8 The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets || praise | — — | — — | Thee.
*9 The noble | army of | Martyrs || praise | — — | — — | Thee.
10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world || doth | — ac | knowledge | Thee;
11 The | Fa | ther || of an | infi · nite | Majes | ty;
12 Thine honour | able | true || and | on — | — ly | Son;
13 Also the | Holy | Ghost || the | Com — | — fort | er.
14 Thou art the | King of | Glory || O | — — | — — | Christ.
15 Thou art the ever | lasting | Son || of | — the | Fa | ther.

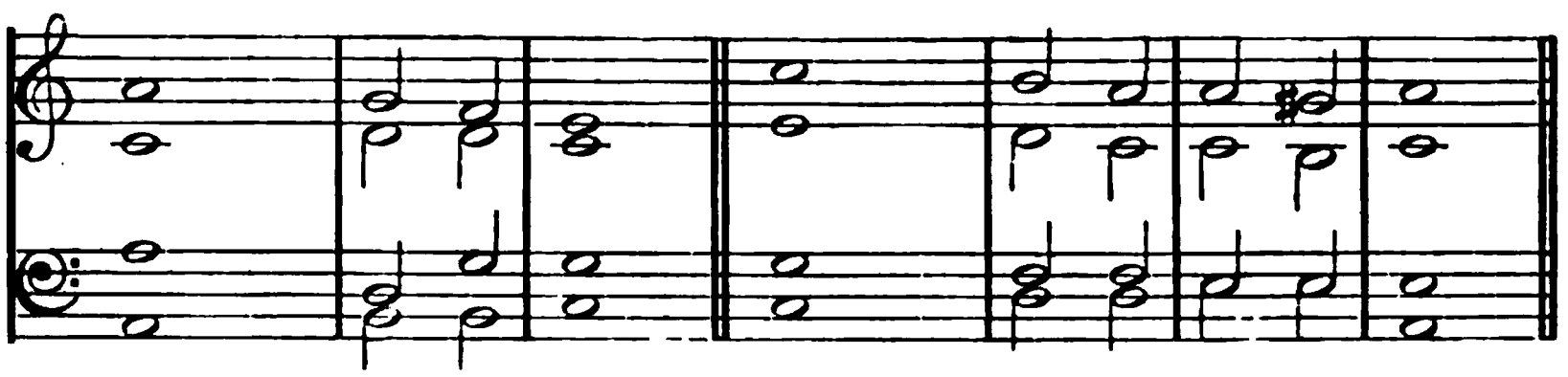
* This verse to be sung to the first and last divisions of the Double Chant.

Hymn 356 (200)

CHANT I. (Ver. 16–23). **TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.** *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



CHANT II. (Ver. 16–23). *William Croft, Mus. D.*



16 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de | liver | man || Thou didst not ab | hor the | Virgin's | womb.

17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death || Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all be | lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God || in the | glory | of the | Father.

19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come || to | be | — our | Judge.

20 We therefore pray Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | precious | blood.

21 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints || in | glory | ever | lasting.

22 O Lord | save Thy | people || and | bless Thine | heri | tage.

23 Go | — vern | them || and | lift them | up for | ever.

[*Return to the preceding Chant.*]

24 Day | — by | day || we | magni | fy | Thee;

25 And we | worship Thy | name || ever | world with | out | end.

26 Vouch | safe, O | Lord || to keep us this | day with | out | sin.

27 O Lord, have | mercy up | on us || have | mercy up | on | us.

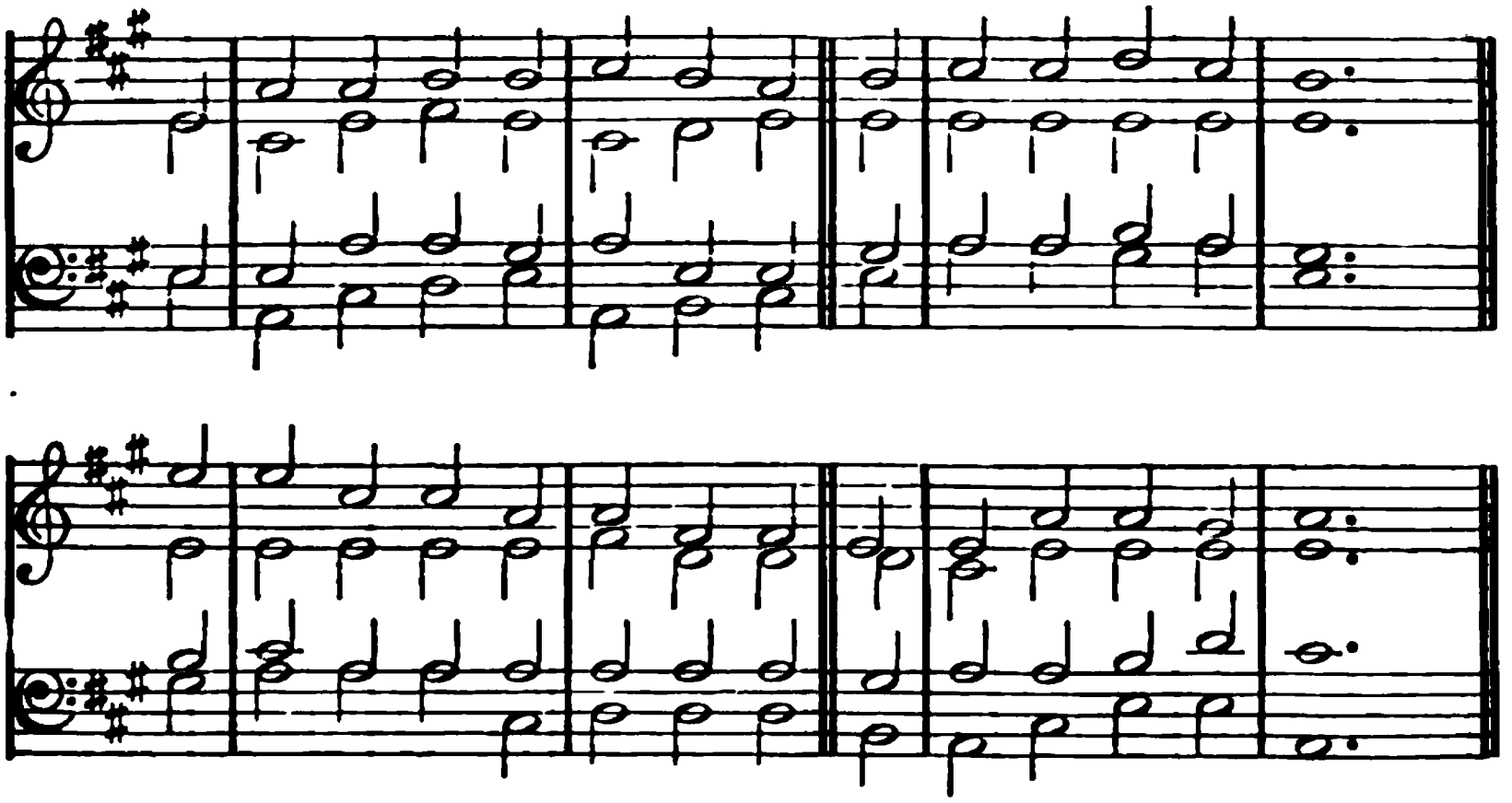
28 O Lord, let Thy mercy | lighten up | on us || as our | trust is | in | Thee.

29 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted || let me | never | be con | founded.

MORNING.

Hymn 357 (1)

DENFIELD (C.M.) *C. G. Gläser.*



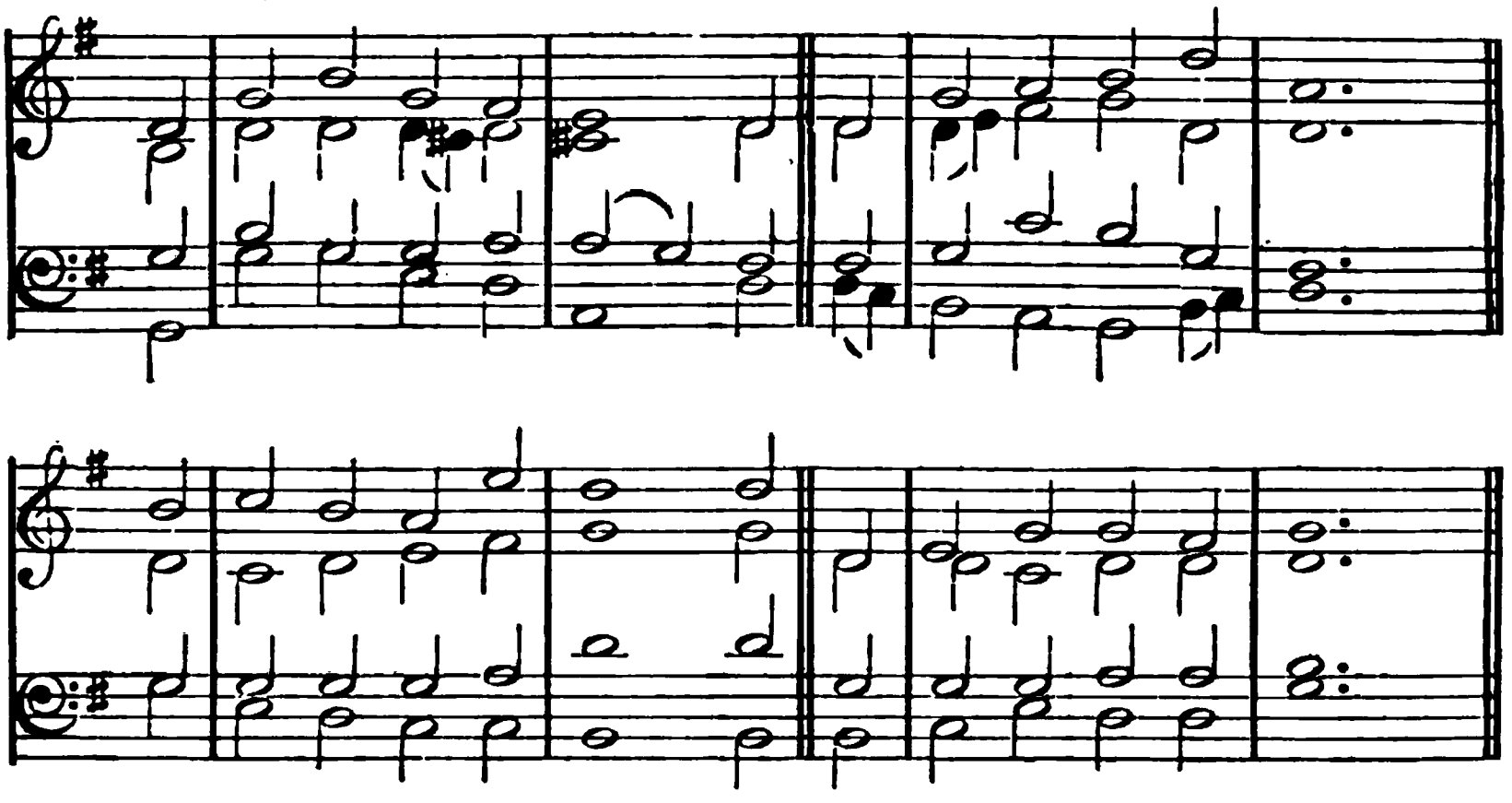
1 THE morning, bright with rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep:
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.

3 O, make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

Hymn 358 (2)

S. Victor (7676). *Richard Redhead.*



1 THE darkness now is over,
And all the world is bright;
Praise be to Christ, who keepeth
His children safe at night!

2 We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way.

3 But this we know most surely,
That through all good or ill,
God's grace can always help us
To do His holy will.

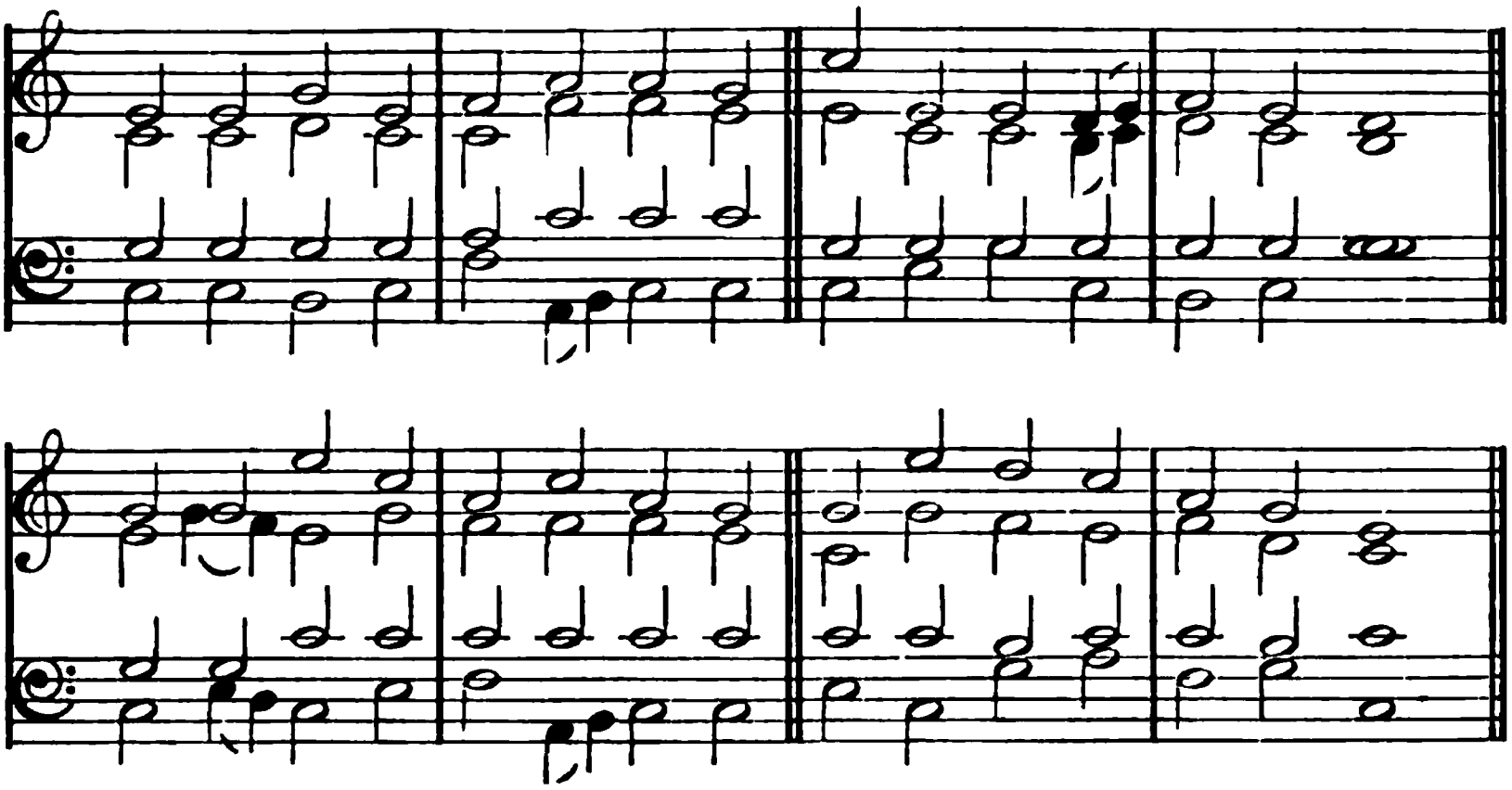
4 Then, Jesus, let the angels,
Who watched us through the night,
Be all day long beside us,
To guide our steps aright;

5 And help us to remember,
In thought, and deed, and word,
That we are heirs of heaven,
And children of the Lord.

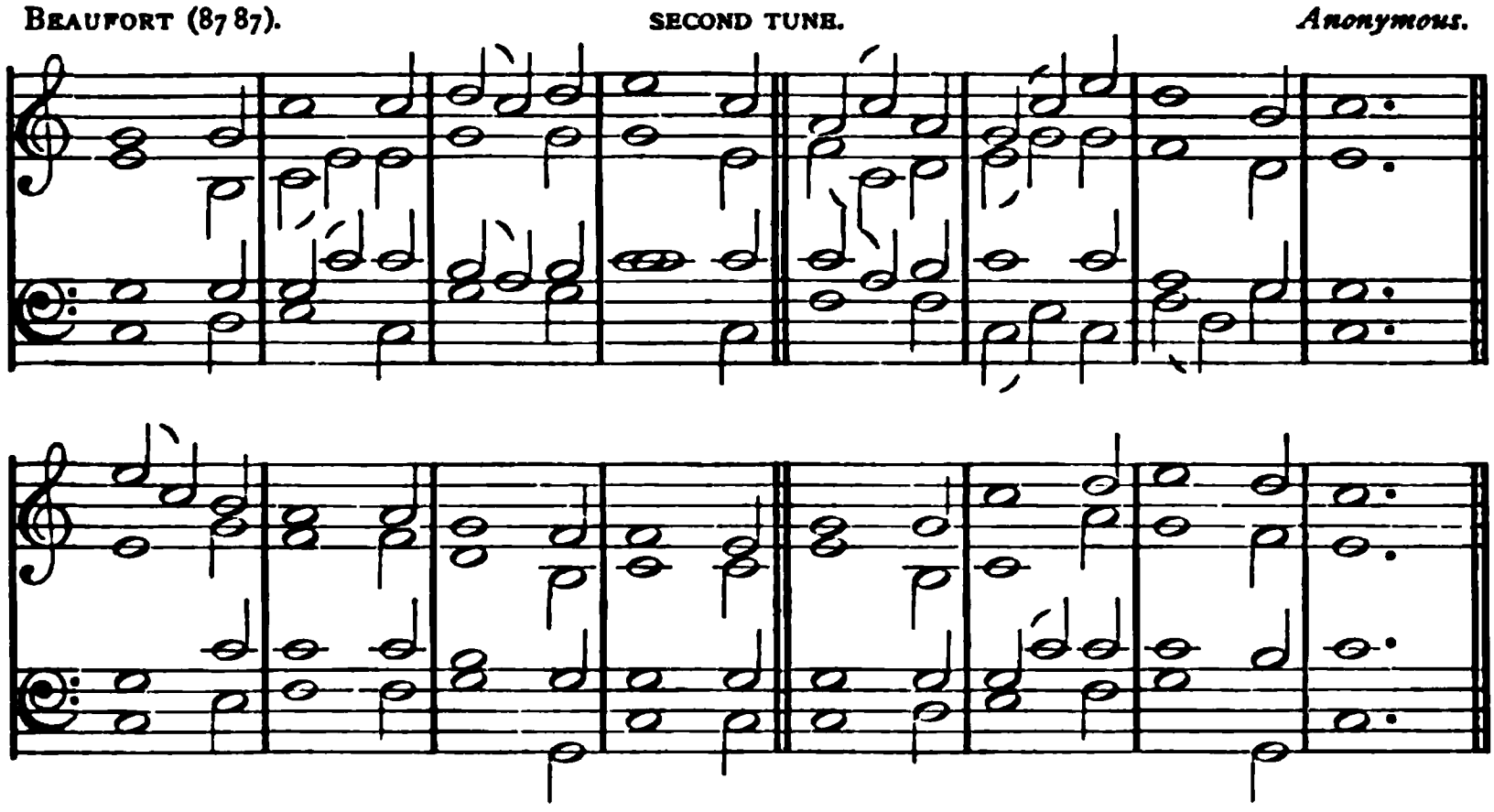
6 Then, when the evening cometh,
We'll kneel again to pray,
And thank Thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day.

Hymn 359 (3)

MOUNT VERNON (87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Lowell Mason, Mus. D.*



BEAUFORT (87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Anonymous.*



1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

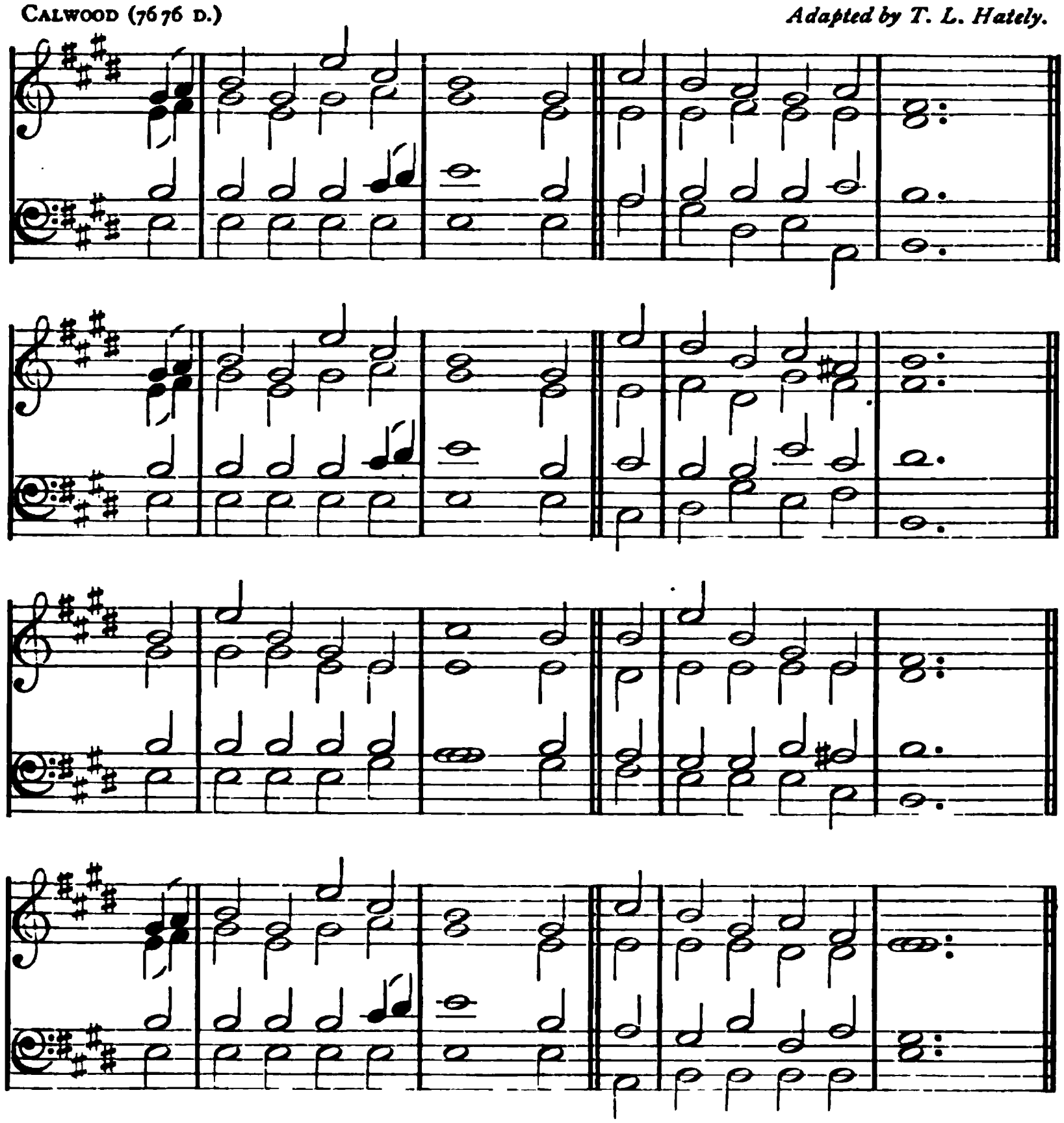
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgivèn;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heavèn,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Hymn 360 (4)

CALWOOD (7676 D.)

Adapted by T. L. Hately.



1 MY Saviour, be Thou near me
When I lie down to sleep,
And safe from every danger
My soul and body keep.
With Thee there is no darkness,
The light it shineth still;
My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I will fear no ill.

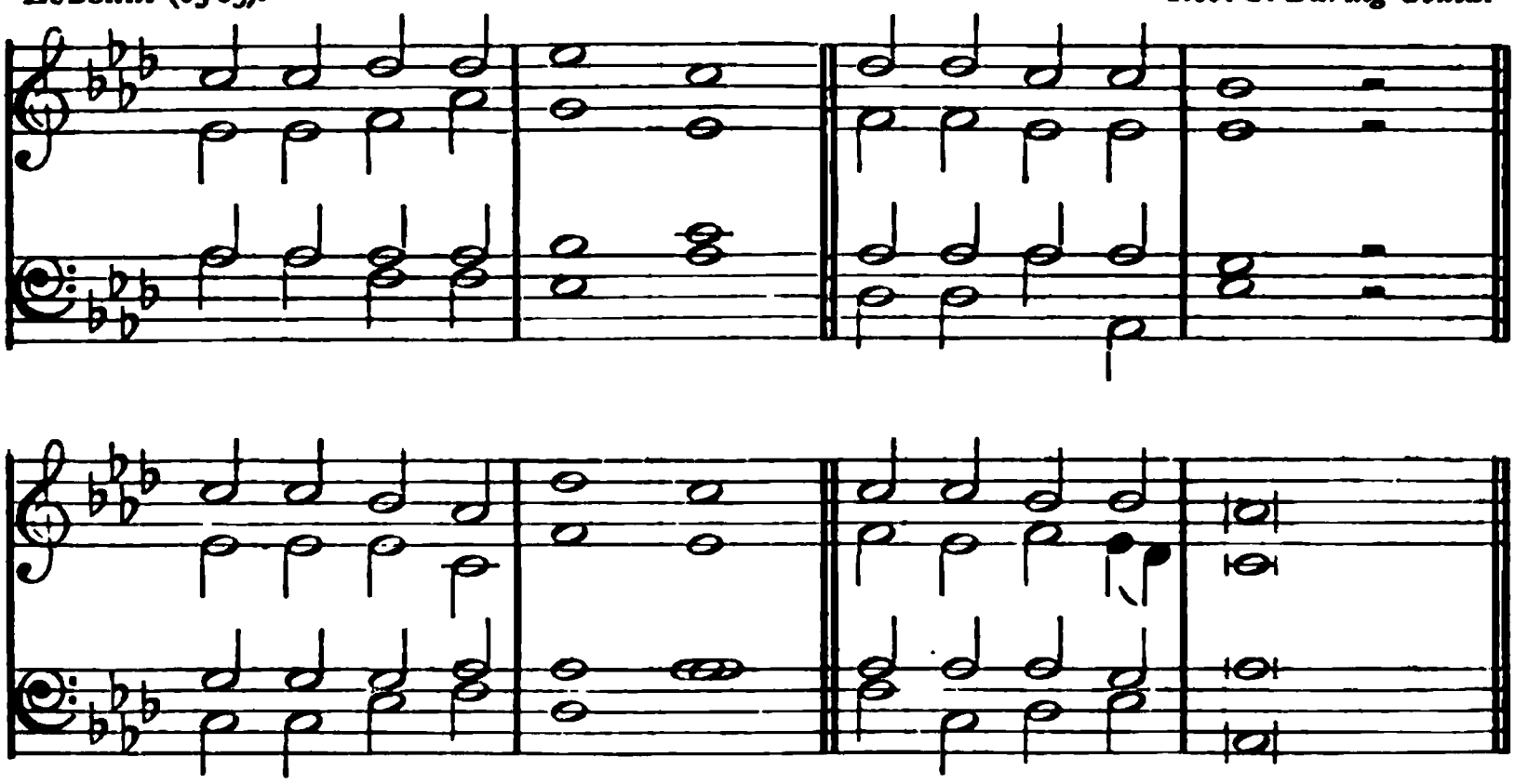
2 My Saviour, be Thou near me
When Satan doth assail,
To strengthen and protect me,
That he may not prevail.
When sorrows come upon me,
And days are dark and sad,
My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I shall still be glad.

3 My Saviour, be Thou near me,
In sickness and in pain,
To teach my spirit patience,
To make my sorrow gain.
When heart and flesh are failing,
Receive my parting breath;
My Saviour, be Thou near me
To comfort me in death.

4 And then, for ever near Thee,
Safe in that happy place
Where angels sing Thy praises,
And saints behold Thy face,
My joy shall be Thy presence,—
Yes, this my heaven will be,
My Saviour will be near me
Through all eternity.

Hymn 361 (5)

EUDOXIA (65 65). *Rev. S. Baring-Gould.*



1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

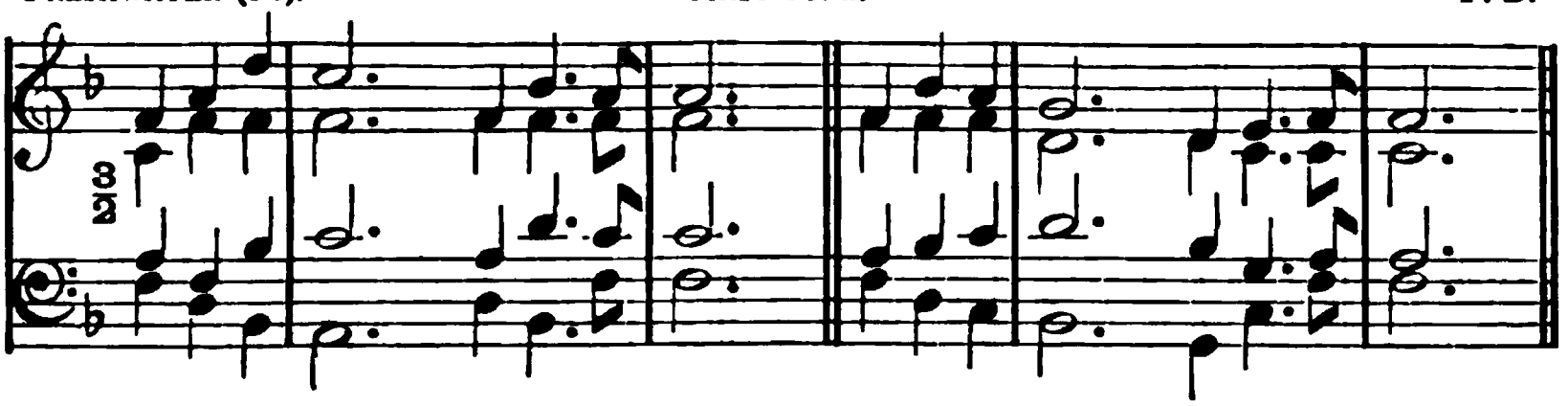
6 Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

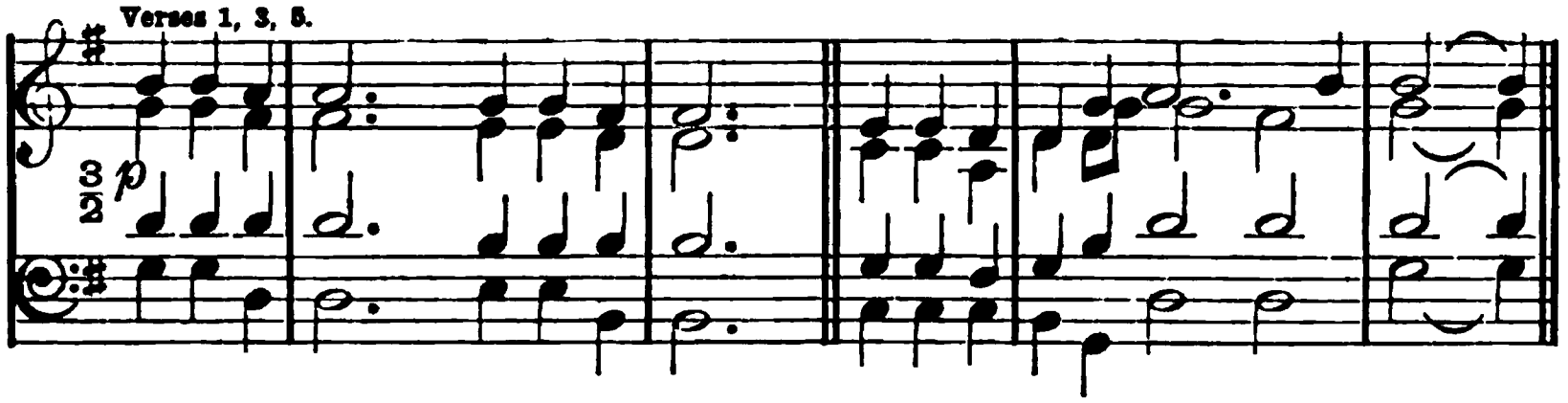
Hymn 362 (6)

FRESHWATER (8 8). FIRST TUNE. *T. B.*

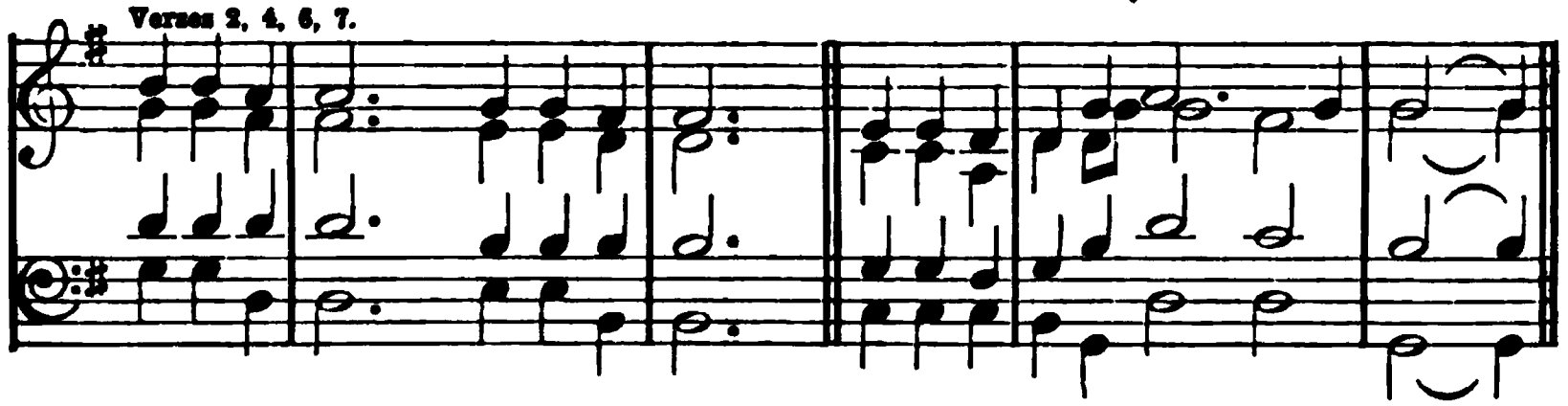


INFANT'S PRAYER (8 8). SECOND TUNE. *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*

Verses 1, 3, 5.



Verses 2, 4, 6, 7.



1 THE day is done, O God the Son,
Look down upon Thy little one.

2 O Light of light, keep me this night,
And shed round me Thy presence bright.

3 I need not fear if Thou art near,—
Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

4 Thy gentle Eye is ever nigh,
It watches me when none is by.

5 Thy loving Ear is ever near
Thy little children's prayers to hear.

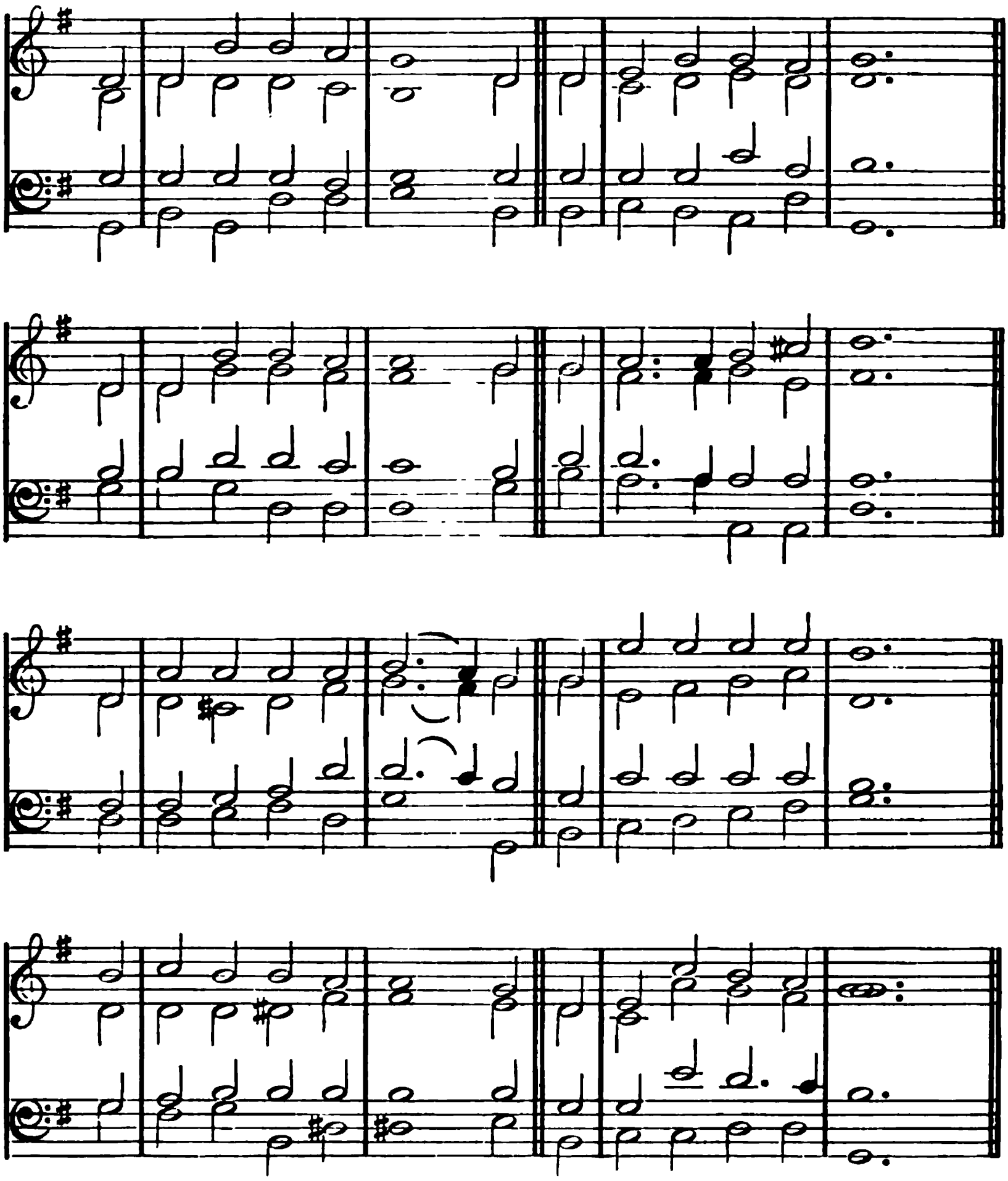
6 So happily and peacefully
I lay me down to rest in Thee.

7 To Father, Son, and Spirit, One
In heaven and earth, all praise be done.

Hymn 363 (7)

CHENIES (76 76 D.)

Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.



1 THE hours of day are over,
The evening calls us home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come;
For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

Hymn 363 (7)

2 For life, and health, and shelter,
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play;
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Thee our thanks we render,
Who these, and all things, sends.

3 But these, O Lord, can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art:
Thy Son came down from heaven
To take away our sin,
Thy Spirit dwells among us
To make us clean within.

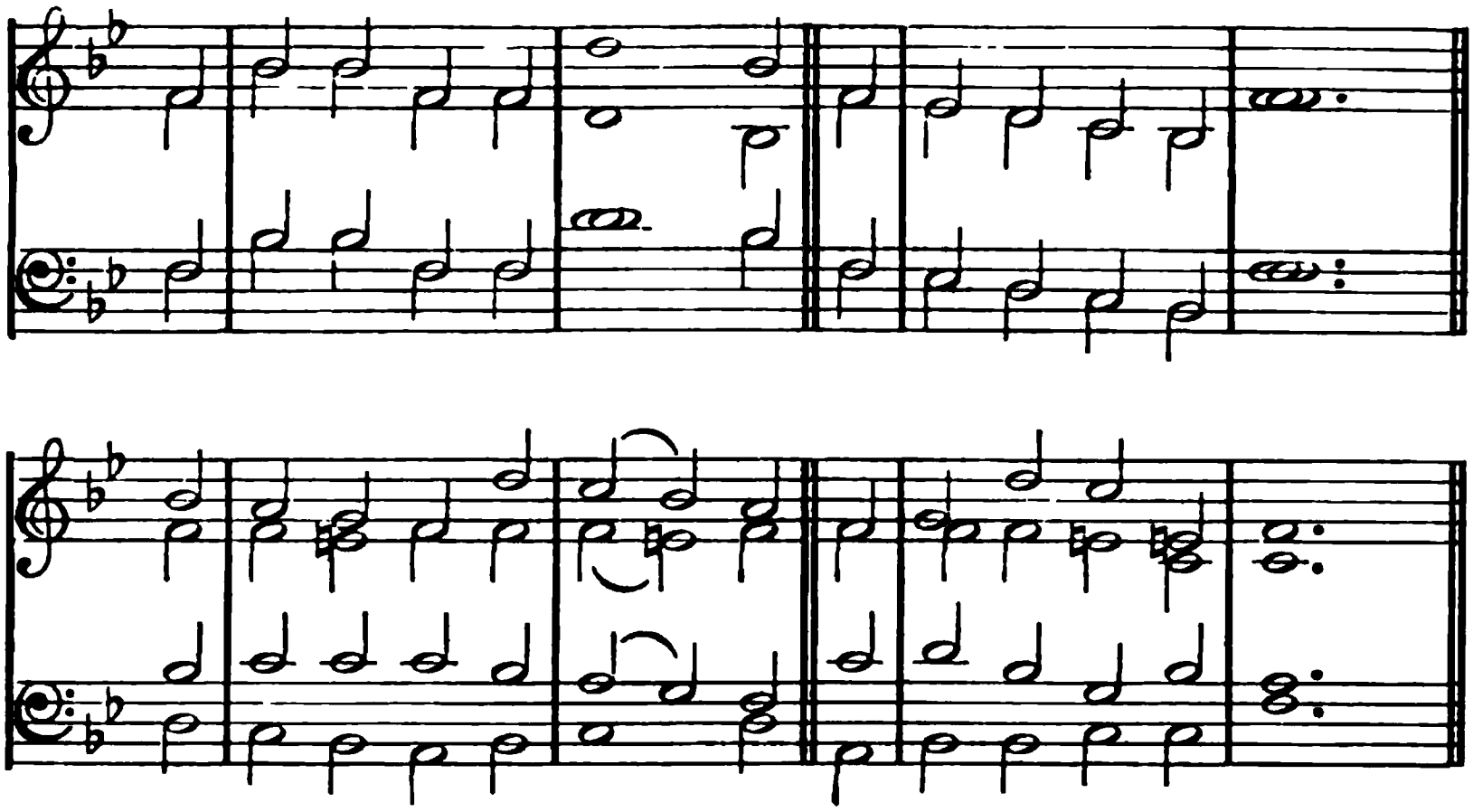
4 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this we thank Thee most—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us beyond the sky.

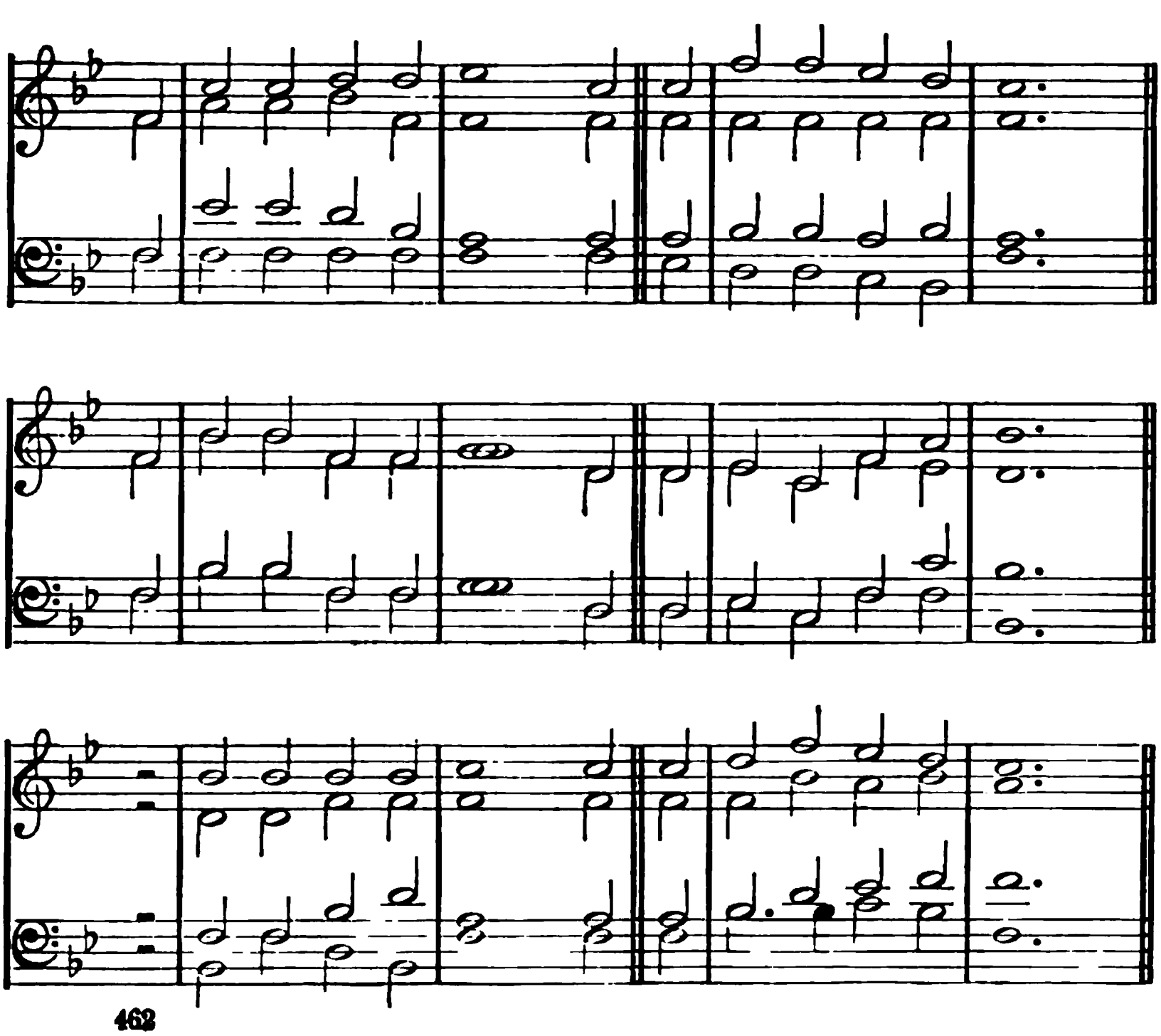
5 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;
With all our dear ones round us,
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come!

Hymn 364 (8)

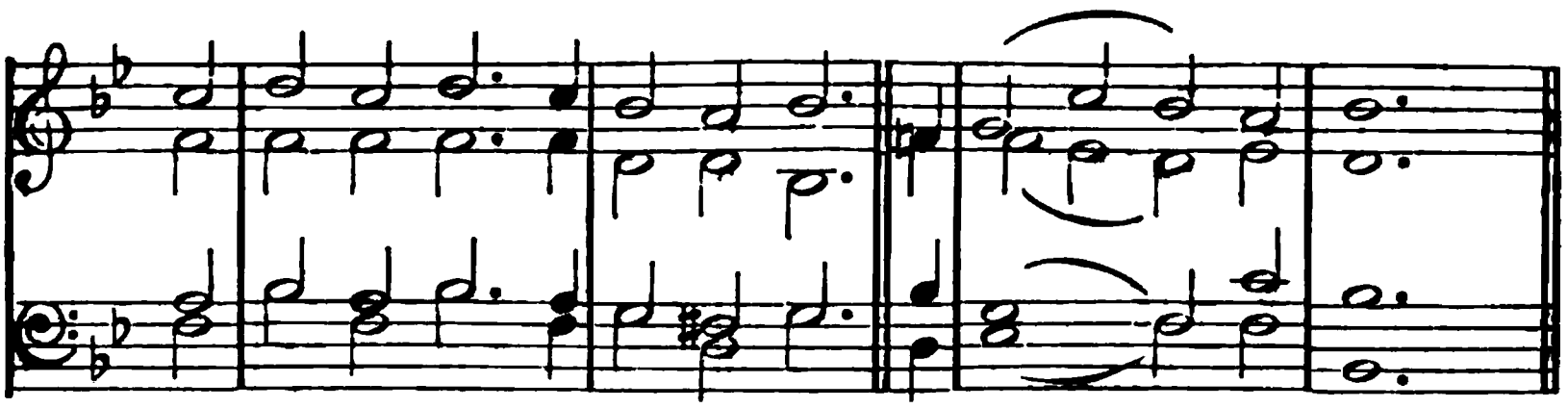
DRESDEN (76 76 D. 66 84).

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz.
"Wir pflügen und wir streuen."





Hymn 364 (8)



1 AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near:
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.

Glory be to Jesus!
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

Glory be to Jesus!
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.

Glory be to Jesus!
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.

Glory be to Jesus!
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

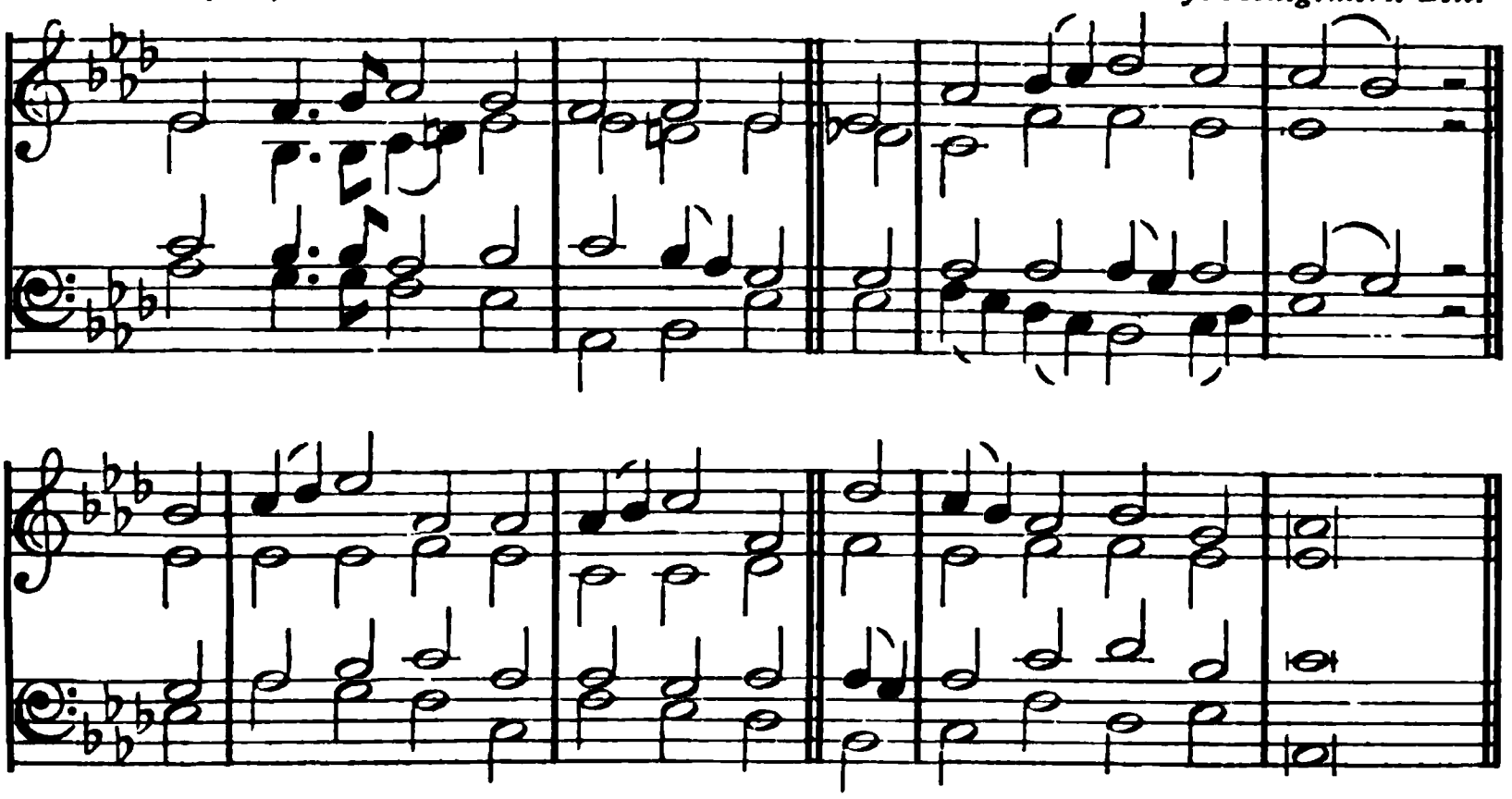
5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His name!
Still louder and still further
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship
And every tongue shall sing.

Glory be to Jesus!
Let all creation say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

Hymn 365 (9)

RUTHWELL (C.M.)

J. Montgomerie Bell.



1 THIS is the day the light was made,
That glorious gift of Heaven;
This is the day the Lord arose,
The best of all the seven.

2 This is the day the darkness fled
And death to life gave way;
To light and life for evermore
God calls His saints to-day.

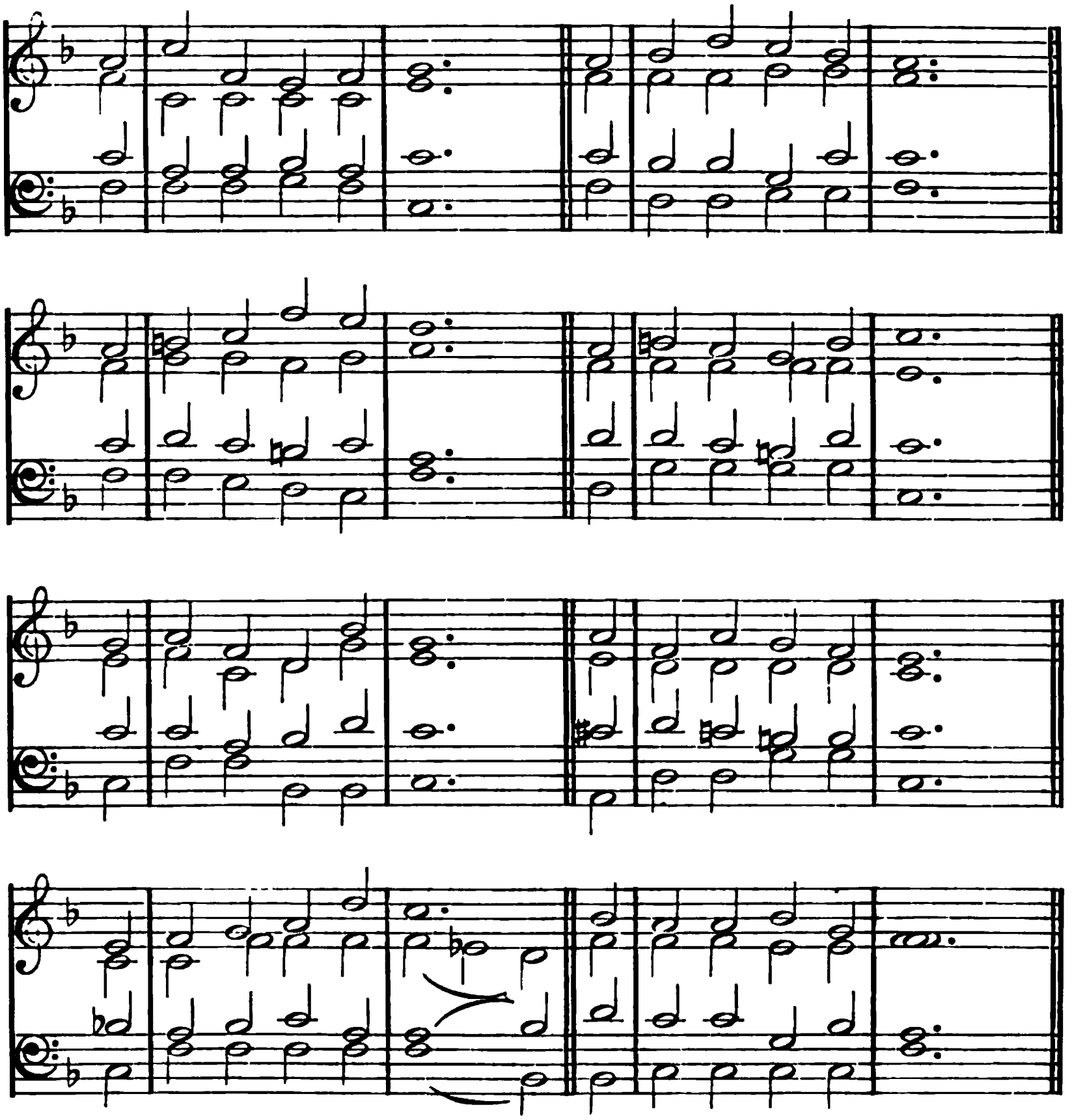
3 Then wake, ye children of the light,
And hearken to His voice;
With early songs of praise draw nigh,
And in His courts rejoice.

4 Let sin, and sloth, and faithless fear,
From every heart be driven;
Spend we this day as they that hope
To gain the joys of heaven.

5 Praise to the Father and the Son,
And equal praise be Thine,
Blest Spirit, who our hearts dost fill
With light and life divine.

Hymn 366 (10)

SOLITUDE (66 66 D.) *H. A. Callow.*



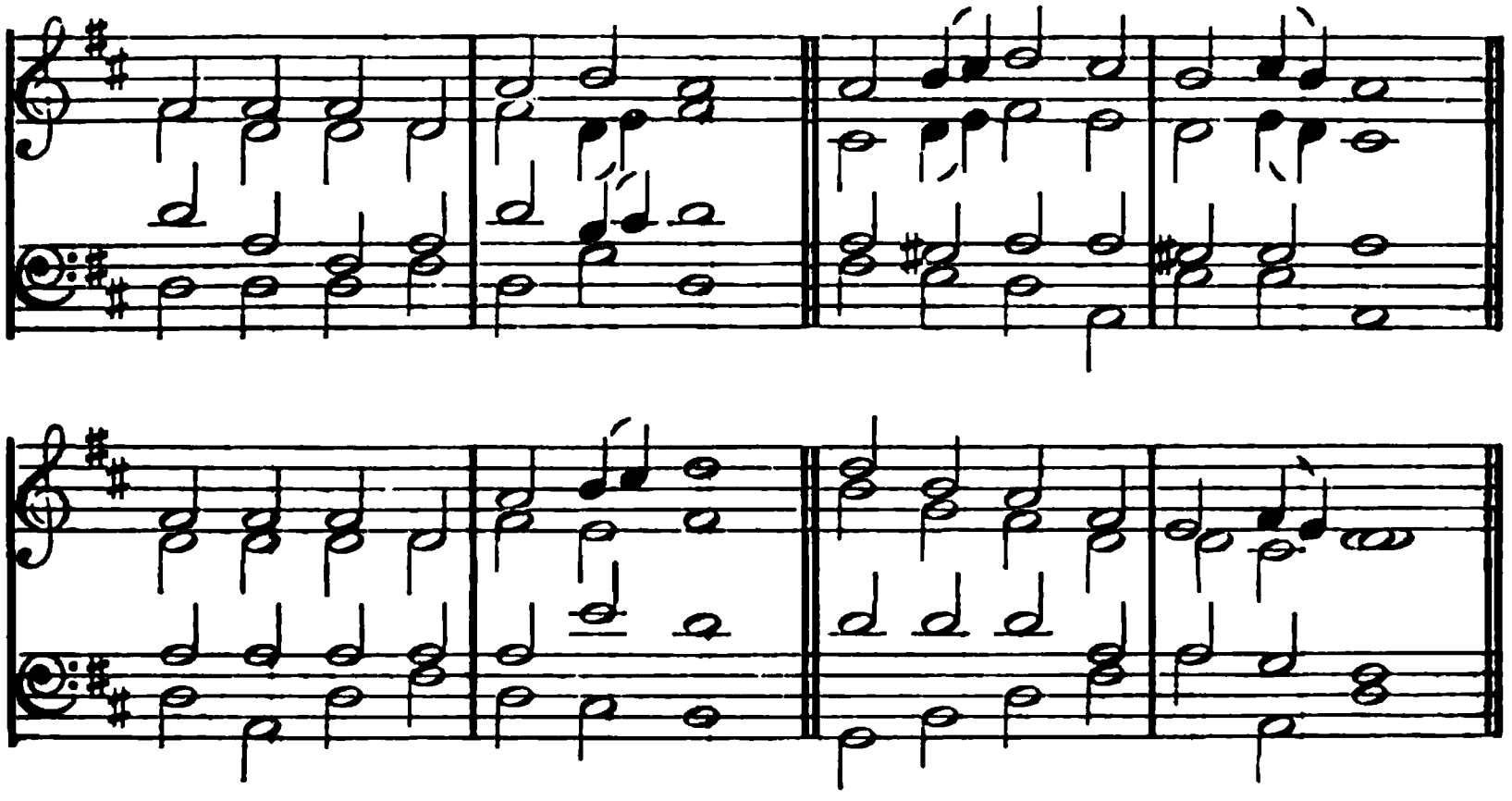
1 JESUS, we love to meet
On this Thy holy day;
We worship round Thy seat
On this Thy holy day.
Thou tender heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend,
O'er our young spirits bend
On this Thy holy day.

2 We dare not trifle now
On this Thy holy day;
In silent awe we bow
On this Thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,
On this Thy holy day.

3 We listen to Thy Word
On this Thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard
On this Thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart
On this Thy holy day.

Hymn 367 (11)

FERRIER (77 77). *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



1 LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

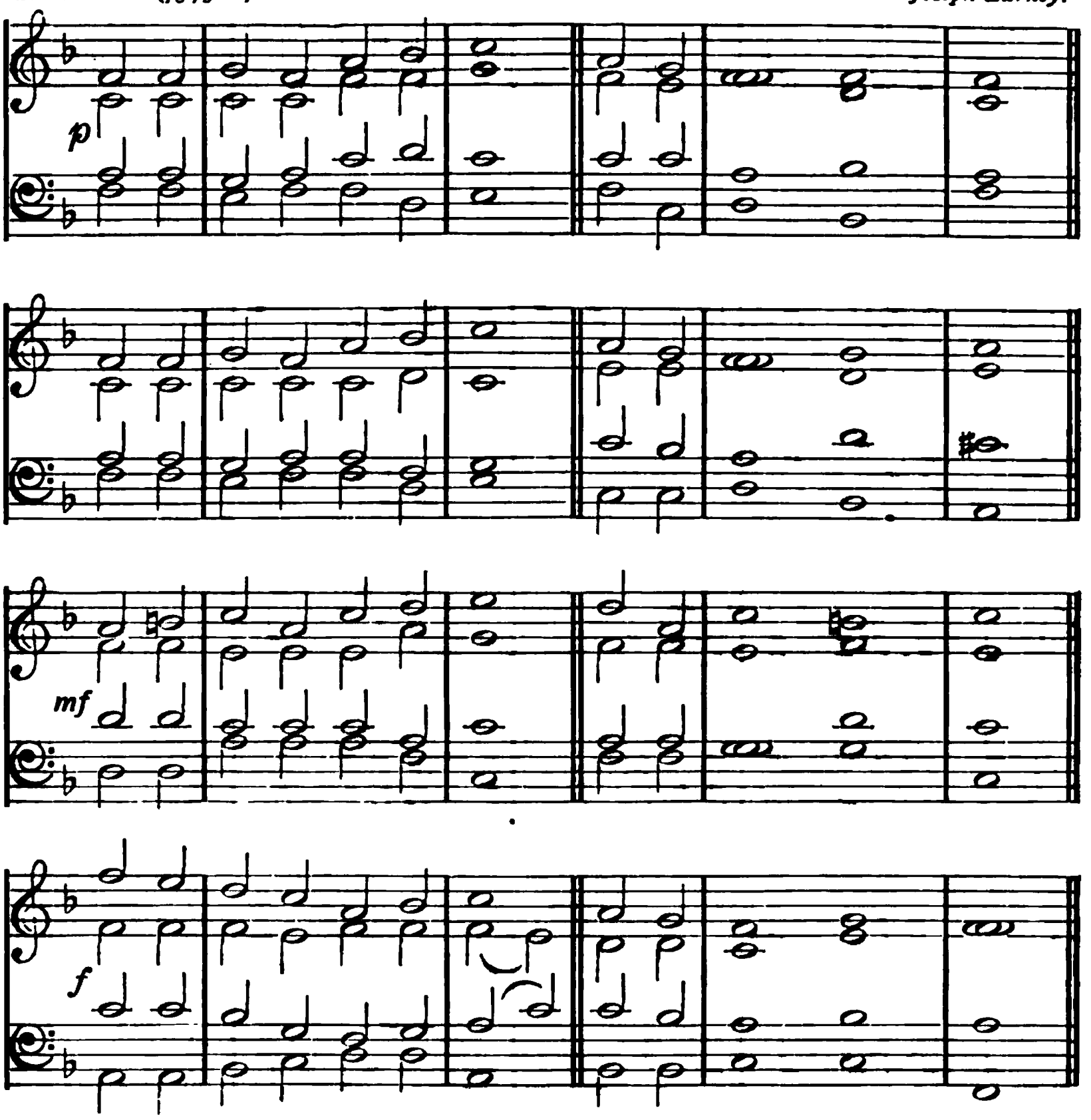
3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine;
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

Hymn 368 (12)

S. IGNATIUS (75 75 D.) *Joseph Barnby.*



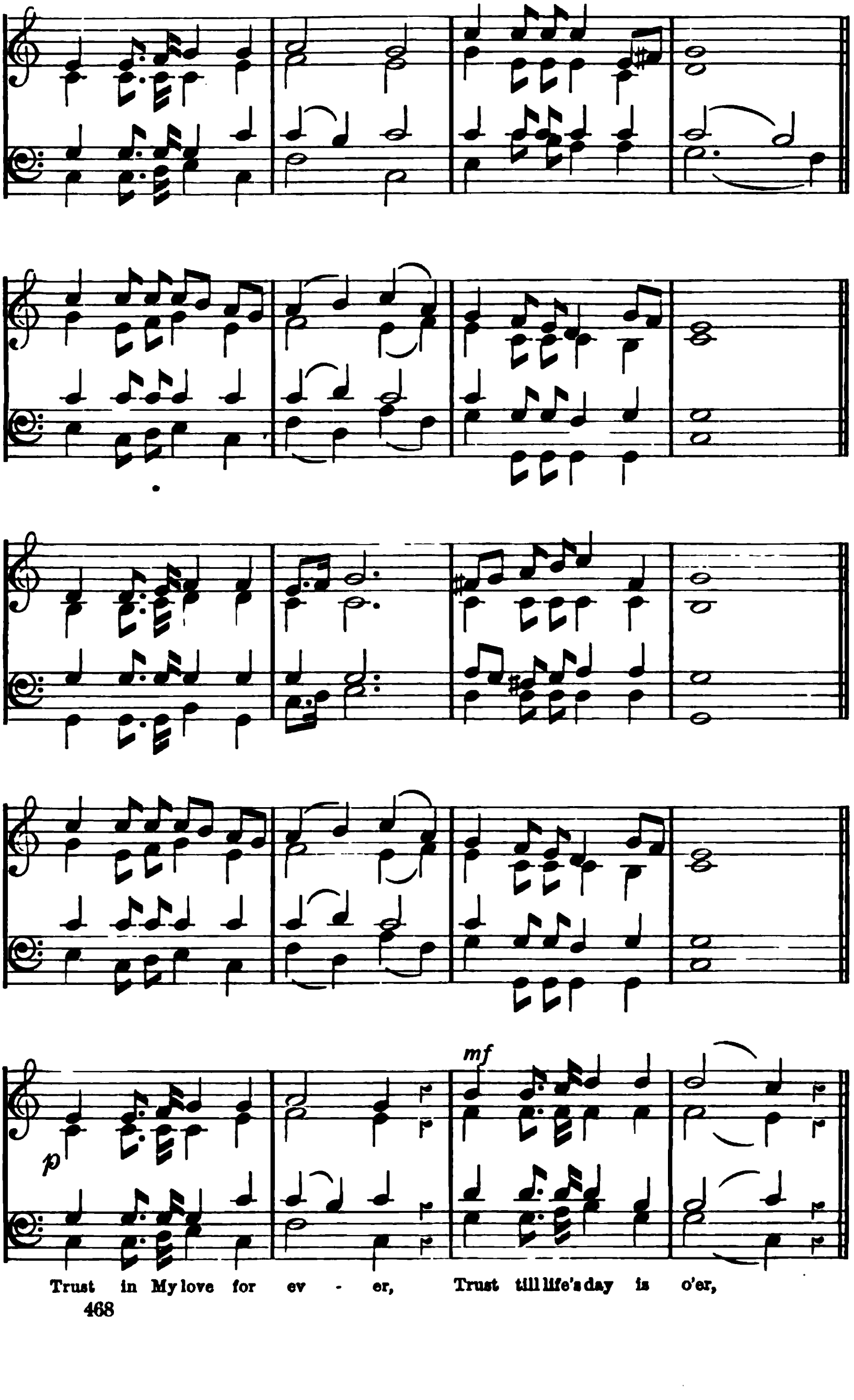
1 FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
"Glorify Thy Name."

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
"Glorify Thy Name."

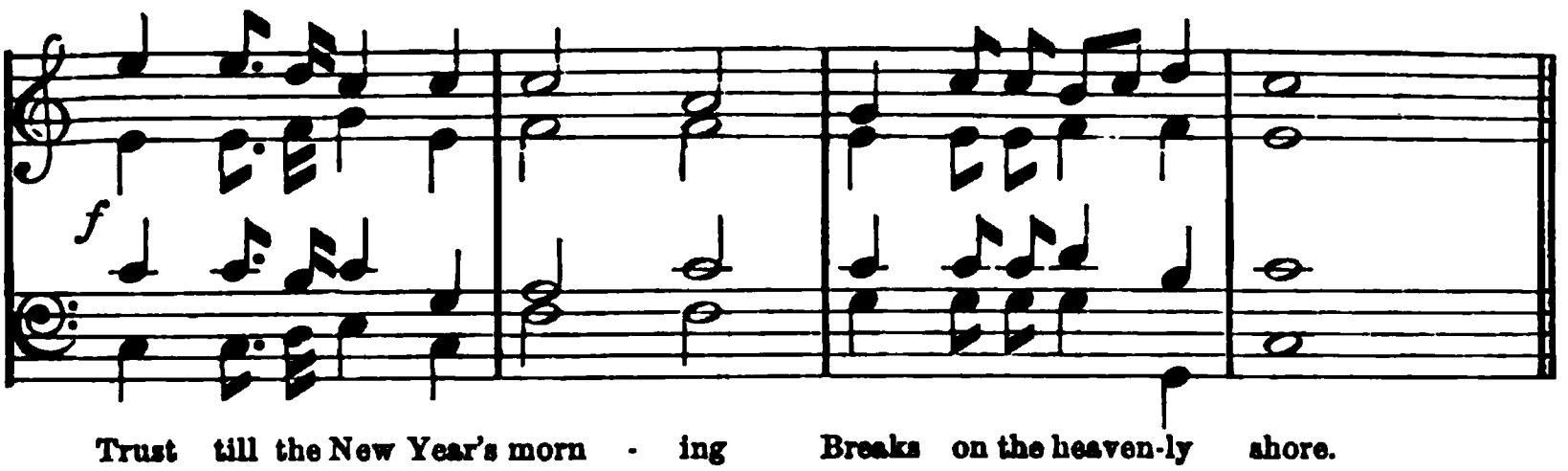
3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
"Glorify Thy Name."

Hymn 369 (13)

EVANGEL (76 76 D. and refrain). *W. H. Doane.*



Hymn 369 (13)



1 JOY bells are sounding sweetly,
Waking the new-born year,
O that some heavenly music
Listening my heart may hear.
Hark, 'tis the voice of Jesus,
Over my life's dark sea,
"Be not afraid, belovèd,
Trust the New Year to Me."

Trust in My love for ever,
Trust till life's day is o'er,
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore.

2 Saviour, with Thee communing,
Life has no fears for me;
Brightly this New Year's morning
Dawns on my spirit free;
Months as they pass may bring me
Trials unknown to-day,
Still shall the echo linger,
Sweetly I hear Thee say.

Trust in My love for ever,
Trust till life's day is o'er,
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore.

3 More of Thy love, my Saviour,
More of Thy peace within,
More of Thy perfect beauty,
My heart more free from sin;
This be Thy New Year's blessing,
Better than finest gold,
While on Thy word of greeting
Faith can keep fast her hold.

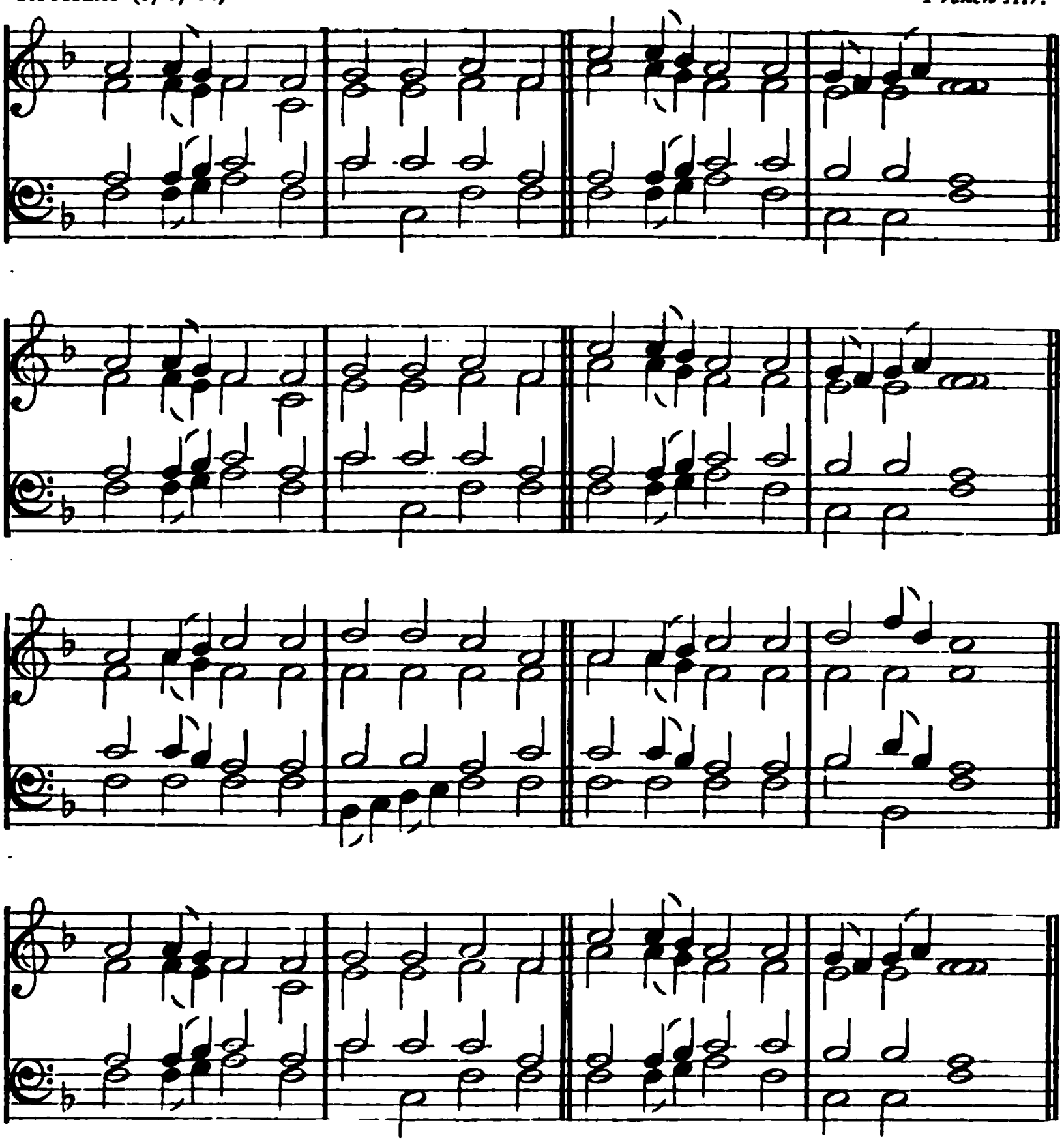
Trust in My love for ever,
Trust till life's day is o'er,
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore.

4 Onward with step more steadfast,
Upward with stronger flight,
Upward to love's own country,
Heavenward to God's own light.
Jesus, in Thee abiding,
Years cannot fly too fast,
Death cannot touch my spirit,
Hearing Thy voice at last.

Trust in My love for ever,
Trust till life's day is o'er,
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore.

Hymn 370 (14)

ROUSSEAU (87 87 D.) *French Air.*

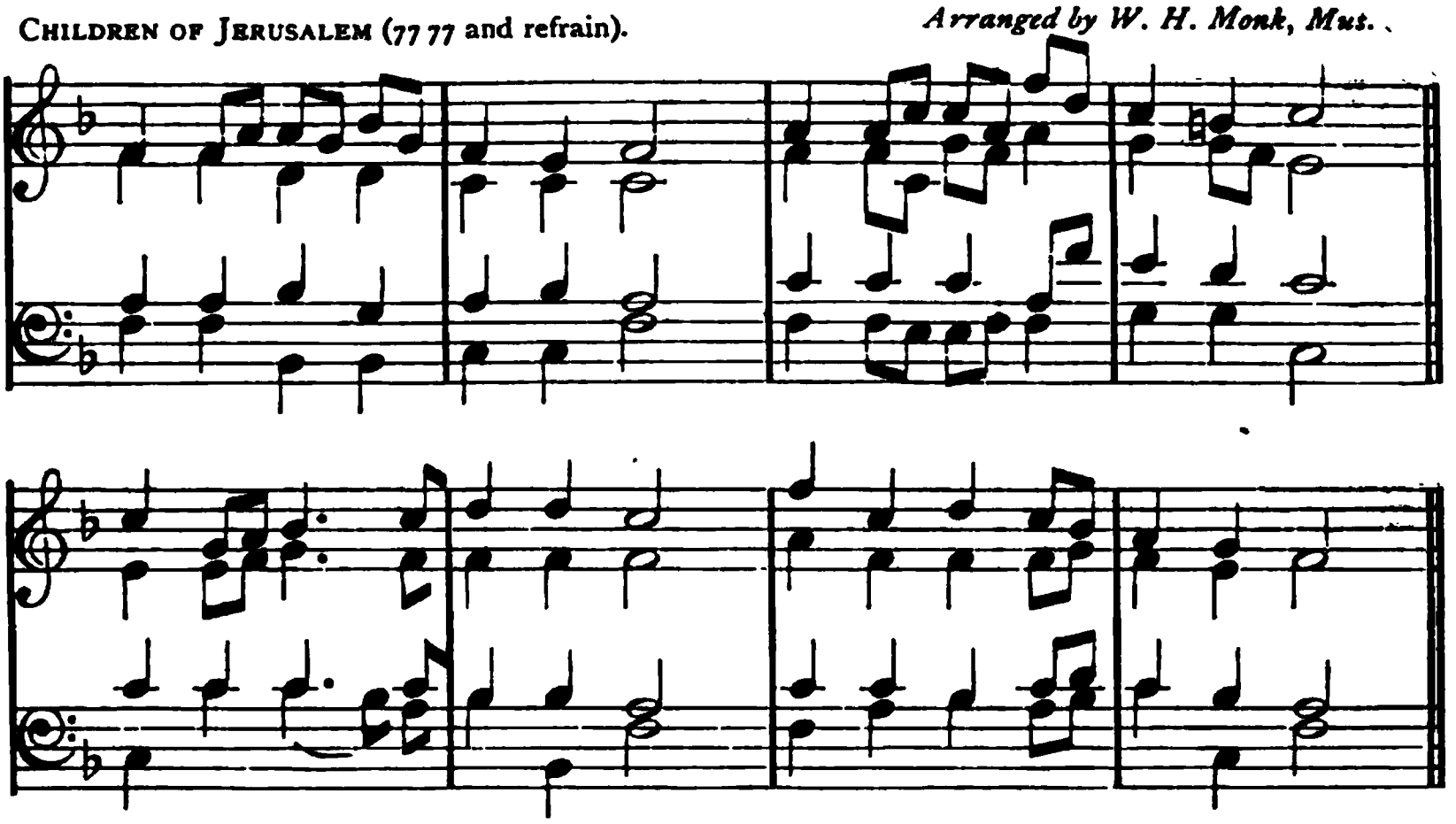


1 LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great and high and holy;
O how solemn we should be!
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

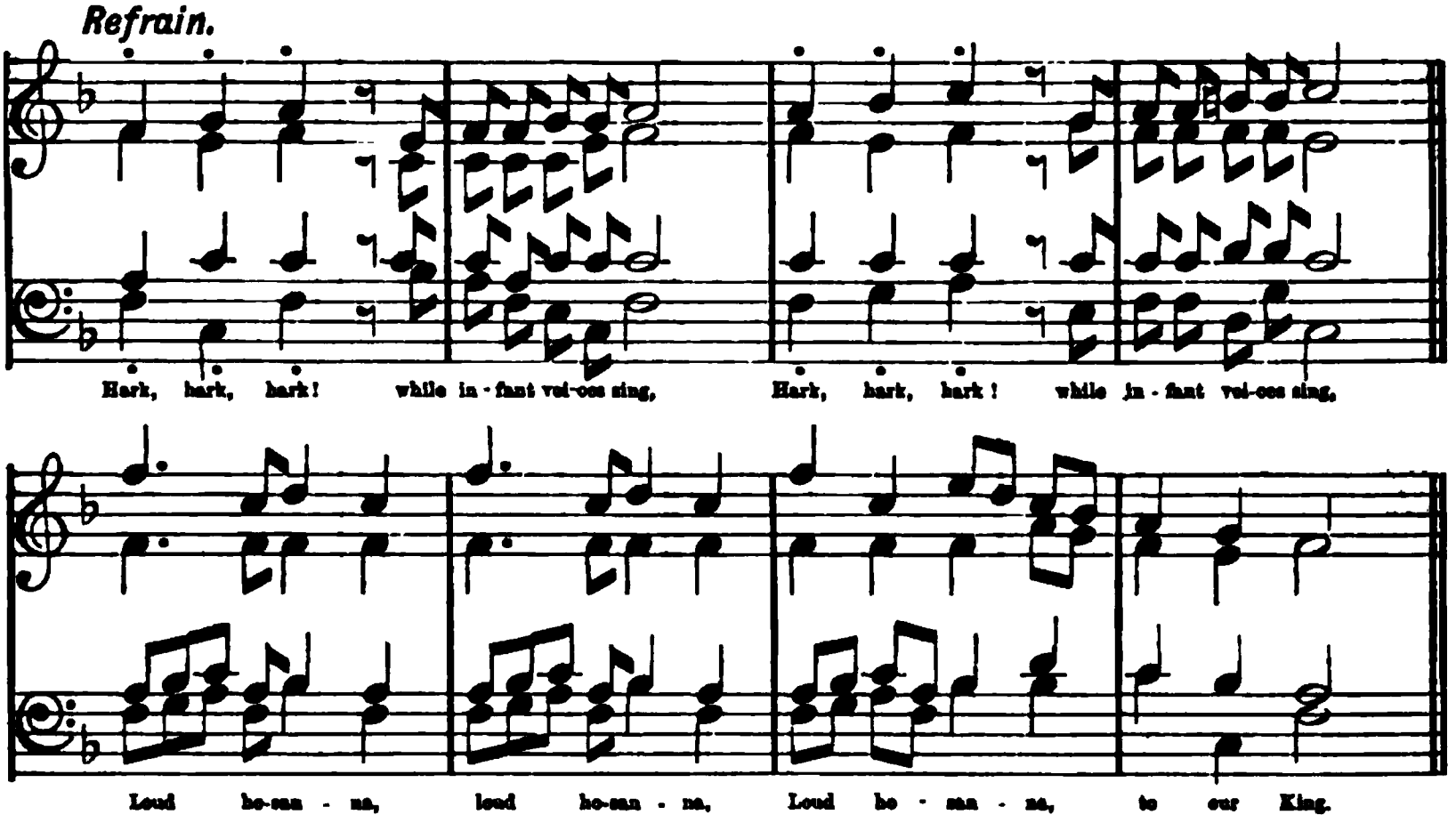
2 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
Let our sins be all forgivèn;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heavèn,
There to sing a nobler song.

Hymn 371 (15)

CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM (77 77 and refrain). *Arranged by W. H. Monk, Mus. .*



Refrain.



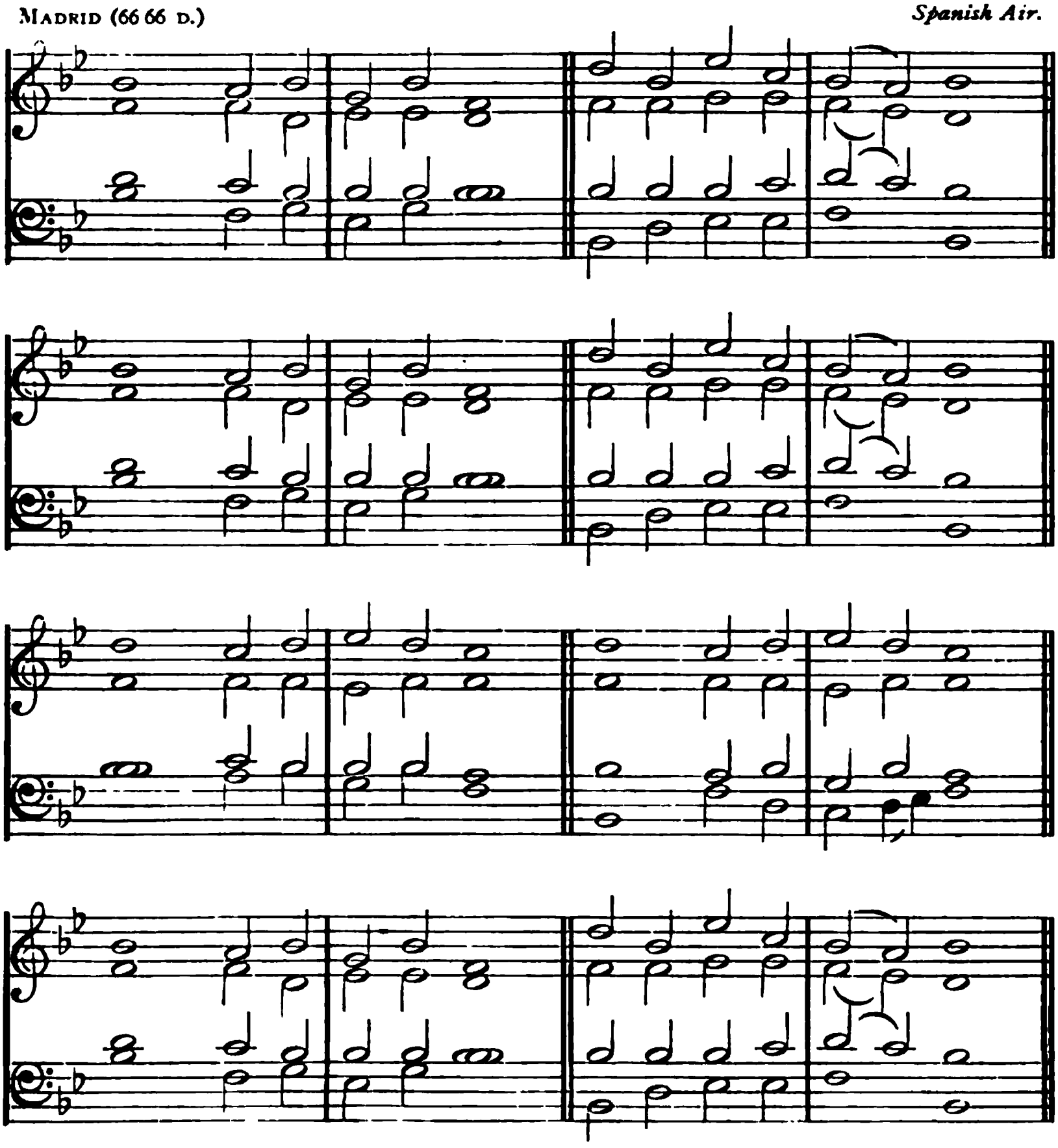
1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name:
Children, too, of later days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing,
Loud hosanna to our King.

2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.
Hark! while infant voices sing,
Loud hosanna to our King.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark! while infant voices sing,
Loud hosanna to our King.

Hymn 372 (16)

MADRID (66 66 D.) *Spanish Air.*



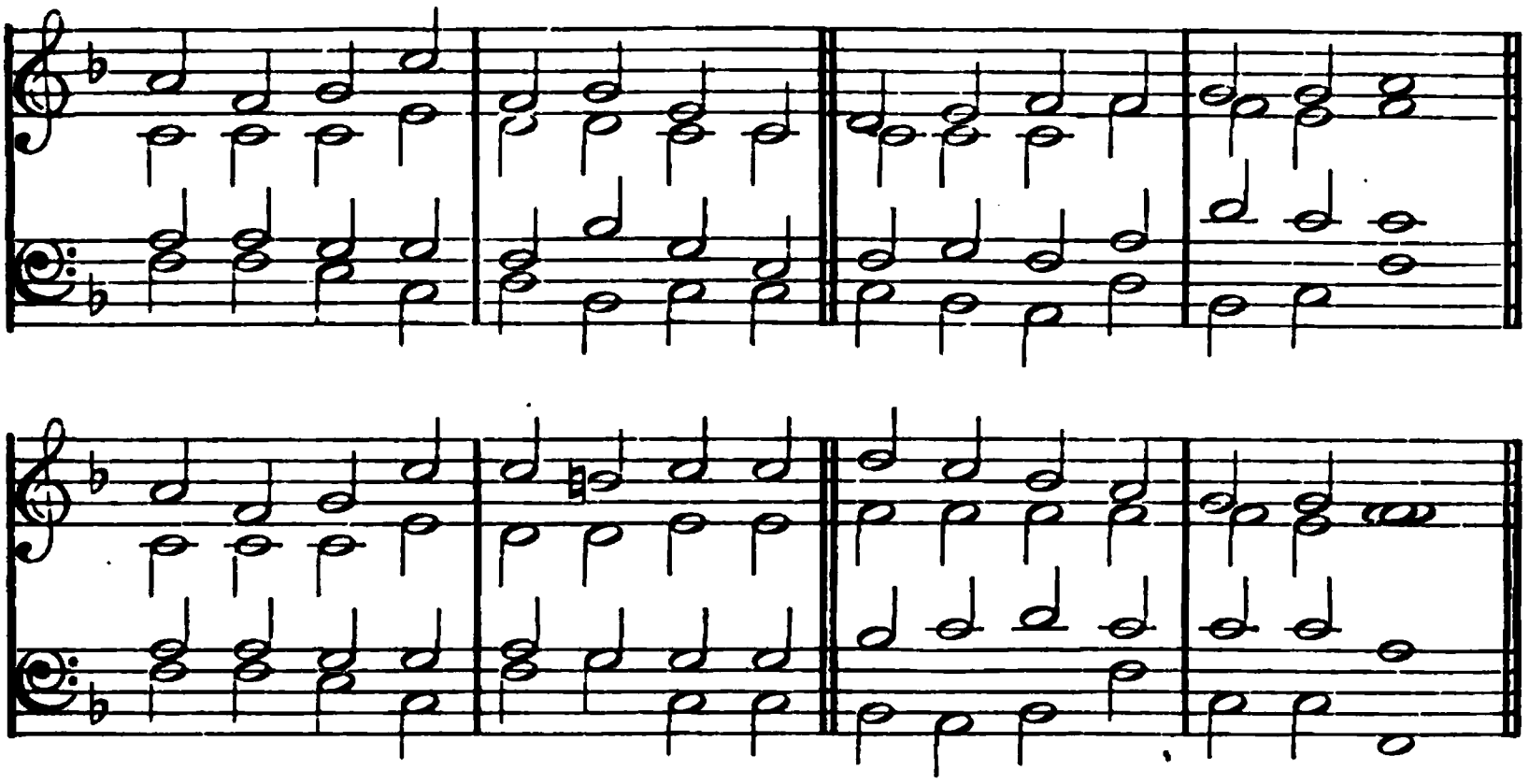
1 COME, children, join to sing,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice.
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 Come, lift your hearts on high,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky,
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end.
Hallelujah! Amen!

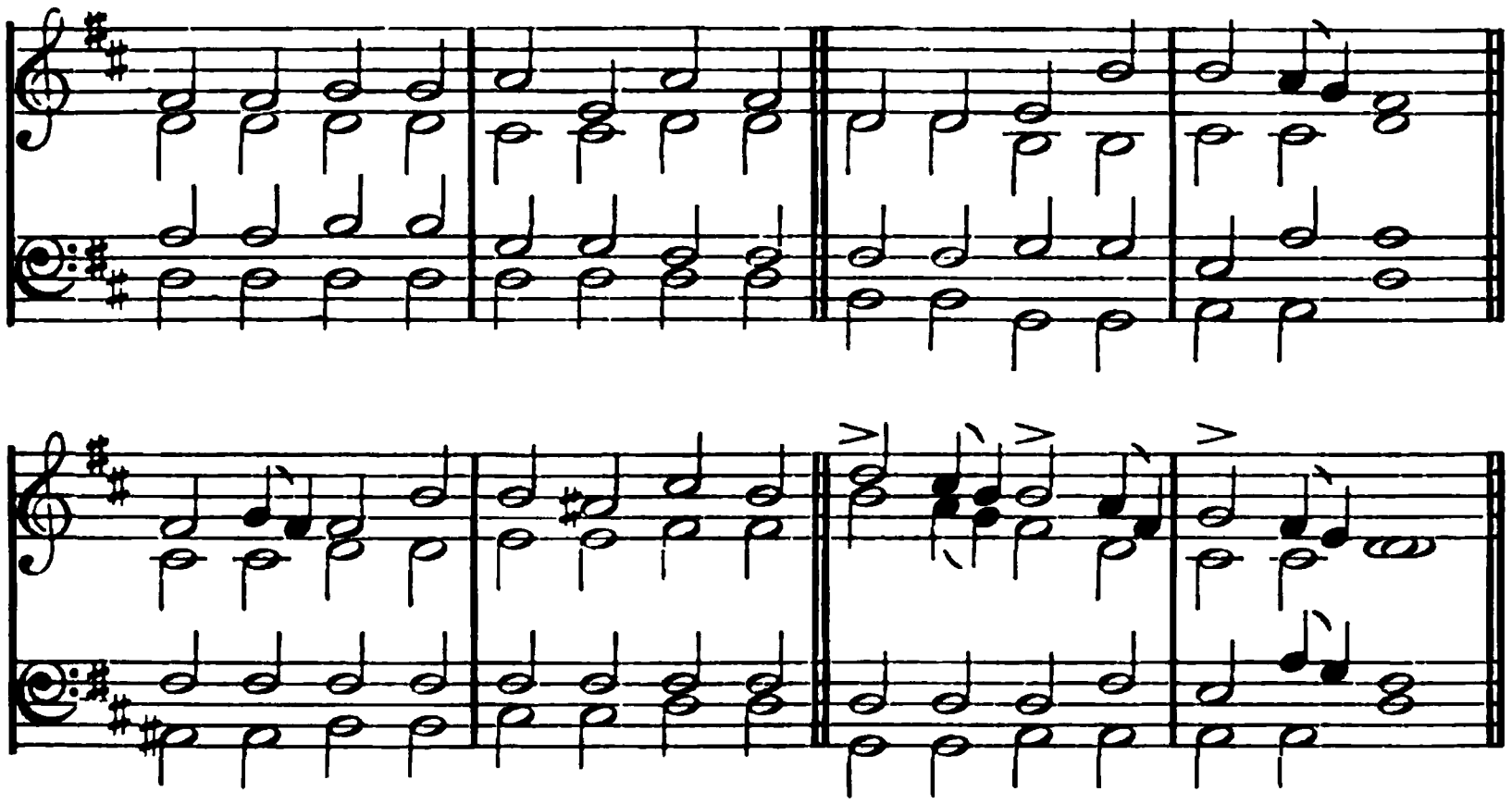
3 Praise ye the Lord again,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain,
Hallelujah! Amen!
On heavèn's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore;
Singing for evermore,
Hallelujah! Amen!

Hymn 373 (17)

FRANKFORT (87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Georg Josephi.*



RANDEGGER (87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Alberto Randegger.*



1 GOD of heavèn, hear our singing,
Only little ones are we;
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we cóme to Thee.

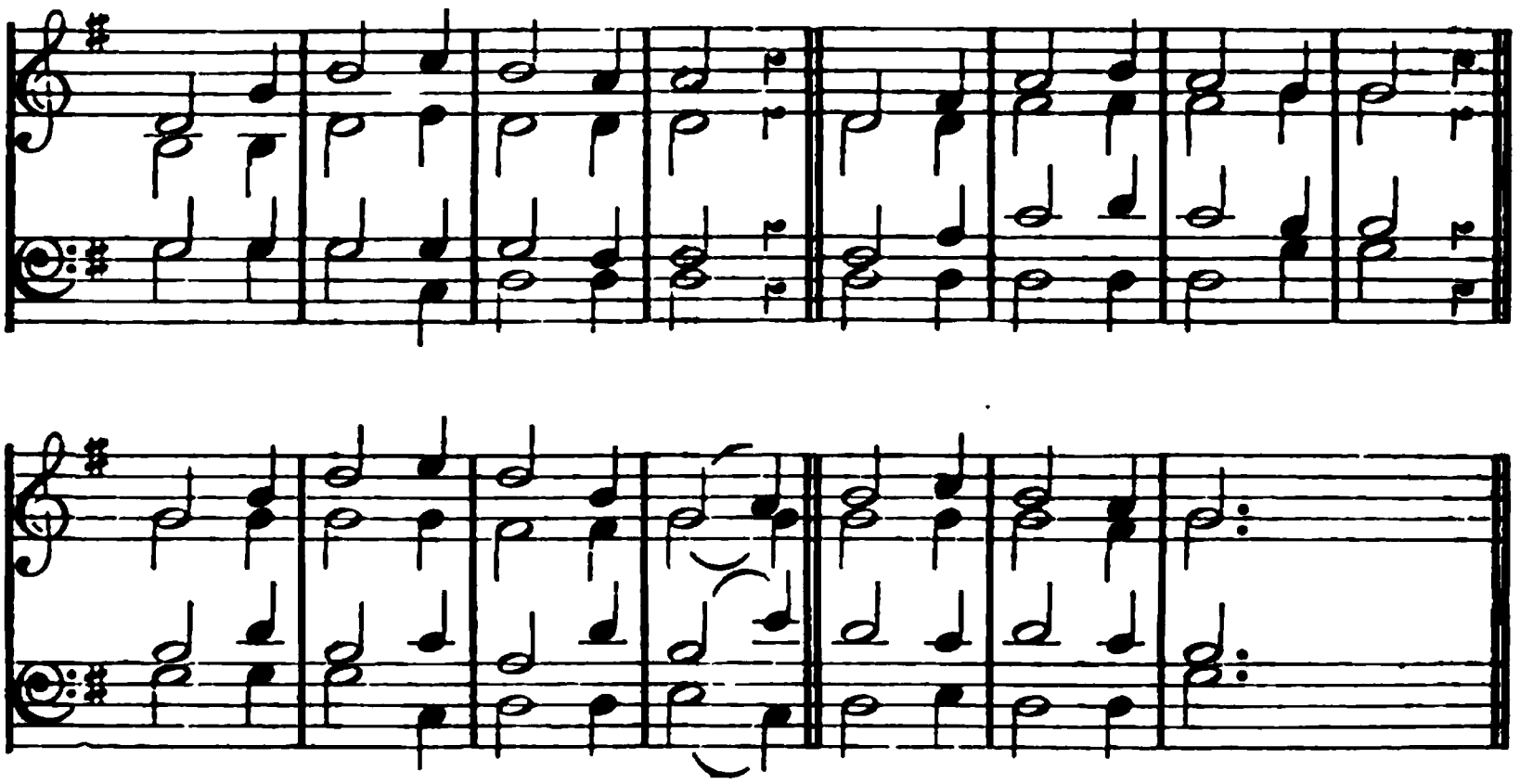
2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee, and obey Thee—
Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

3 Let the sweet and joyful story,
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be Thine alone,
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory, are Thine own.

Hymn 374 (18)

JESUS SAVIOUR (77 75). *From "Sacred Melodies."*



1 JESUS, Saviour, hear me call,
Sinful though my heart may be,
Thou my life, my hope, my all,
Lord, abide with me.

2 Lonely in a stranger land,
Cast me not away from Thee,
Lead me by Thy gentle hand,
Lord, abide with me.

3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free,
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Lord, abide with me.

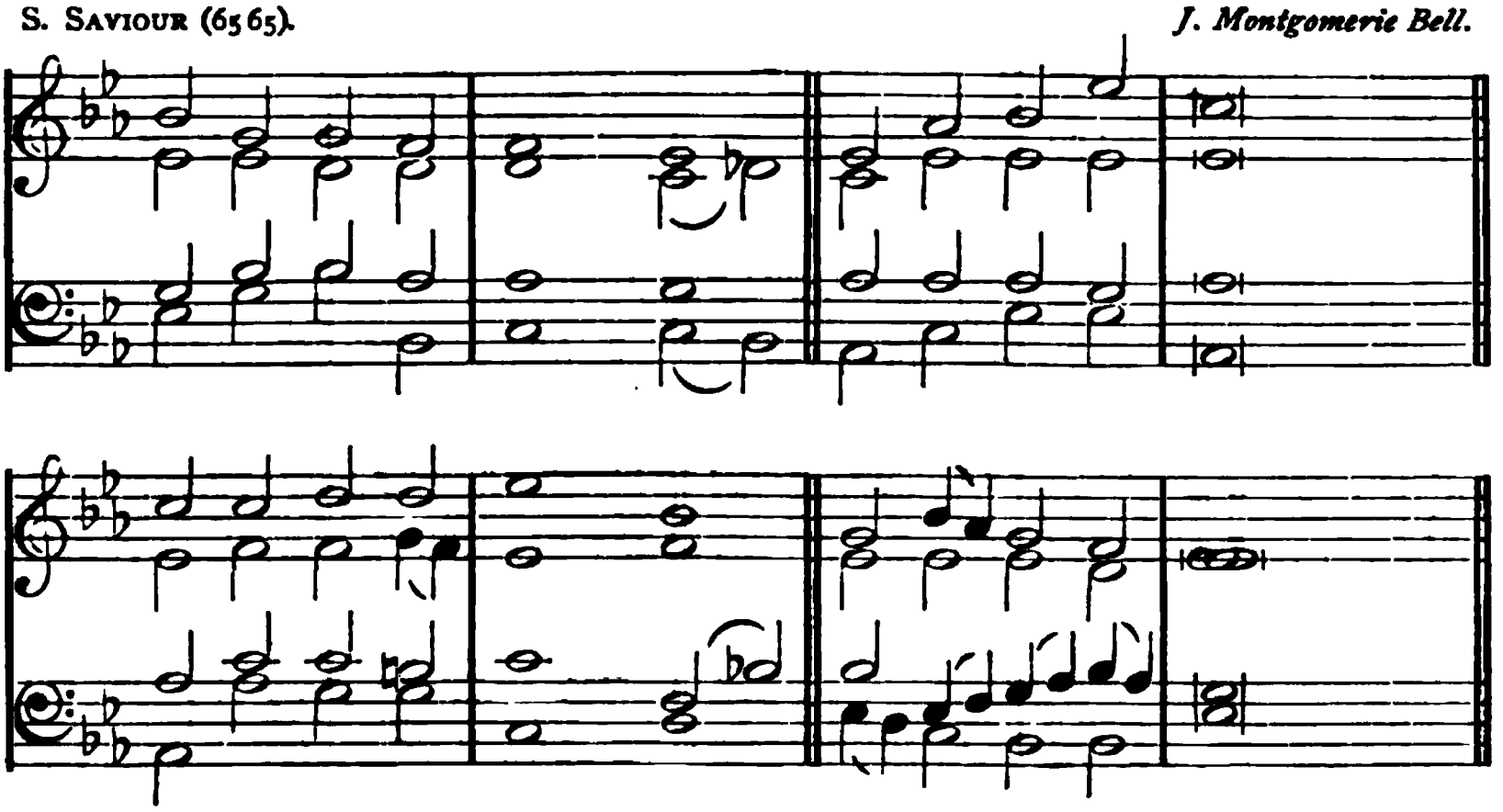
4 Fill me with Thy love divine,
Consecrate my life to Thee,
Bend my stubborn will to Thine,
Lord, abide with me.

5 When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to Thee;
When I pass the gloomy vale,
Still abide with me.

6 Then, O then, my raptured soul
Heaven's eternal rest shall see,
There, while endless ages roll,
Thou'lt abide with me!

Hymn 375 (19)

S. Saviour (6565). *J. Montgomerie Bell.*



1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

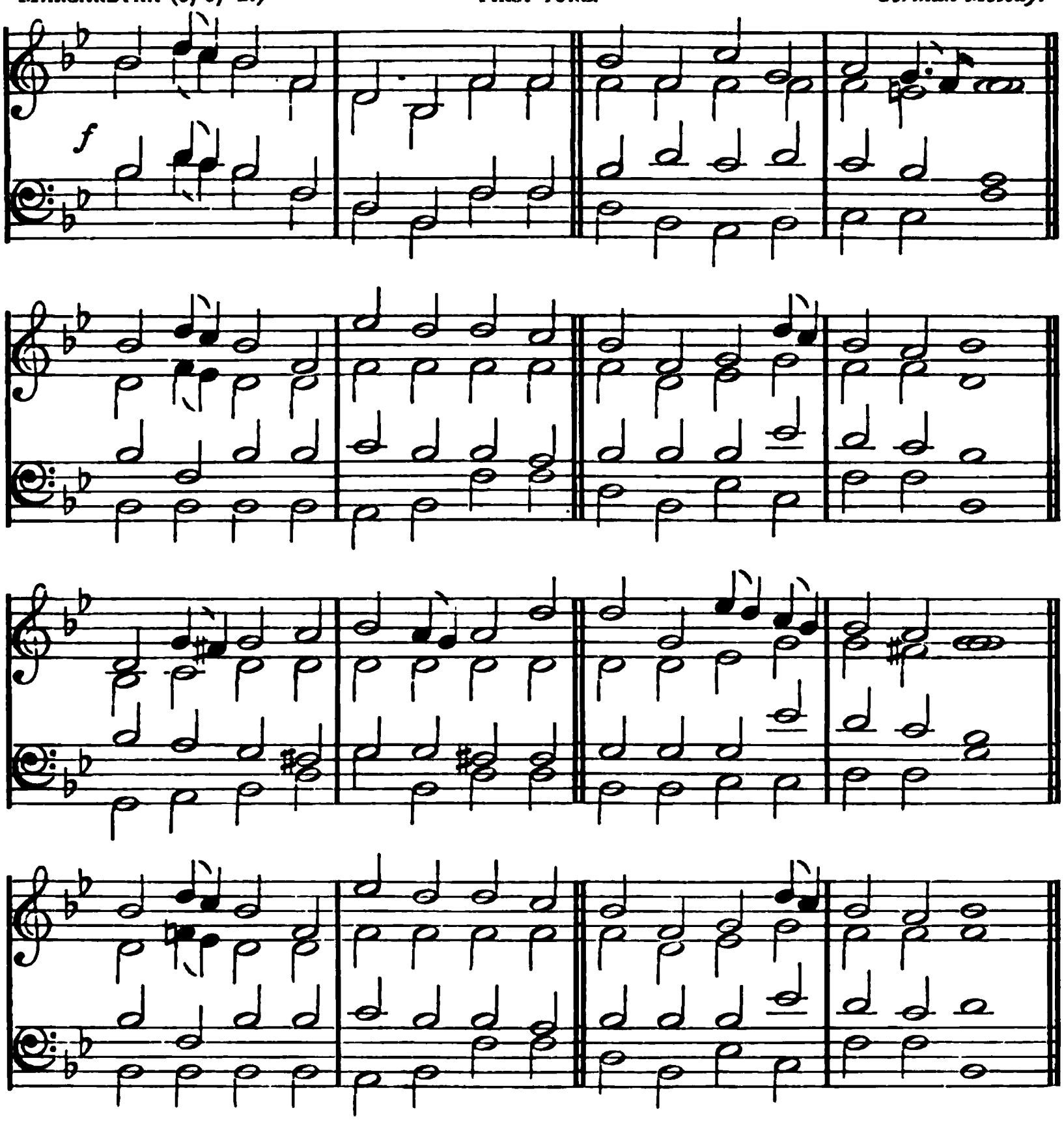
3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee:
Take our sins away.

5 Then when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

Hymn 376 (20)

MARGARETHA (87 87 D.) FIRST TUNE. *German Melody.*



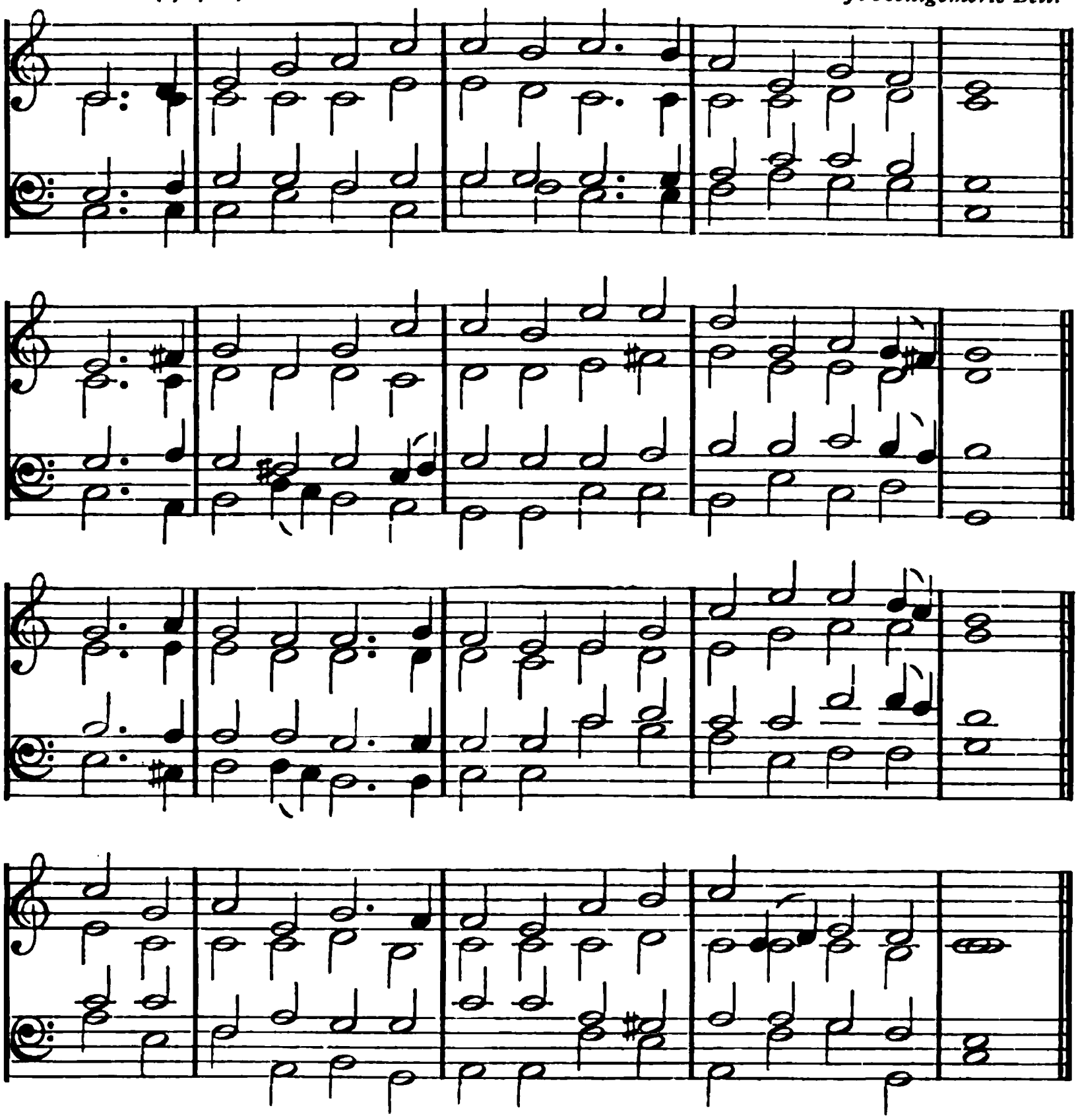
1 COME, ye children, praise the Saviour,
Sing His boundless power and love,
He deserves your sweetest praises,
Let them reach His throne above.
Blessed Jesus! Hallelujah!
Blessed Jesus! kind and free!
Blessed Jesus! Thou'rt our Saviour!
Praise belongs alone to Thee!

2 Angels praise Him there in heavèn,
Joining saints to bless His name,
All its courts resound with anthems,
Setting forth His matchless fame!
Blessed Jesus! Hallelujah!
Blessed Jesus! kind and free!
Blessed Jesus! Thou'rt our Saviour!
Praise belongs alone to Thee!

3 Of His love they tell the story,
How He left their home on high—
How He gave up Heaven's bright glory,
And to earth came down to die.
Blessed Jesus! Hallelujah!
Blessed Jesus! kind and free!
Blessed Jesus! Thou'rt our Saviour!
Praise belongs alone to Thee!

Hymn 376 (20)

S. BALDRED (87 87 D.) SECOND TUNE. *J. Montgomerie Bell.*



1 COME, ye children, praise the Saviour,
Sing His boundless power and love,
He deserves your sweetest praises,
Let them reach His throne above.
Blessed Jesus! Hallelujah!
Blessed Jesus! kind and free!
Blessed Jesus! Thou'rt our Saviour!
Praise belongs alone to Thee!

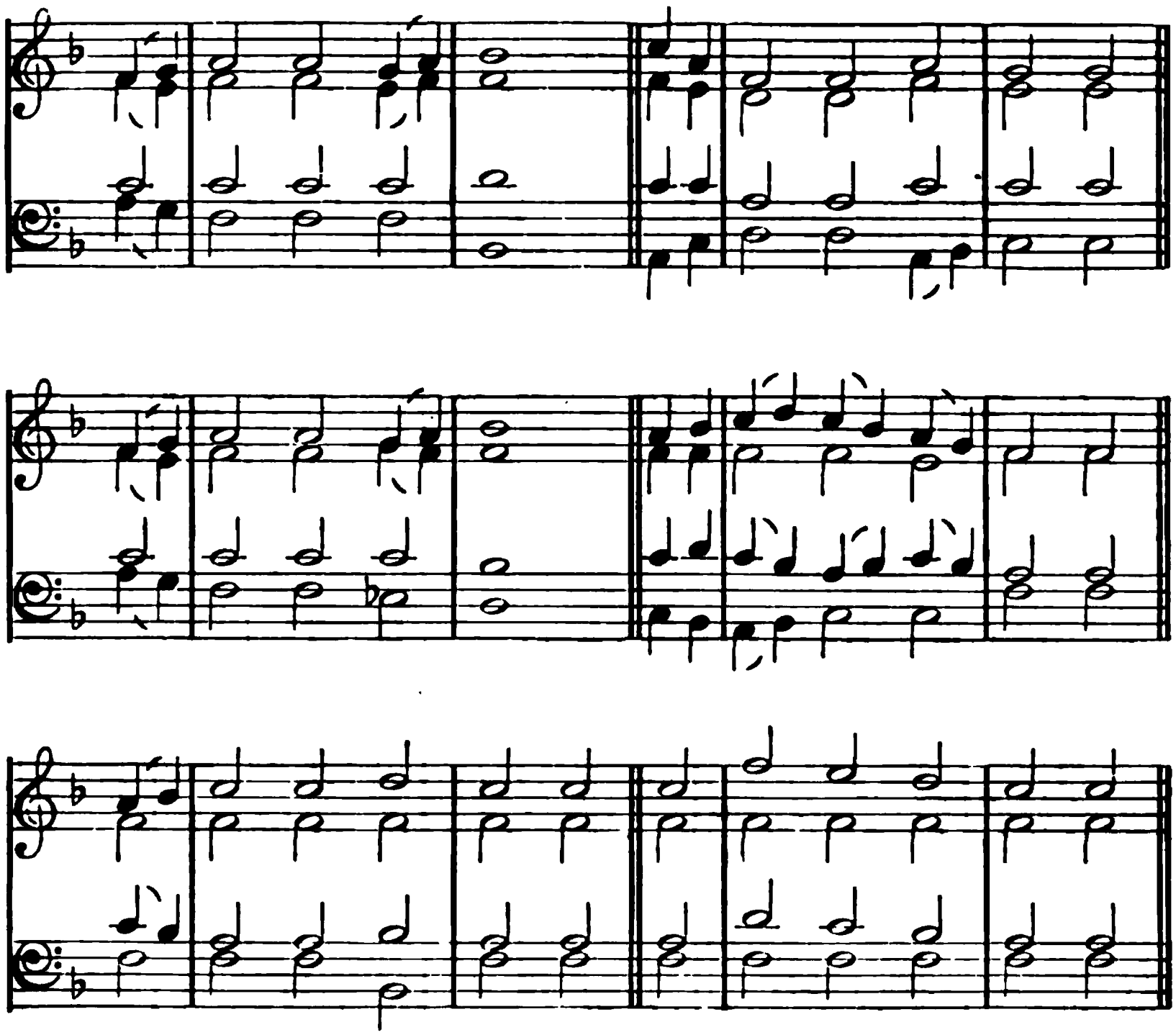
2 Angels praise Him there in heavèn,
Joining saints to bless His name,
All its courts resound with anthems,
Setting forth His matchless fame!
Blessed Jesus! Hallelujah!
Blessed Jesus! kind and free!
Blessed Jesus! Thou'rt our Saviour!
Praise belongs alone to Thee!

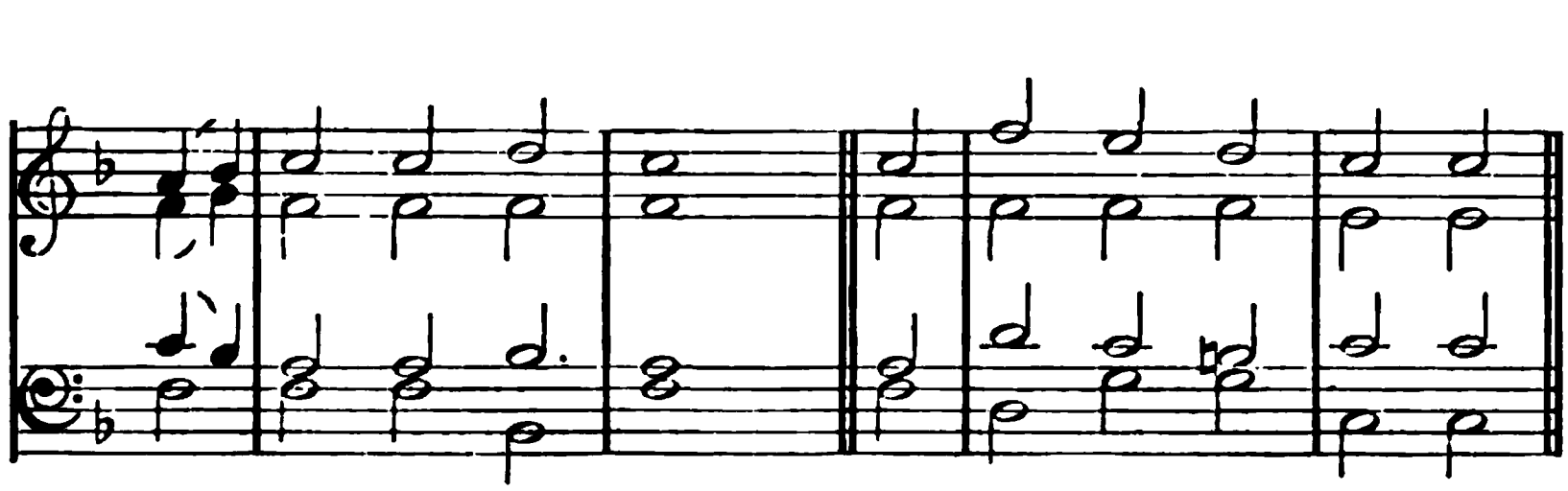
3 Of His love they tell the story,
How He left their home on high—
How He gave up Heaven's bright glory,
And to earth came down to die.
Blessed Jesus! Hallelujah!
Blessed Jesus! kind and free!
Blessed Jesus! Thou'rt our Saviour!
Praise belongs alone to Thee!

Hymn 377 (21)

O COME LET US SING
(57 57 66 56 and refrain).

Rev. James Gall.





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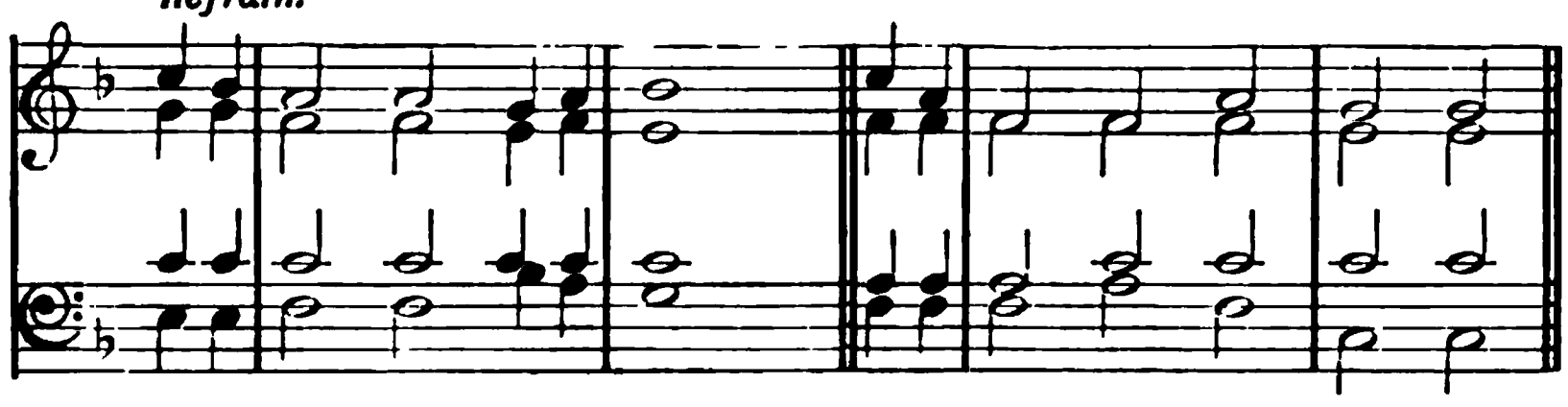
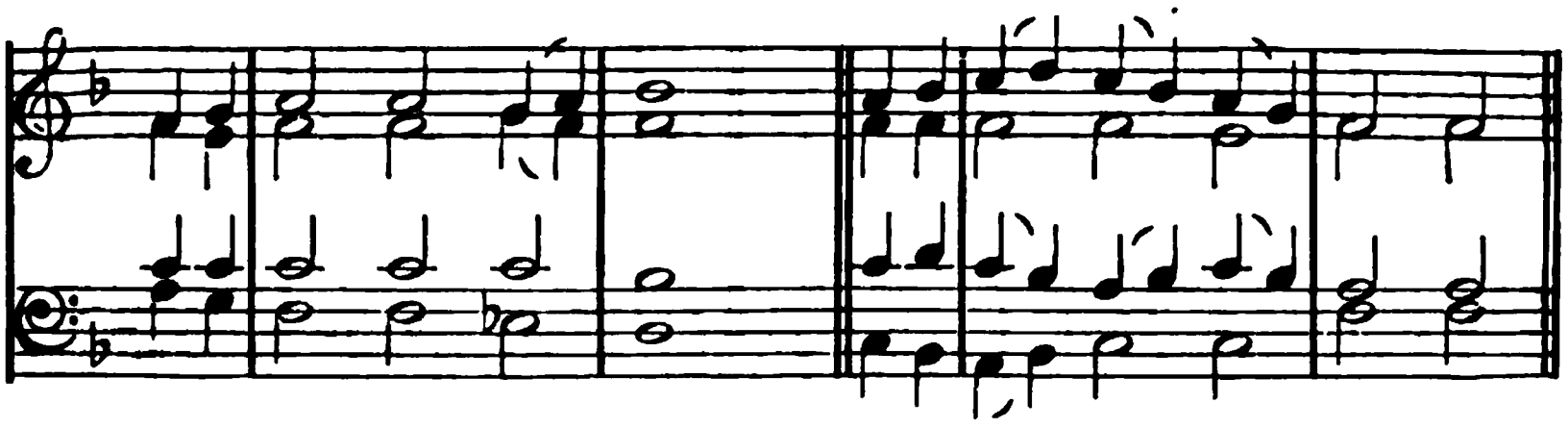


Hymn 377 (21)



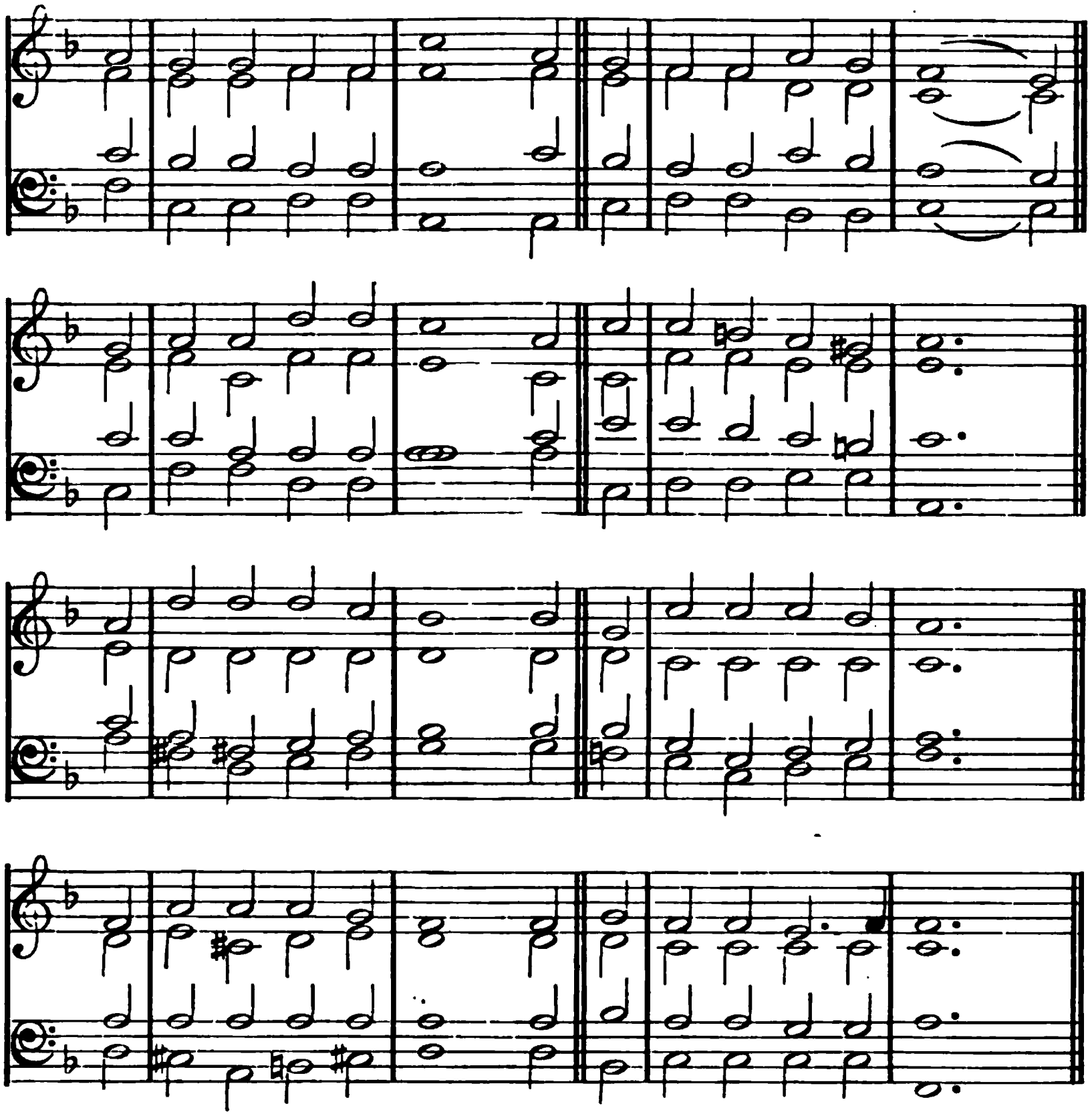
1 O COME let us sing
To the God of salvation,
To Jesus our King,
Who hath brought consolation;
Who in His own body
Hath opened a fountain
To cleanse all our sins,
Though high as a mountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath bought us a pardon;
We will praise Him again
When we've passed over Jordan.

2 Though our hearts are depraved,
Though with sin we are burdened,
Our souls may be saved,
And our sins may be pardoned;
And Jesus, our Saviour,
Hath promised to bless us,
And free us for ever
From those that oppress us.
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath bought us a pardon;
We will praise Him again
When we've passed over Jordan.

3 The hour may be nigh,
When our bosoms, faint heaving,
Shall breathe their last sigh
In the peace of believing:
And Thou from our pillow
All darkness dispelling,
Wilt calm the rude billow
Of Jordan's proud swelling.
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath bought us a pardon;
We will praise Him again
When we've passed over Jordan.

Hymn 378 (22)

ANGELS (76 76 D.) *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



1 I WOULD be like an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
Then, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

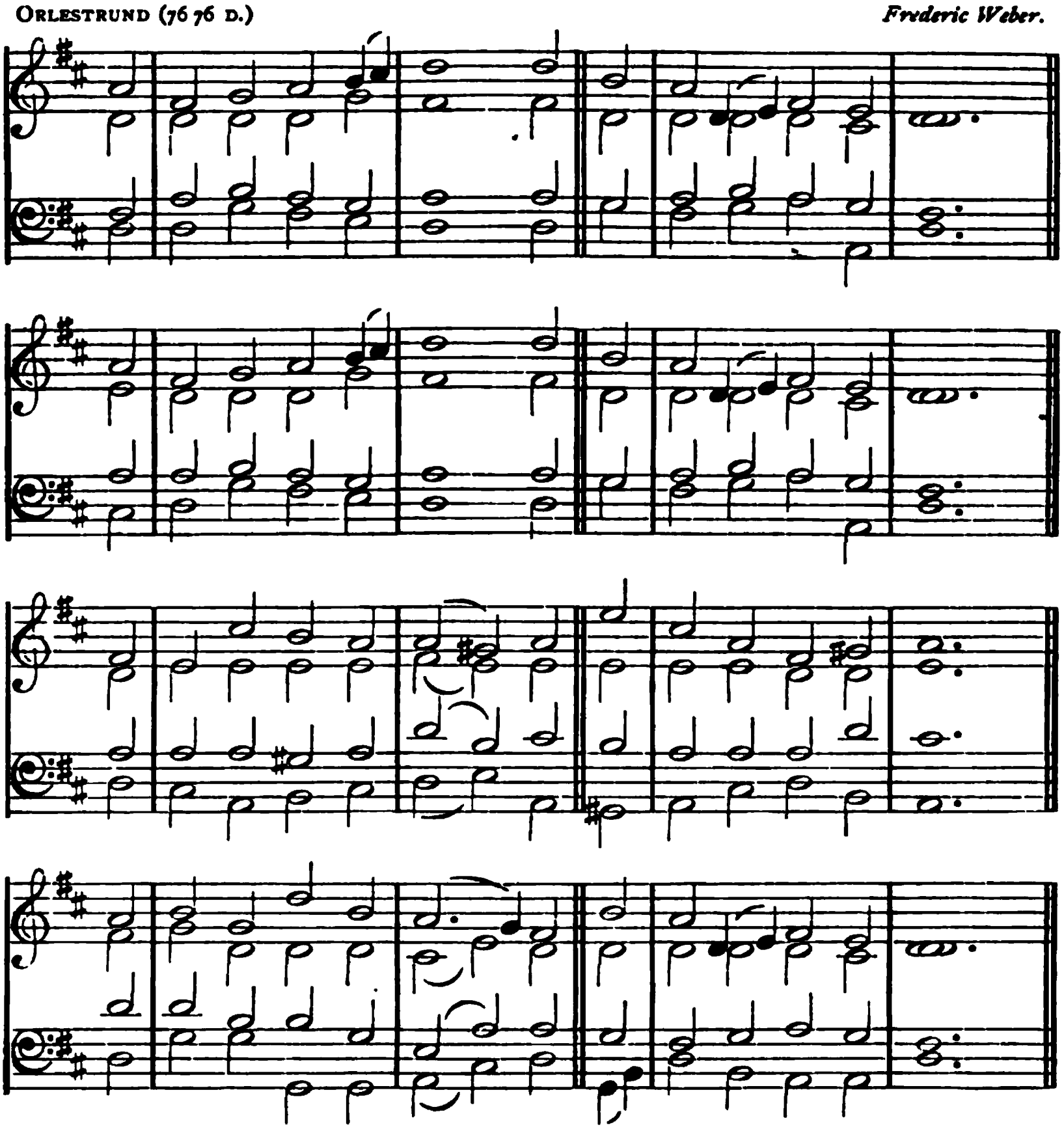
2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessèd, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And, with ten thousand angels,
Praise Him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O, send a shining angel,
To bear me to the sky!

4 O, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll wake the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

Hymn 379 (23)

ORLESTRUND (76 76 D.) *Frederic Weber.*



1 COME, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a Child on earth.
He loved the little children,
And called them to His side;
His loving arms embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

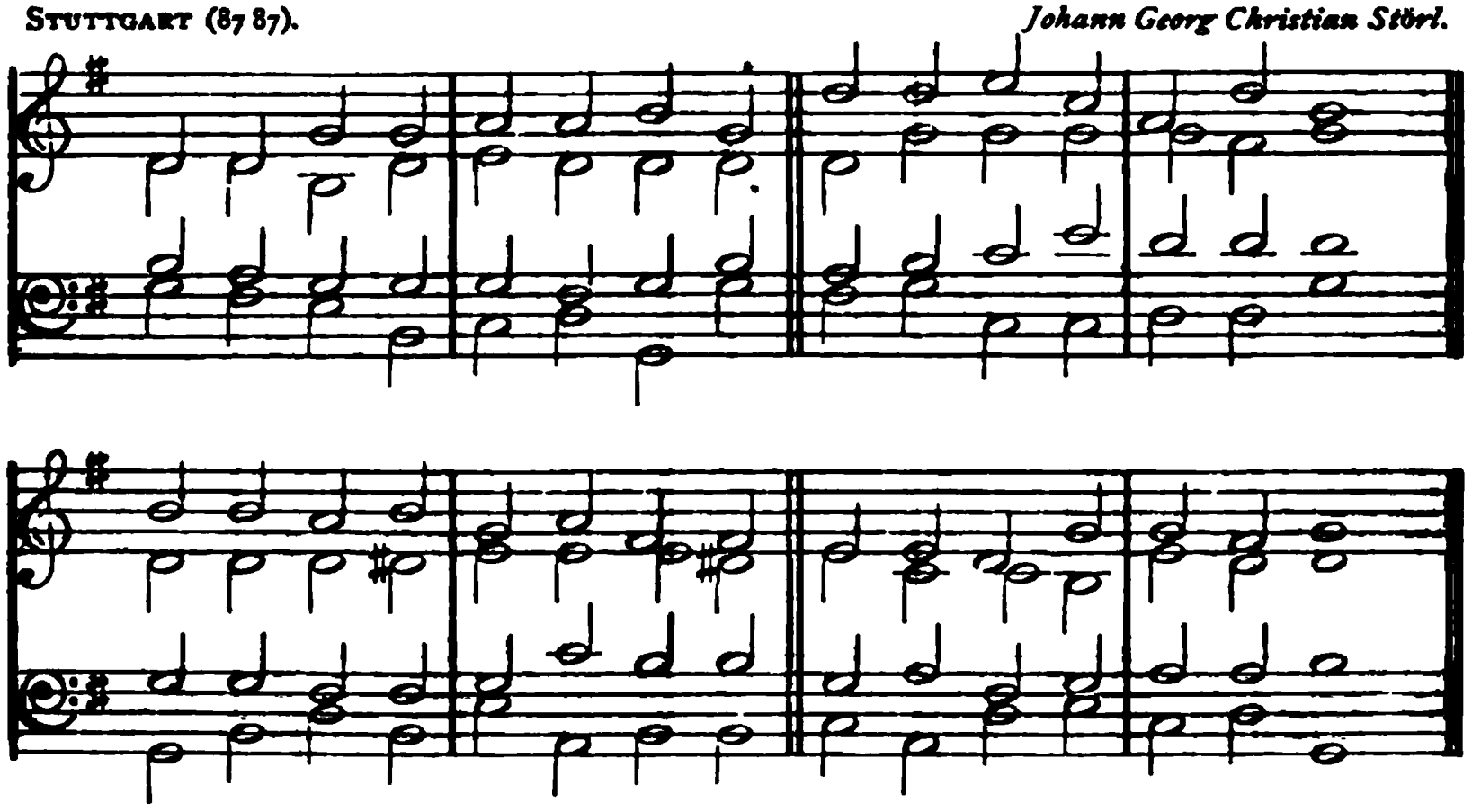
2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee [*Boys only.*
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless Boy.
Make us like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

3 O Jesus, we too praise Thee, [*Girls only.*
The lowly maiden's Son;
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
O, give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair!

4 O Lord, with voices blended [*All.*
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days:
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

Hymn 380 (24)

STUTTGART (87 87). *Johann Georg Christian Störl.*



1 BLESSED Jesus, high in glory,
Seen of saints and angels fair;
Children's voices now adore Thee,
Listen to Thy children's prayer.

2 While this solemn eve we gather,
Meekly to receive Thy word,
Be Thou near us, Holy Father,
Bring us near Thee, loving Lord.

3 Gentle Jesus, Thou dost love us,
Thou hast died upon the tree,
And Thou reignest now above us,
That we too might reign with Thee.

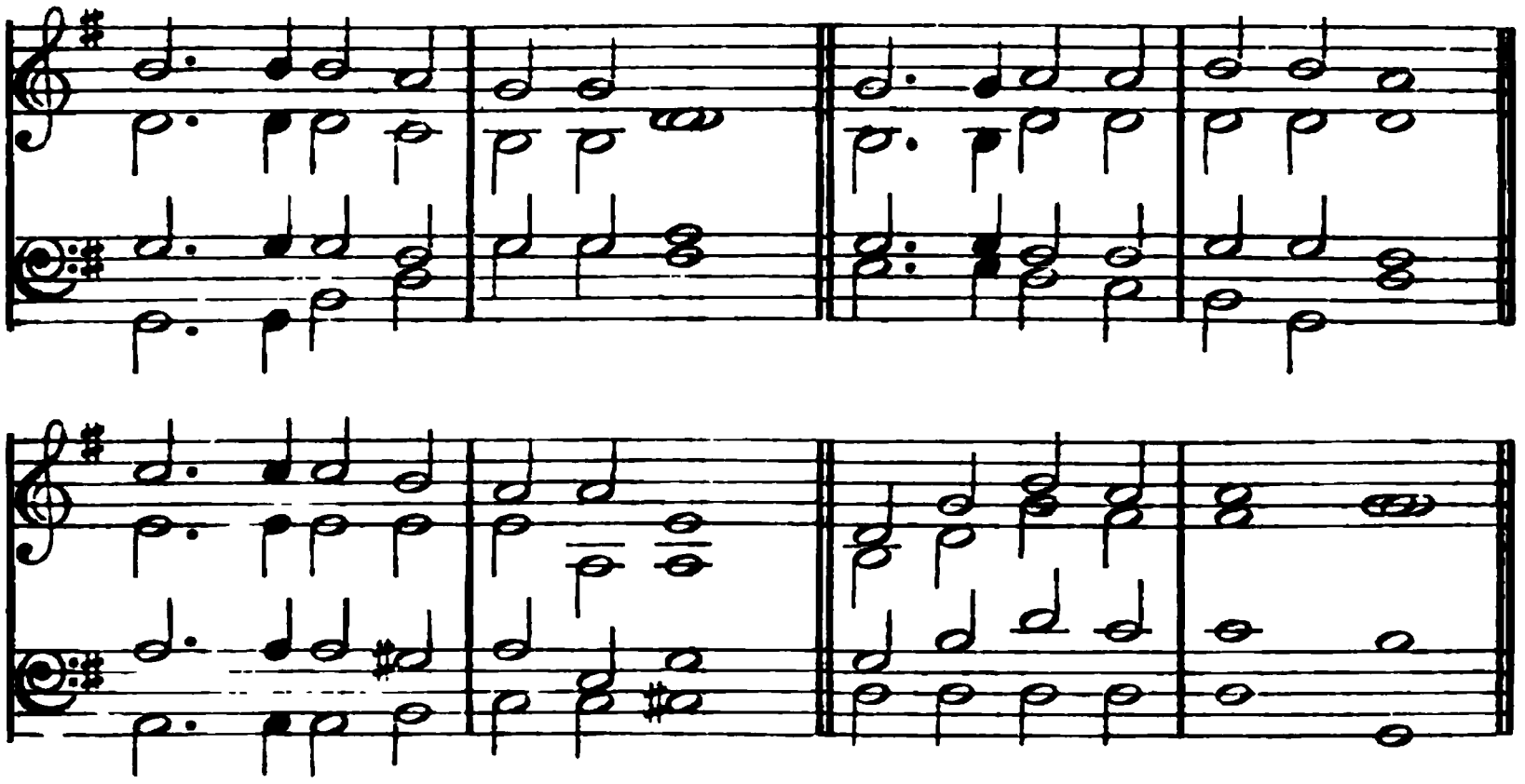
4 Give us grace to trust Thee wholly,
Give us each a child-like heart,
Make us meek and pure and holy,
Meet to see Thee as Thou art.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Bless us all our life below,
Till we each that heaven inherit
Which the child-like only know.

Hymn 381 (25)

LITANY (77 76).

Anonymous.
Harmonized by Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.



1 JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Little deeds of love may shine,
Little lives may be divine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Fold us to Thy loving breast,—
There may we, in happy rest,
Feel that we indeed are blest:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

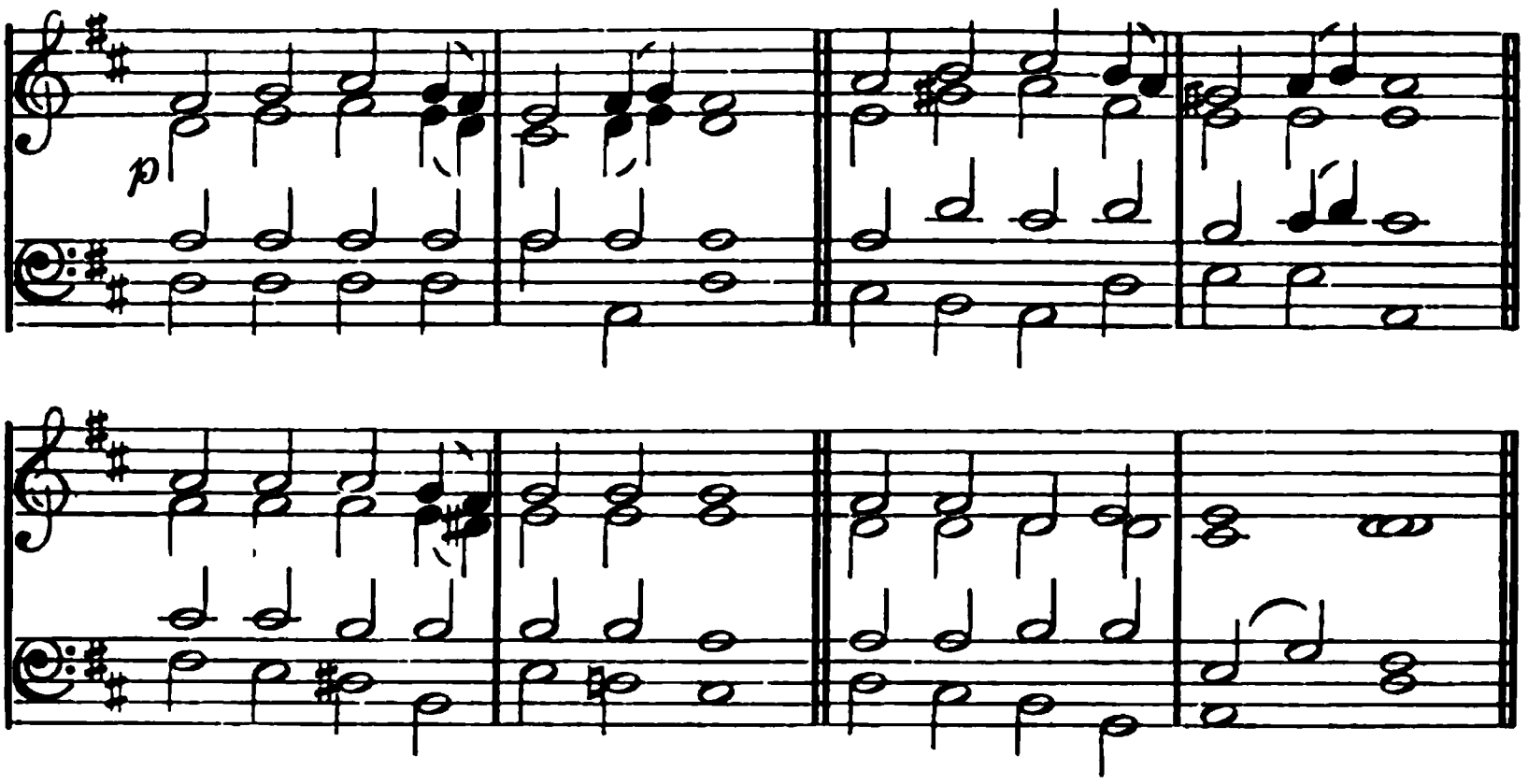
7 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in the manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Hymn 382 (26)

LITANY (77 76). PART I. *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



PART I.

1 JESUS, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Jesus, at whose infant feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

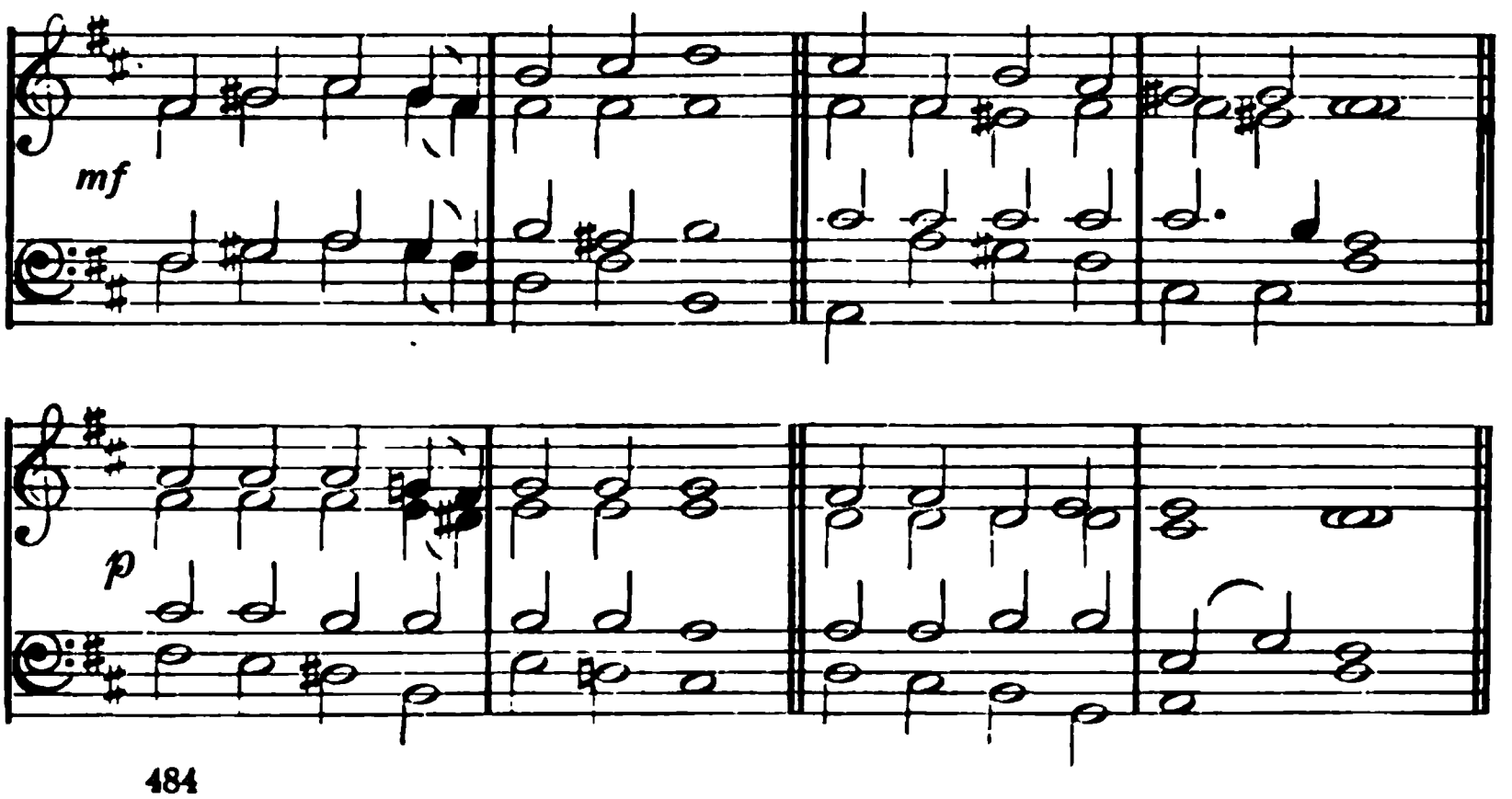
3 Jesus, unto whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Jesus, to Thy temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, who didst deign to flee
From King Herod's cruelty,
In Thy earliest infancy,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Jesus, whom Thy Mother found
'Midst the doctors sitting round,
Marvelling at Thy words profound,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

LITANY (77 76). PART II. *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



Hymn 382 (26)

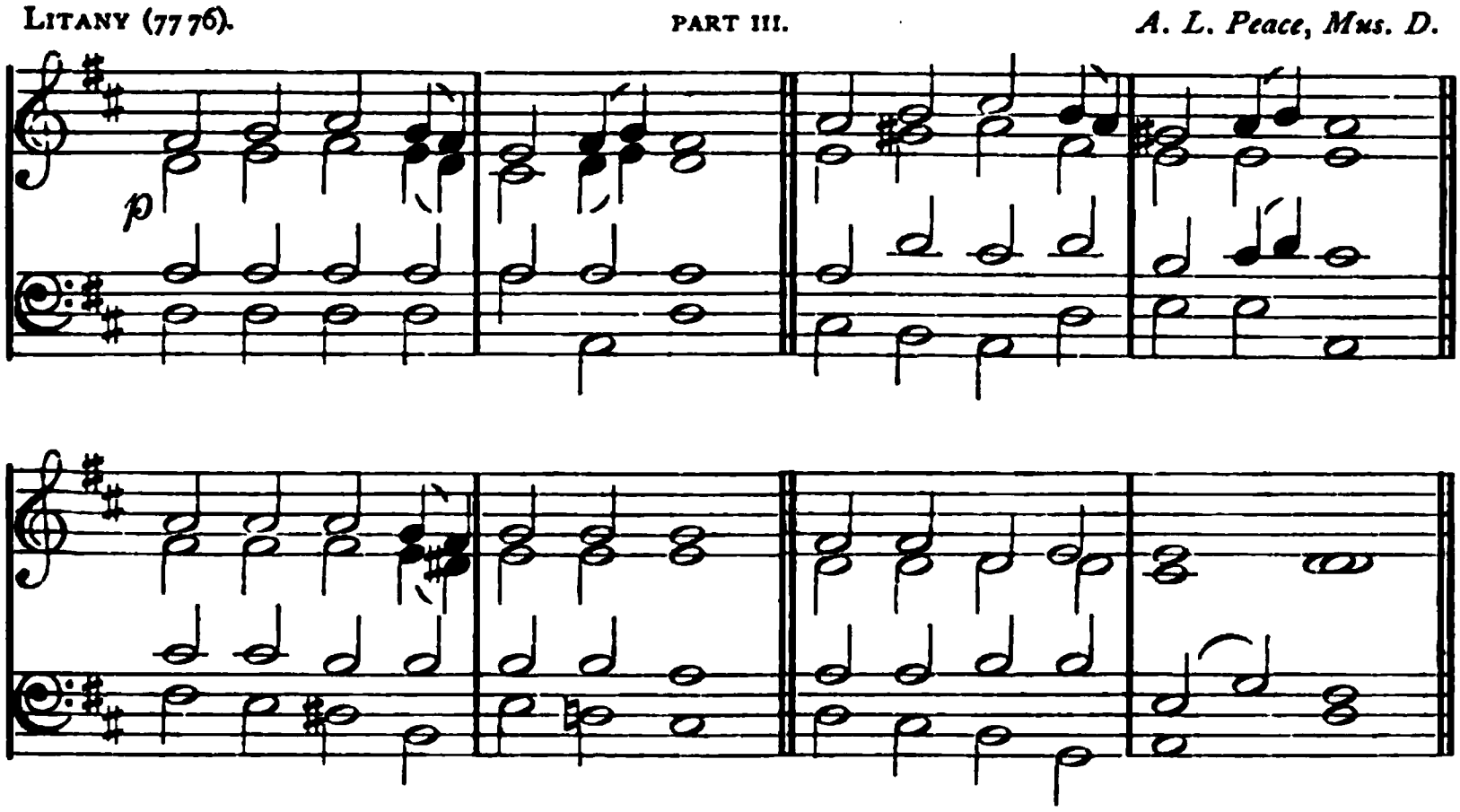
PART II.

7 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

8 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all craft and greediness,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

9 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

LITANY (7776). PART III. *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



PART III.

10 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thine infant wants and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

11 By Thy pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

12 By Thy wounds and thorn-crowned [head,
By Thy blood for sinners shed,
By Thy rising from the dead,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

13 By the name we bow before,
Human name, which evermore
All the hosts of heaven adore,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

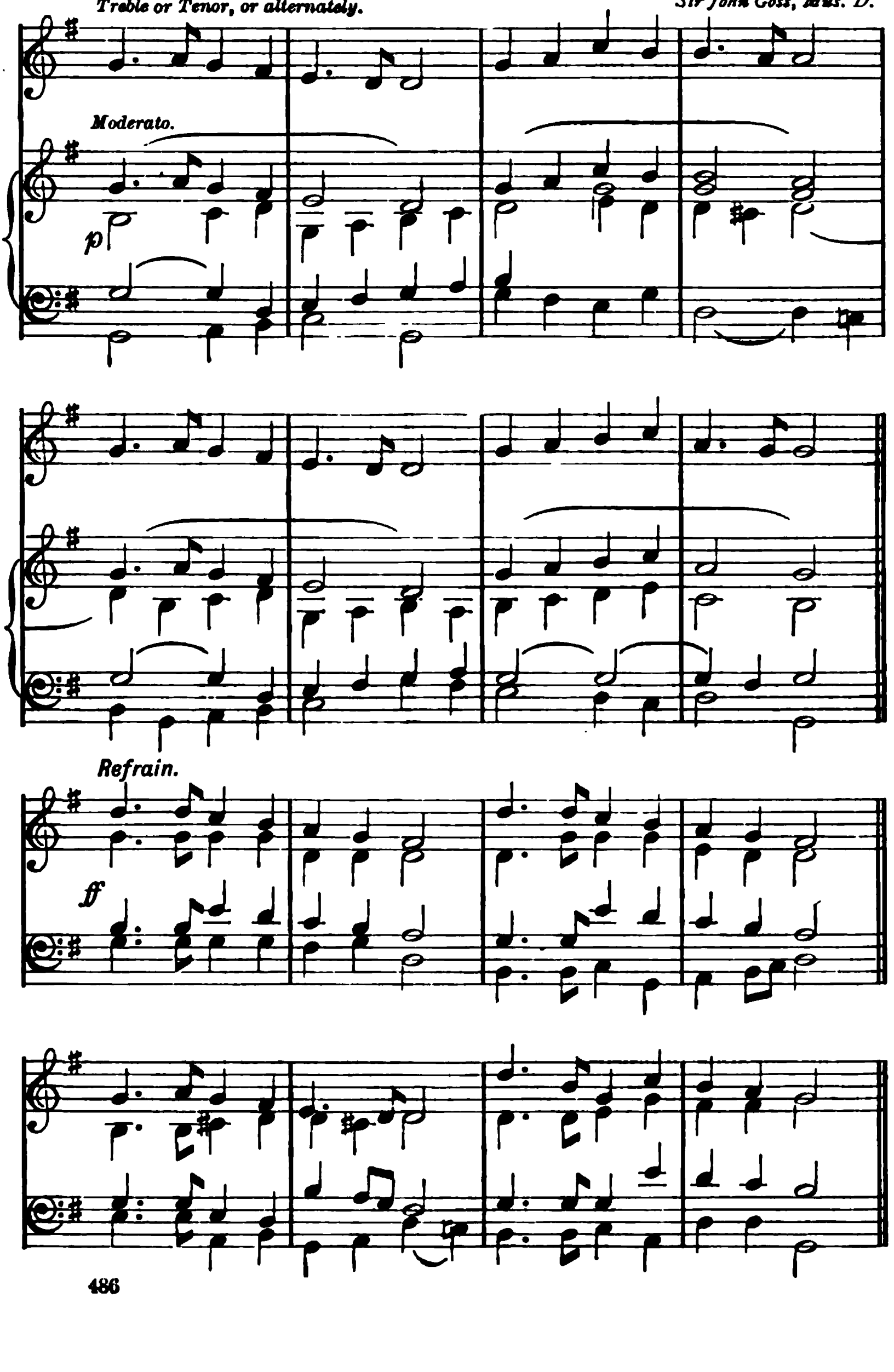
14 By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy glory in the height,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

Hymn 383 (27)

HUMILITY (77 77 and refrain).

Treble or Tenor, or alternately.

Sir John Goss, Mus. D.



Hymn 383 (27)

1 SEE, in yonder manger low,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

Hail! thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies—
He who, throned in might sublime,
Sat between the cherubim.

Hail! thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 "Say, ye happy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day?
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?"

Hail! thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous sight:
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Hail! thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

5 Sacred Infant! all divine!
What a tender love was Thine!
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

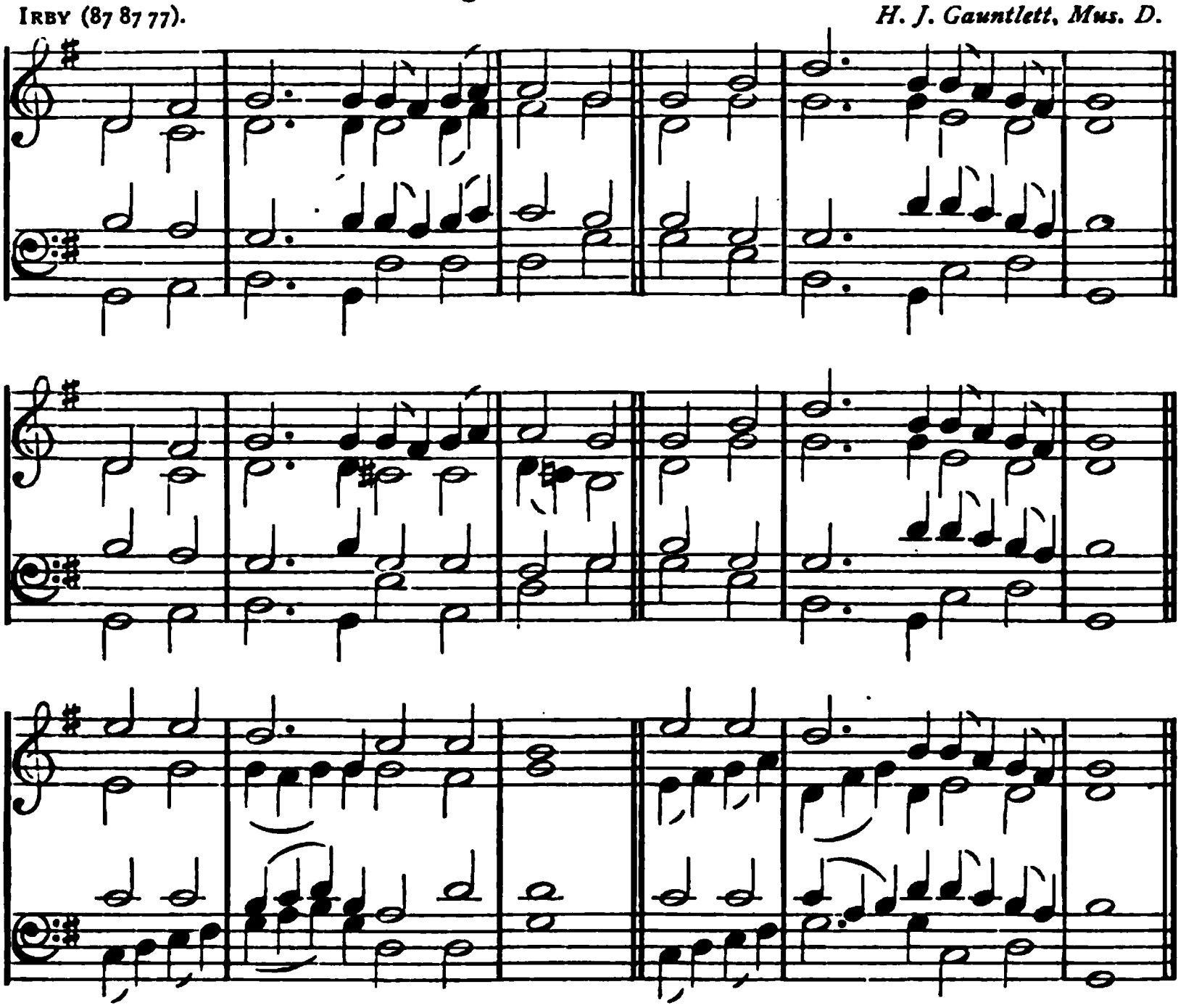
Hail! thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

6 Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.

Hail! thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Hymn 384 (28)

IRBY (87 87 77). *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*



1 ONCE, in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from heavèn,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous child-
He would honour and obey, [hood
Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

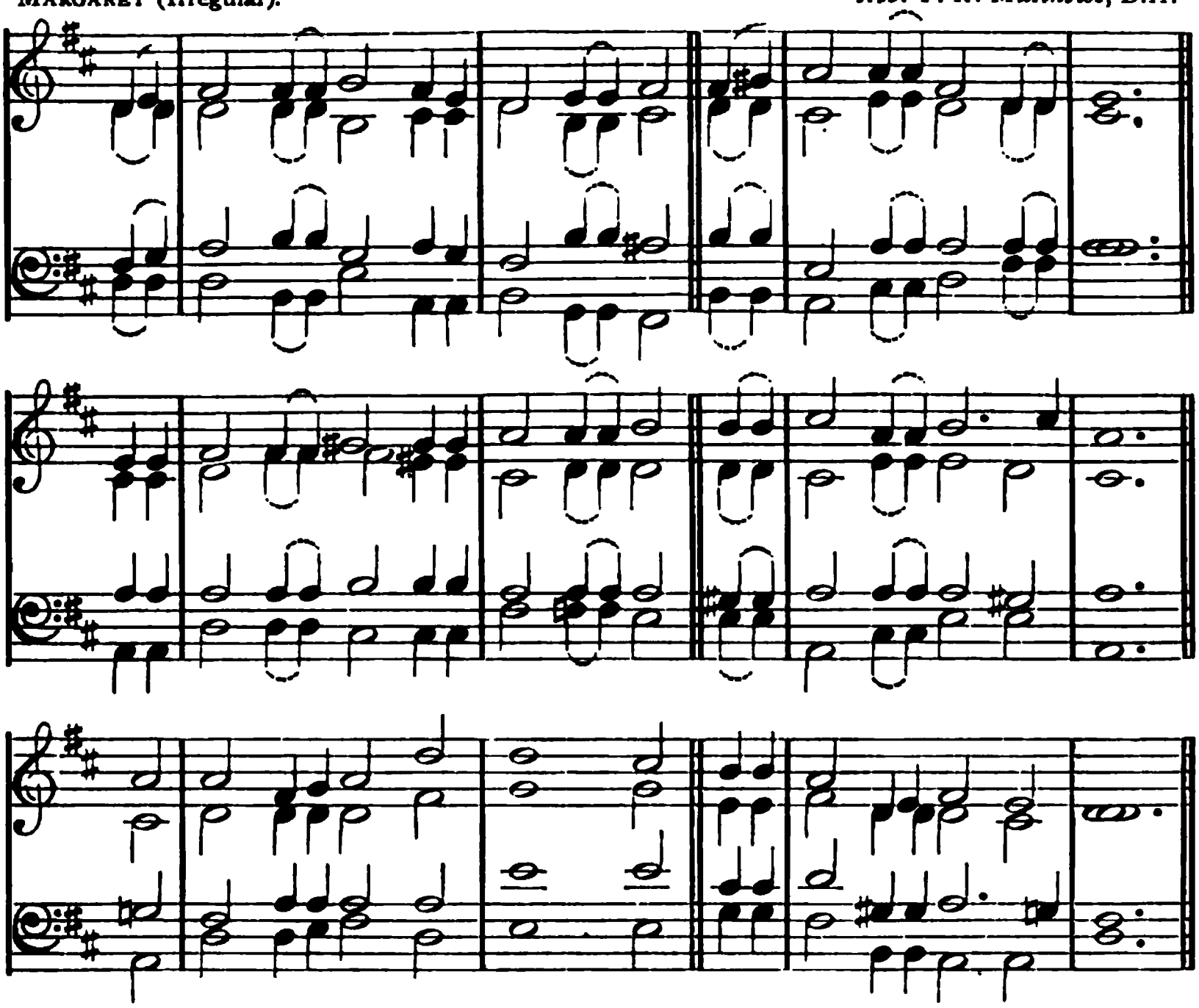
4 For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heavèn,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When, like stars, His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Hymn 385 (29)

MARGARET (Irregular). *Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.*



1 THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

3 The foxes found rest,
And the birds their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

4 Thou camest, Lord,
With the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea!

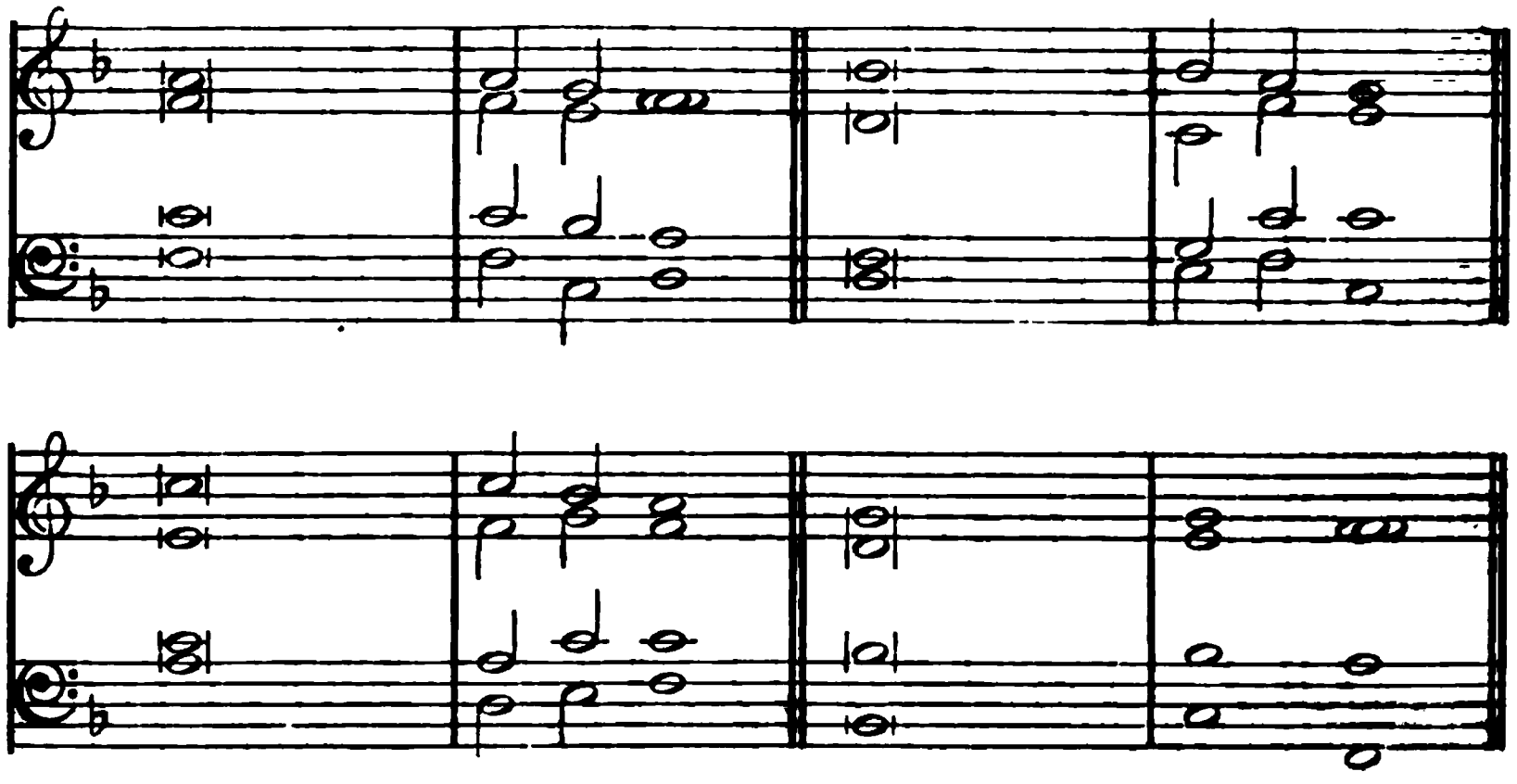
5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, "Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

NOTE.—The ties and slurs are to be used as the syllables require.

Hymn 386 (30)

TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 2. (Irregular.)

William Hayes, Mus. D.
Abridged by A. H. D. Troyte.



1 THERE came a little Child to earth | long ago;
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth, | high and low.
Out in the night so calm and still their | song was heard;
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill was Christ | the Lord.

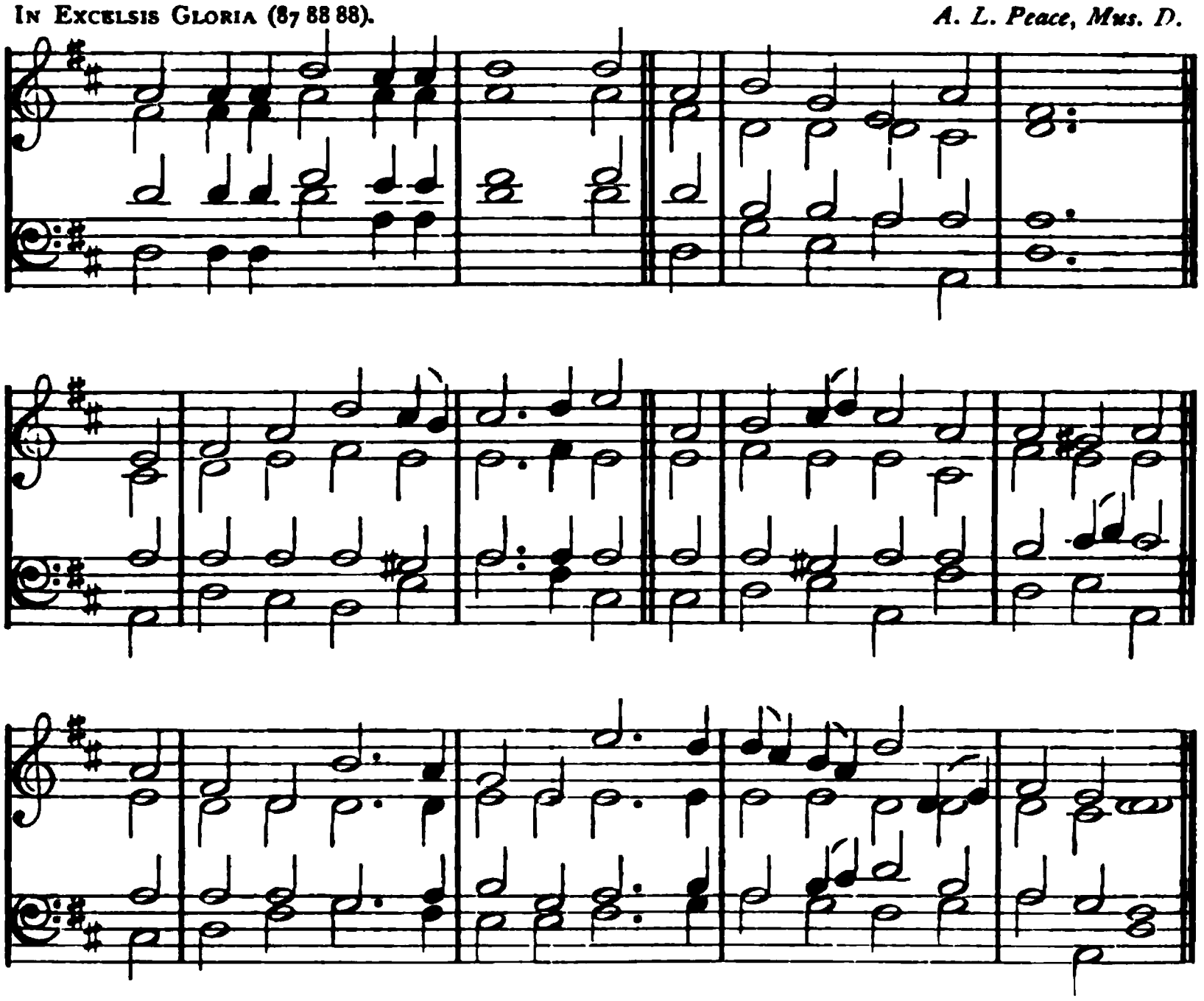
2 Far away in a goodly land, | fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand | robed in white,—
In white more pure than the spotless snow; while their | tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago on Christ | mas night.

3 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair a | Child was born;
And, that they might His crown of glory share, wore a | crown of thorn;
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain, came | forth to die,
That the children of earth might in glory reign with Him | on high.

4 He hath put on kingly apparel now in that | goodly land,
And He leads to where fountains of water flow His | chosen band.
And for evermore, in their robes so fair and | undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare who was once | a Child.

Hymn 387 (31)

IN EXCELSIS GLORIA (87 88 88). *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



1 GLORY to God in the highest
Shall be our song to-day:
Another year's rich mercies prove
His ceaseless care and boundless love;
So let our loudest voices raise
Our anniversary song of praise.

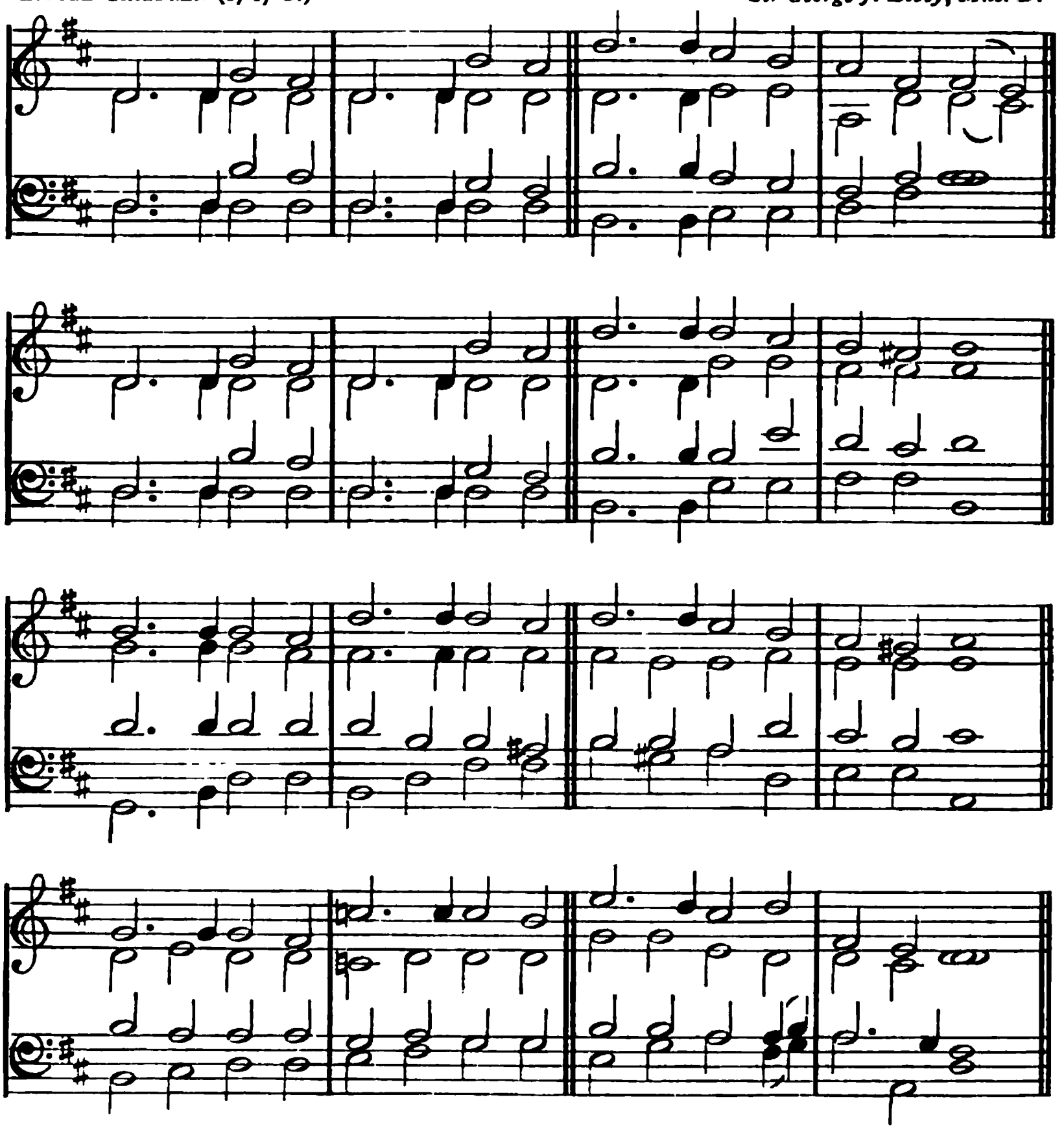
2 Glory to God in the highest
Shall be our song to-day:
The song that woke the glorious morn,
When David's greater Son was born,
Sung by a heavenly host, and we
Would join the angelic company.

3 Glory to God in the highest
Shall be our song to-day;
And while we with the angels sing,
Gifts with the wise men let us bring
Unto the Babe of Bethlehem,
And offer our young hearts to Him.

4 Glory to God in the highest,
Shall be our song to day.
O, may we an unbroken band
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng
Of His redeemed ones join the song.

Hymn 388 (32)

LITTLE CHILDREN (87 87 D.) *Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D.*



1 LITTLE children, wake and listen,
Songs are breaking o'er the earth;
While the stars in heavèn glisten,
Hear the news of Jesus' birth.
Long ago, to lonely meadows,
Angels brought the message down;
Still each year, through midnight shadows,
It is heard in every town.

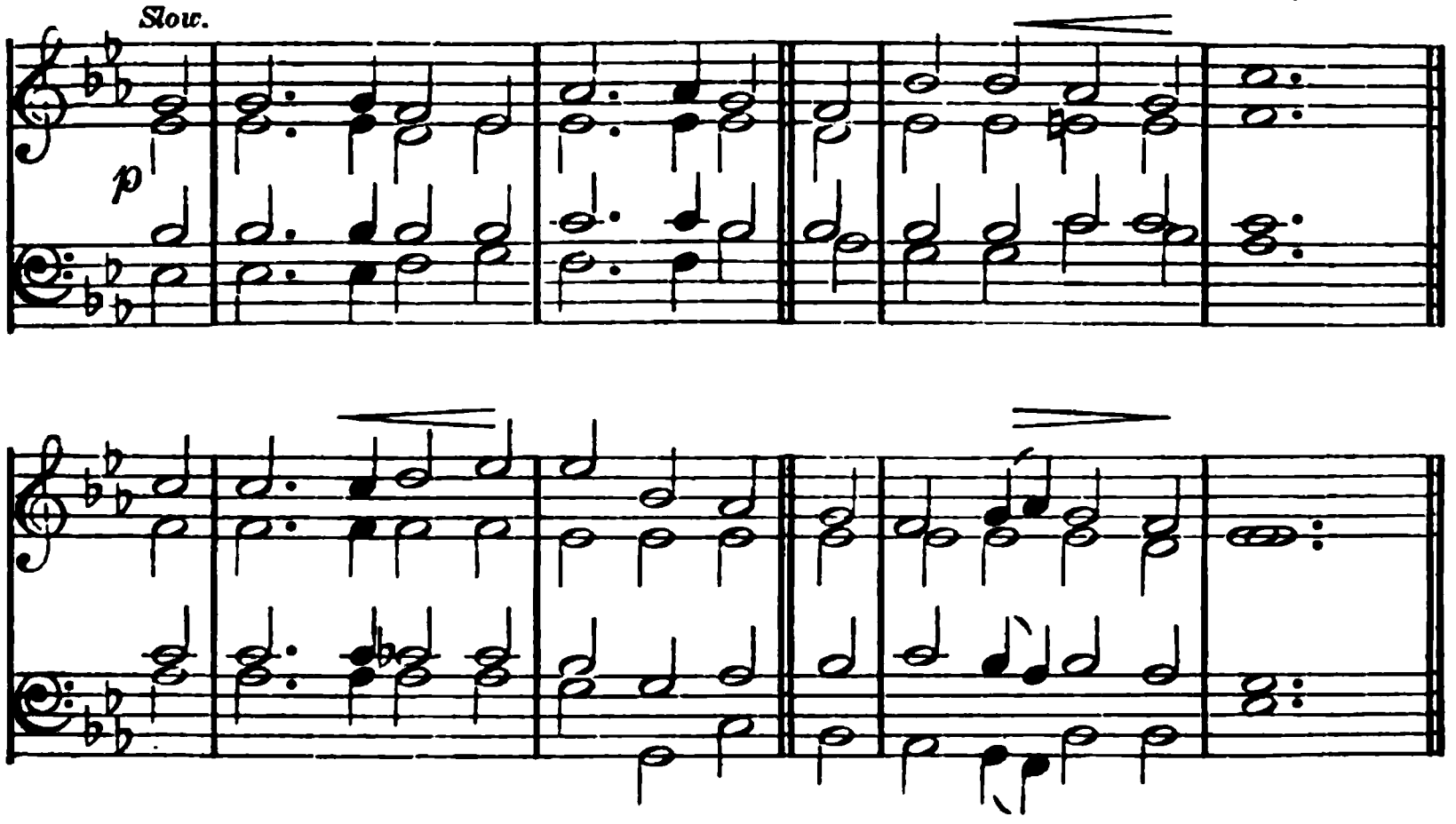
2 What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street,
While their voices high are swelling,—
What sweet words do they repeat?
Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from care are free;
Words to chase away our sadness,
Cheerless though our hearts may be.

3 Christ has left His throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found:
Well might angels tell the story,
Well may we their words resound.
Little children, wake and listen,
Songs are ringing through the earth,
While the stars in heavèn glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth!

Hymn 389 (33)

GREEN HILL (C.M.) *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*

Slow.



1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

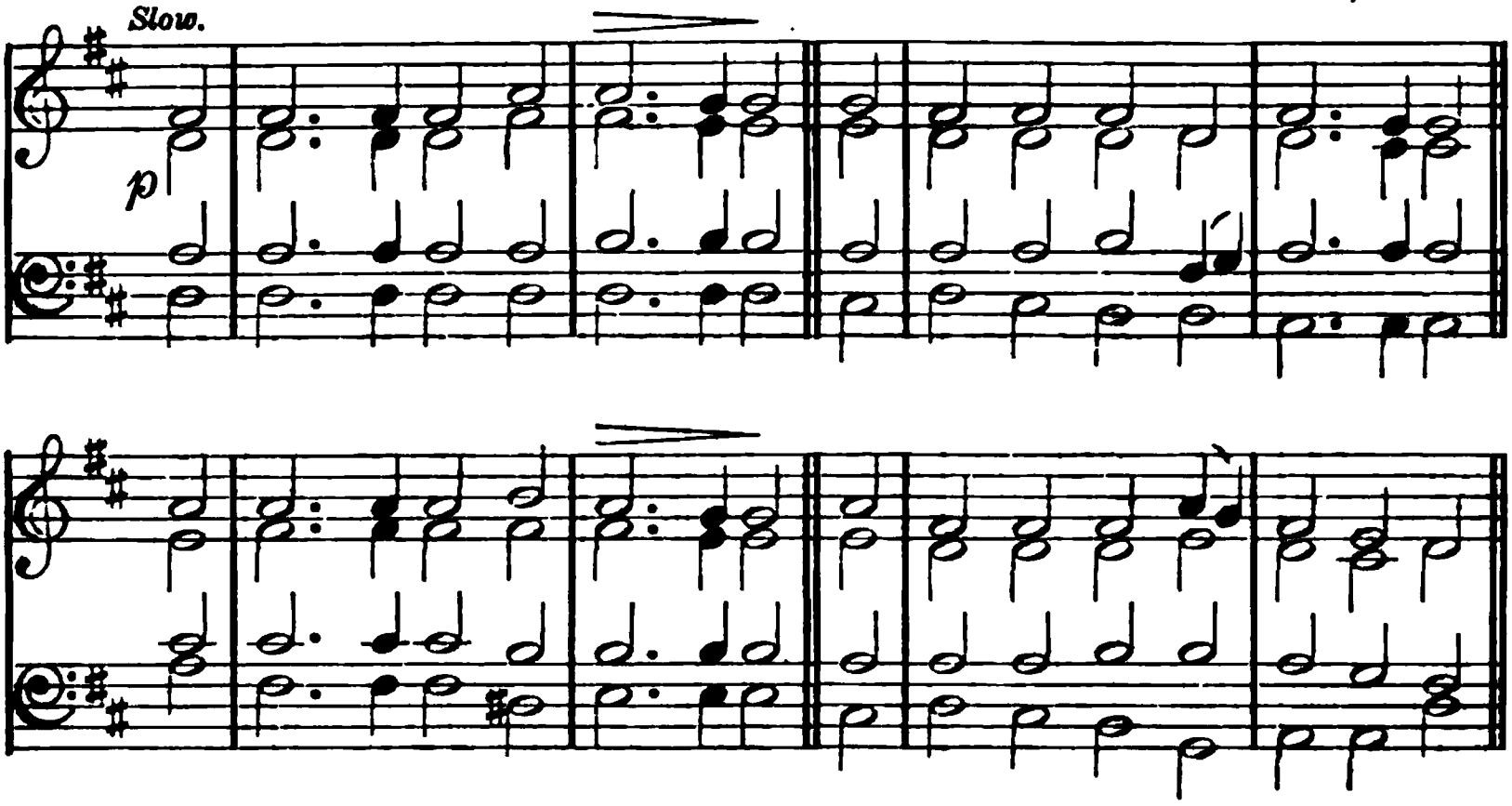
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Hymn 390 (34)

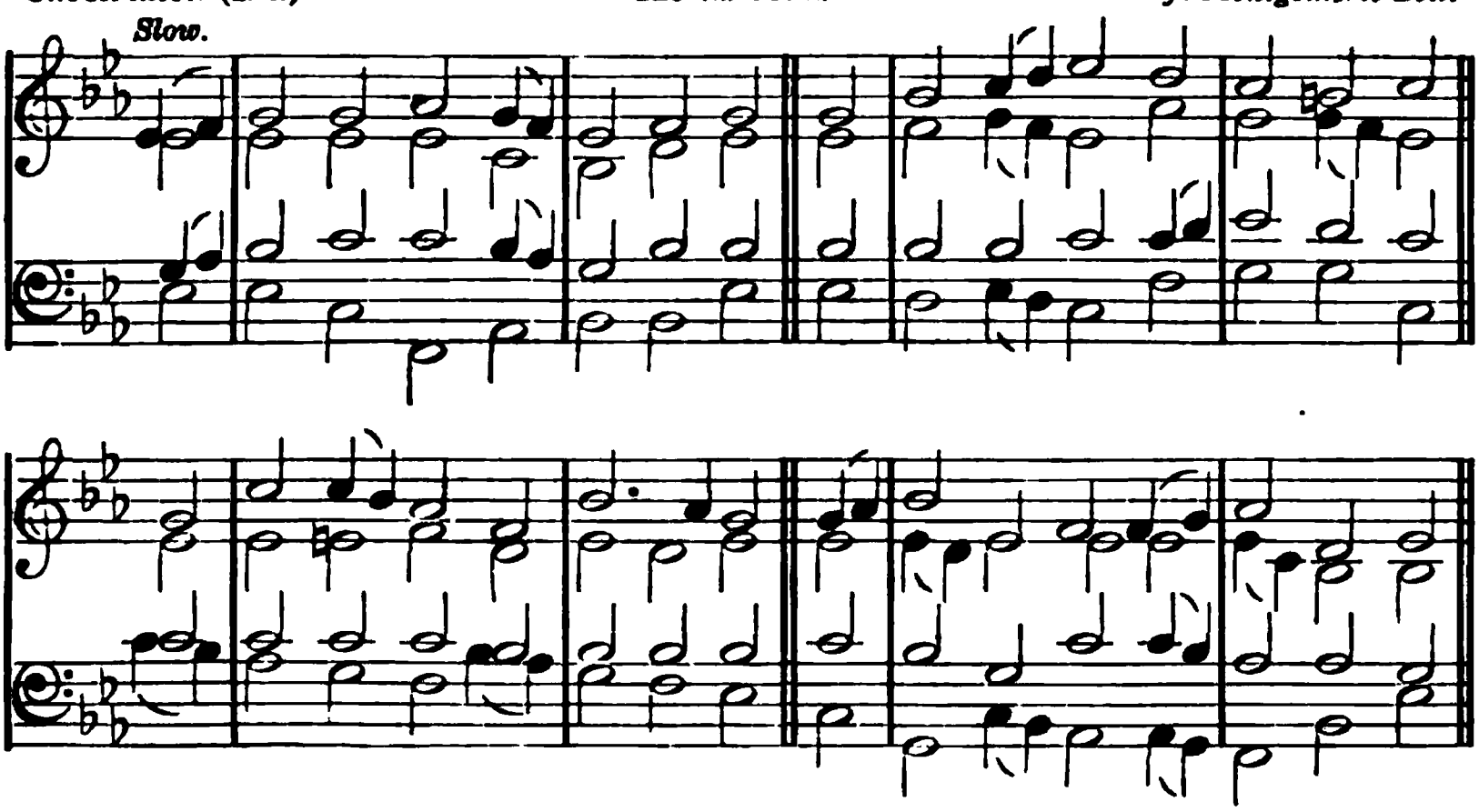
CRUX CRUDELIS (L.M.) FIRST TUNE. *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*

Slow.



CRUCIFIXION (L.M.) SECOND TUNE. *J. Montgomerie Bell.*

Slow.



1 BEYOND the holy city wall
They set the cruel Cross on high,
Where the dear Lord, who saved us all,
Did hang in pain, and bleed, and die.

2 The Hands that touched the blind to sight,
That gave the sick man strength anew,
That raised the dead to life and light,
Were pierced and wounded through and through.

3 The Feet that walked the stormy sea,
That ever turned at sorrow's prayer,
By sharp nails fastened to the tree,
Hung torn and hurt and bleeding there.

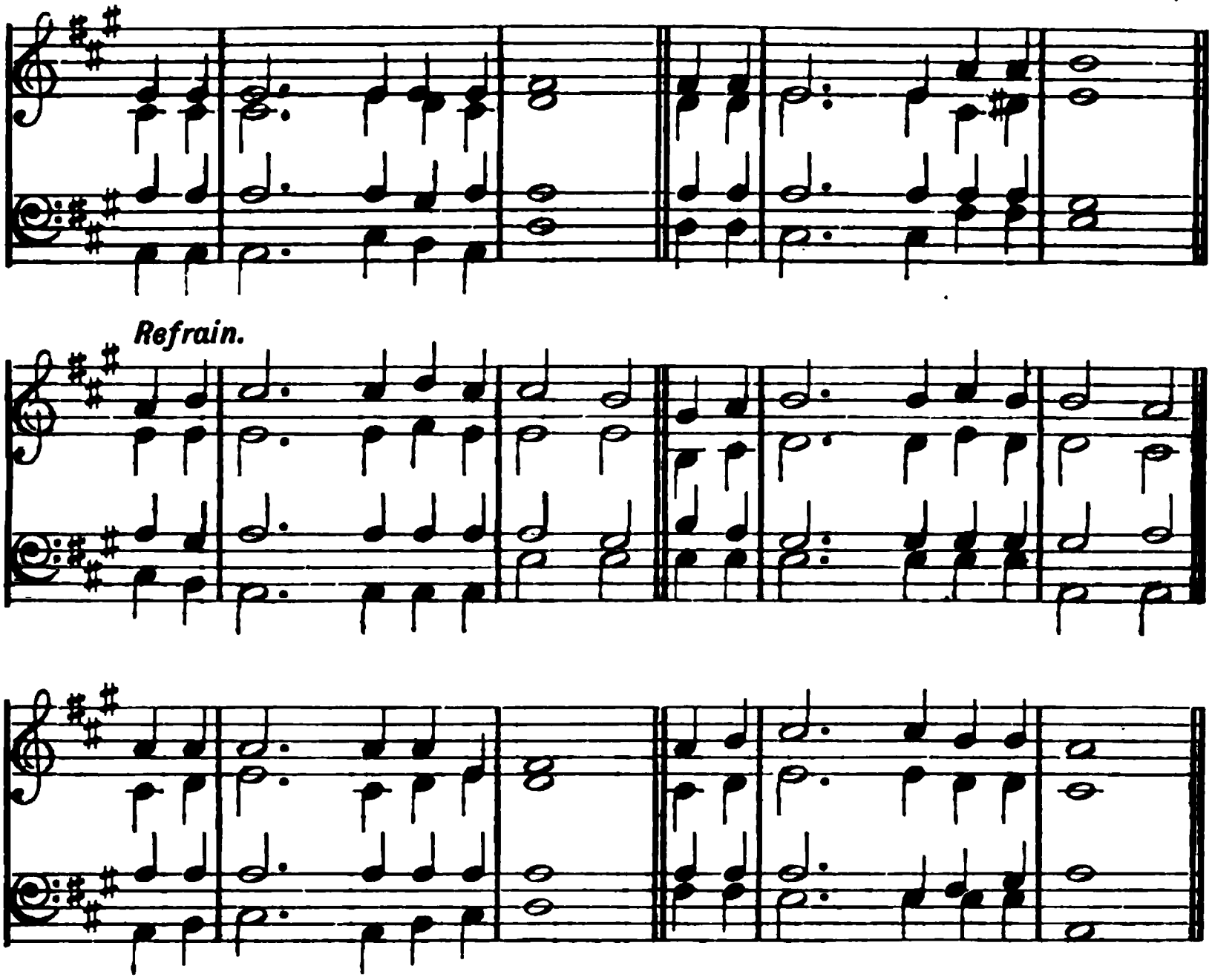
4 Since God's own Son must suffer thus
Our souls from Satan's grasp to win;
Since only He could ransom us,
O, what a fearful thing is sin!

5 How can we yield to Satan's power,
And let our sinful passions reign,
When hearing of that awful hour,
And thinking of our Saviour's pain?

6 O, by Thy griefs that dreadful day,
Dear Lord, and by Thy precious Blood,
Wash all our guilty stains away,
And make Thy sinful children good!

Hymn 391 (35)

WHO IS HE? (77 and refrain). *B. R. Hanby.*



Refrain.

1 WHO is He, in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

2 Who is He, in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

3 Who is He, in deep distress
Fasting in the wilderness?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

5 Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

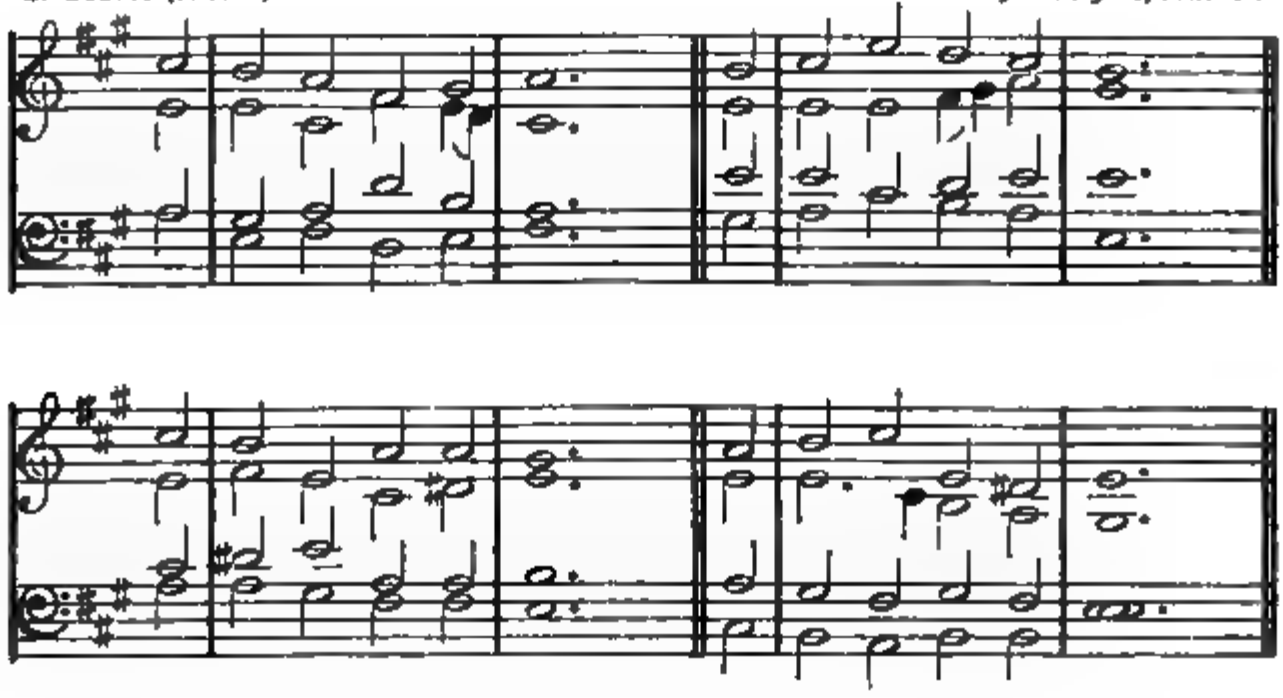
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

Hymn 392 (36)

S. Godric (66 66 88). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



1 ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.

Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your risèn Lord!

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.

Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your risèn Lord!

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky!

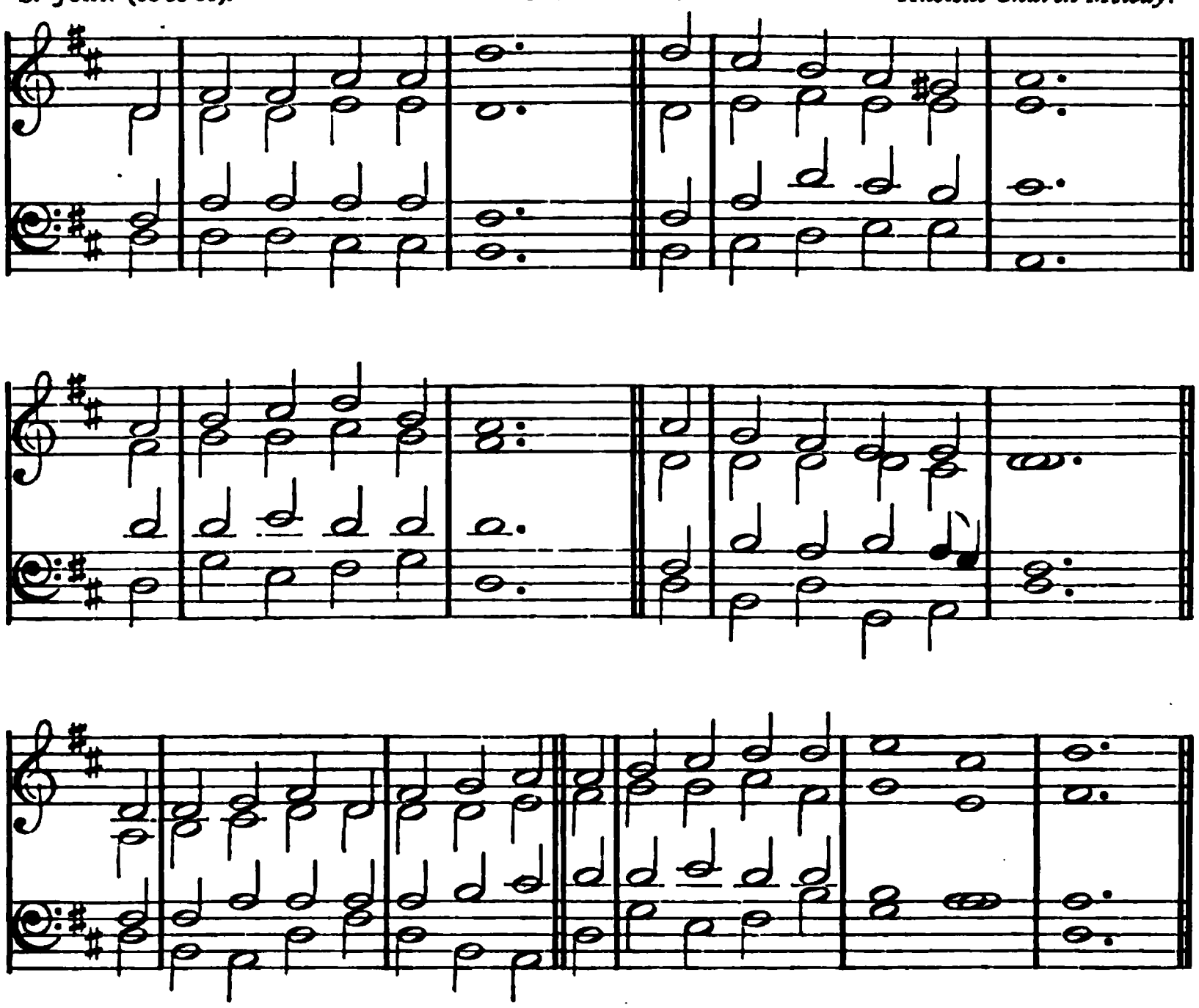
Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your risèn Lord!

4 O, let your hearts be strong,
For we, like Him, shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies!

Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your risèn Lord!

Hymn 392 (36)

S. John (66 66 88). SECOND TUNE. *Ancient Church Melody.*



1 ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.

Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your risèn Lord!

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.

Your voices raise
With one accord,
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3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
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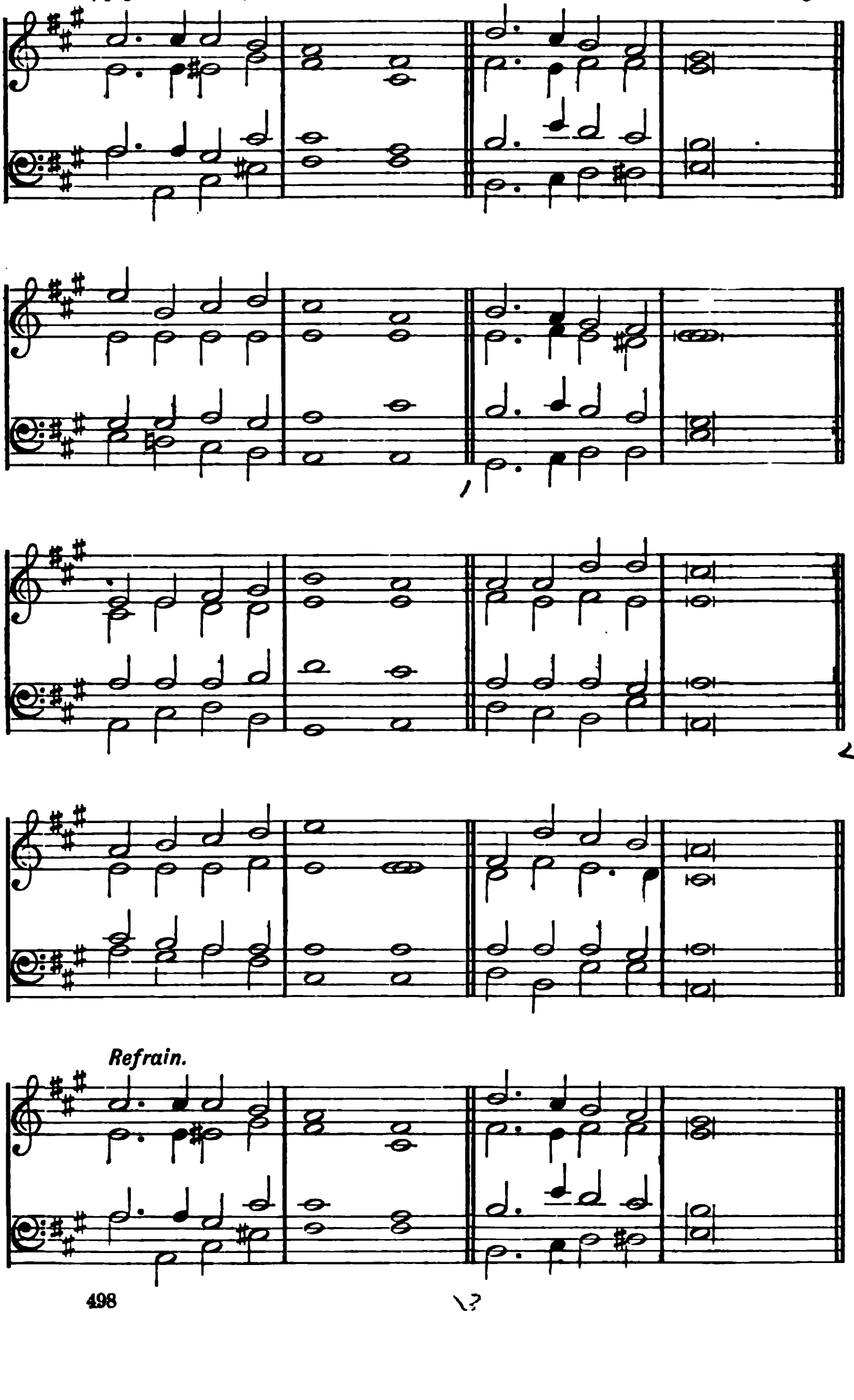
4 O, let your hearts be strong,
For we, like Him, shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies!

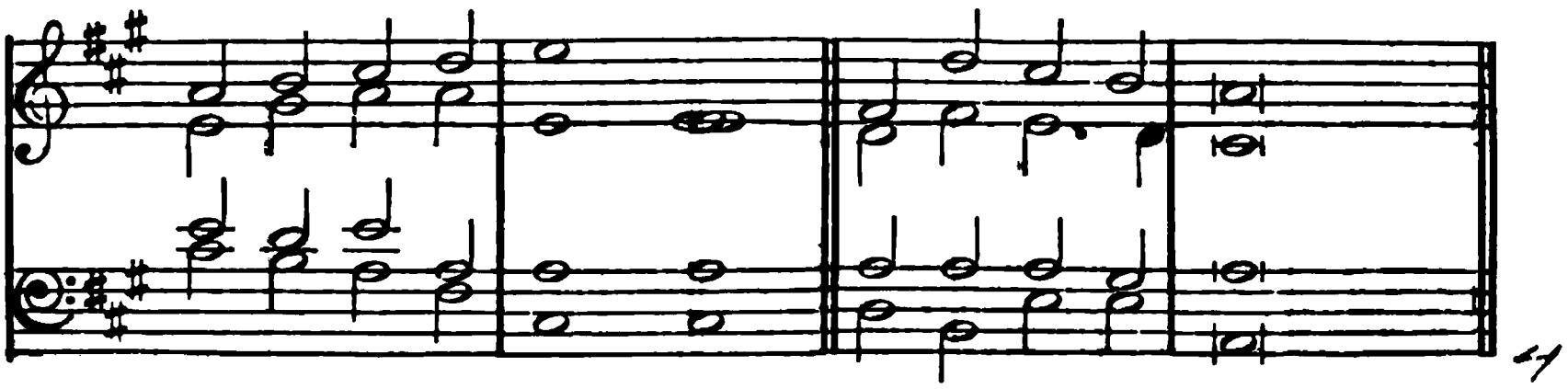
Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your risèn Lord!

Hymn 393 (37)

HERMAS (6565 D. and refrain). *Frances R. Havergal.*



Hymn 393 (37)



1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Has gone up on high!

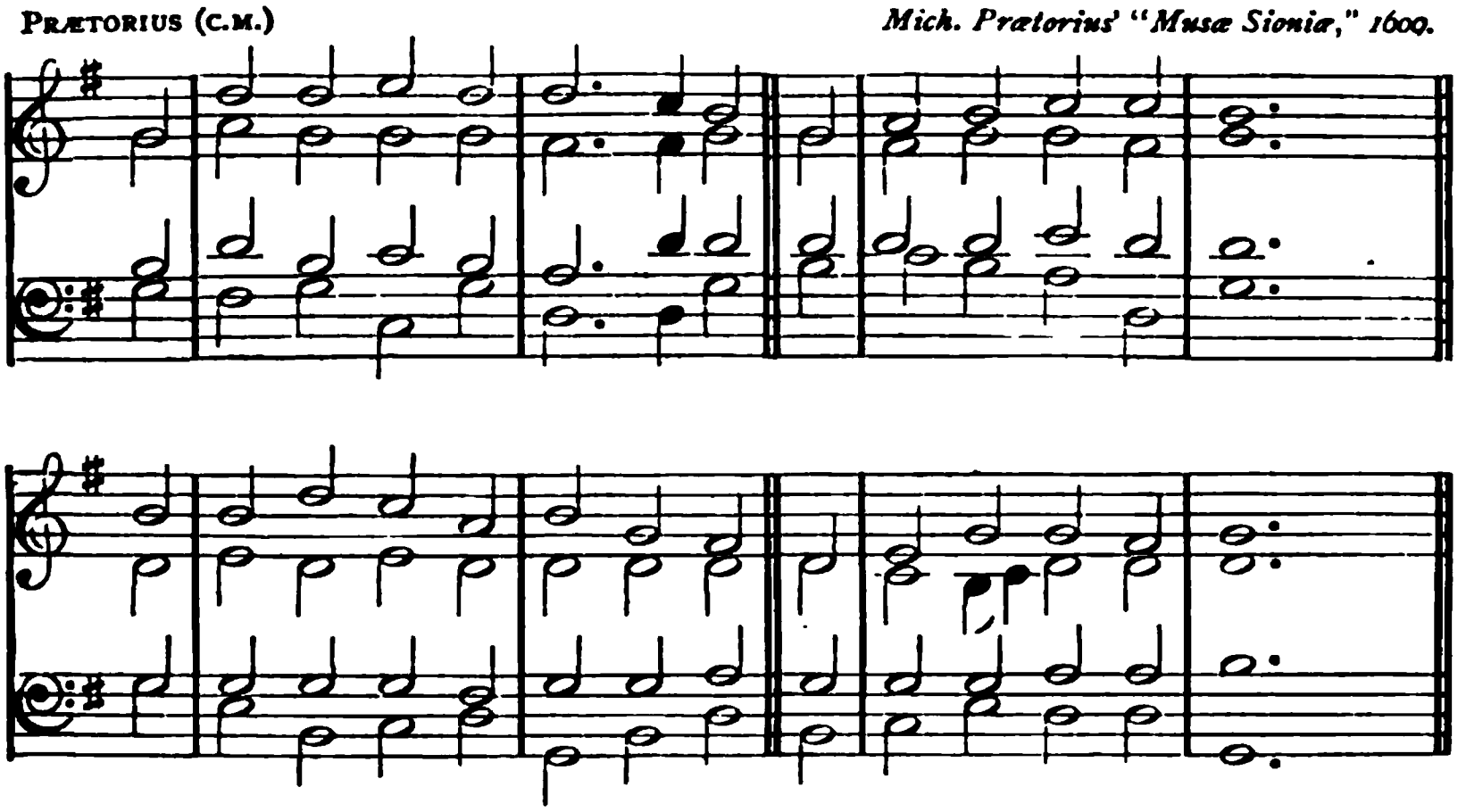
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

Hymn 394 (38)

PRÆTORIUS (C.M.) *Mich. Prætorius' "Musæ Sionia," 1609.*



1 THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

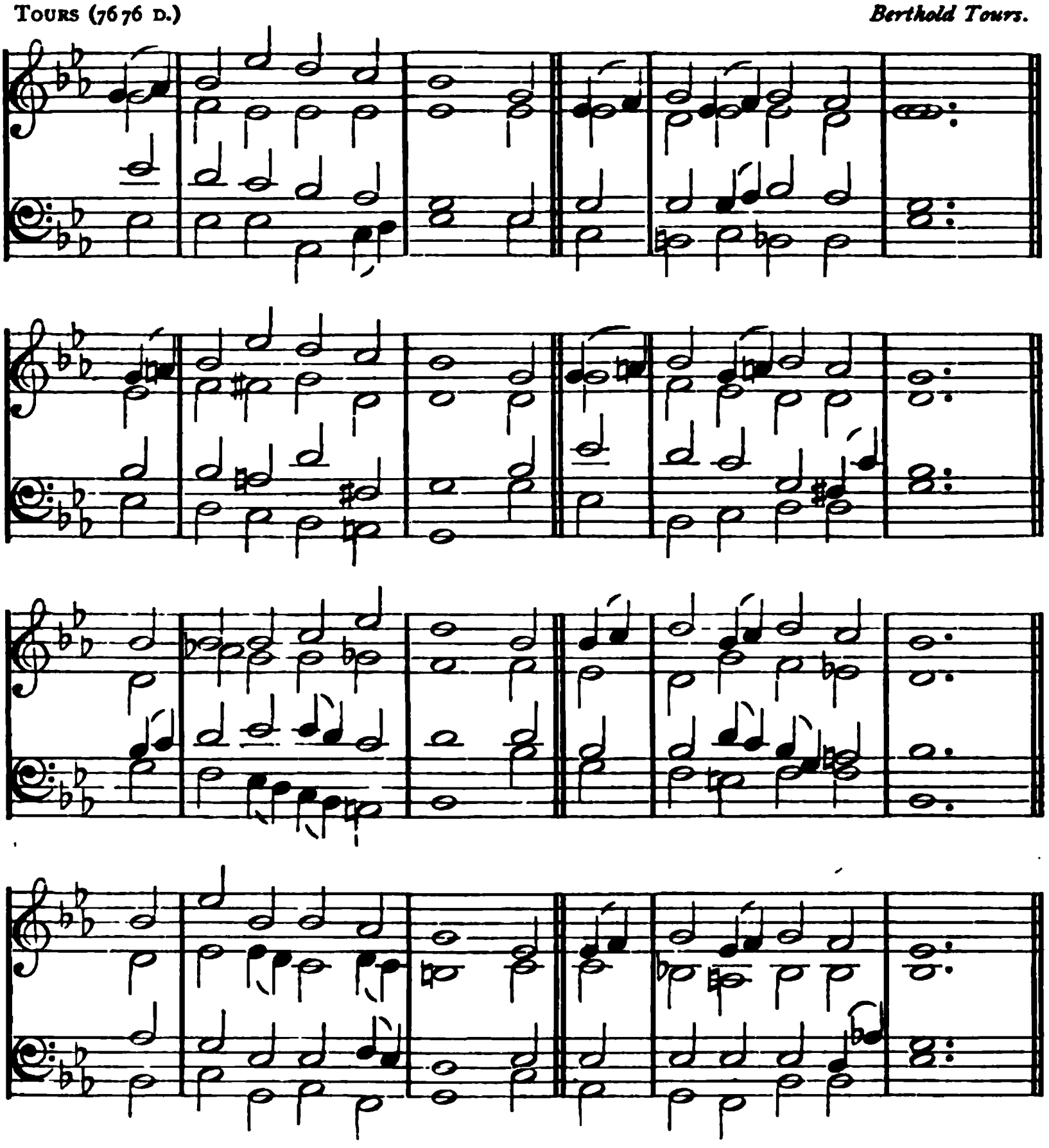
3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below
Our treasure be in heaven.

5 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Hymn 395 (39)

TOURS (7676 D.) *Berthold Tours.*



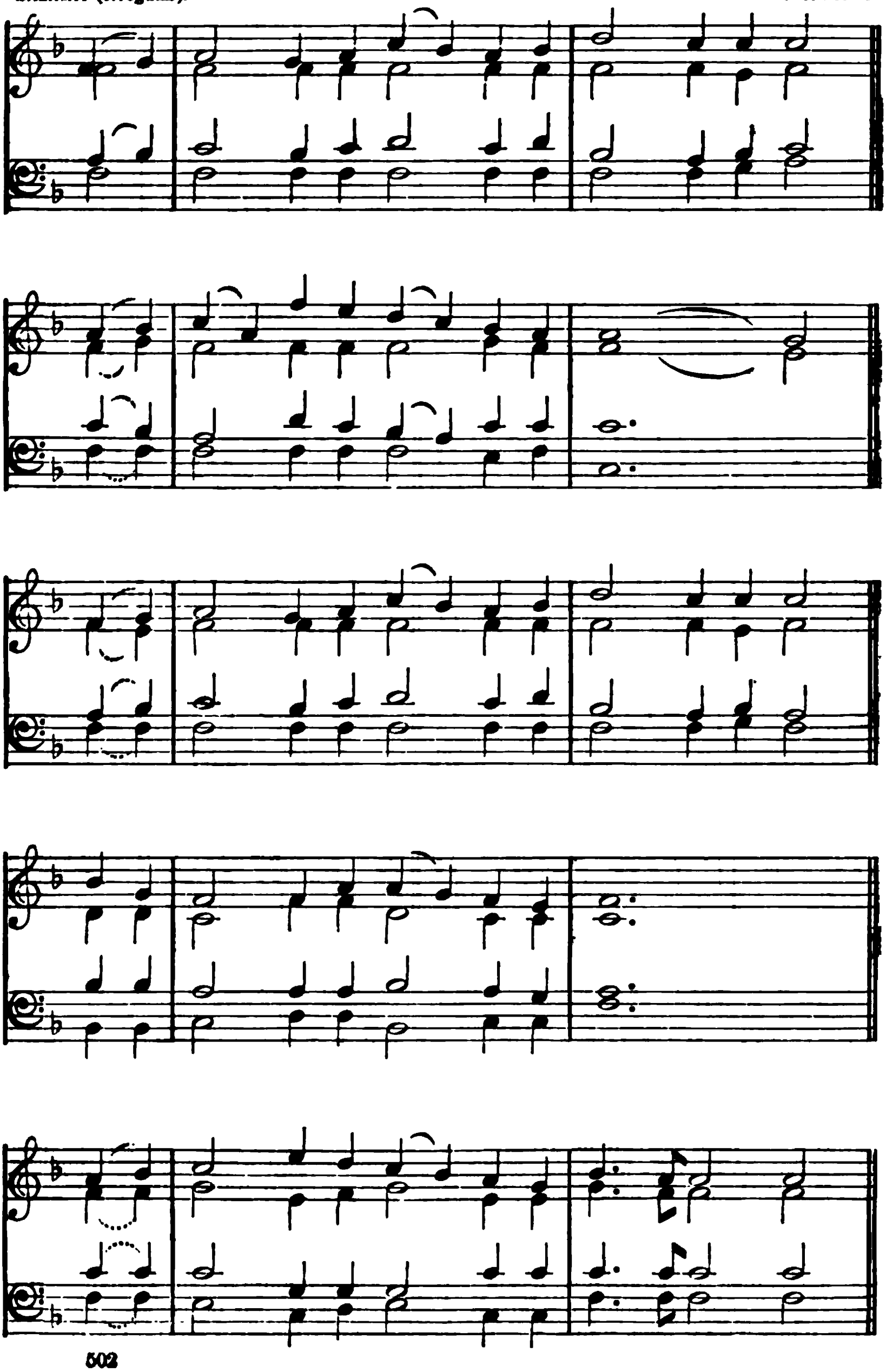
1 WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

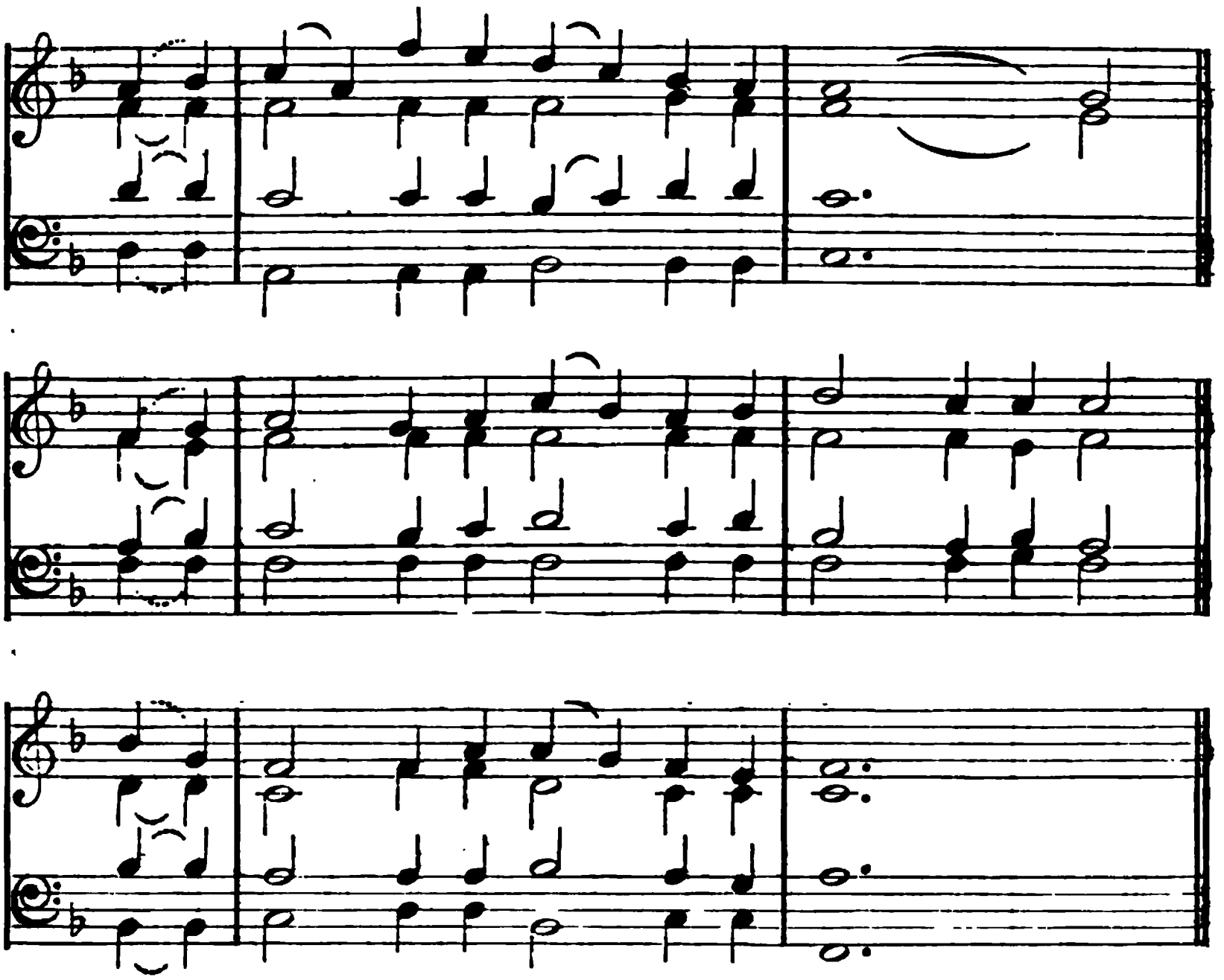
3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

Hymn 396 (40)

SALAMIS (Irregular). *Greek Air.*



Hymn 396 (40)



1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

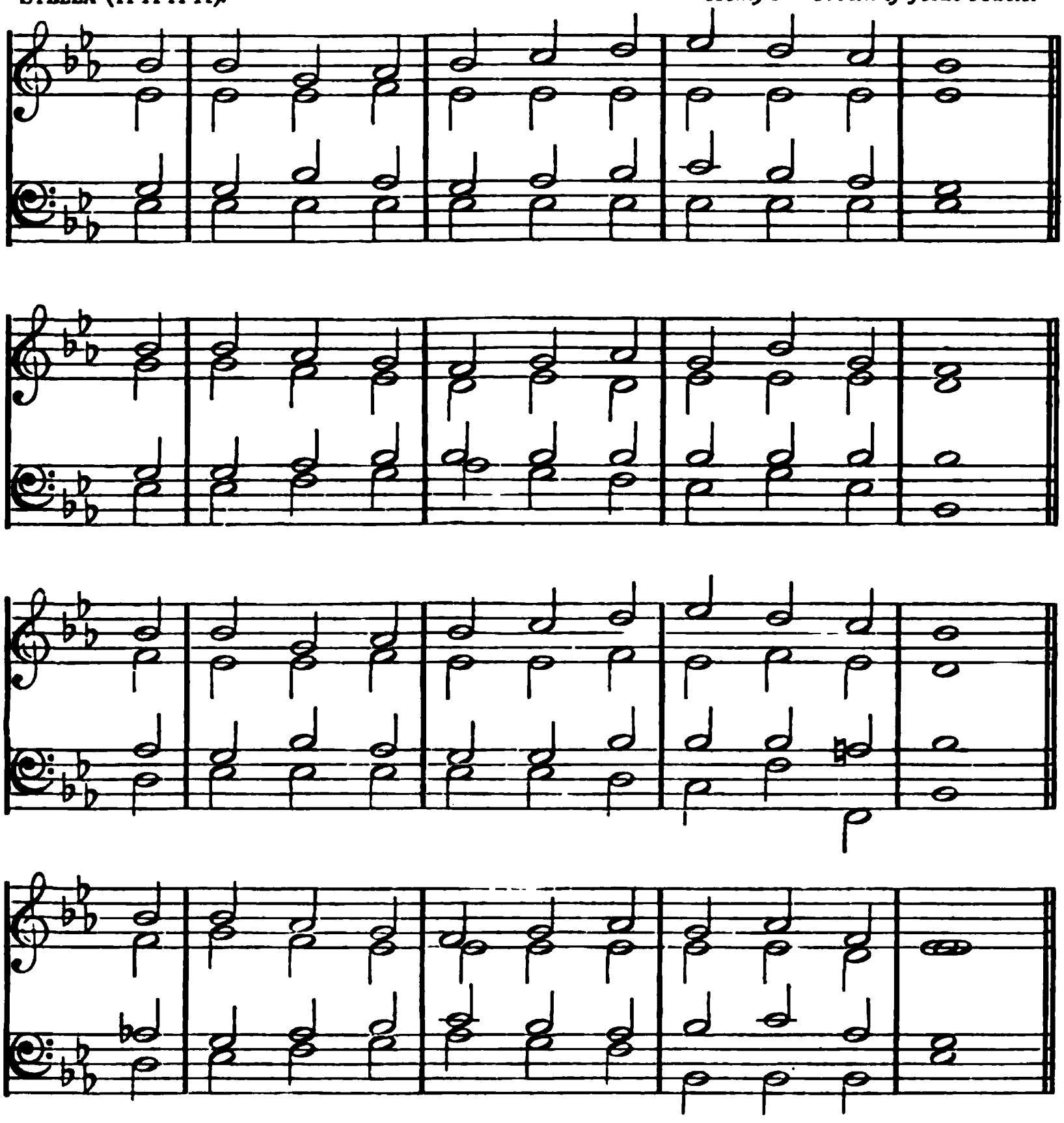
2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Hymn 397 (41)

STELLA (11 11 11 11).

Adapted from
Hemy's "Crown of Jesus Music."



1 HOW loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
His hands and His feet they were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered for sinners like me!

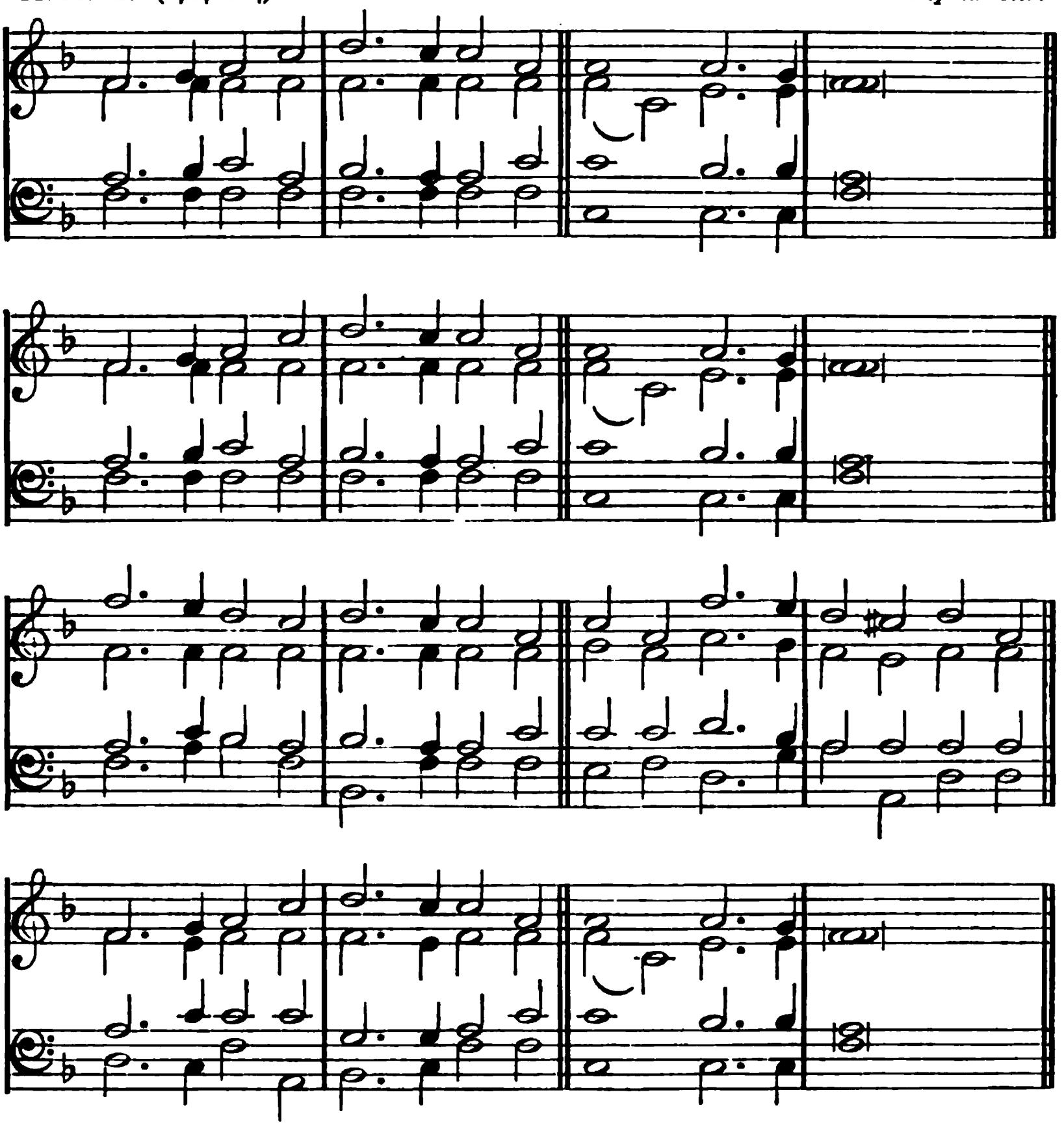
2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe!
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

4 O give then to Jesus your earliest days:
They only are blessèd who walk in His ways:
In life and in death He will still be their friend:
For those whom He loves He will love to the end.

Hymn 398 (42)

TENDERNESS (84 84 88 84). *Popular Air.*



1 ONE is kind above all others,
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may pain and grieve thee,
One day kind, the next day leave thee,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee,
O how He loves!

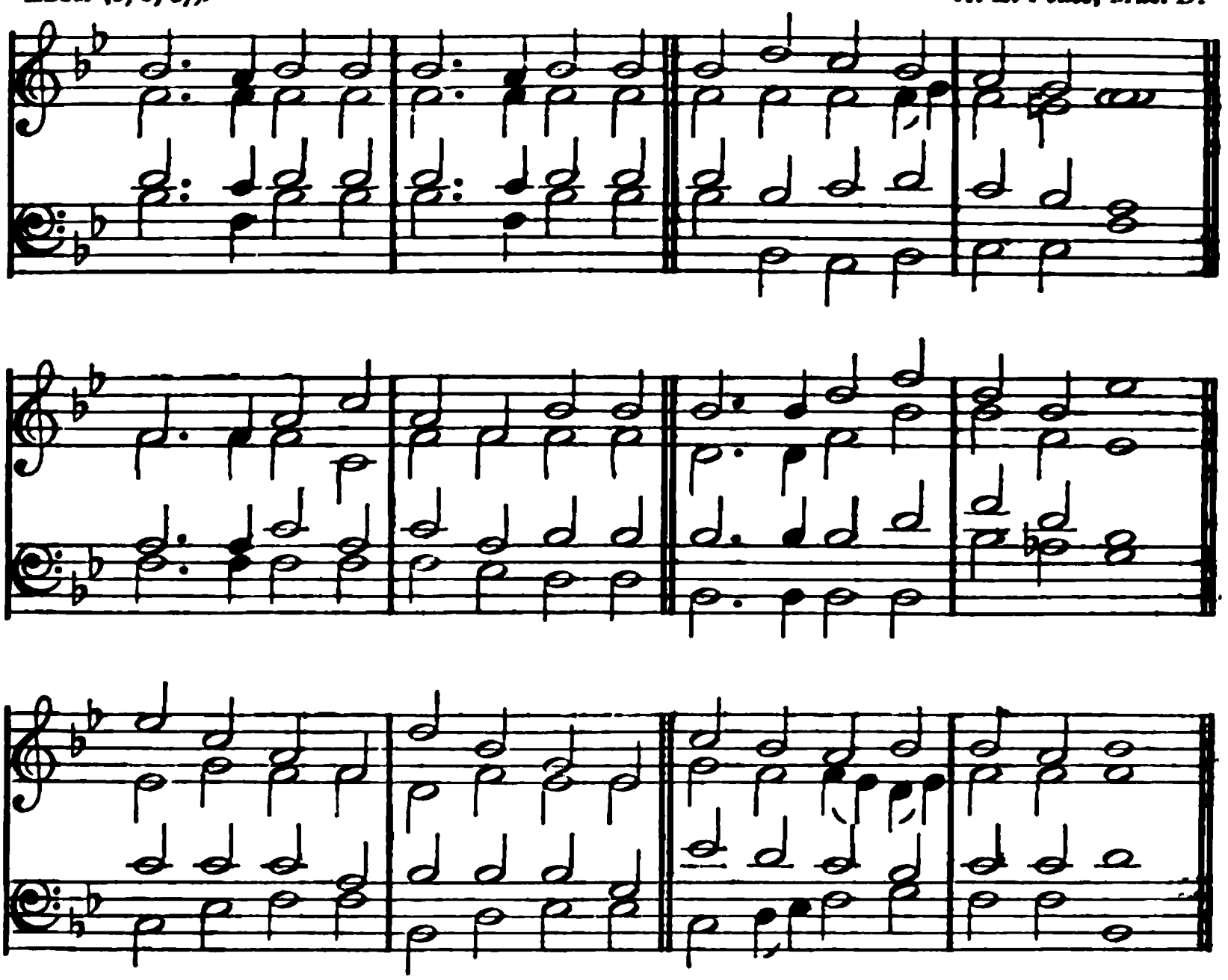
2 Blessèd Jesus! wouldst thou know Him?
O how He loves!
Give thyself entirely to Him,—
O how He loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief or trials seize thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O how He loves!

3 He's thy Friend! He died to save thee,
O how He loves!
All through life He will not leave thee,
O how He loves!
Think no more of friendships hollow,
Take His easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O how He loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgivèn,
O how He loves!
Backward all thy foes be drivèn,—
O how He loves!
Every blessing He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee,
O how He loves!

Hymn 399 (43)

EDOM (87 87 87). *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



1 LITTLE children, praise the Saviour,
He regards you from above:
Praise Him for His great salvation!
Praise Him for His precious love!

Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing!

2 When He left His throne in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.

Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing!

3 When the anxious mothers round Him
With their tender infants pressed,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He blessed.

Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing!

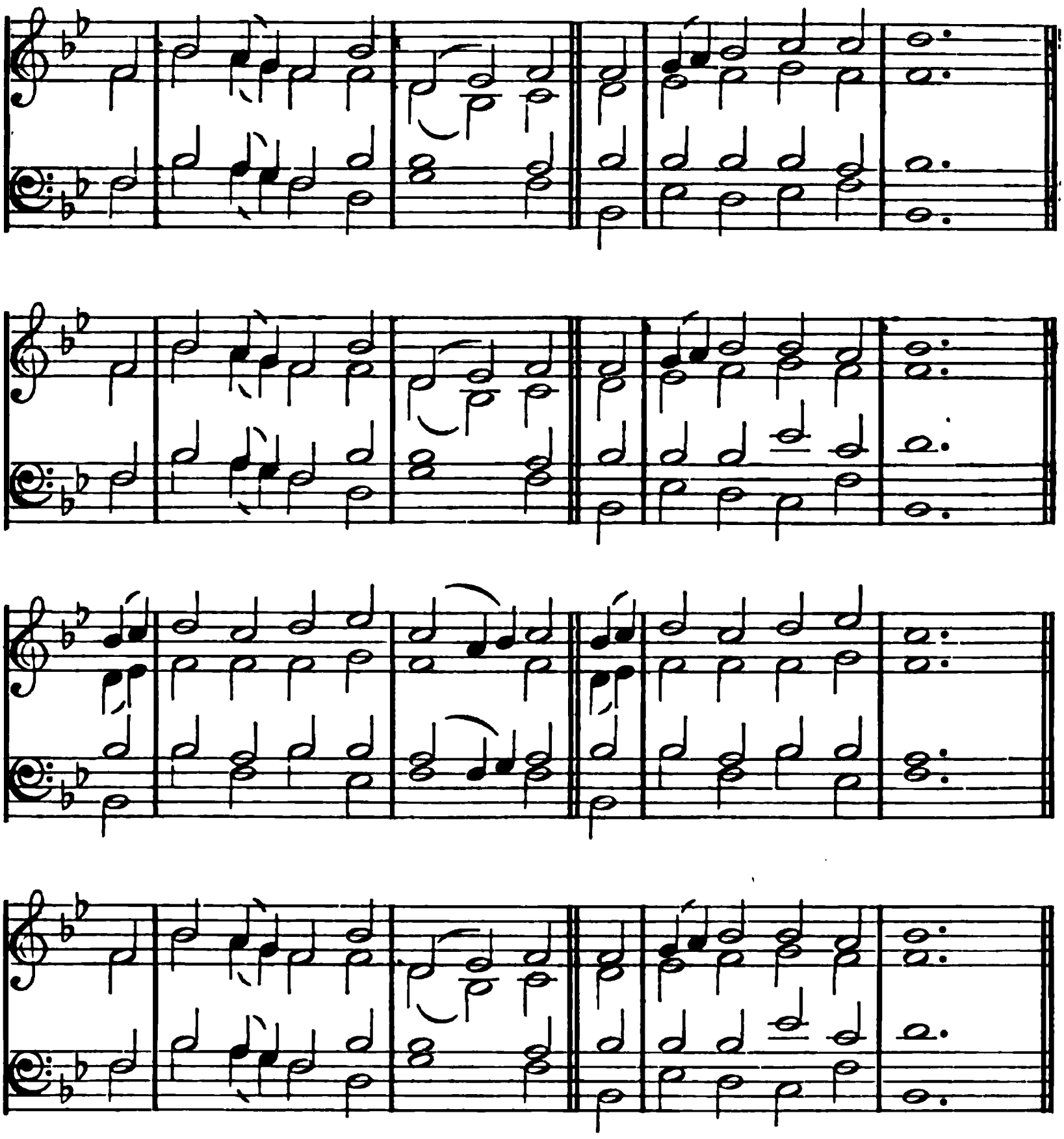
4 Up in yonder spirit-regions,
Angels sound the chorus high;
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand
Sound His praises through the sky.

Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing!

Hymn 400 (44)

ELLACOMBE (76 76 D.)

German.



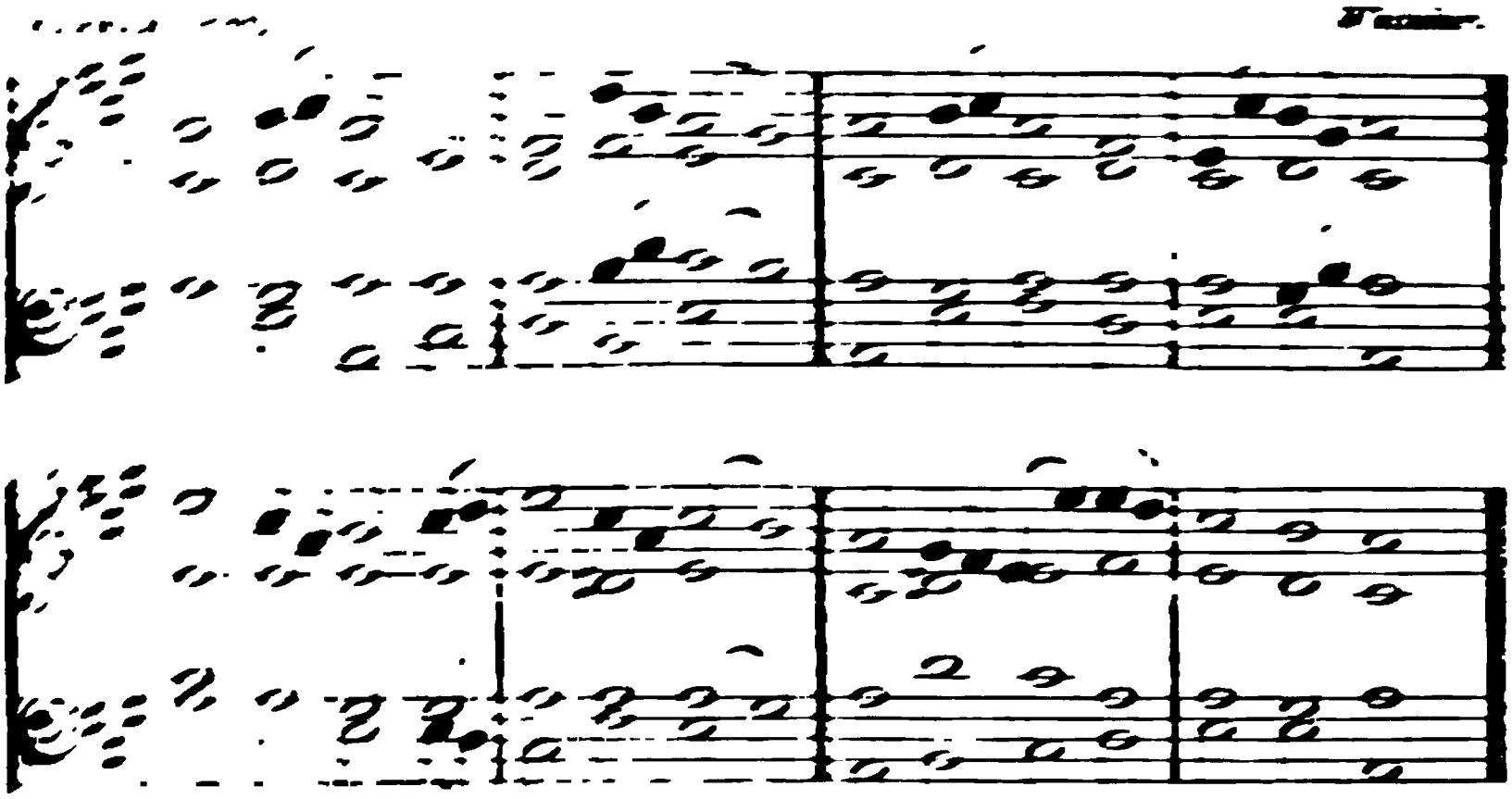
1 HOSANNA, loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The joyful anthem rang;
To Jesus, who had blessed them
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed,
'Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
"Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!"

3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strowed upon the ground,
While Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

4 "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice.

Hymn 401 45



1 CHRIST is merciful and mild:
He was once a little Child:
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

2 Thus He laid His glory by,
When for us He stooped to die:
How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love to me!

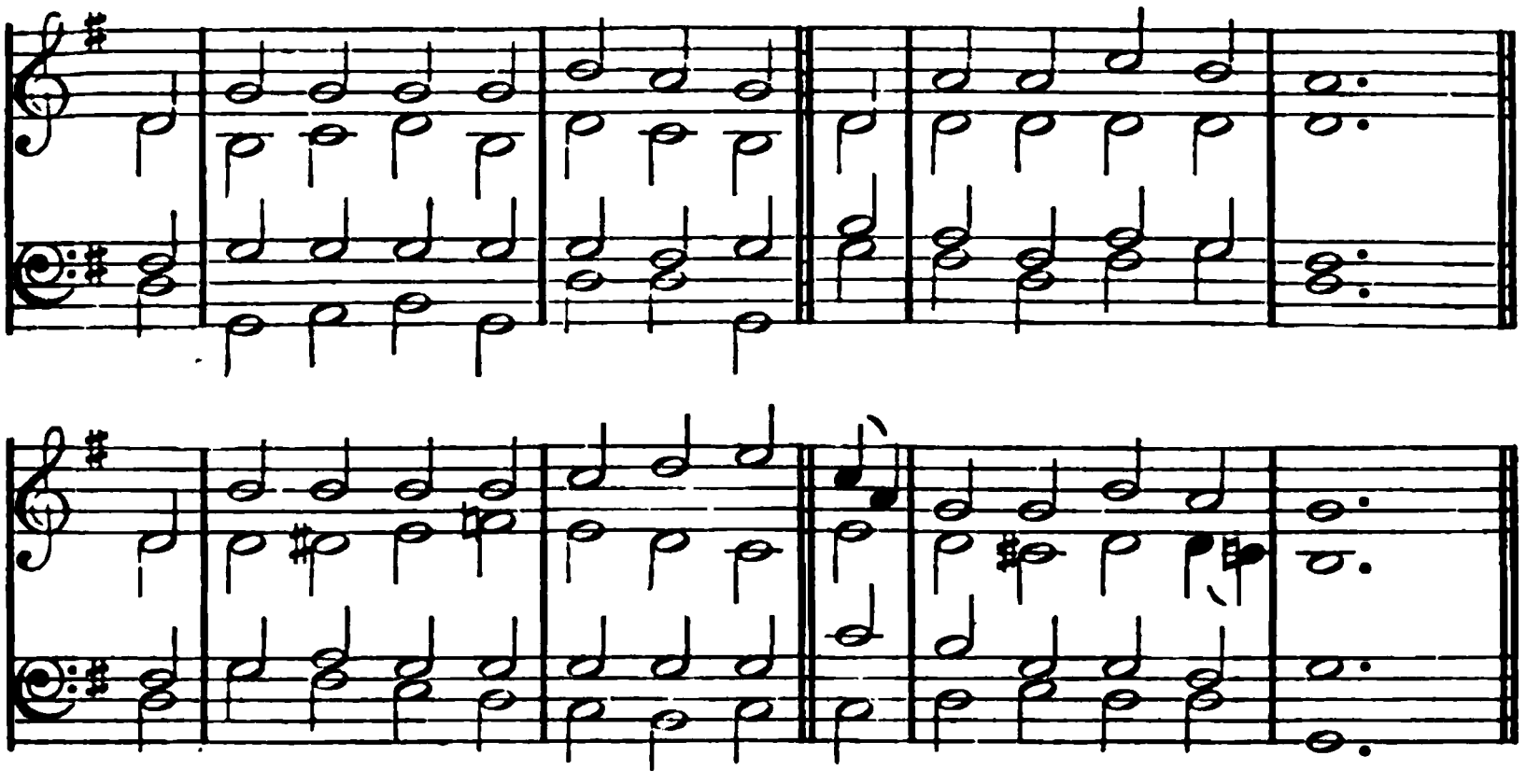
3 He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preached the Word;
Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.

4 Every bird can build its nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the world was made
Had not where to lay His head.

5 He who is the Lord most high
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

Hymn 402 (46)

IMMANUEL (C.M.) *Beethoven.*



1 LORD, I would own Thy tender care
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

2 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

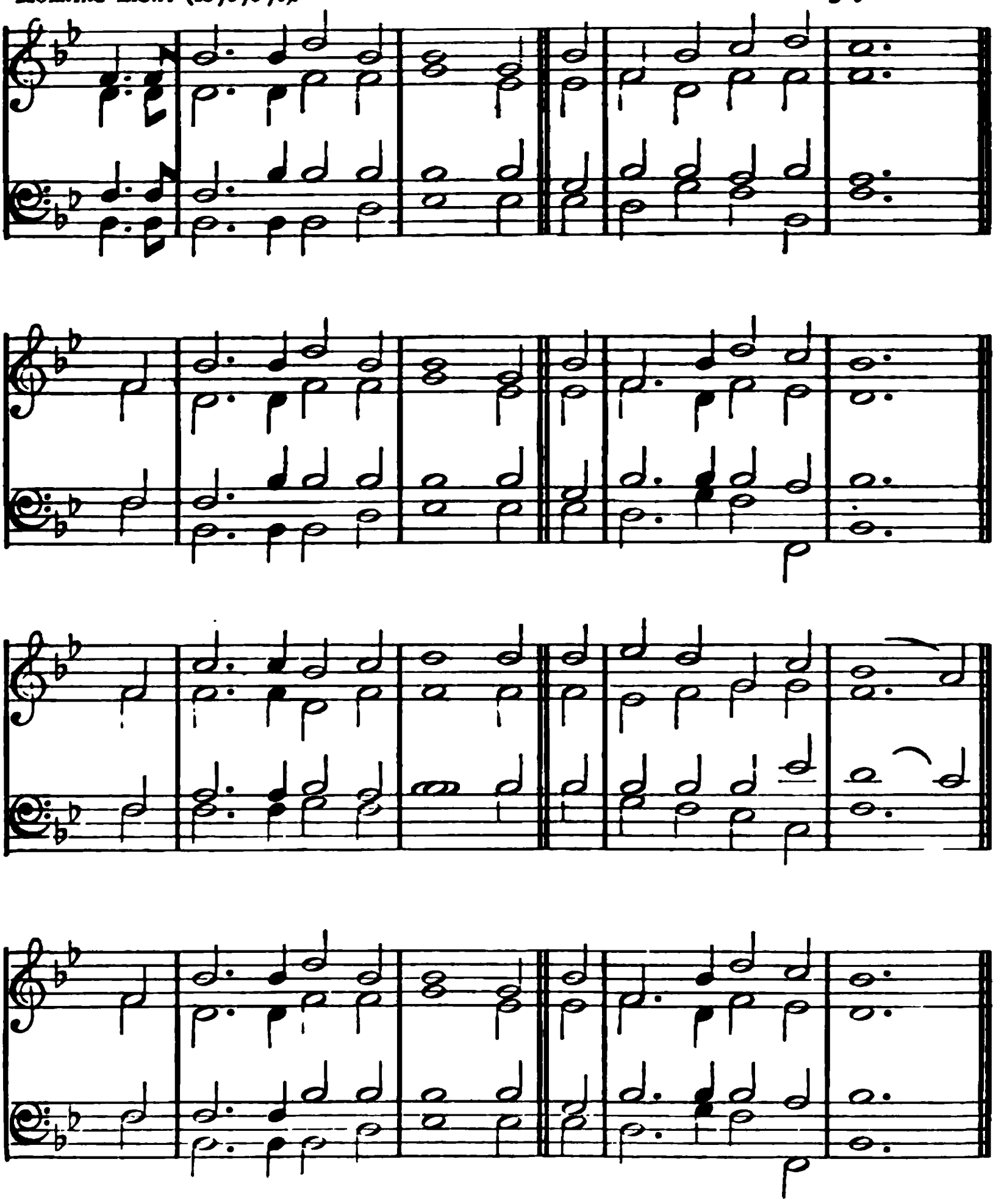
3 Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

4 My health and friends and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

5 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

Hymn 403 (47)

MORNING LIGHT (86 76 76 76). *George James Webb.*



1 THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die:
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

Hymn 403 (47)

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to His Father cry:
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

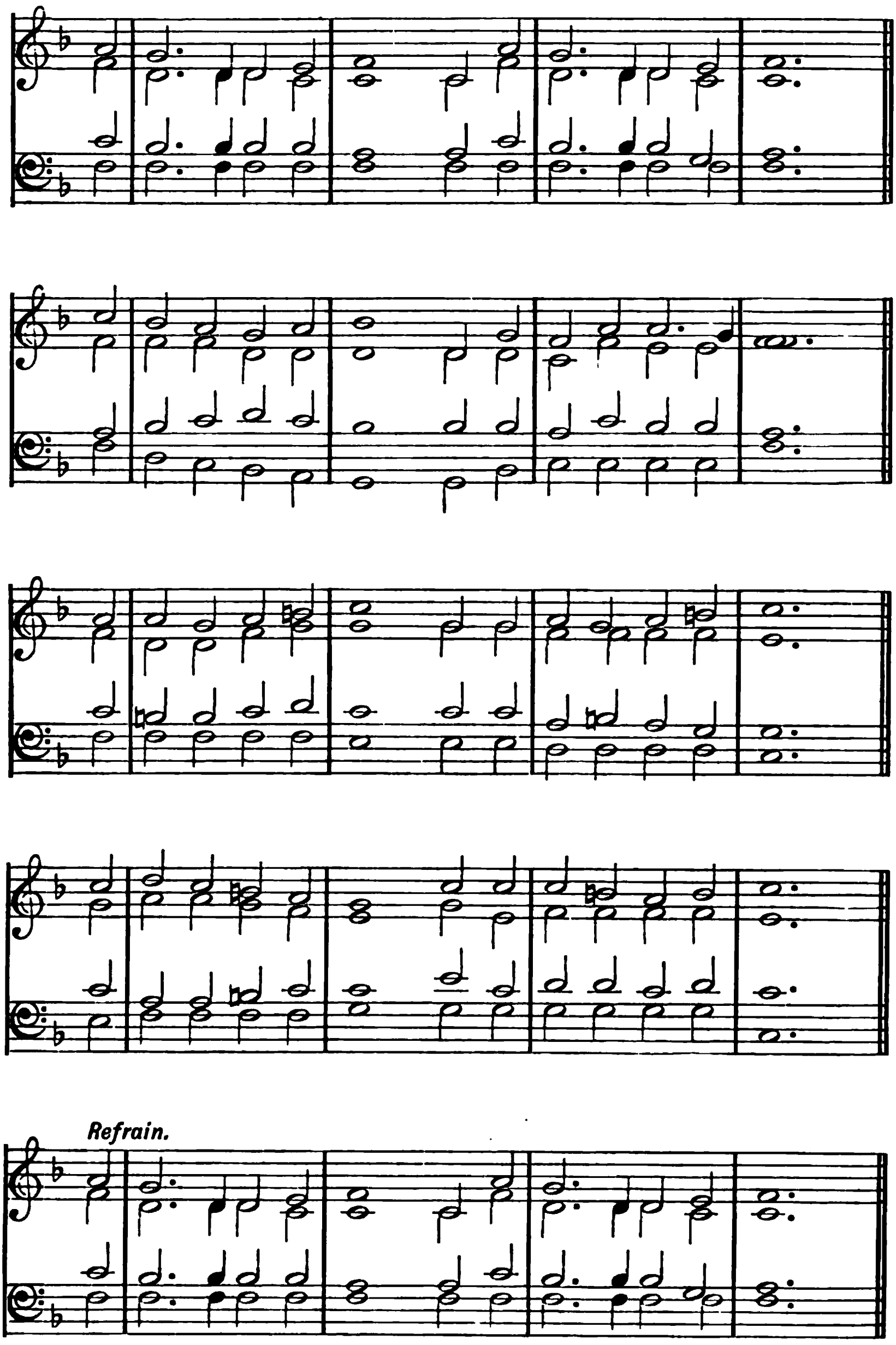
3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory—
A home of peace and joy:
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by:
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory;
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own!

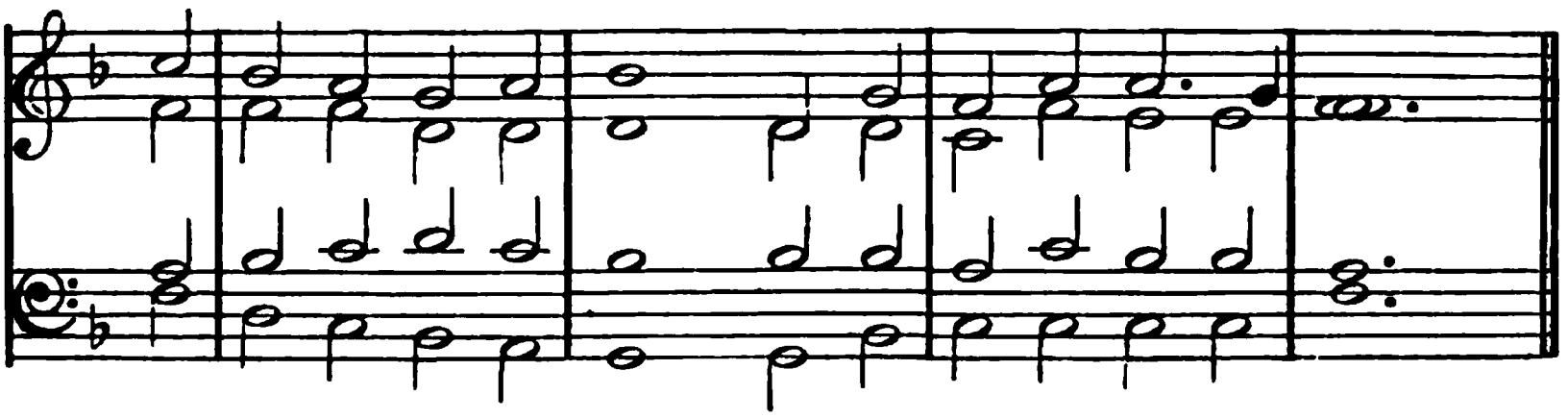
Hymn 404 (48)

BOWDLER No. 178 (76 76 D. and refrain). *Cyril Bowdler.*



Refrain.

Hymn 404 (48)



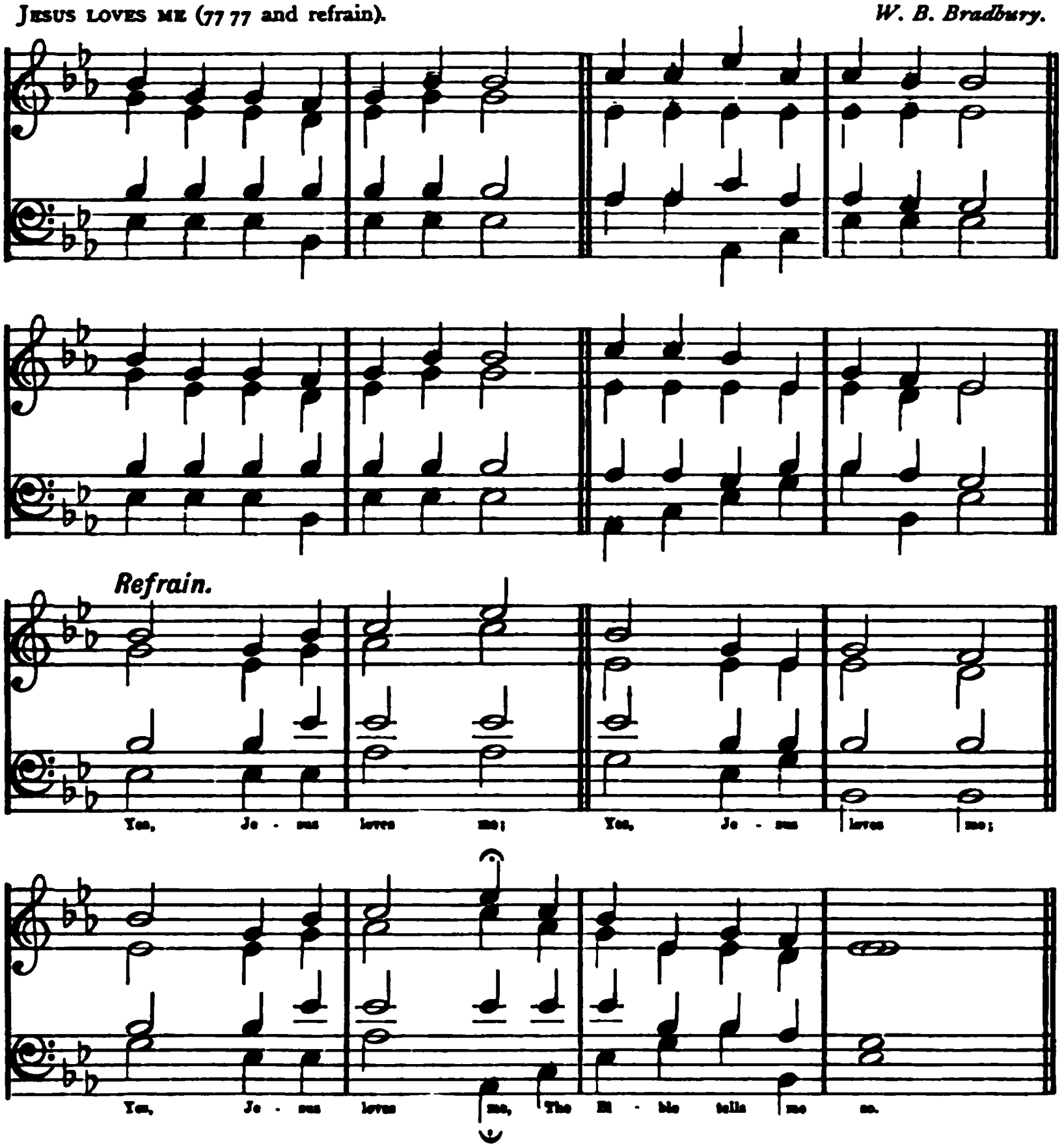
1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

Hymn 405 (49)

JESUS LOVES ME (77 77 and refrain). *W. B. Bradbury.*



1 JESUS loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus, from His throne on high,
Came into this world to die;
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.

3 I can see Him even now,
With His piercèd thorn-clad brow,
Agonizing on the tree;—
O, what love! and all for me.

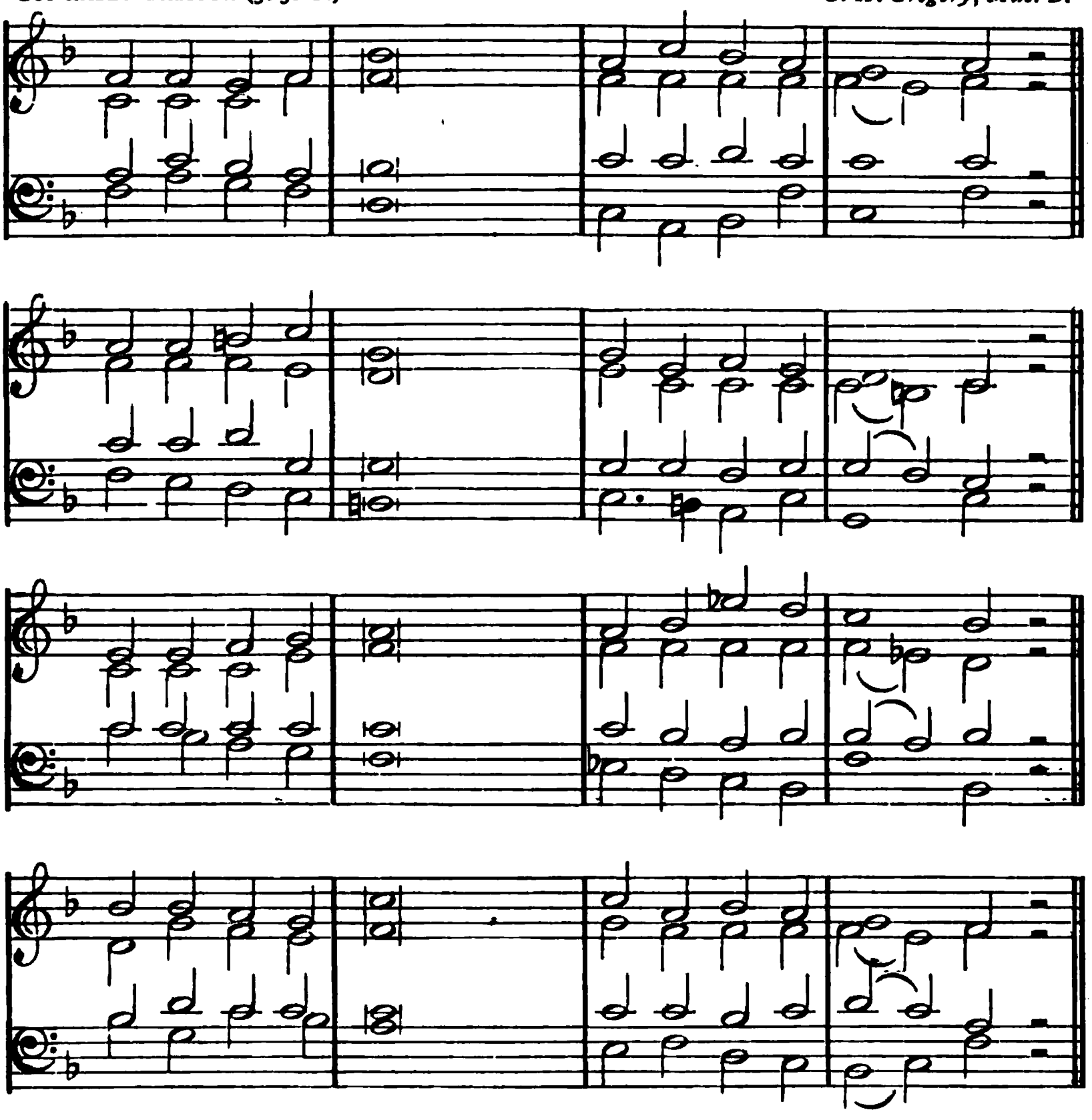
4 Jesus loves me,—He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide:
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

5 Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly Thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

Hymn 406 (50)

CUI HABET DABITUR (56 56 D.) — *G. H. Gregory, Mus. B.*



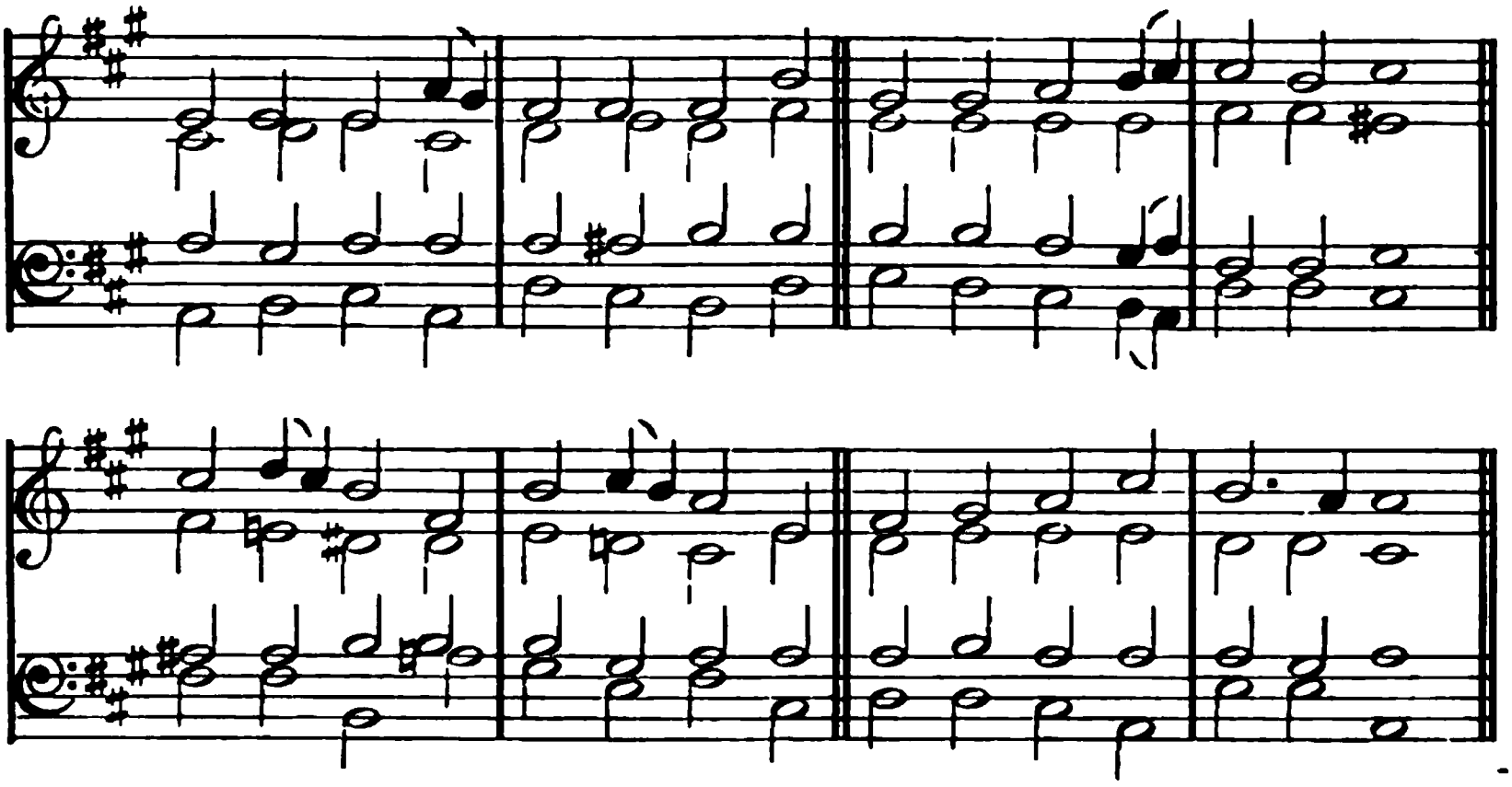
1 GOD intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.
Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

2 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?
Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

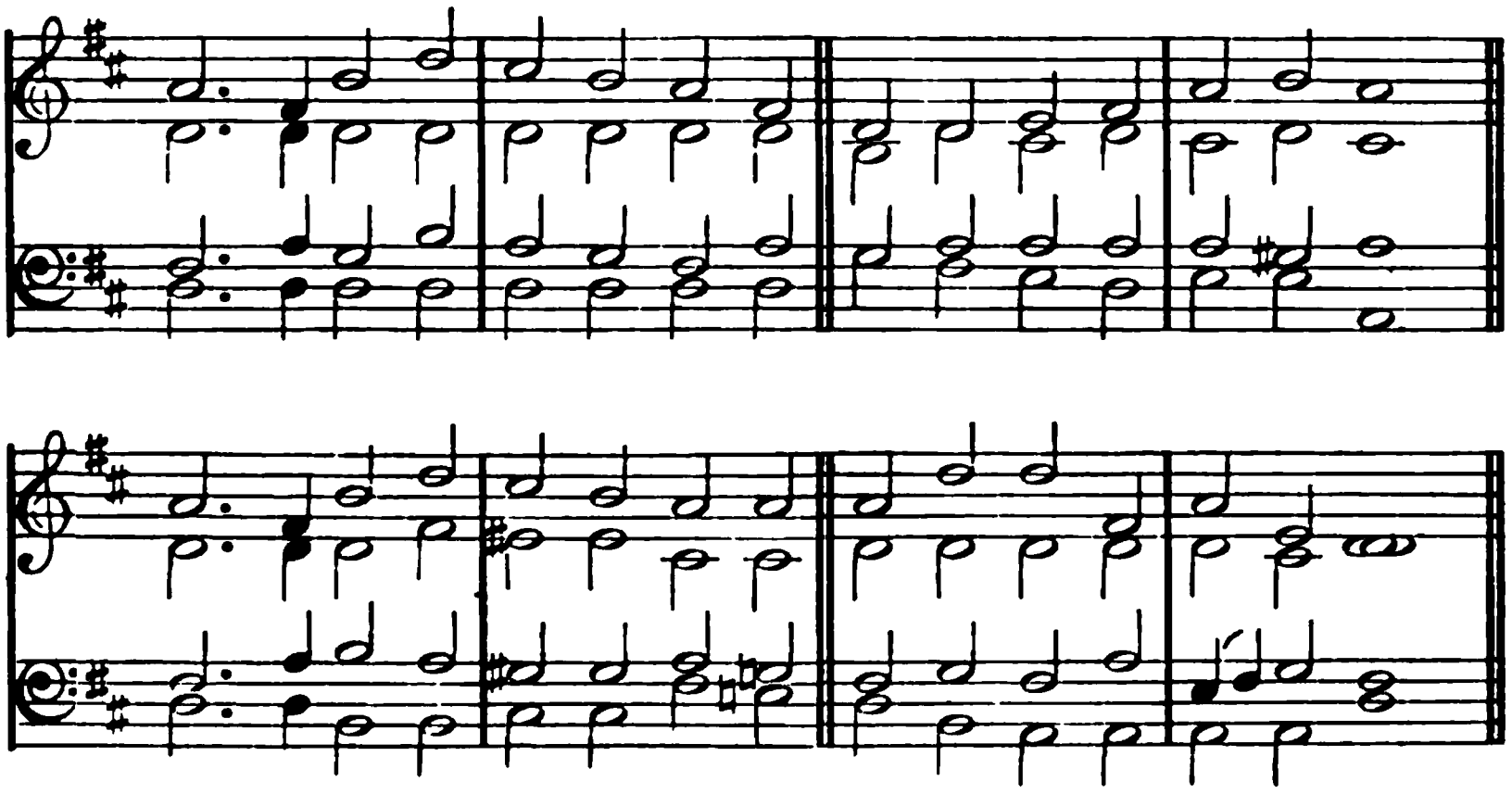
3 Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.
God intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.

Hymn 407 (51)

DAY BY DAY (87 87). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. E. S. Carter.*



S. OSWALD (87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.*



1 DAY by day the little daisy
Looks up with its yellow eye;
Never murmurs, never wishes
It were hanging up on high.

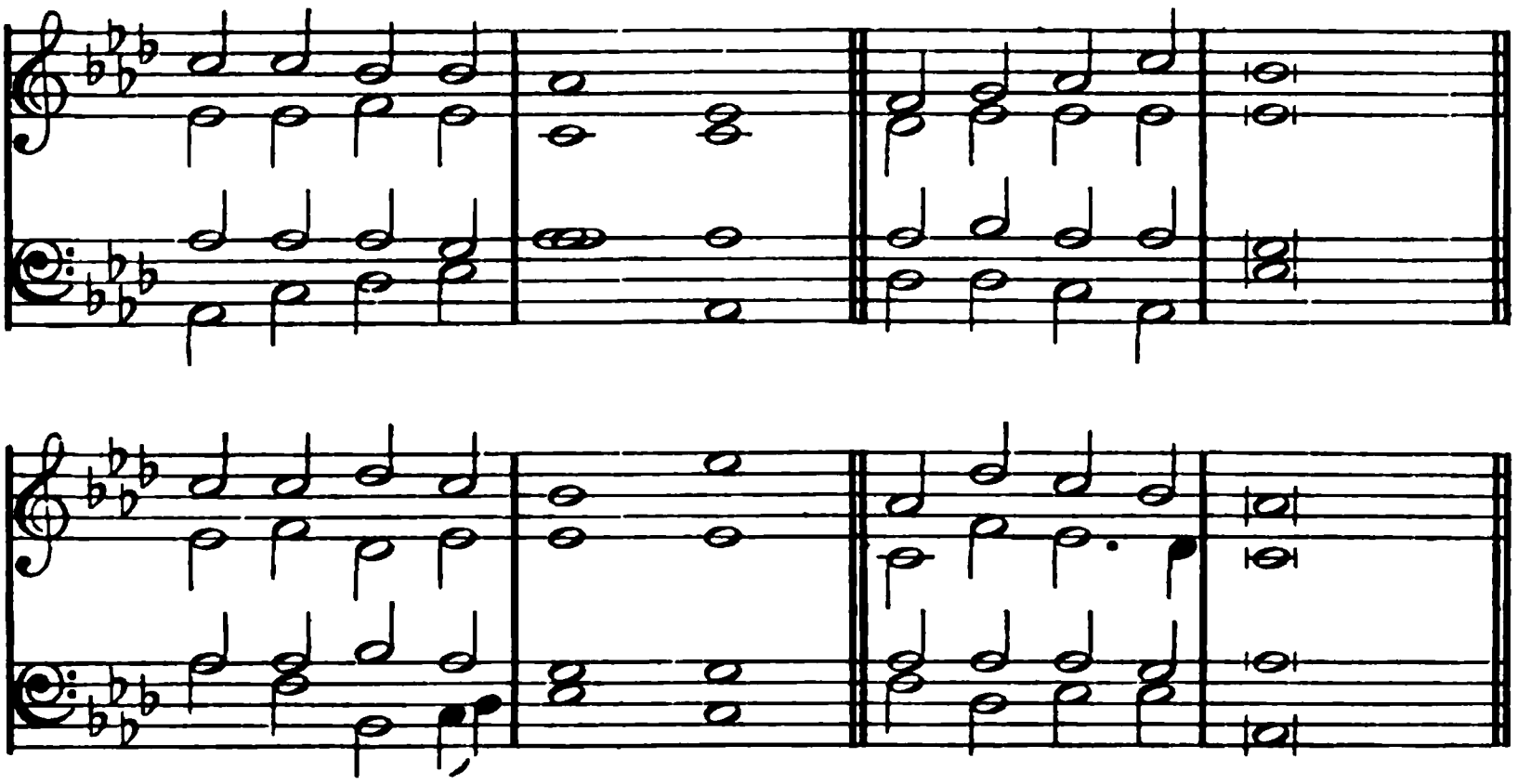
2 And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath,
As to flowers that bloom on high.

3 God has given to each his station;
Some have riches and high place,
Some have lowly homes and labour,—
All may have His precious grace.

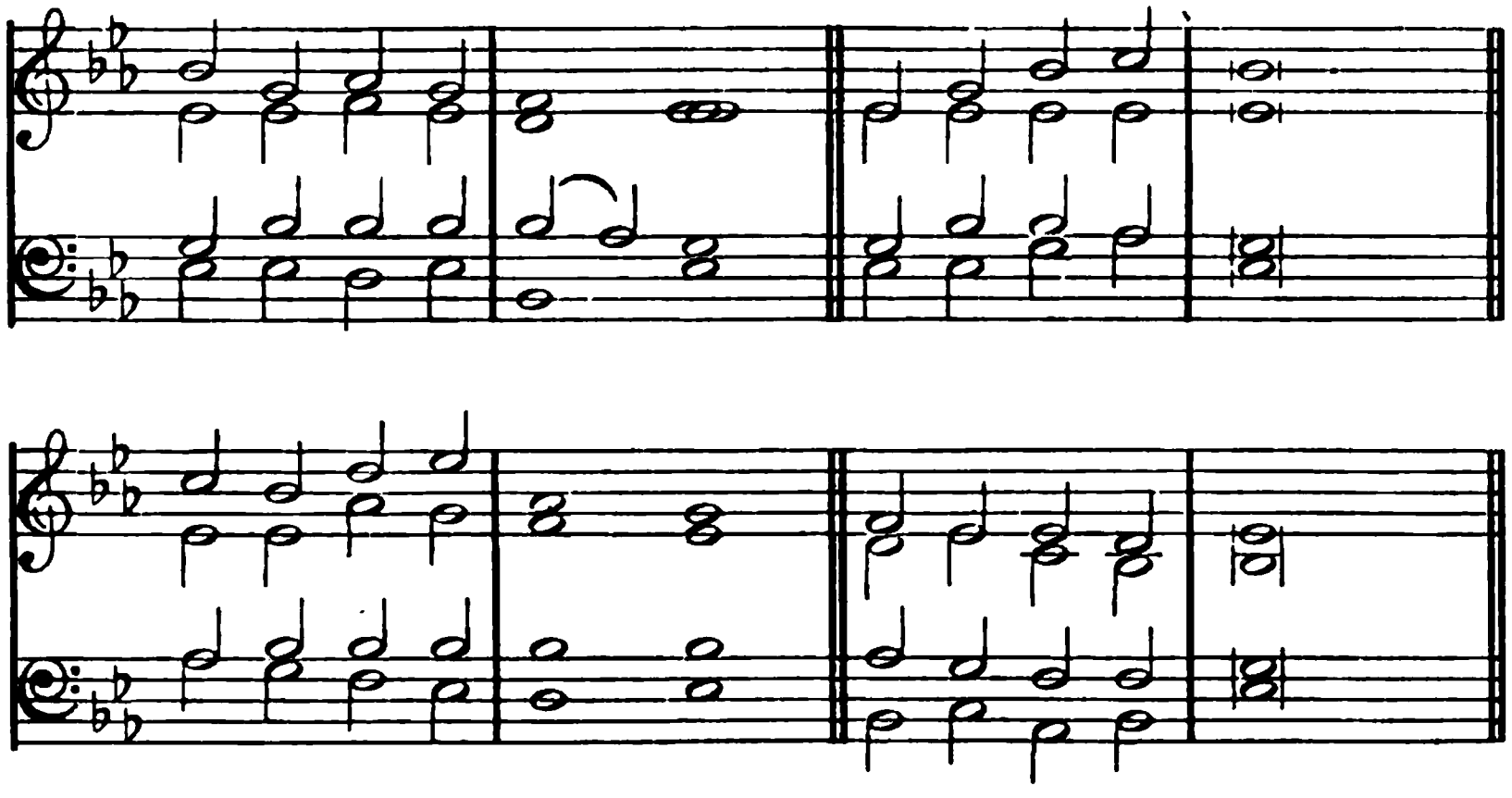
4 And God loveth all His children,
Rich and poor, and high and low;
And they all shall meet in heaven,
Who have served Him here below.

Hymn 408 (52)

RABENLEI (65 65). FIRST TUNE. *German.*



AVE MARIS STELLA (65 65). SECOND TUNE. *German.*
Adapted by Rev. A. Galloway, B.D.



1 LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

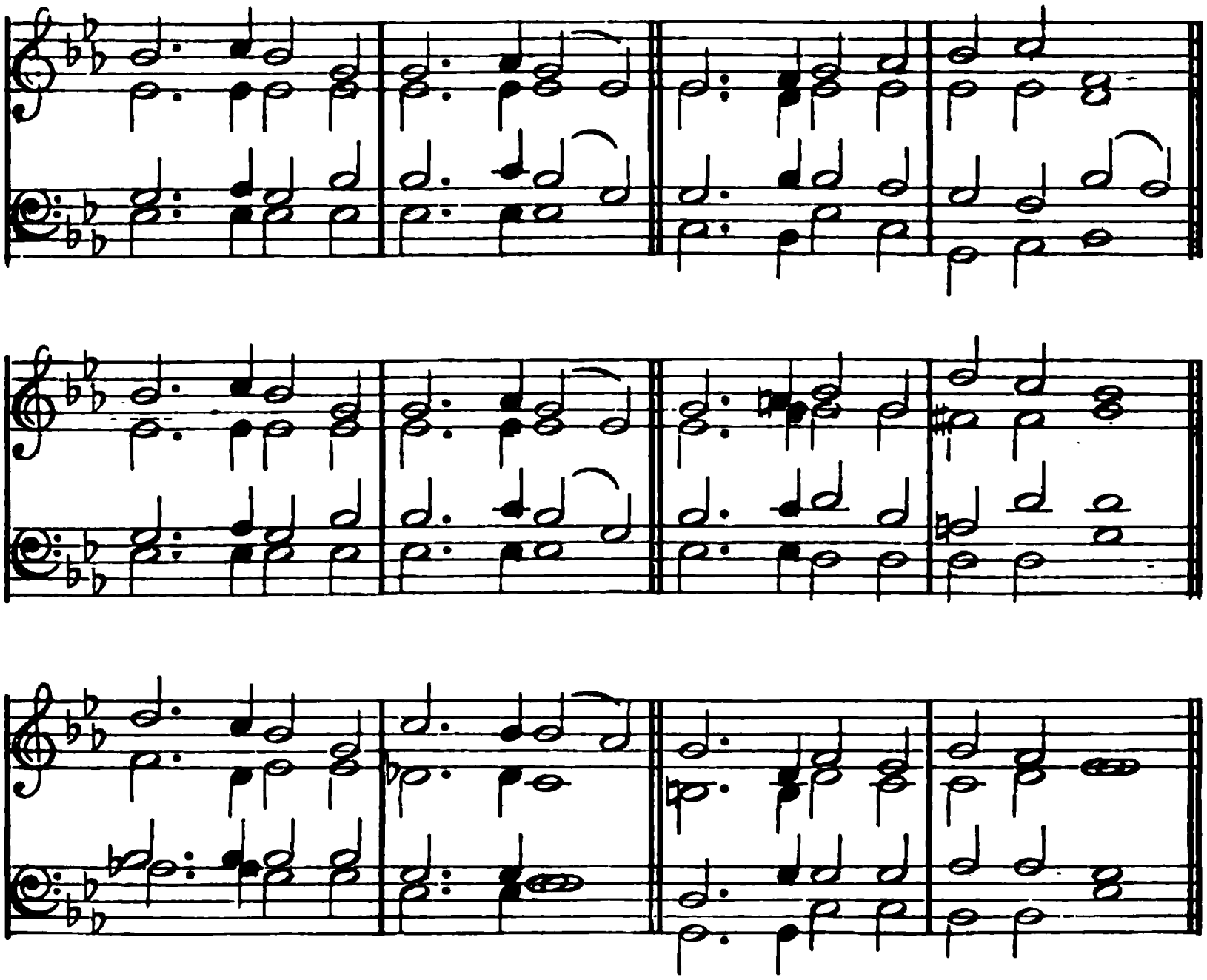
2 Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

Hymn 409 (53)

EPSOM COLLEGE (77 77 77). *Rev. S. J. Rowton.*



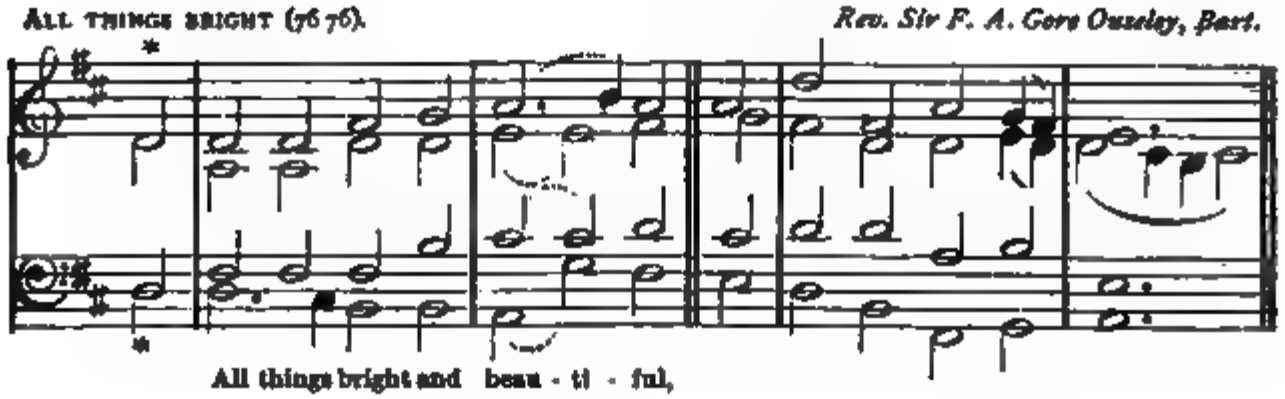
1 WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand,
Witnesses at God's right hand;
And their testimony bear
For us or against us there.

2 O, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit our faults to hide;
Envious tales or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind!

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee:
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

Hymn 410 (54)

ALL THINGS BRIGHT (76 76). *Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.*



1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings;
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate;
God made them high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

4 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brighten up the sky,

5 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

6 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play;
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;

7 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

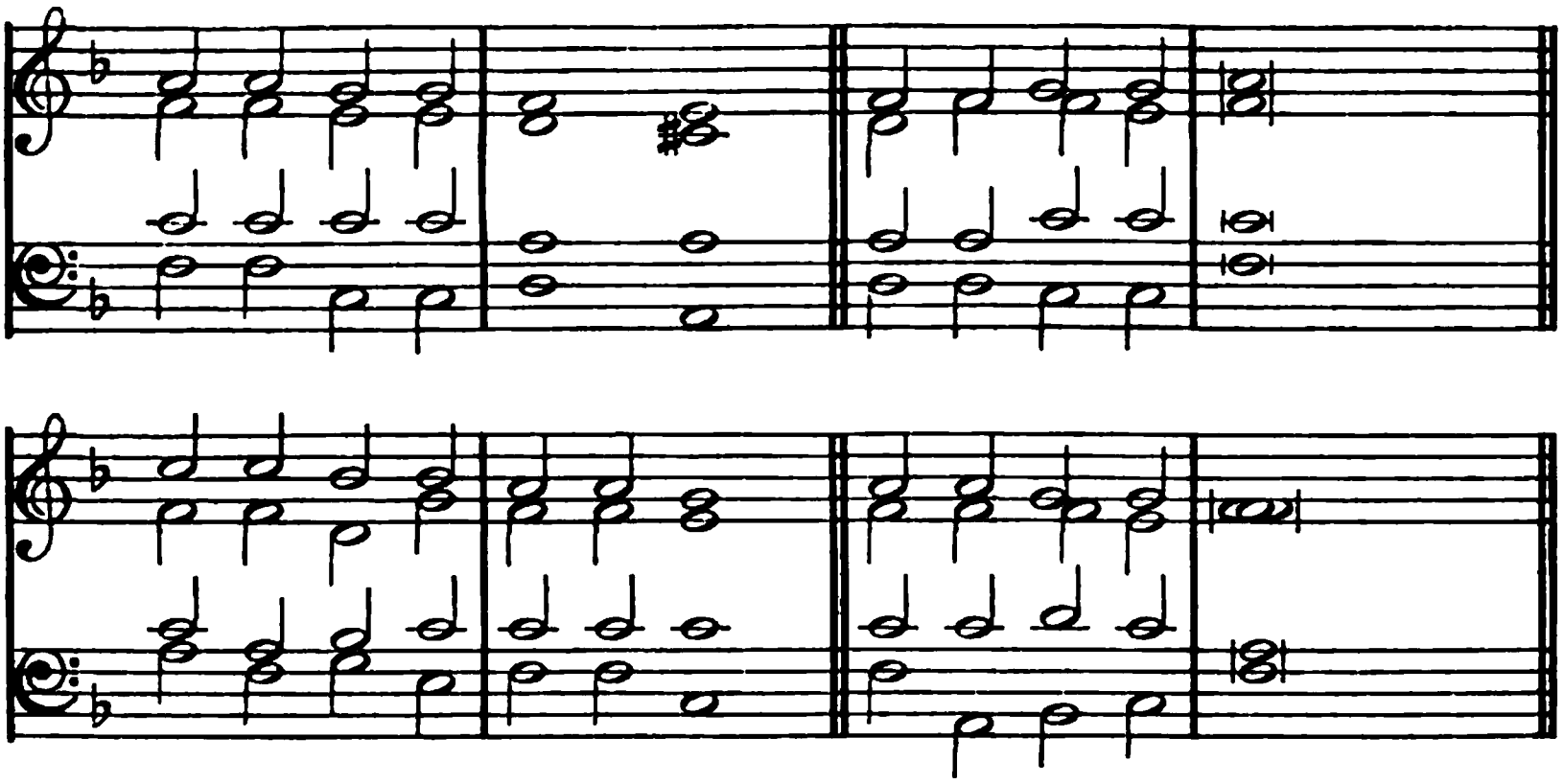
* Required for second and all the following verses.

Hymn 411 (55)

CASWALL (65 75).

FIRST TUNE.

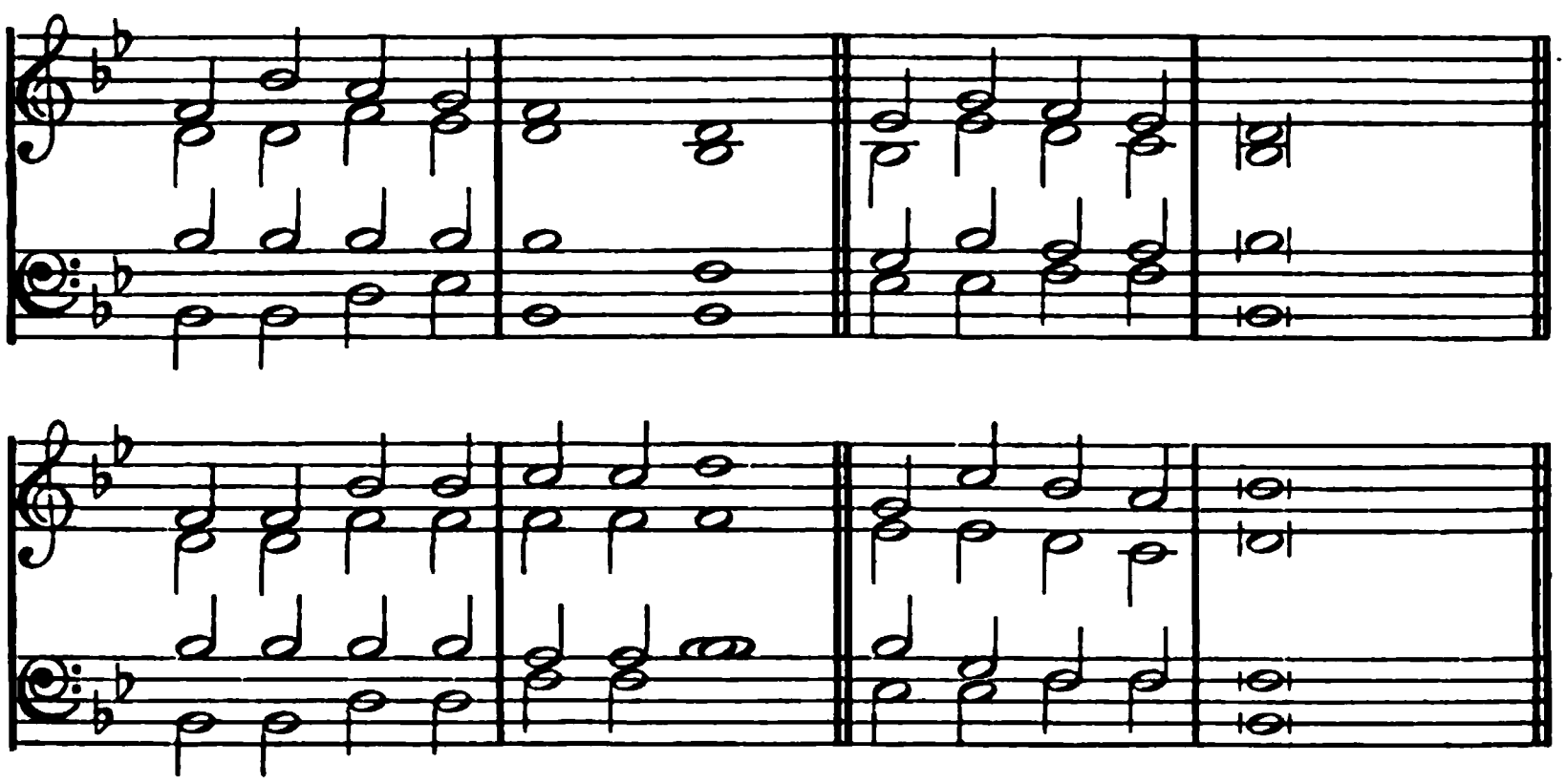
Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D.
Vierstimmiges Choralbuch.



S. CYRIL (65 75)

SECOND TUNE.

P. P. Bliss.



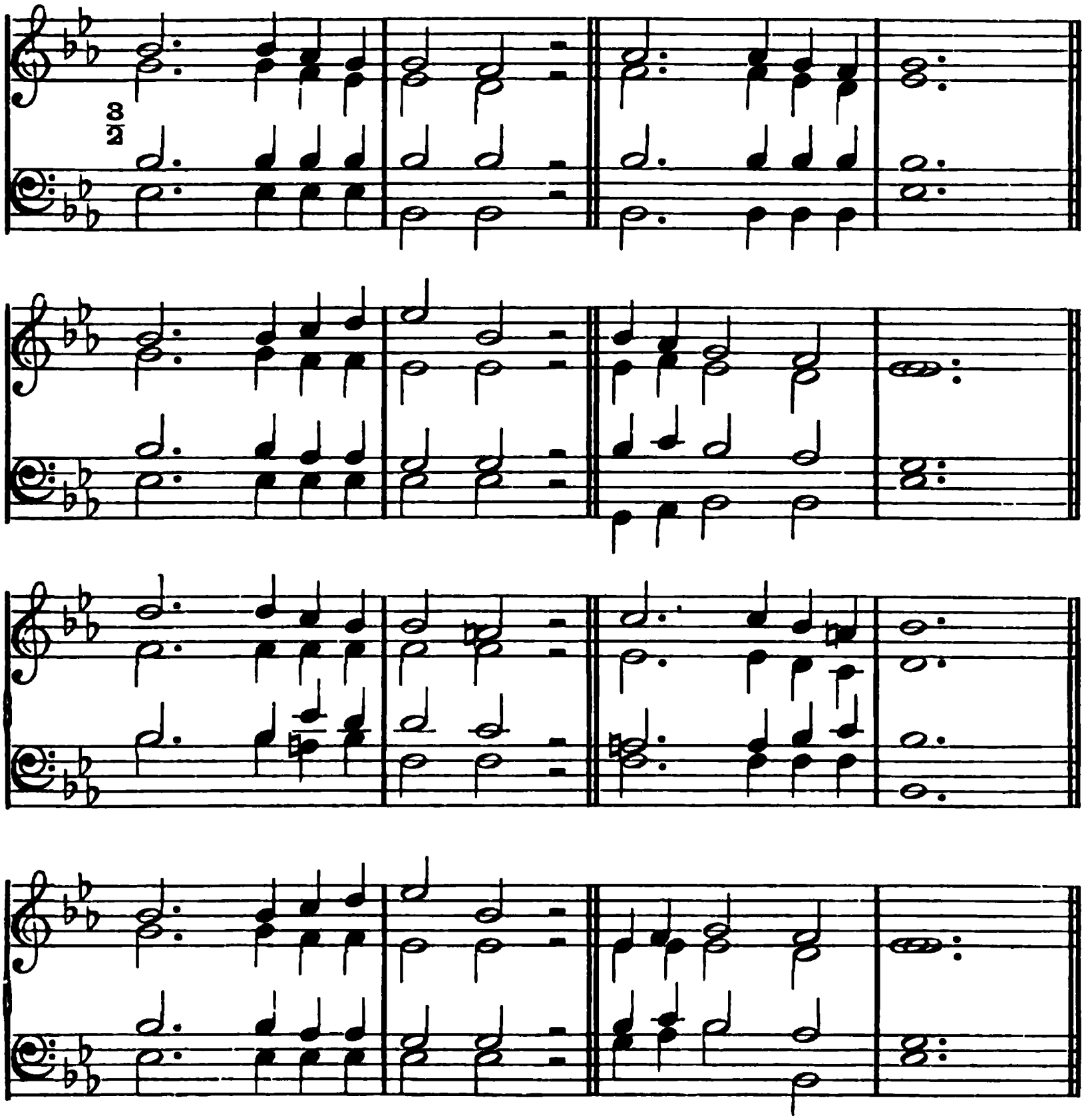
1 GOD is always near me,
Hearing what I say,
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.

2 God is always near me
In the darkest night,
He can see me just the same
As by mid-day light.

3 God is always near me,
Though so young and small;
Not a look, or word, or thought,
But God knows it all.

Hymn 412 (56)

HASTINGS (6565 D.) *Dr. T. Hastings.*



1 IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.
If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

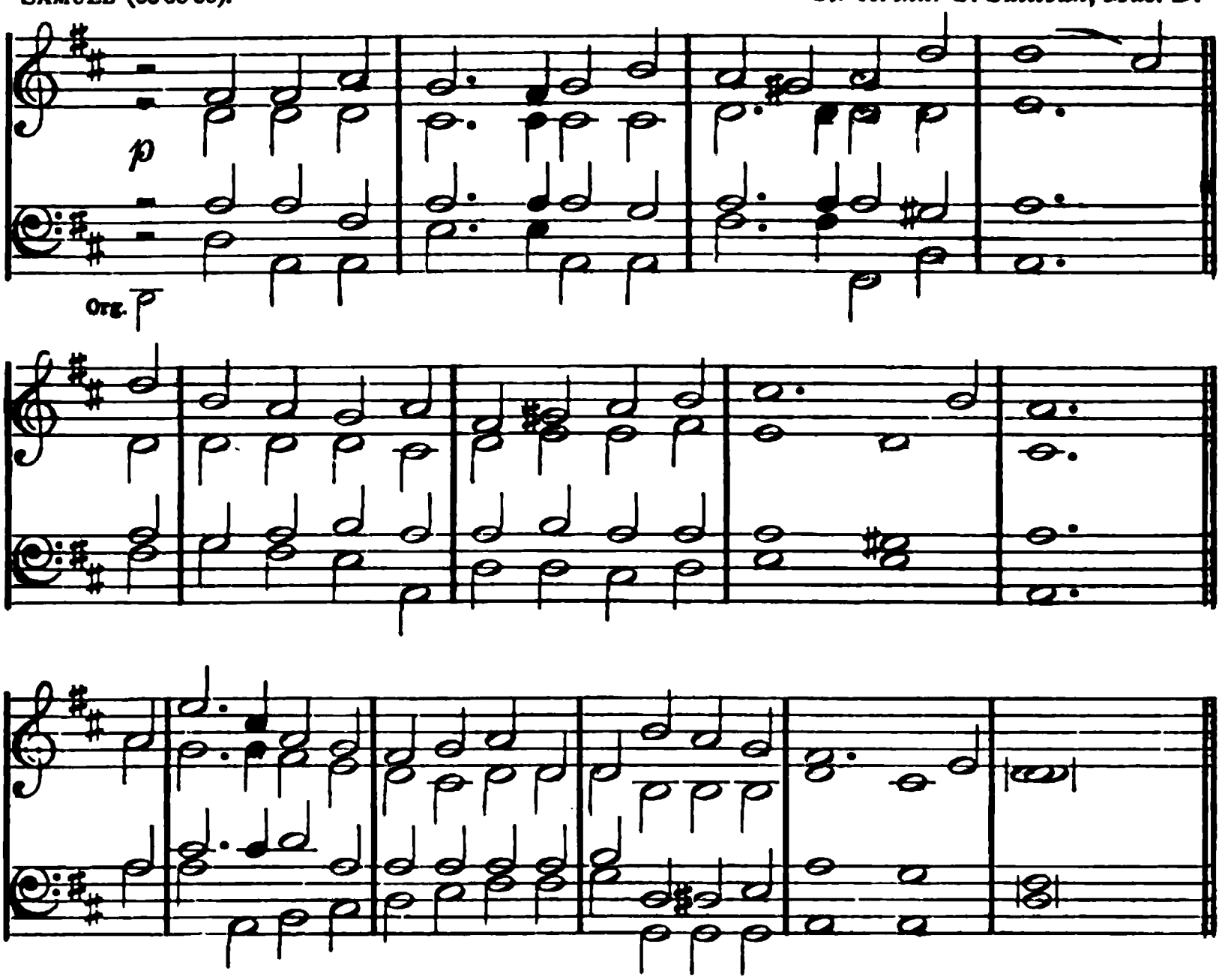
2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
For He loves me dearly,
And my sins did bear.
If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.
If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

Hymn 413 (57)

SAMUEL (66 66 88). *Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D.*



1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

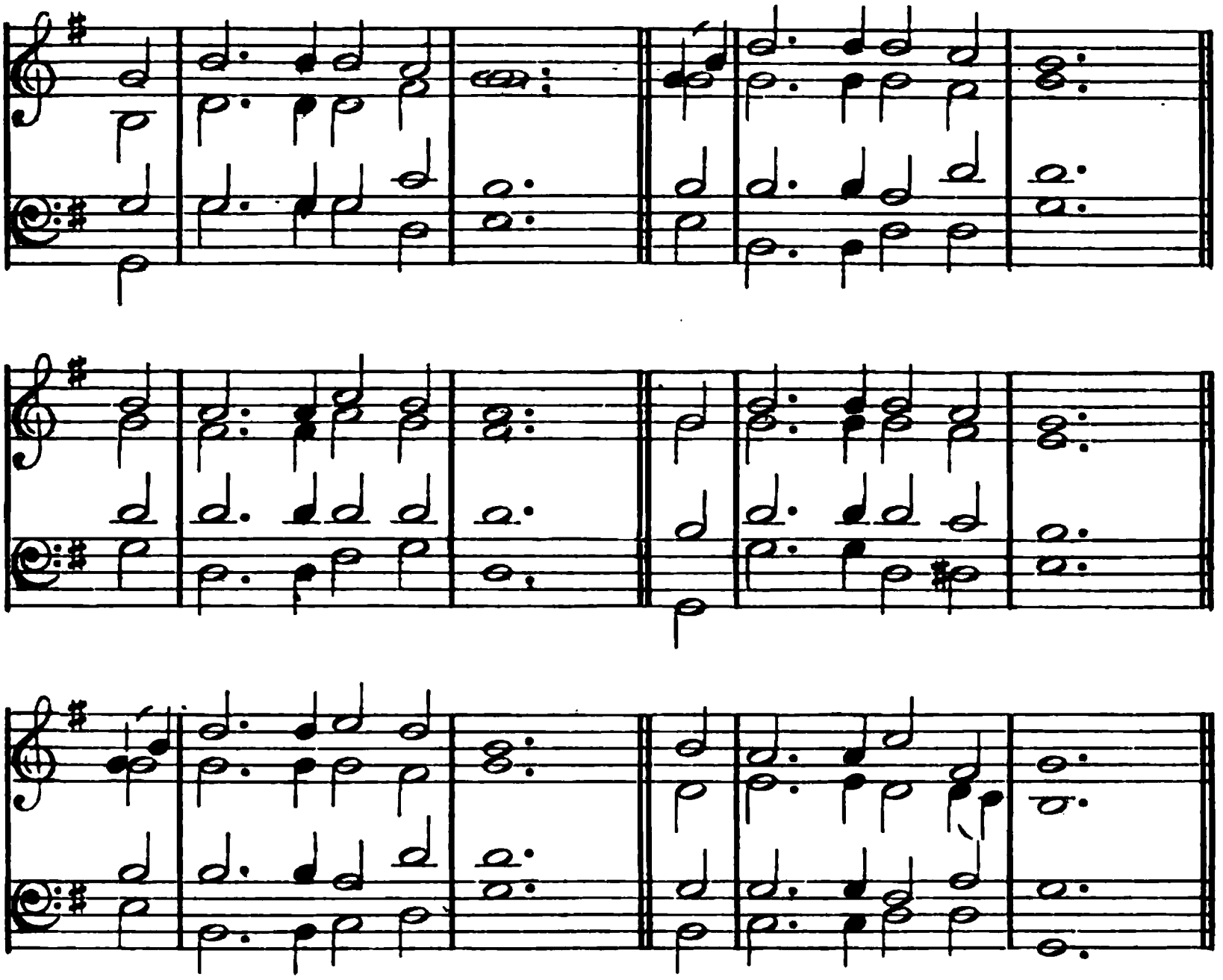
3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,—
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise

Hymn 414 (58)

GOOD SHEPHERD (666 666). *R. B. Lockwood.*



1 GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all Thy flock dost keep,
Leading by waters calm,
Do Thou my footsteps guide
To follow by Thy side;
Make me Thy little lamb.

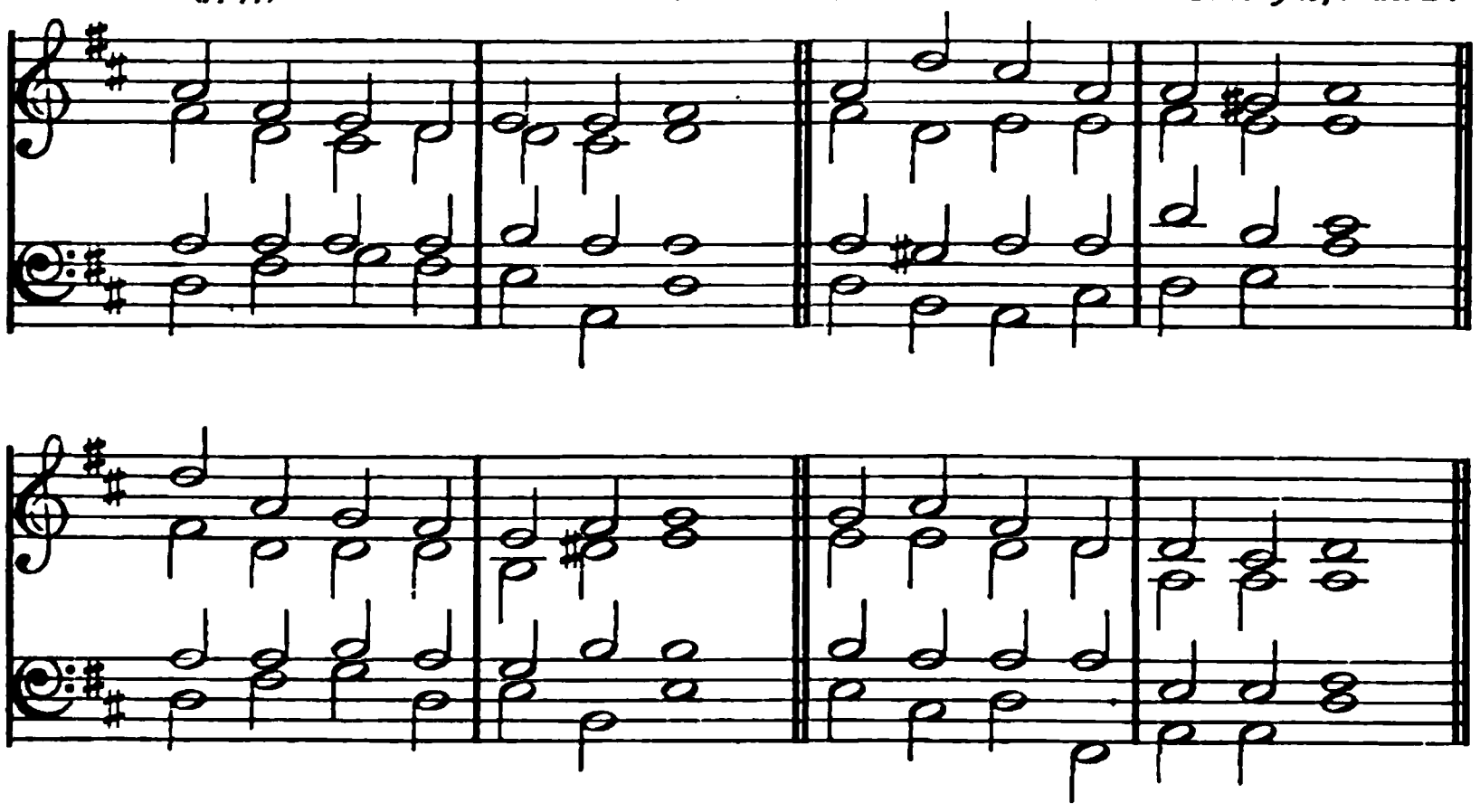
2 I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from Thee I stray;
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But, when the road seems long,
Thy tender arm and strong
The weary one will bear;
And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair;

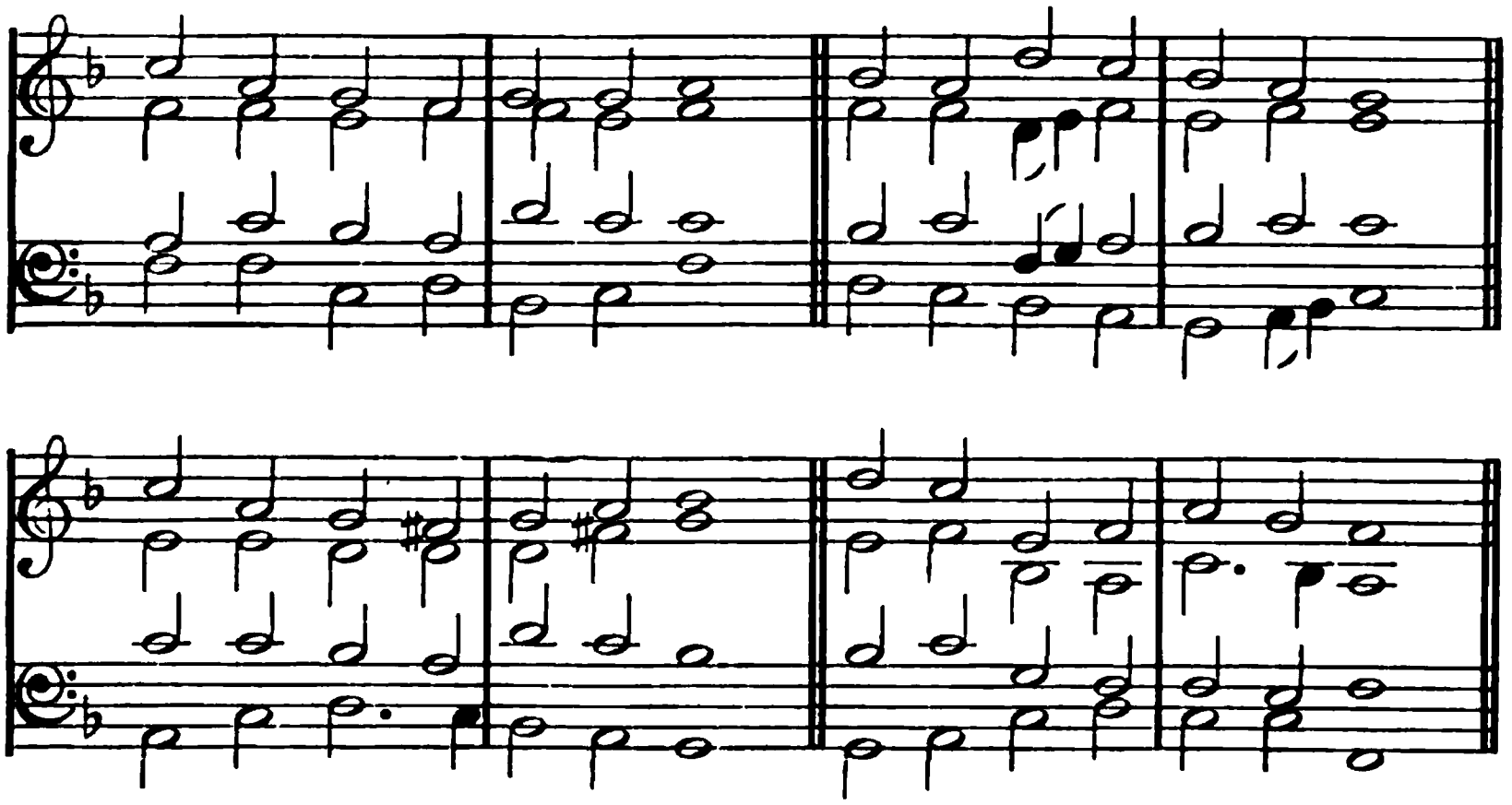
4 Till—from the soil of sin
Cleansed and made pure within—
Dear Saviour, whose I am,
Thou bringest me in love
To Thy sweet fold above,
A little snow-white lamb.

Hymn 415 (59)

BUCKLAND (77 77). FIRST TUNE. *Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. D.*



BATTISHILL (77 77). SECOND TUNE. *Jonathan Battishill.*



1 LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

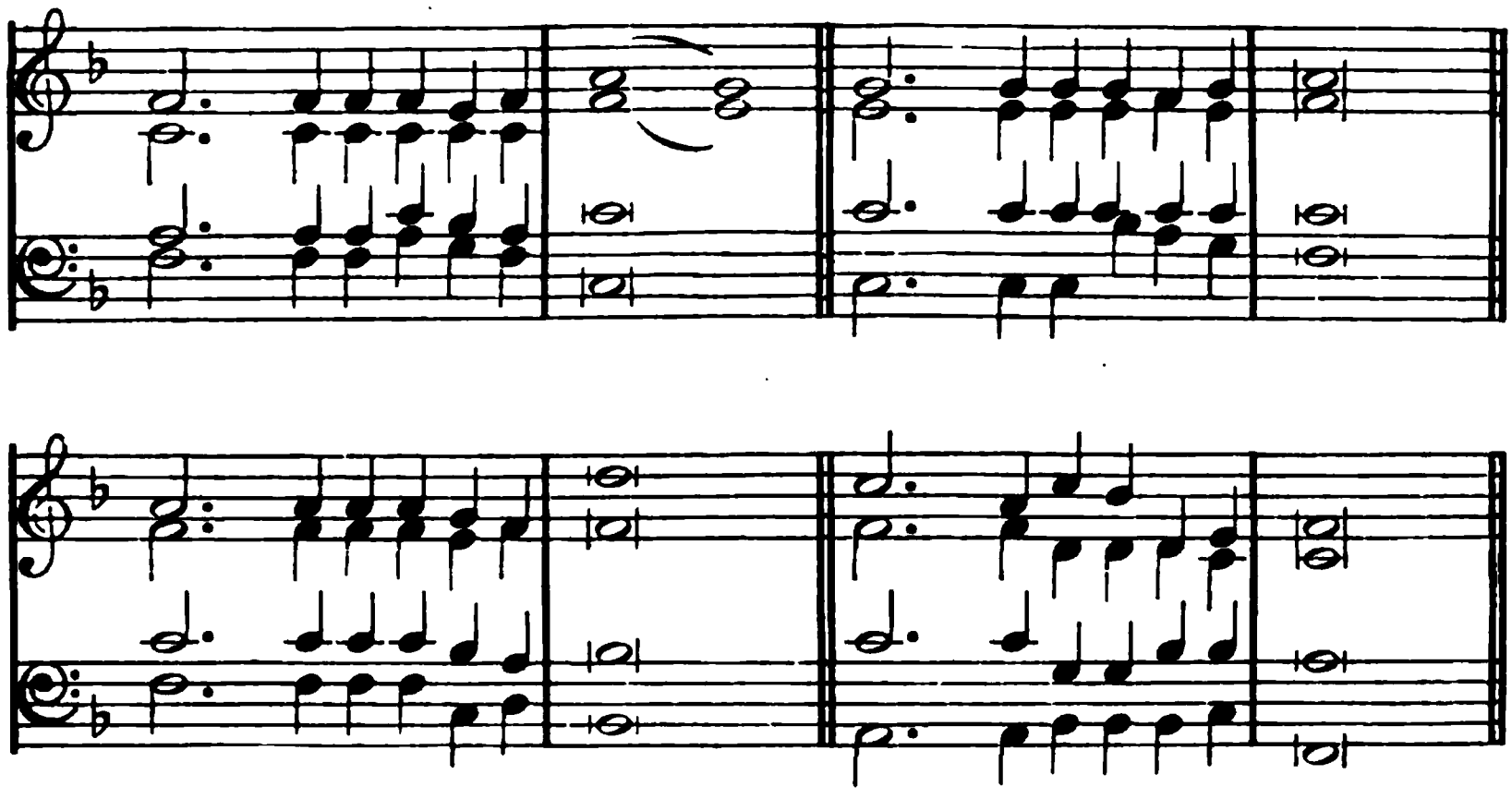
2 Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live;
May I love Thee day by day,
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my step to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

4 Where Thou leadest may I go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Then before Thy Father's throne,
Jesus, claim me for Thine own.

Hymn 416 (60)

DIJON (77 77). *German Volkslied.*



1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought—
Blessed Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee—
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

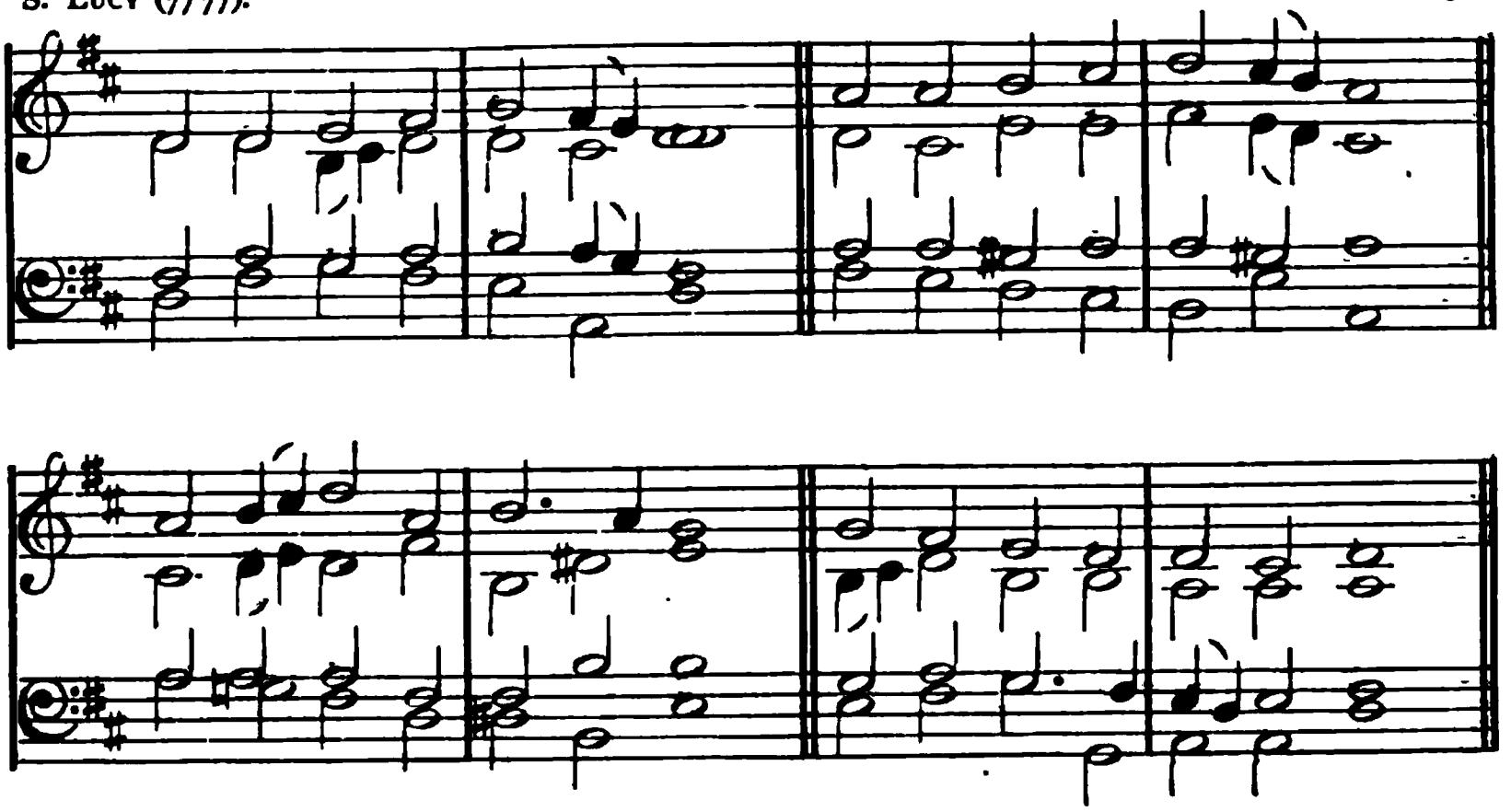
4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Hymn 417 (61)

S. Lucy (77 77). *J.*



1 MARY at the Master's feet
Sat to hear His gracious word;
So before Thy face we meet,
Still be Thou our teacher, Lord!

2 In Thy Father's temple Thou
Once the scholar's place didst fill:
Look on these Thy scholars now,
Come, like Thee, to learn His will.

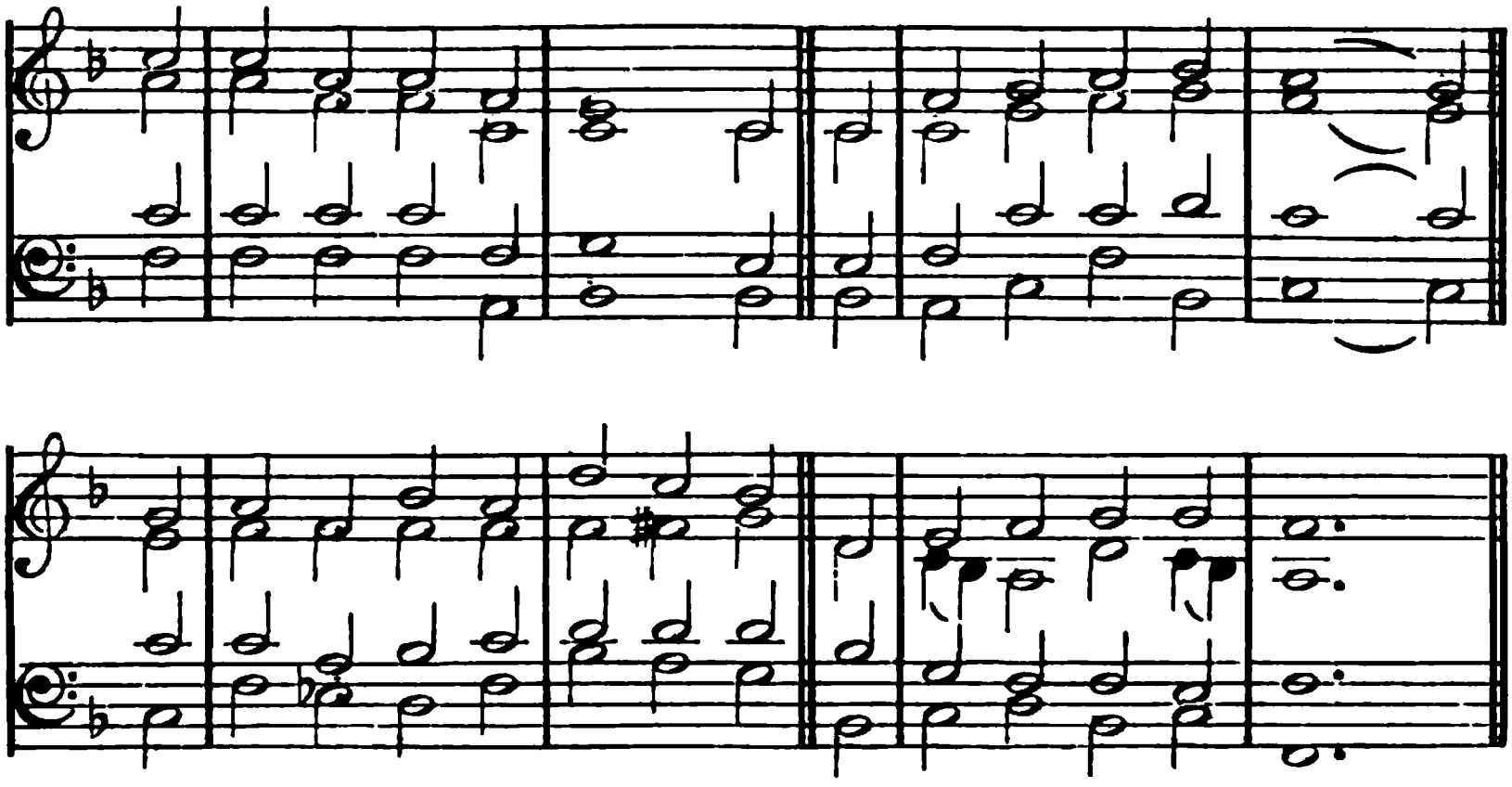
3 Word by word, and line by line,
Infant lips their faith confess;
Creed, and law, and prayer divine—
Mystery of godliness!

4 Greater far than yet they know
Are the words they speak in turn;
Angels long to look into
Things which Christian children learn!

5 Open, Lord, Thy boundless store,—
In Thy wisdom may we grow,
Learning daily more and more,
Till Thy perfect truth we know.

Hymn 418 (62)

ASPIRATION (76 86). *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top
He met His Father there.

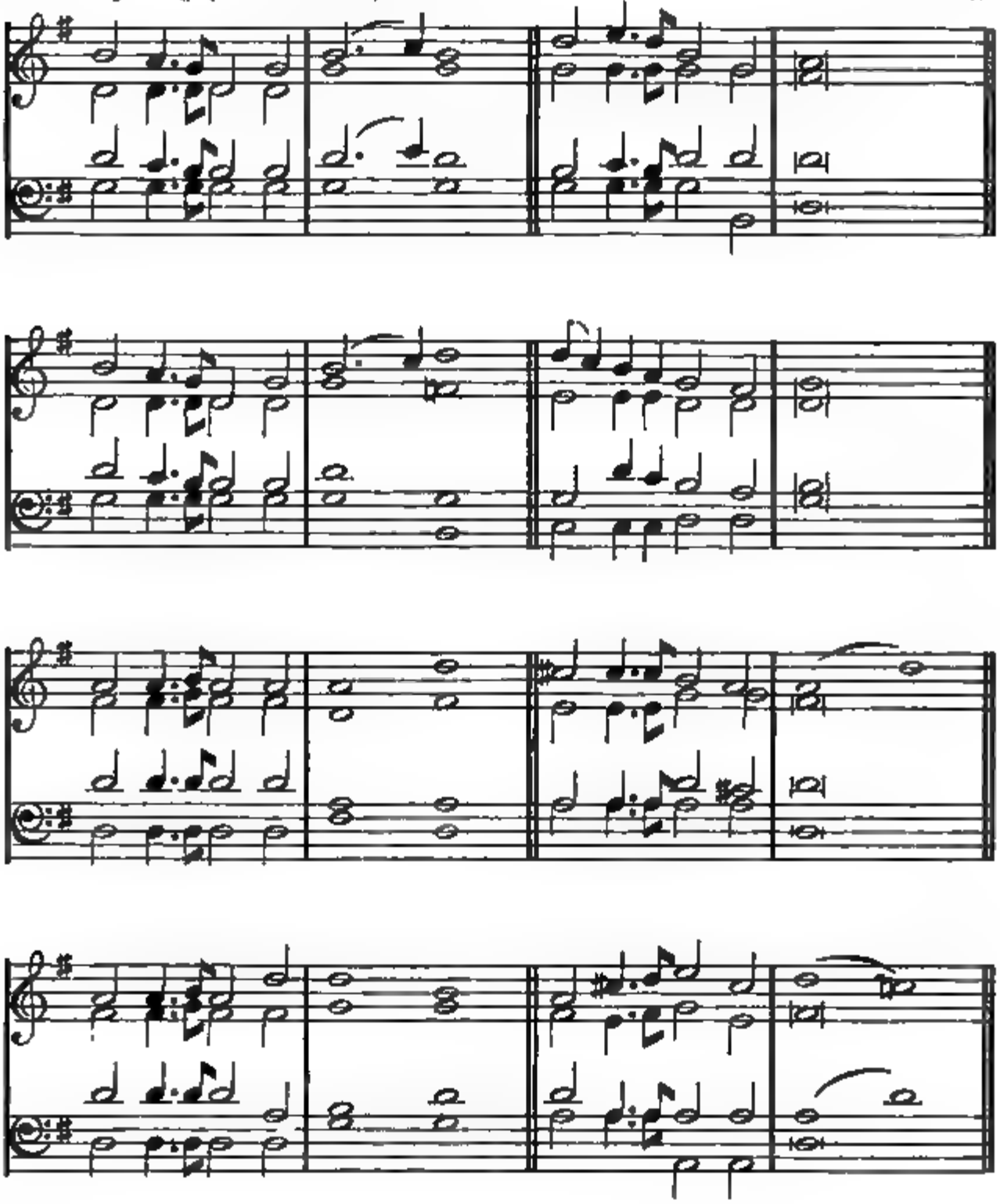
3 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find,
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

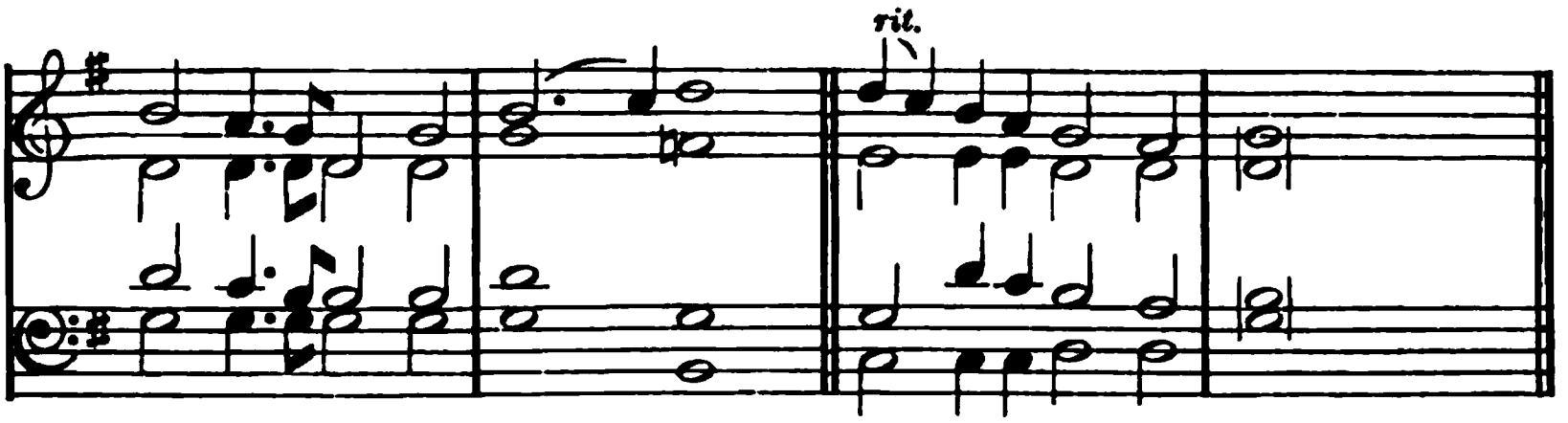
5 Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee!

Hymn 419 (63)

ARMS OF JESUS (76 76 D. and refrain). *W. H. Doane.*



Hymn 419 (63)



1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark, 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea!

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

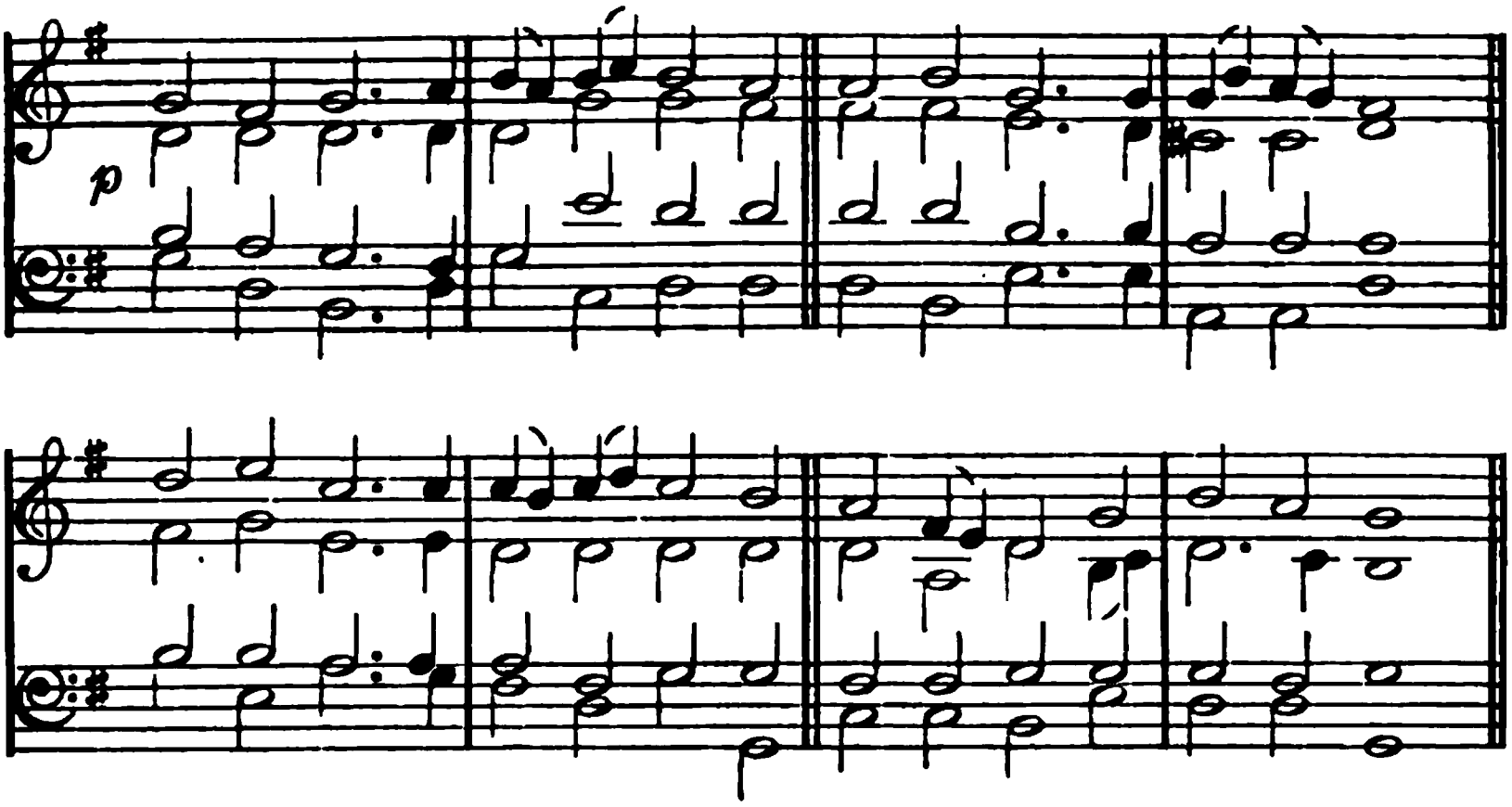
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

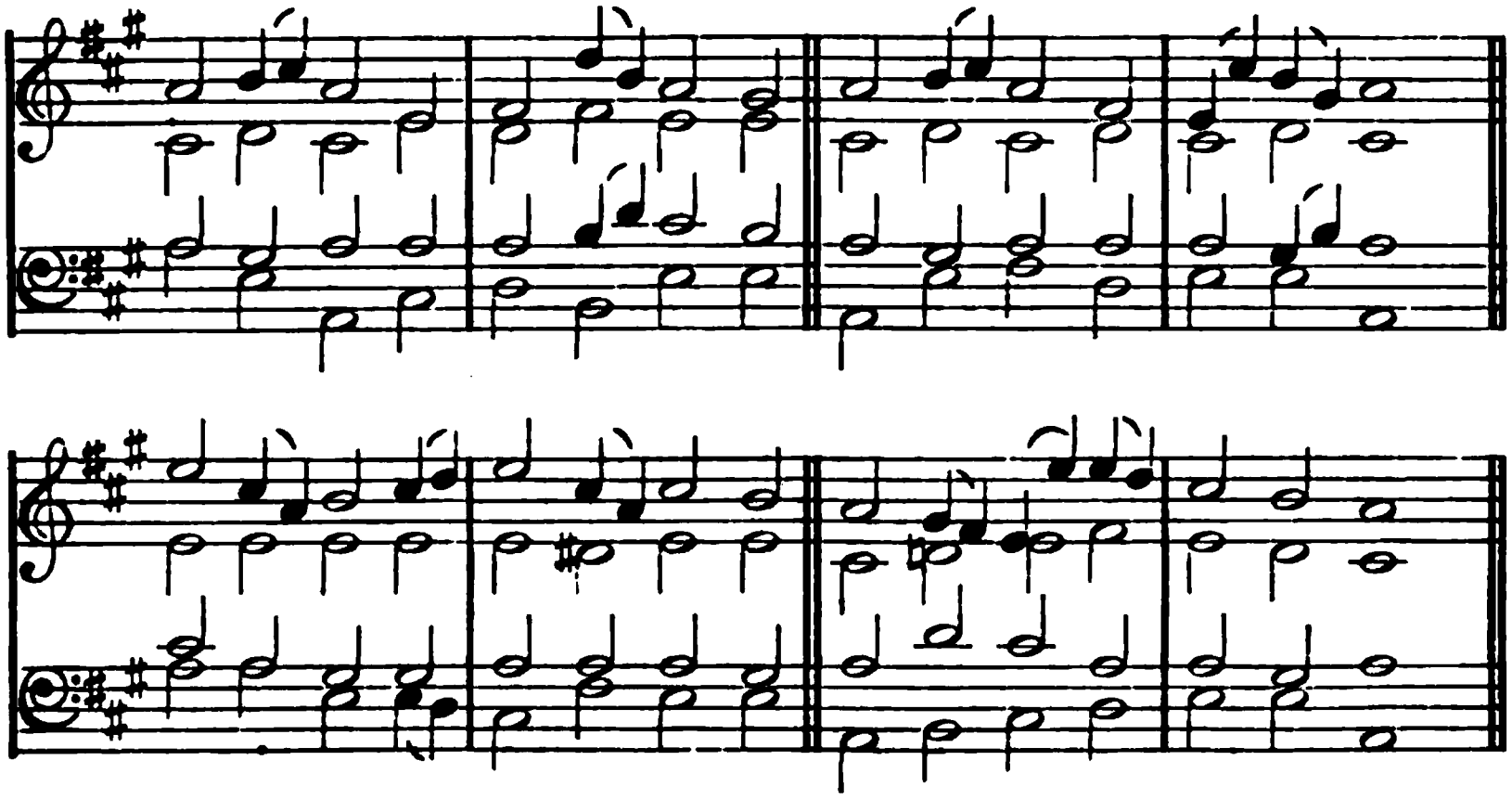
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hymn 420 (64)

CHILDHOOD'S YEARS (87 87). FIRST TUNE. *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



HARWICH (87 87). SECOND TUNE. *Whitaker.*



1 CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er
Youthful days will soon be done; [us,
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

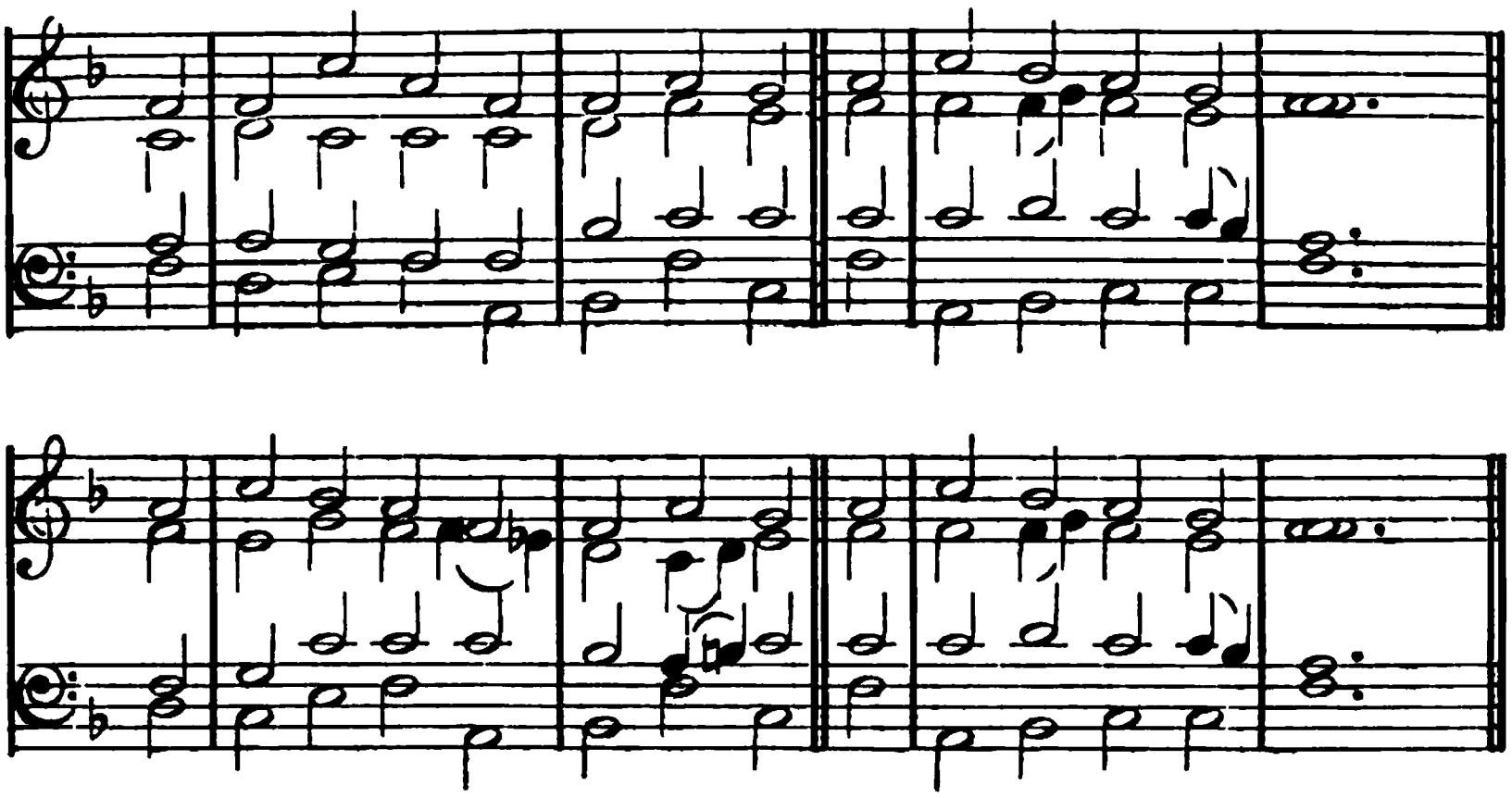
2 O, may He who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow Me!"
Jesus, keep our feet from falling—
Teach us all to follow Thee.

4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
O, to meet in heaven for ever!
O, the crown of life to gain!

Hymn 421 (65)

MORAVIA (C.M.) *Nicolaus Hermann.*



1 WITHIN the churchyard, side by side,
Are many long low graves;
And some have stones set over them,
On some the green grass waves.

2 Full many a little Christian child,
Woman, and man, lies there;
And we pass by them every time
When we go in to prayer.

3 They cannot hear our footsteps come,
They do not see us pass;
They cannot feel the bright warm sun
That shines upon the grass.

4 They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing overhead;
They cannot rise and come to church
With us, for they are dead.

5 But we believe a day shall come
When all the dead will rise;
When they who sleep down in the grave
Will ope again their eyes.

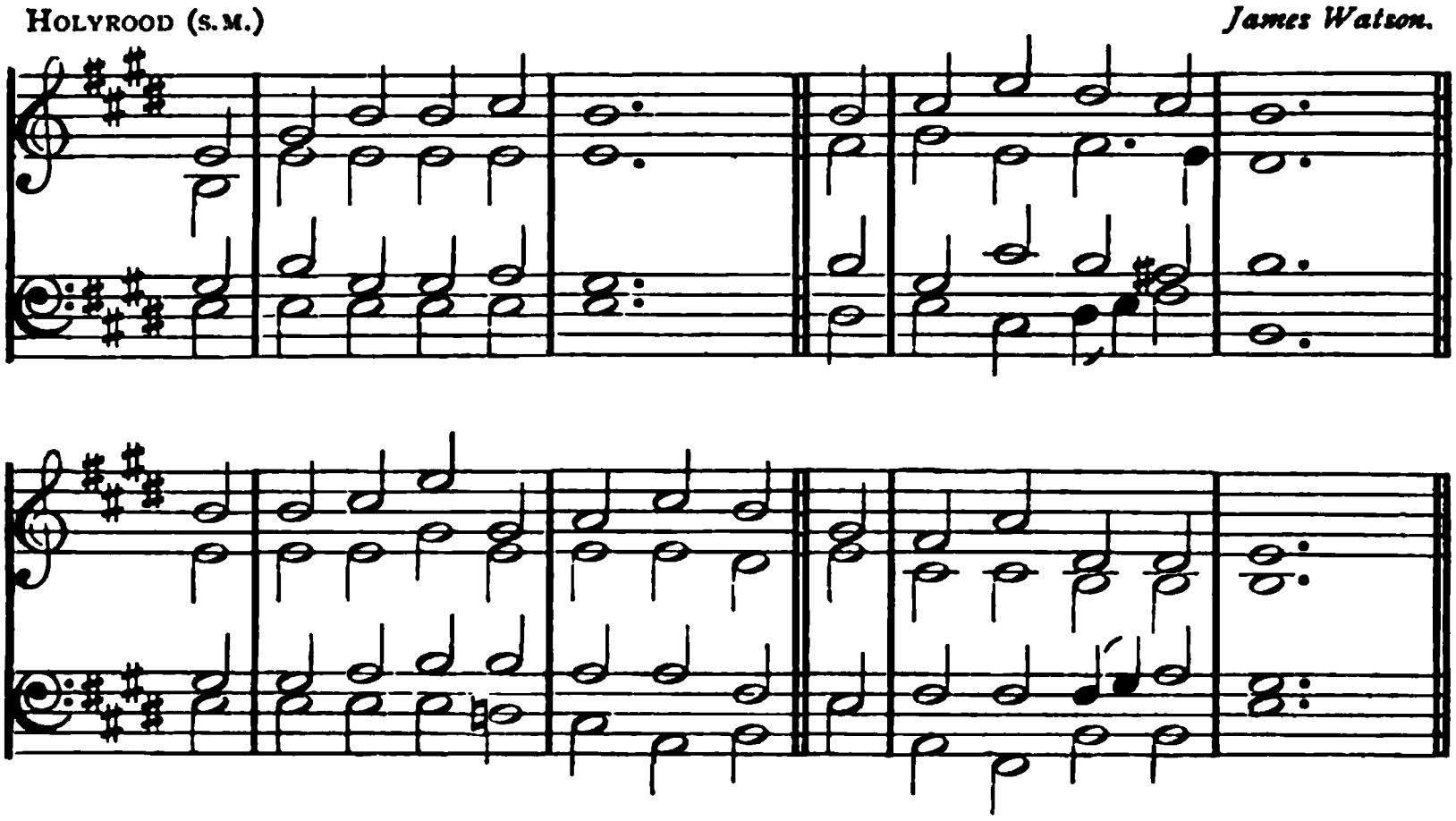
6 For Christ our Lord was buried once;
He died and rose again;
He conquered death, He left the grave,
And so will Christian men.

7 So when the friends we love the best
Lie in their churchyard bed,
We must not cry too bitterly
Over the happy dead;

8 Because, for our dear Saviour's sake,
Our sins are all forgiven;
And Christians only fall asleep
To wake again in heaven.

Hymn 422 (66)

HOLYROOD (S.M.) *James Watson.*



1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran:—
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

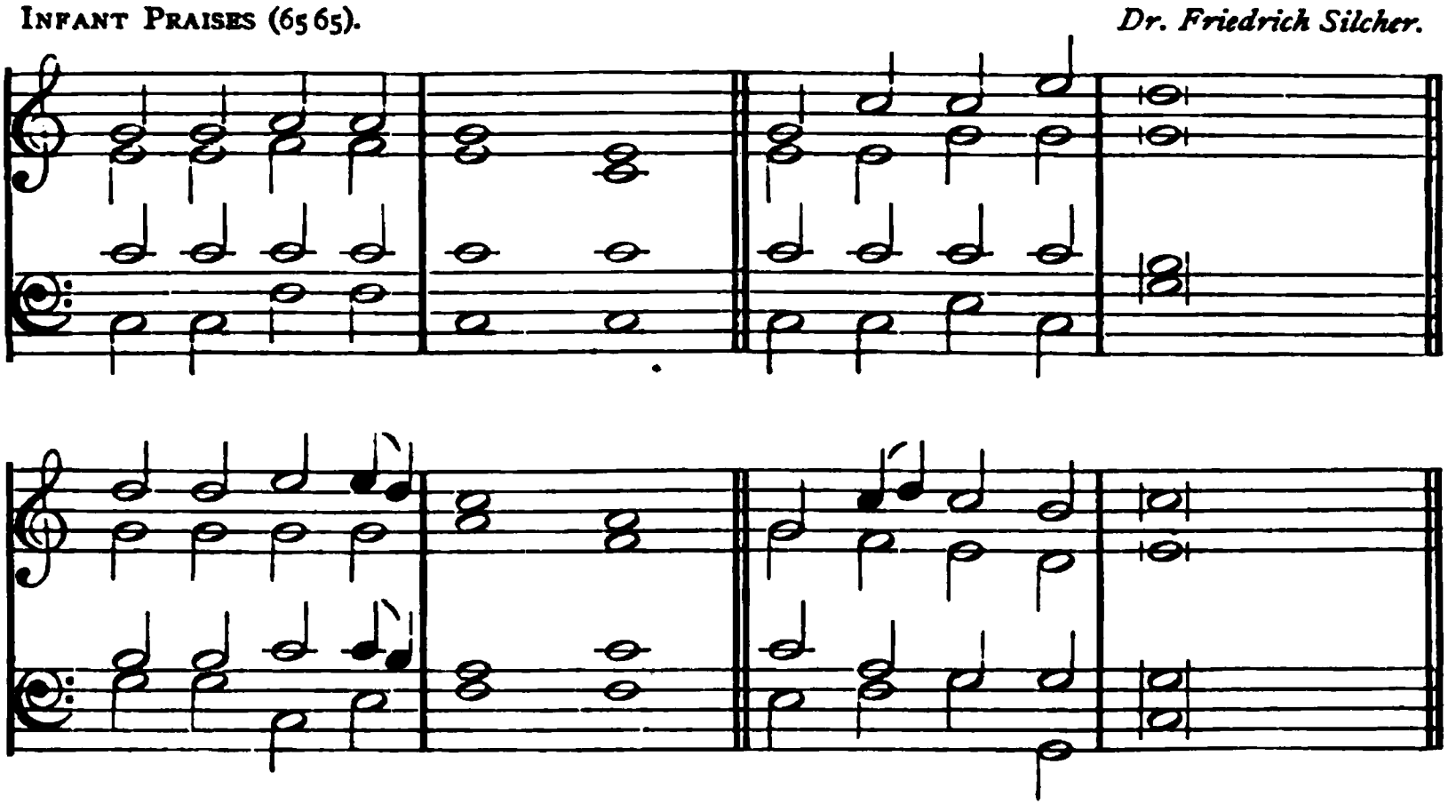
4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

Hymn 423 (67)

INFANT PRAISES (65 65). *Dr. Friedrich Silcher.*



1 I'M a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin—
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

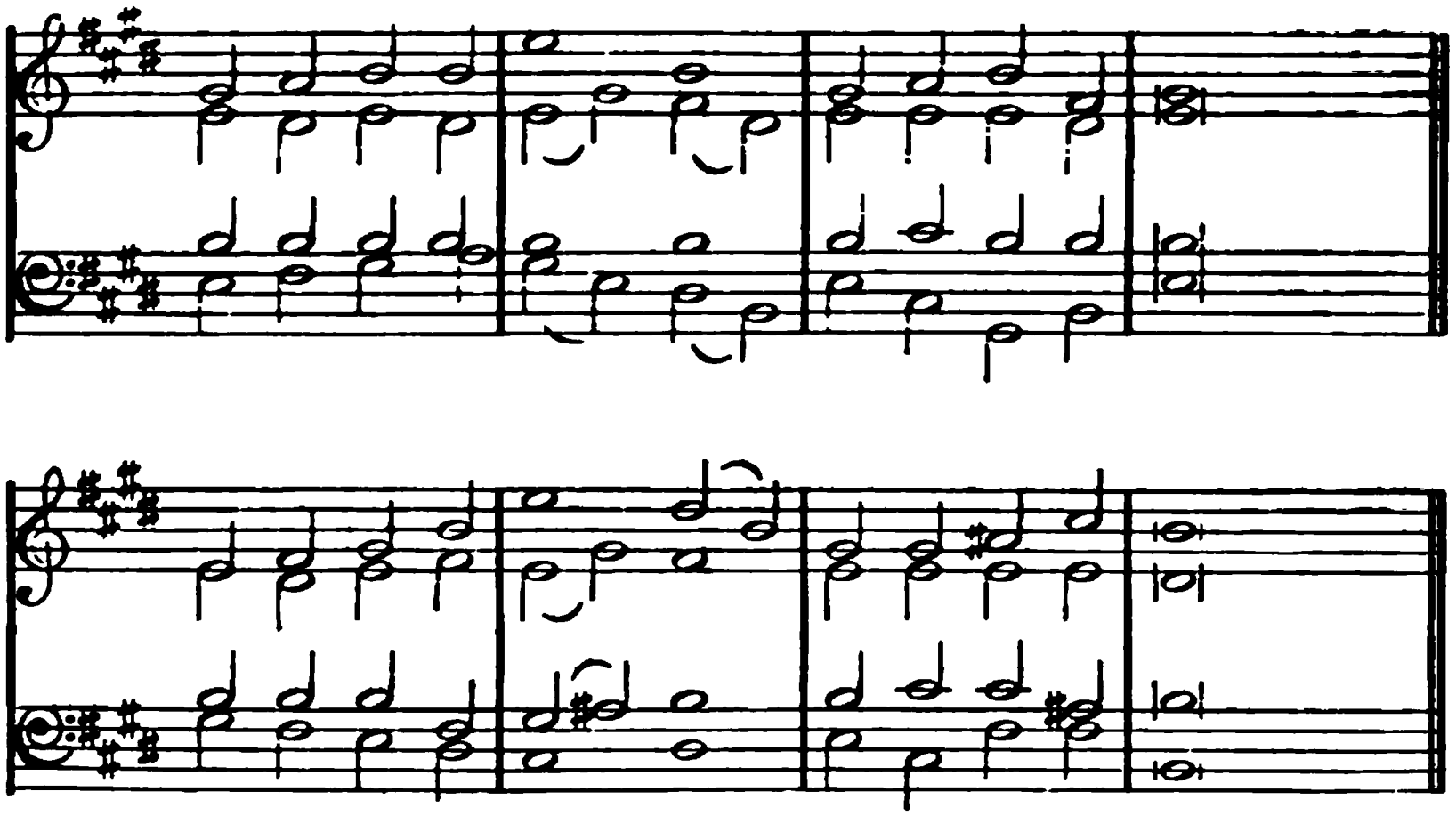
3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

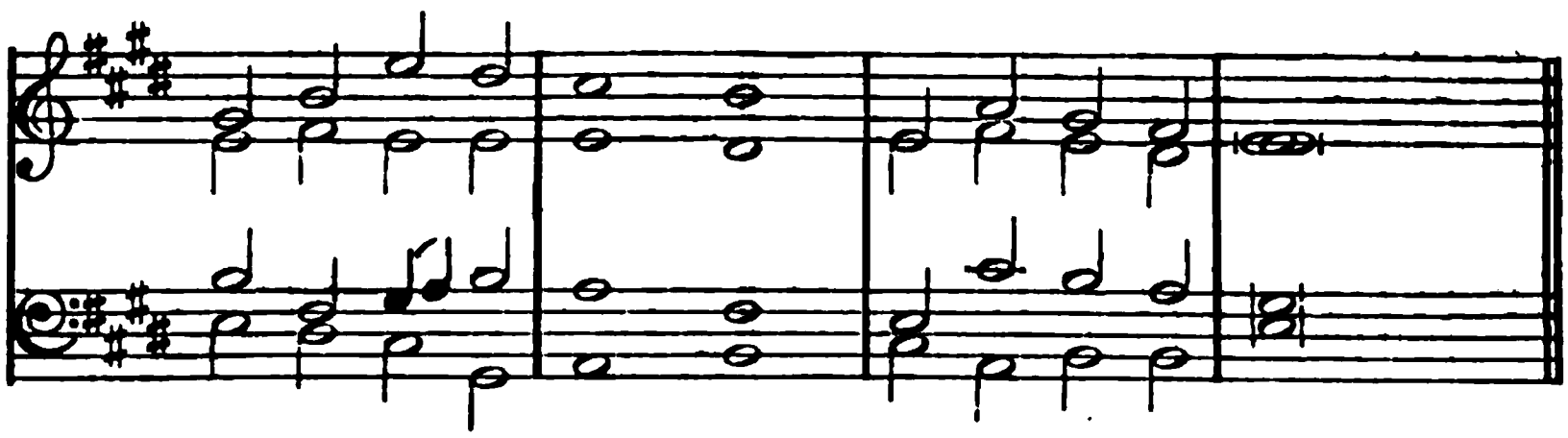
5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

Hymn 424 (68)

VEXILLUM (6565 D. and refrain). *Henry Smart.*



Hymn 424 (68)



1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And, with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.

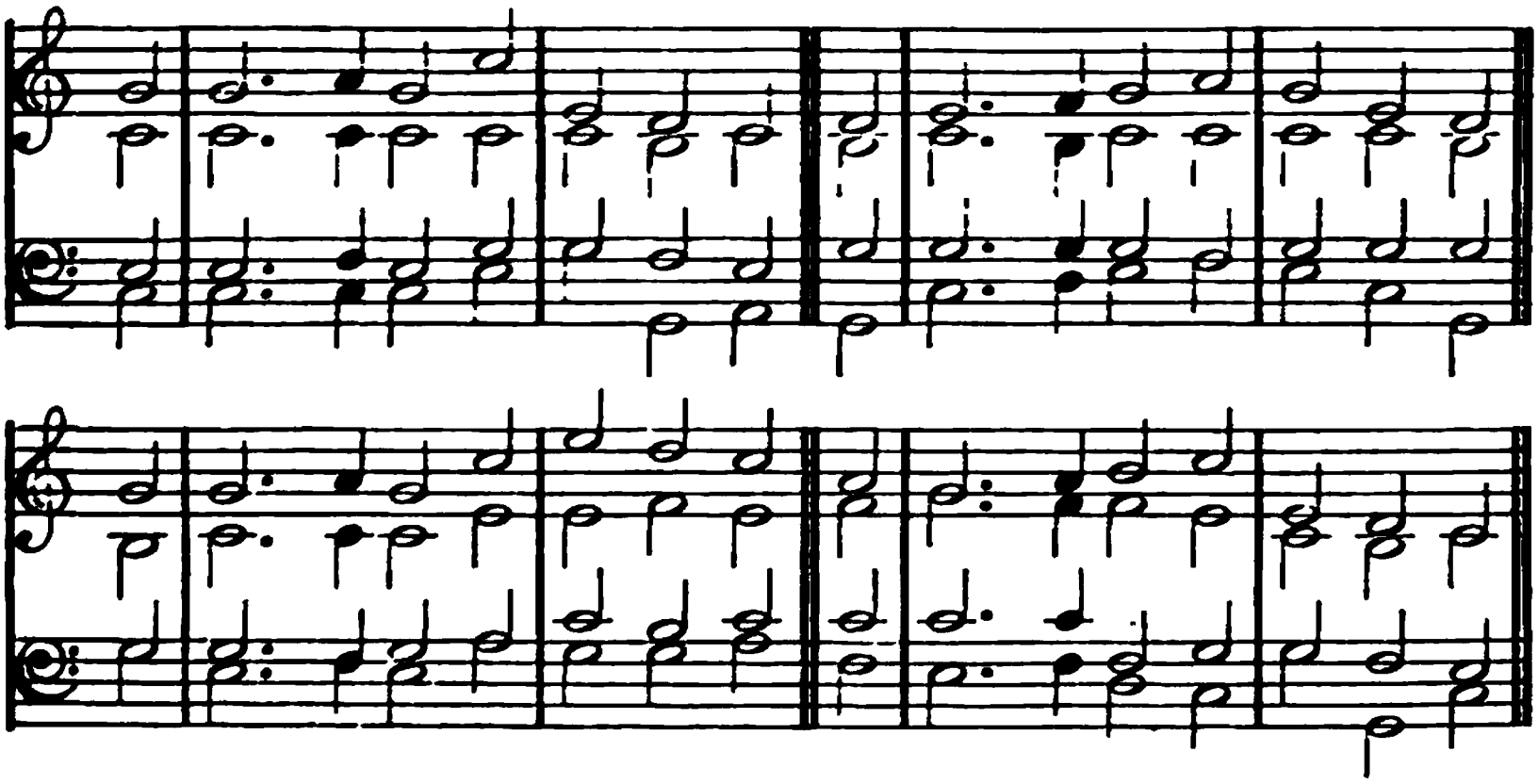
2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,—
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His bounty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.

Hymn 425 (69)

ALSTONE (L.M.) *C. E. Willing.*



1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within,—
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,—
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,—

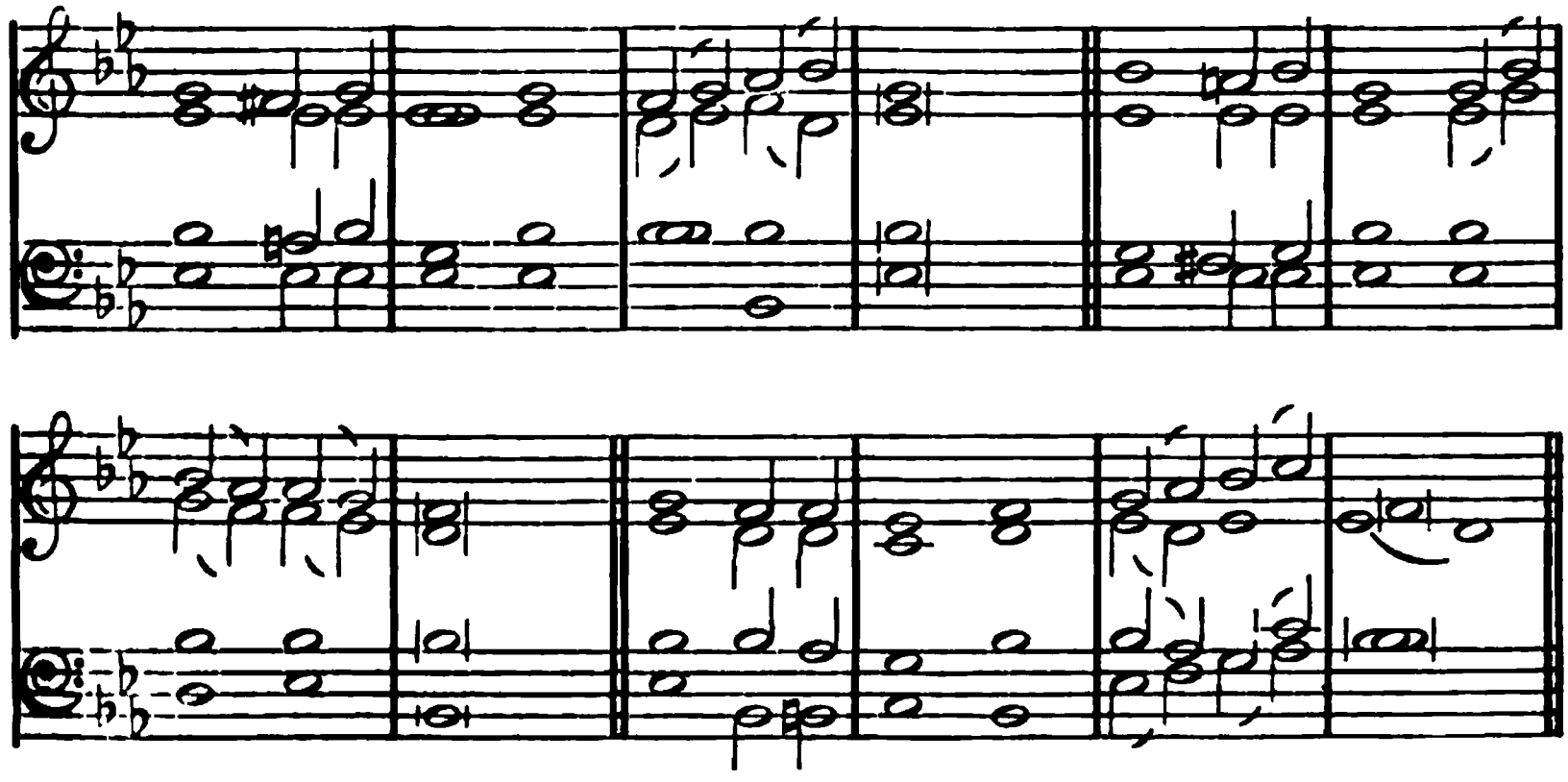
4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

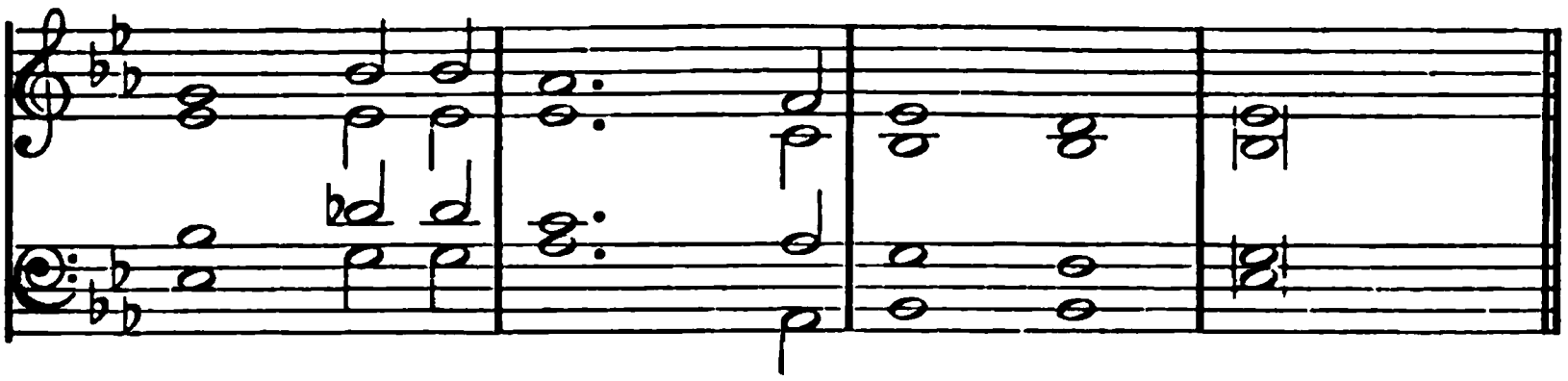
6 There's not a child so small and weak,
But has his little cross to take,—
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Hymn 426 (70)

HOLLEY (L.M.) *George Hews.*



Hymn 426 (70)



1 GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.

2 Art Thou my Father? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

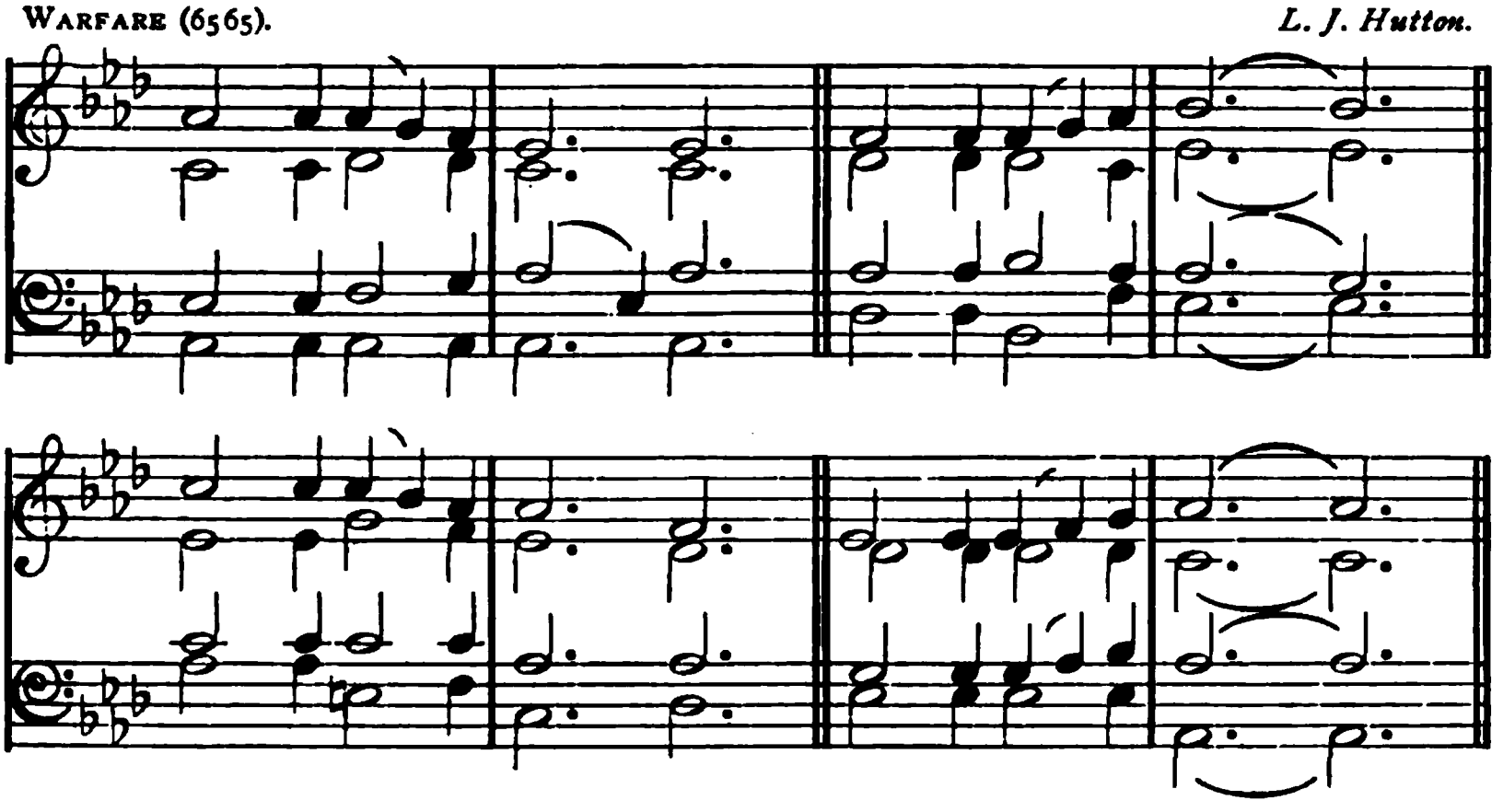
3 Art Thou my Father? Let me be
A meek obedient child to Thee,
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

5 Art Thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

Hymn 427 (71)

WARFARE (6565). *L. J. Hutton.*



1 DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word,
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

2 Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

3 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

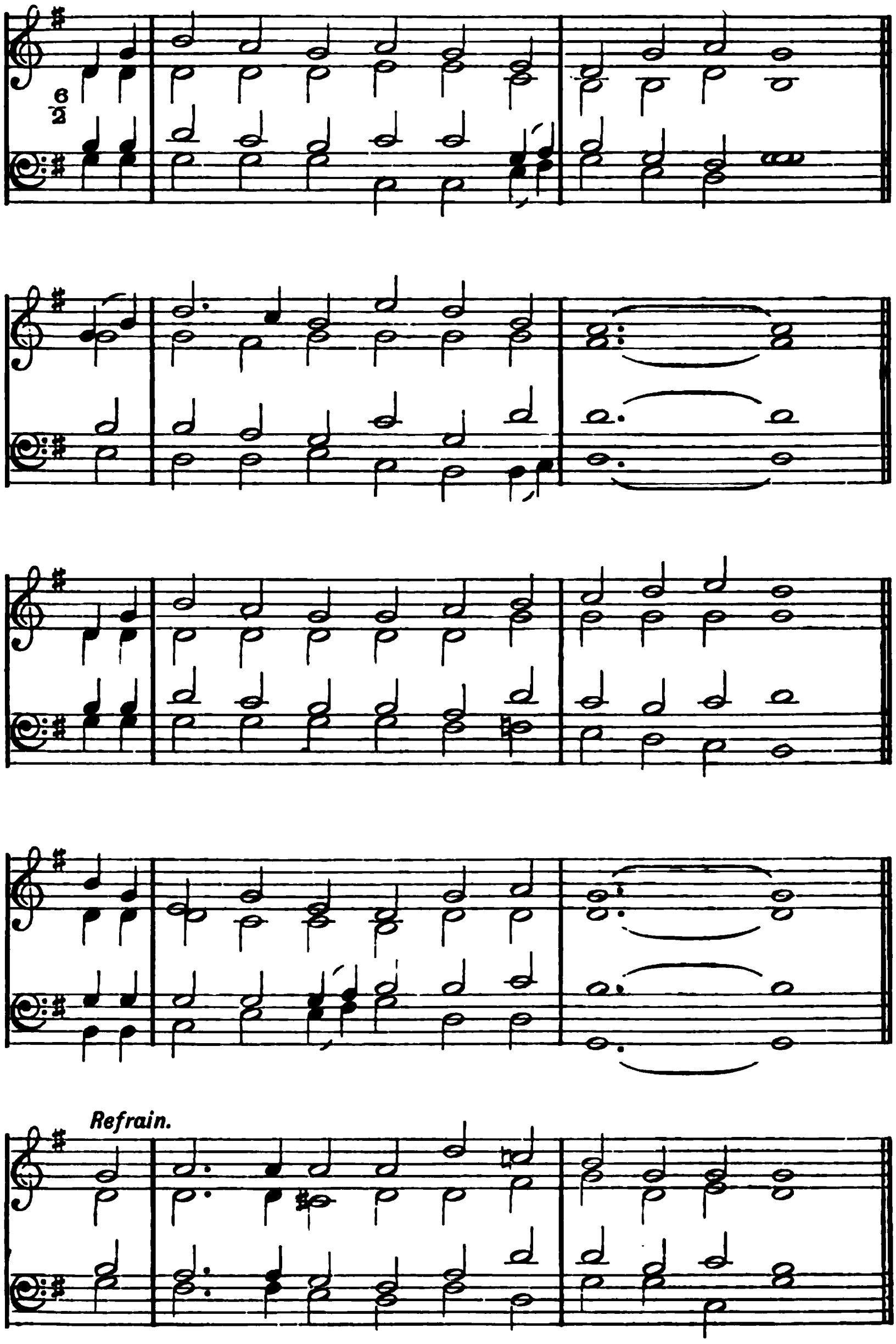
4 But you must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do;

5 For ye promised truly
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

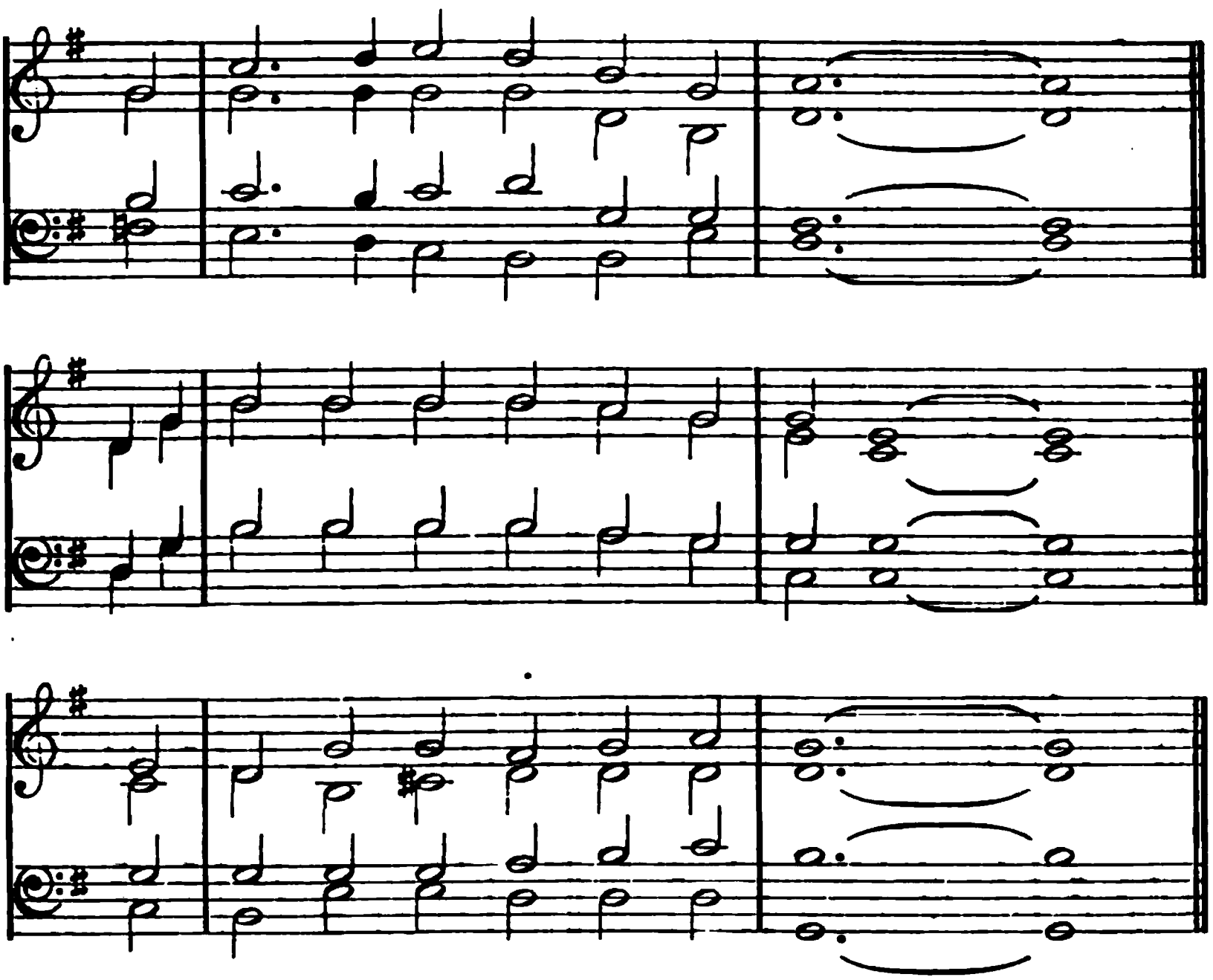
6 Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

Hymn 428 (72)

VALLEY OF BLESSING (11 8 11 8 and refrain). *W. G. Fischer.*



Hymn 428 (72)



1 I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

O, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fulness bestow;
And believe and receive and confess Him,
That all His salvation may know.

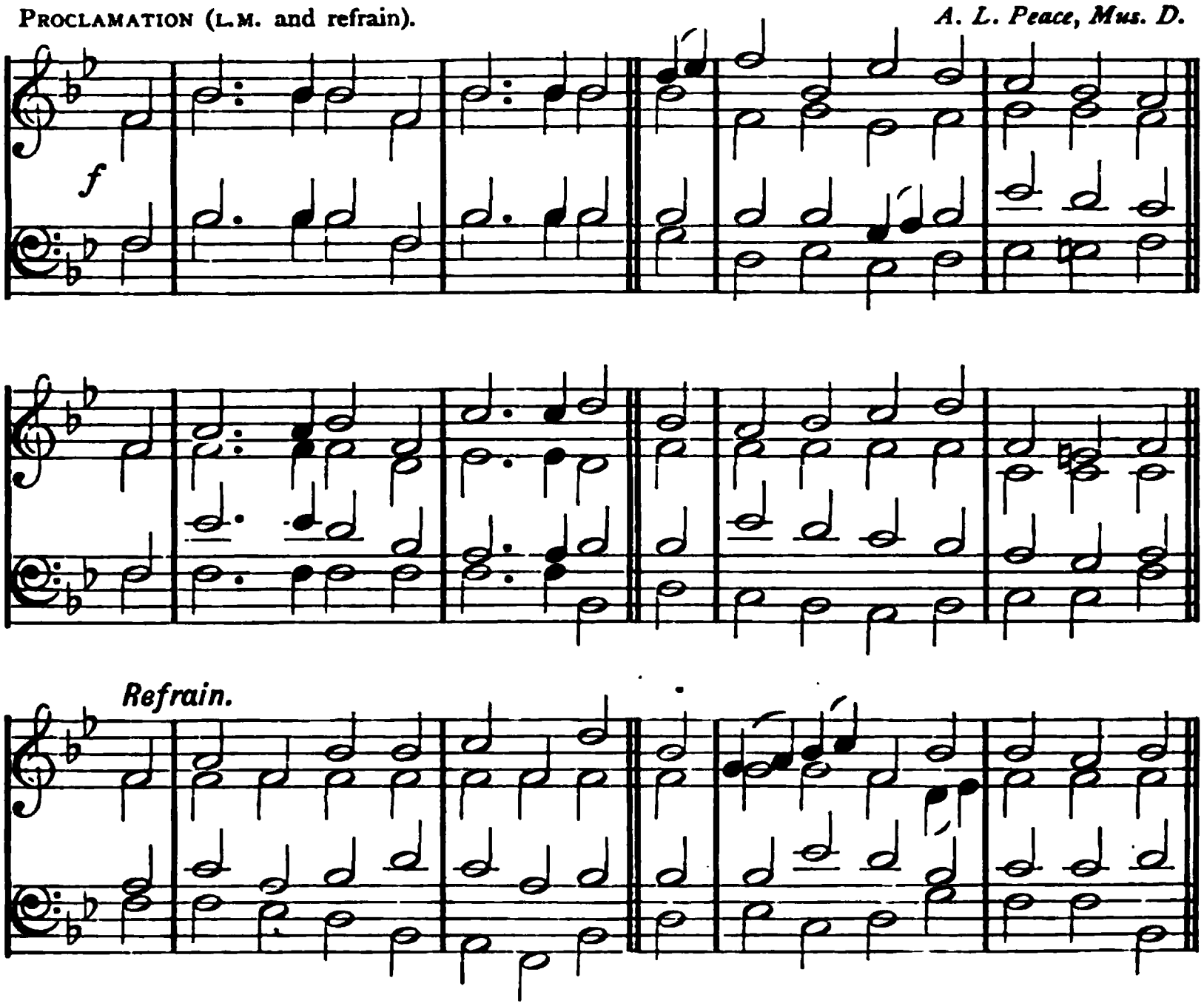
2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary-worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.
O, come to this valley of blessing so sweet, etc.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel,
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.
O, come to this valley of blessing so sweet, etc.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."
O, come to this valley of blessing so sweet, etc.

Hymn 429 (73)

PROCLAMATION (L.M. and refrain). *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



1 GO sound the trump on India's shore,
And bid the Hindu weep no more;
From idols vain and Ganges' wave,
One meek and mighty comes to save.

O'er Satan, error, fear, and sin,
Will Christ our Lord the victory win.

2 Go sound the trump on Afric's shore,
And bid the negro weep no more;
From tyrant's rod and exile's grave,
One meek and mighty comes to save.

O'er Satan, error, fear, and sin,
Will Christ our Lord the victory win.

3 Go sound the trump on Judah's shore,
And say to Israel, Weep no more;
The Lord of Glory, slain by you,
Will yet restore the wandering Jew.

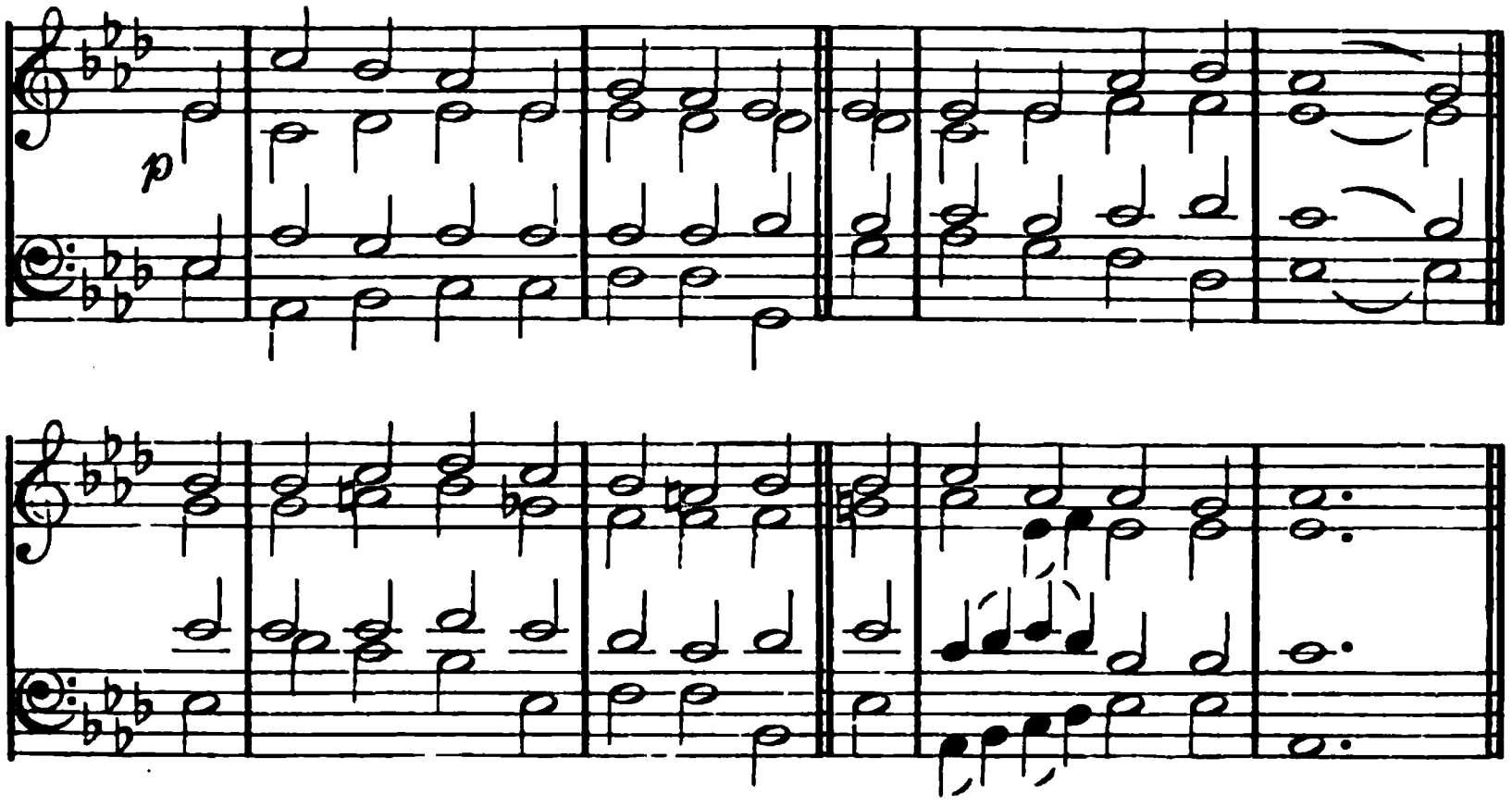
O'er Satan, error, fear, and sin,
Will Christ our Lord the victory win.

4 Go sound the trump on every shore,
And bid poor sinners weep no more;
The blood that flowed from Jesus' veins
Will wash away your crimson stains.

O'er Satan, error, fear, and sin,
Will Christ our Lord the victory win.

Hymn 430 (74)

SILOAM (C.M.) *A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*



1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

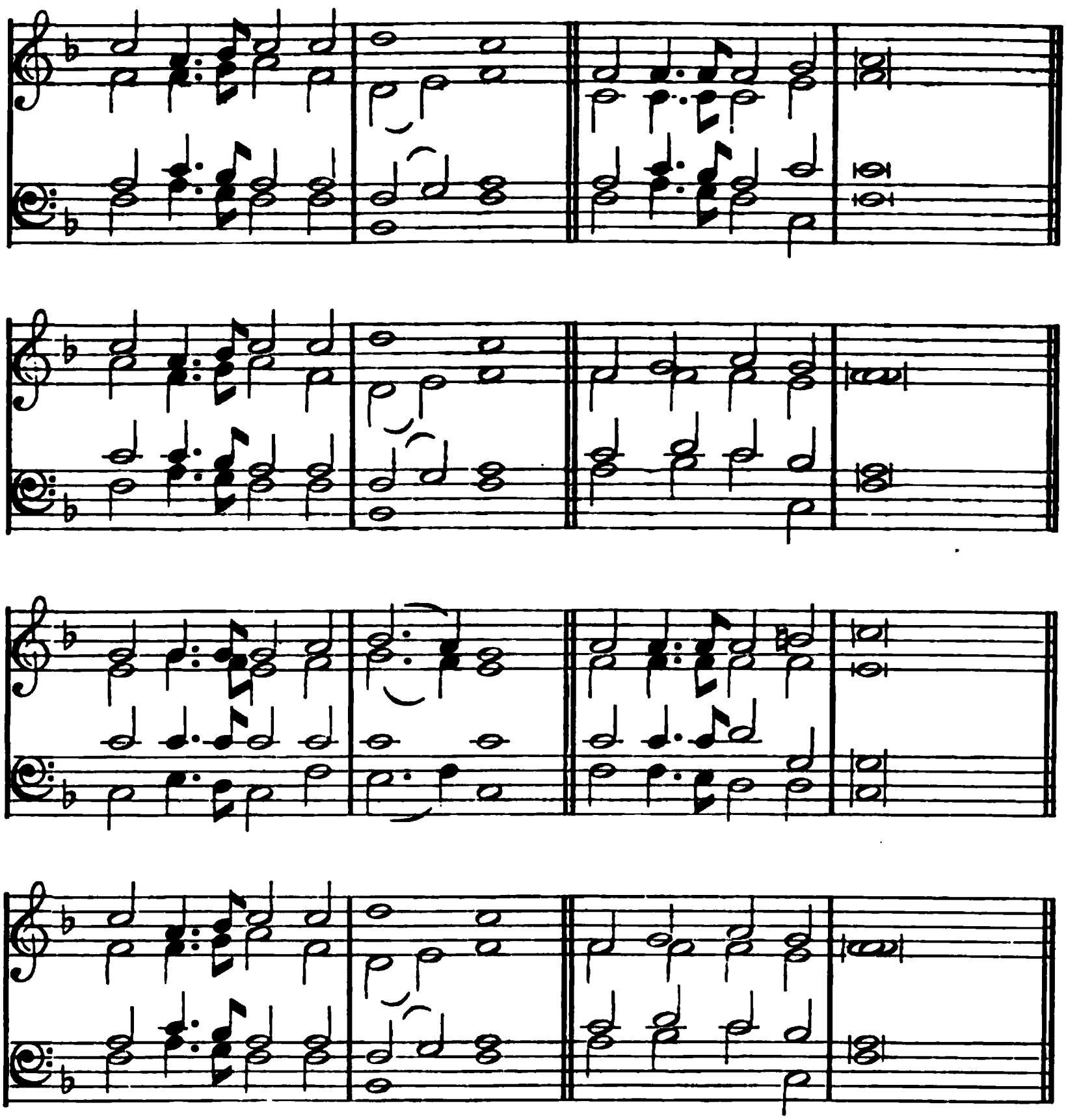
4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,—

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone—
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

Hymn 431 (75)

DILIGENCE (76 75 D.) *Lowell Mason, Mus. D.*



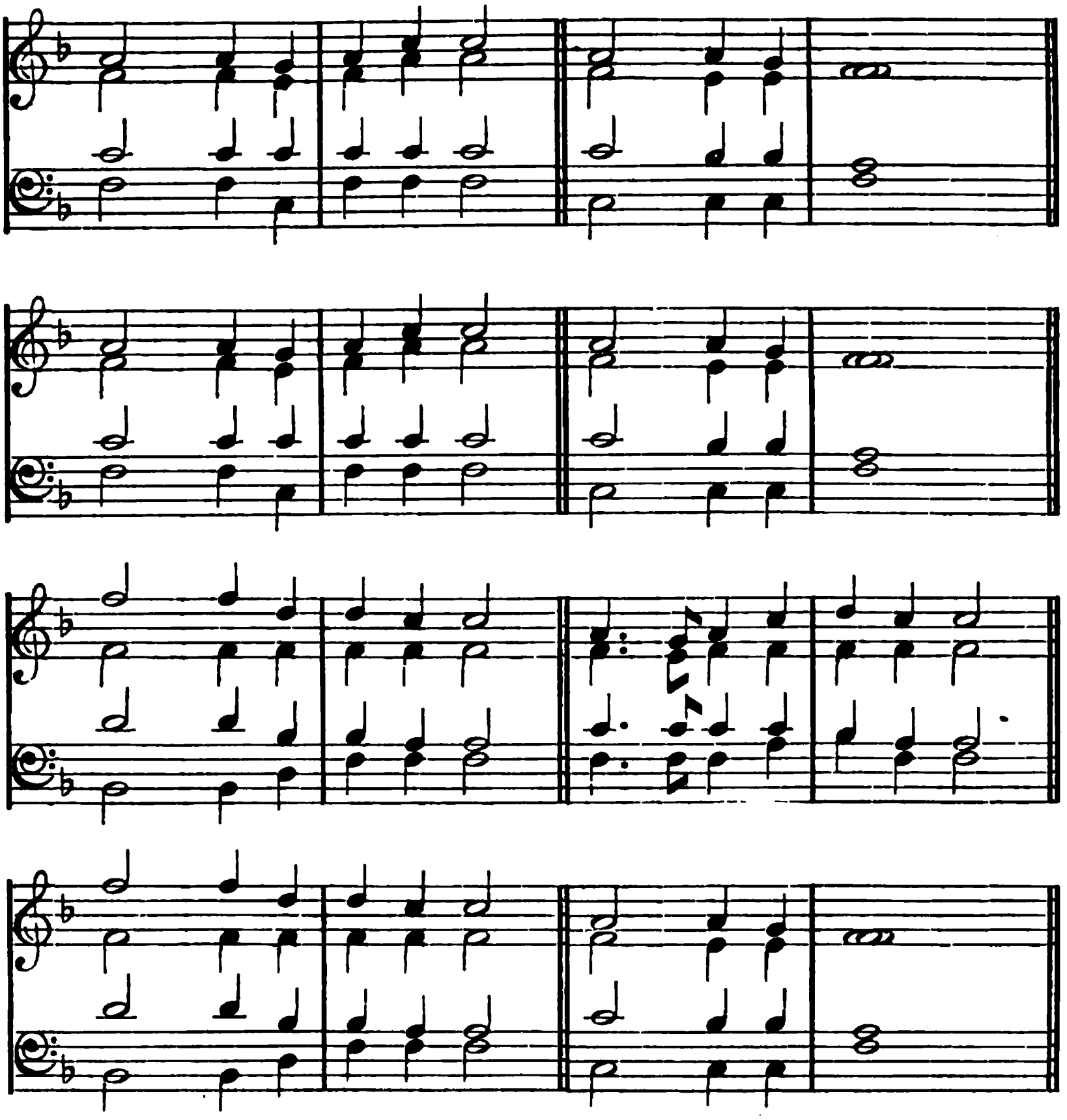
1 WORK, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Hymn 432 (76)

HAPPY LAND (64 64 67 64). *Indian Air.*



1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King!"
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

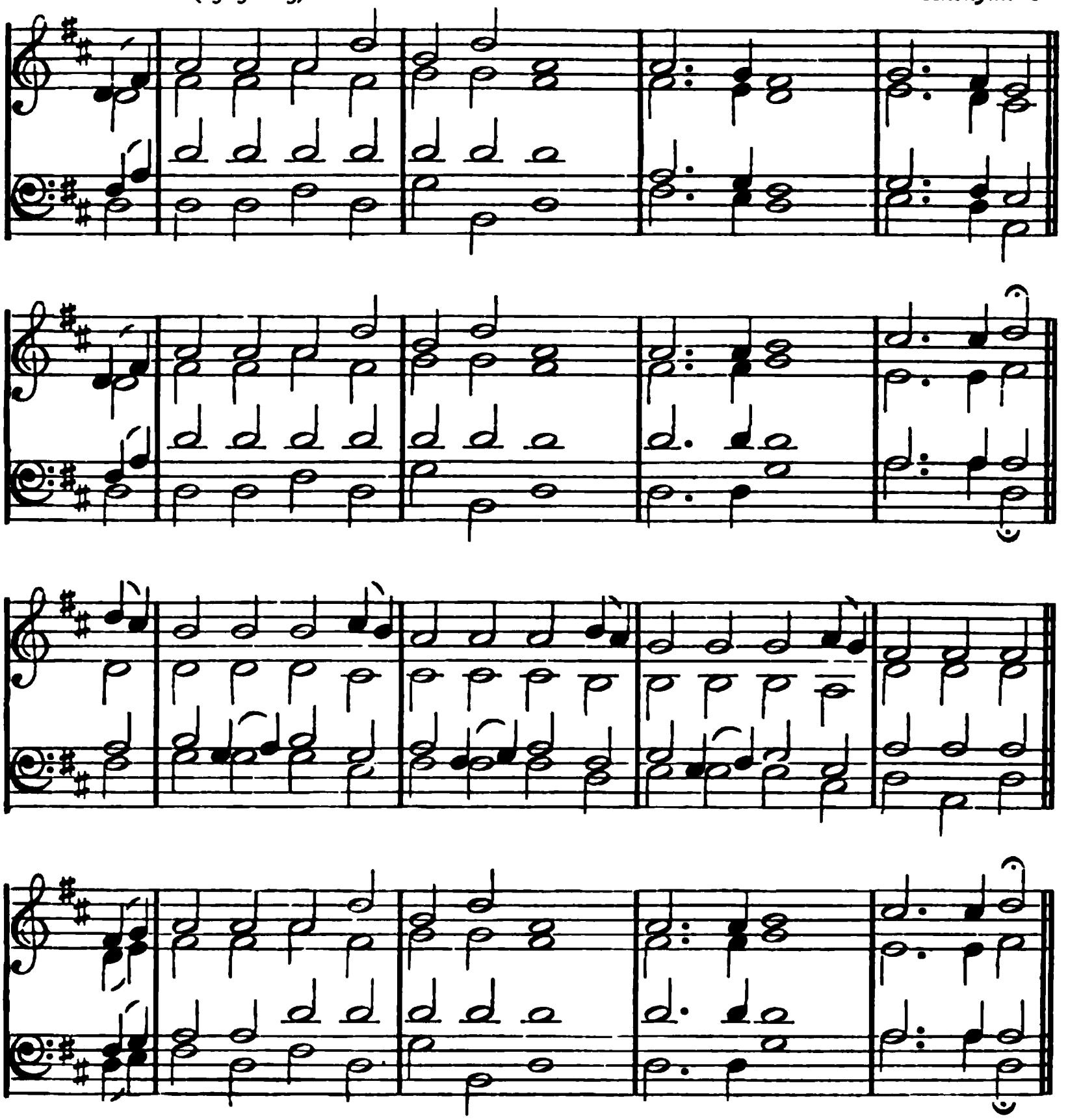
2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

Hymn 433 (77)

BETTER WORLD (8383883).

Anonymous.



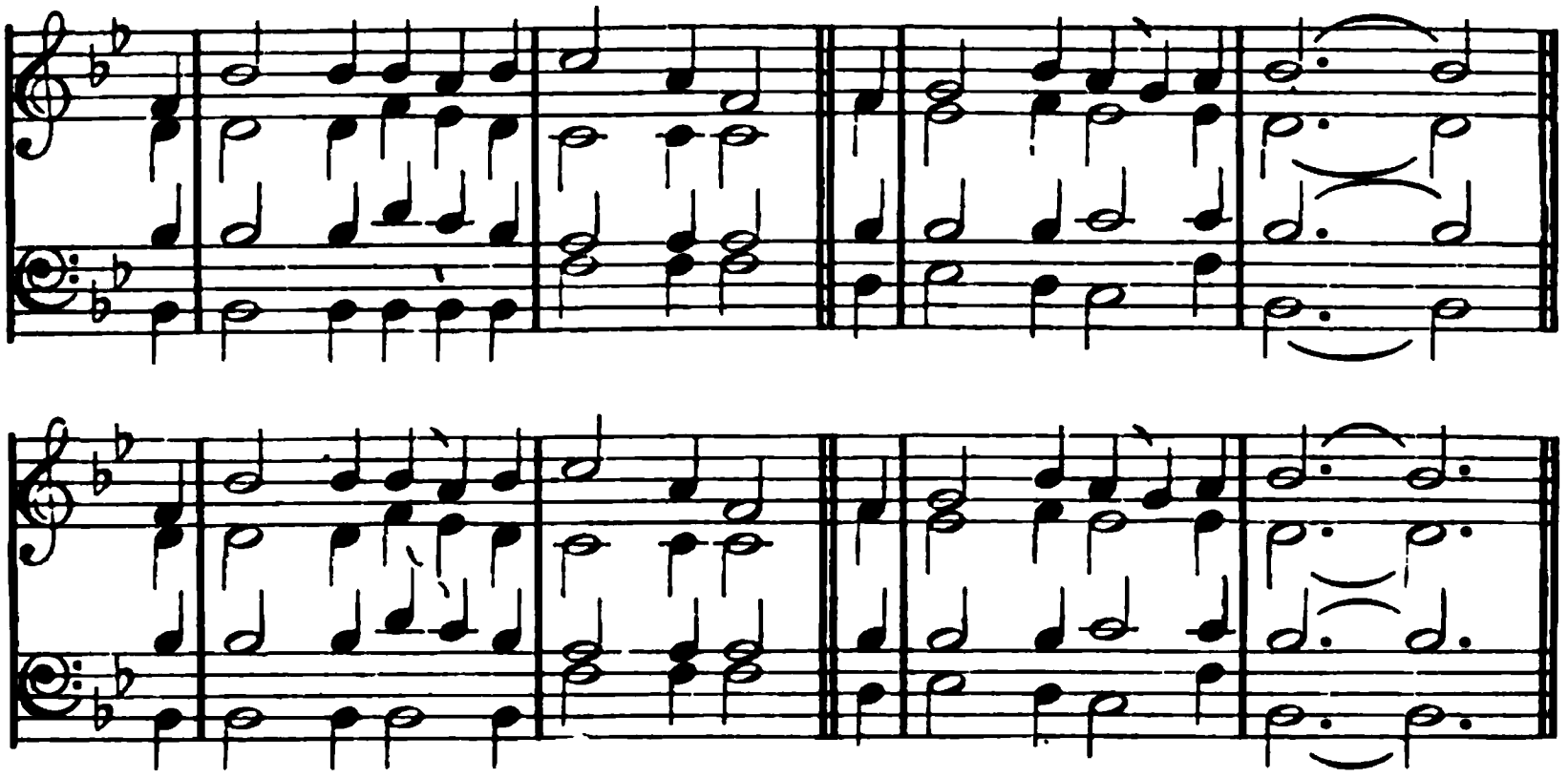
1 THERE is a better world they say,
O so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
O so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair.
O so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land!
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land!
They drink the gushing streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land!

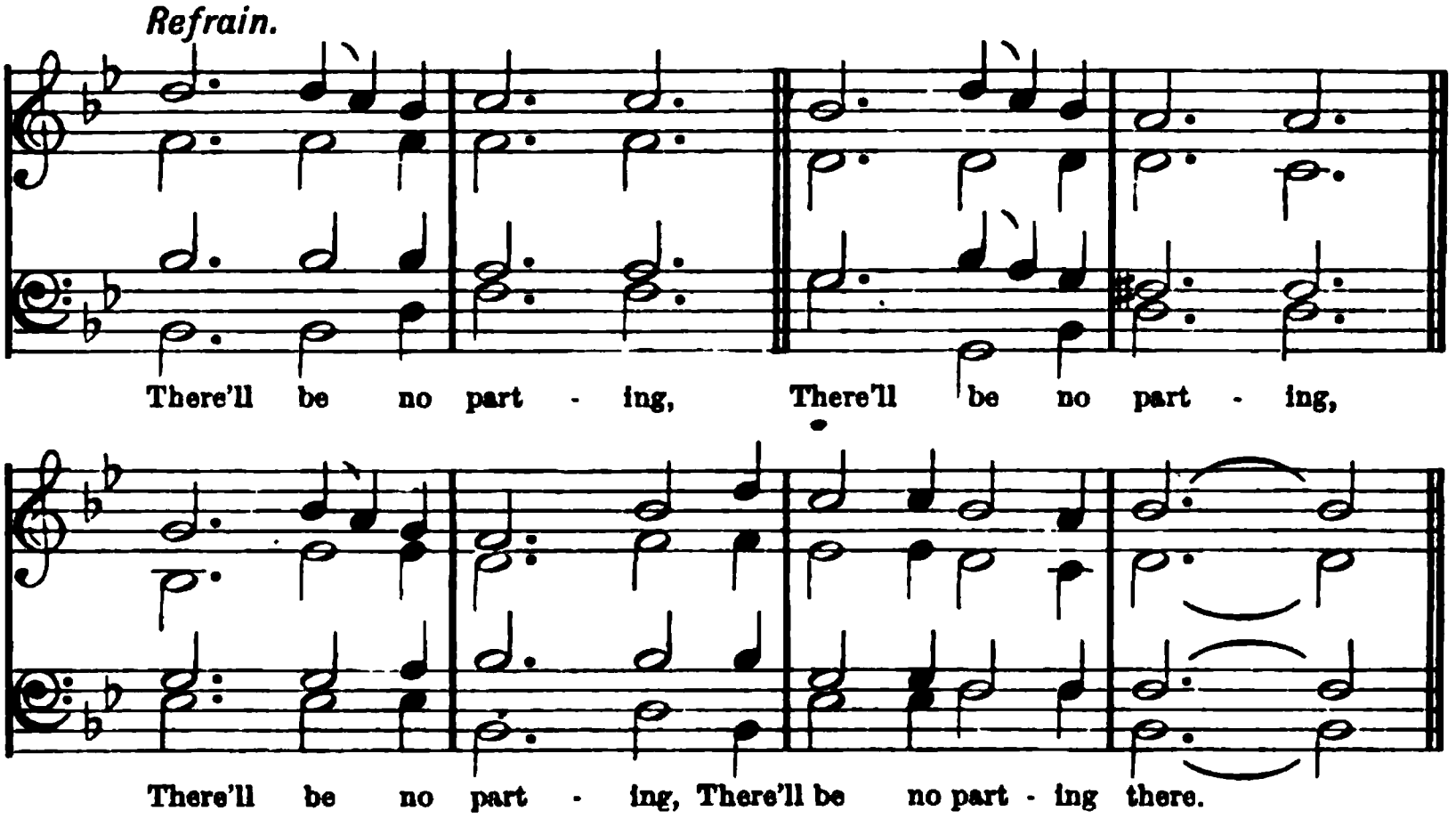
3 Though we are sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with peace again,
And in that land of pleasure reign.
Jesus died!

Hymn 434 (78)

HEAVENLY LAND (9696 and refrain). *W. B. Bradbury.*



Refrain.



1 I LOVE to think of the heavenly land,
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered, safe
From fear, and toil, and care.
There'll be no parting there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless joyous strains.
There'll be no parting there.

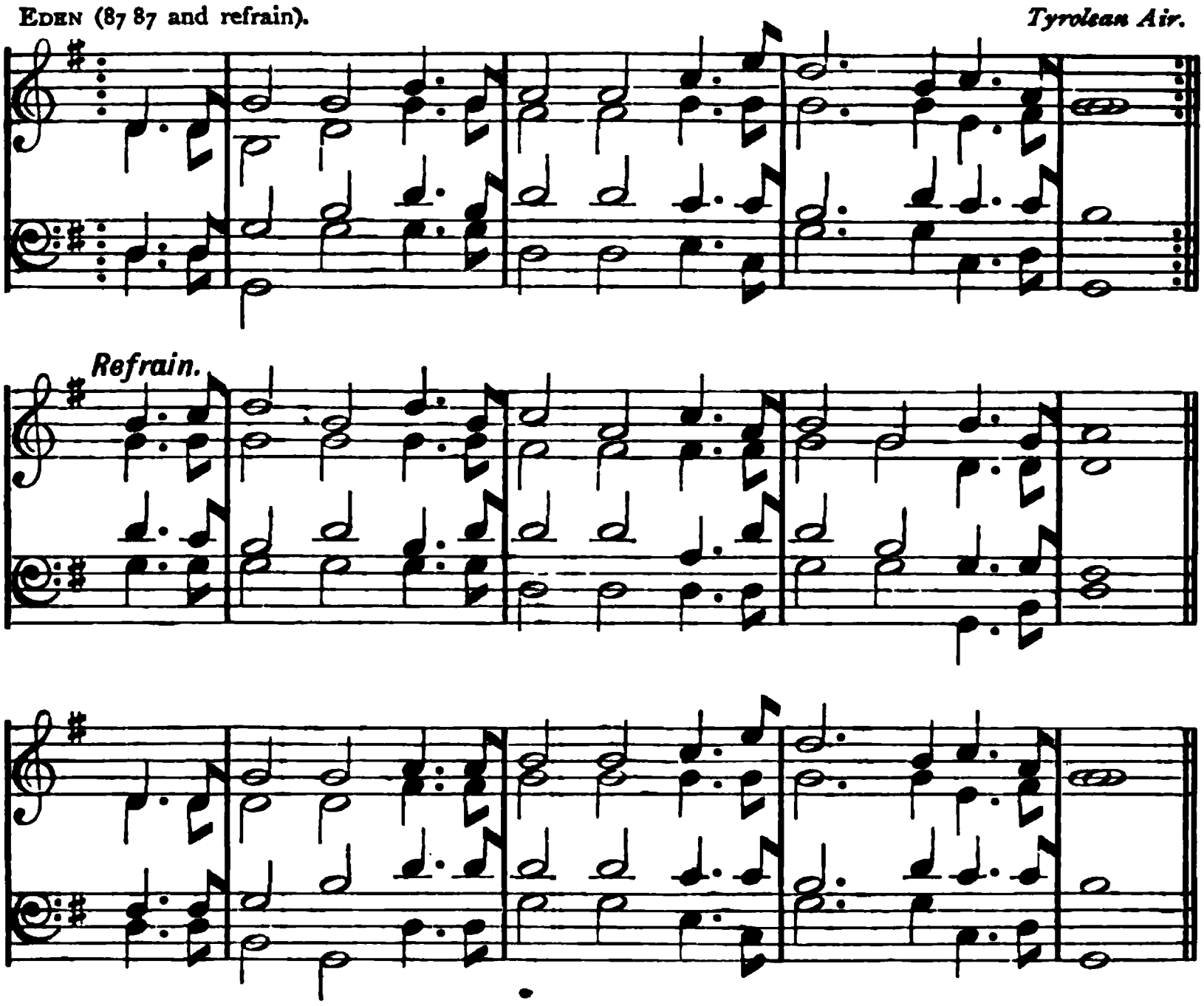
3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade;
Where still new joys shall come.
There'll be no parting there.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet;
The harp—the songs for ever ours;
The walls—the golden street.
There'll be no parting there.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land—
That promised land so fair;
O, how my raptured spirit longs
To be for ever there!
There'll be no parting there.

Hymn 435 (79)

EDEN (87 87 and refrain). *Tyrolean Air.*



1 DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the city God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.
O that I had wings of angels [fly,
Here to spread and heavenward
I would seek the gates of Zion
Far beyond the starry sky!

2 All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
O that I had wings of angels, etc.

3 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a sudden beam of light.
O that I had wings of angels, etc.

4 Where it waters leafy Eden,
Rolling over silver sands,
Sit the angels softly chiming
On the harps between their hands.
O that I had wings of angels, etc.

5 There the meadows green and dewy
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand, thousand are the colours
Of the waving flowers there.
O that I had wings of angels, etc.

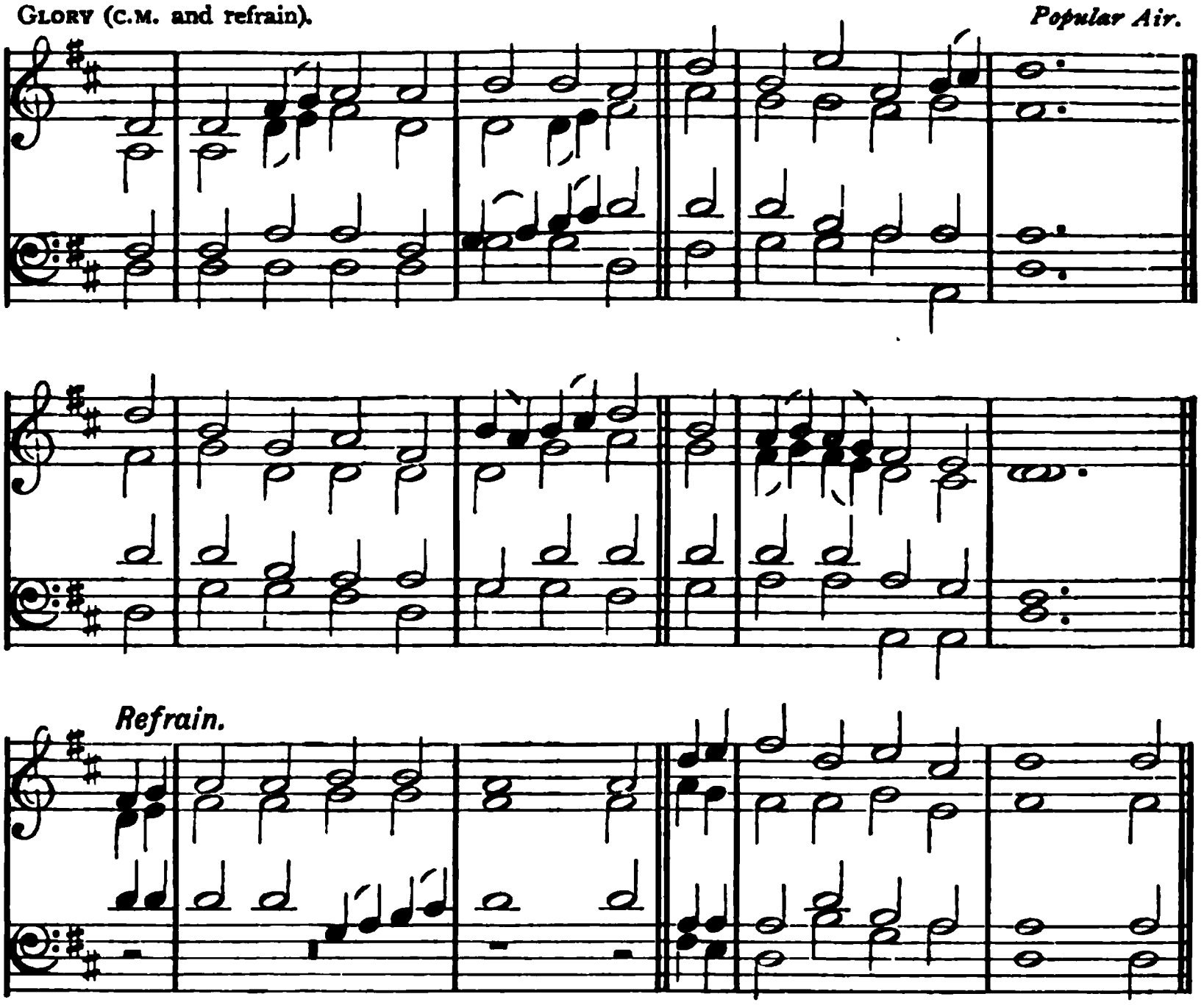
6 There the forests ever blossom,
Like our orchards here in May;
There the gardens never wither,
But eternally are gay.
O that I had wings of angels, etc.

7 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemèd throng.
O that I had wings of angels, etc.

8 O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!
O that I had wings of angels [fly,
Here to spread and heavenward
I would seek the gates of Zion
Far beyond the starry sky!

Hymn 436 (80)

GLORY (C.M. and refrain). *Popular Air.*



1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Ten thousand children stand,
Whose sins are all through Christ forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

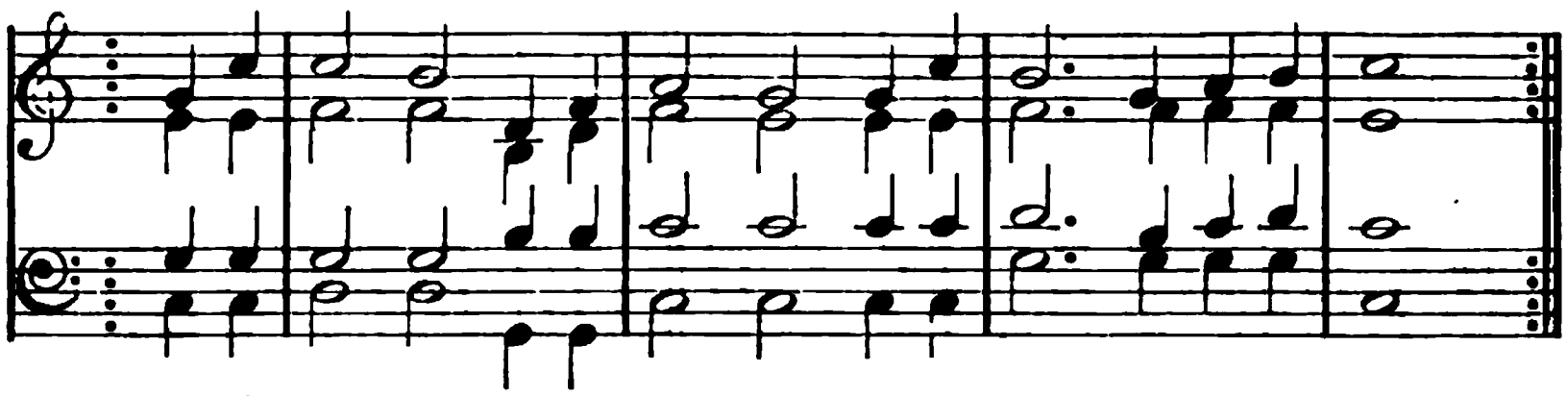
2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?—
How came these children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

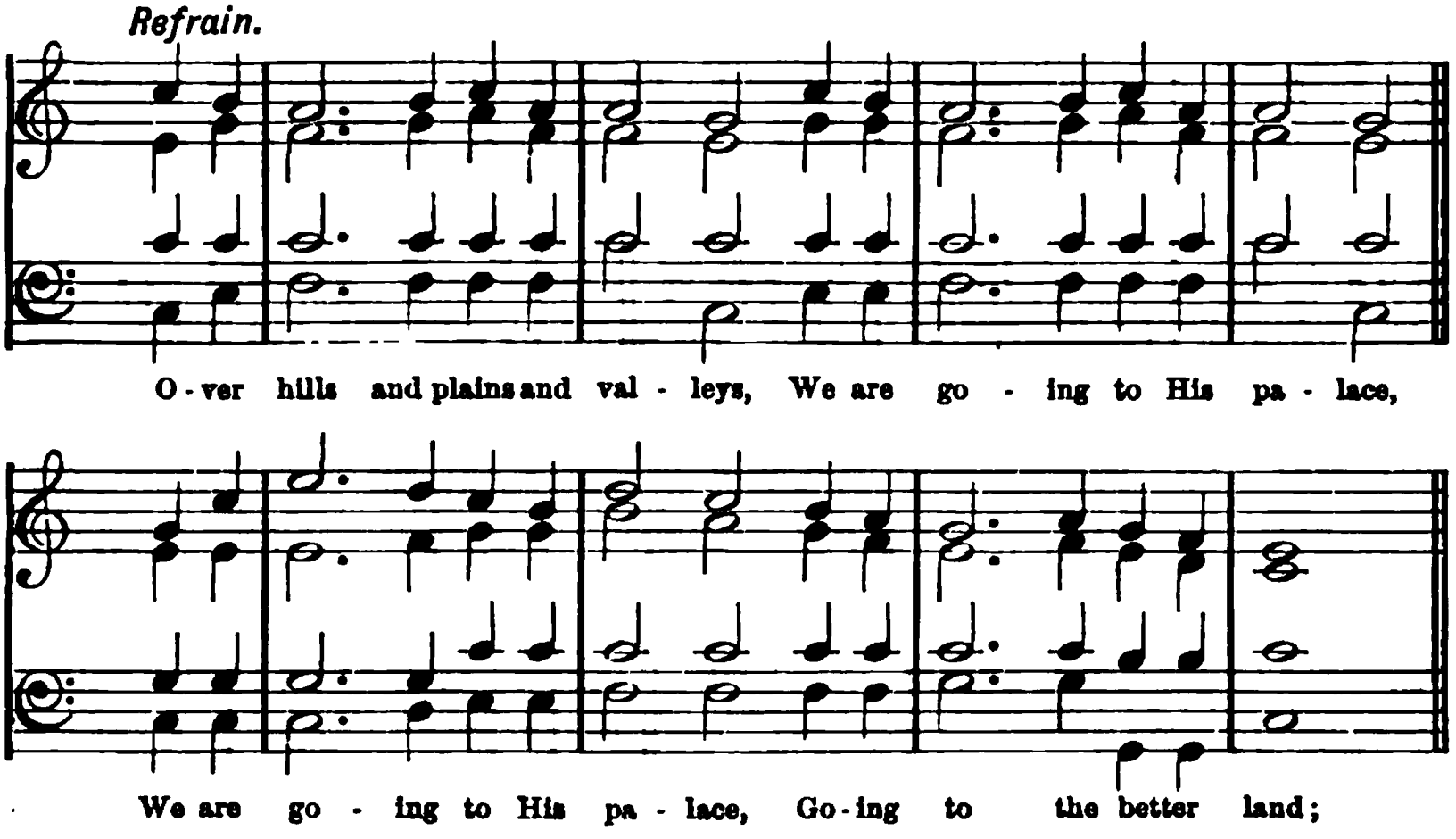
4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!

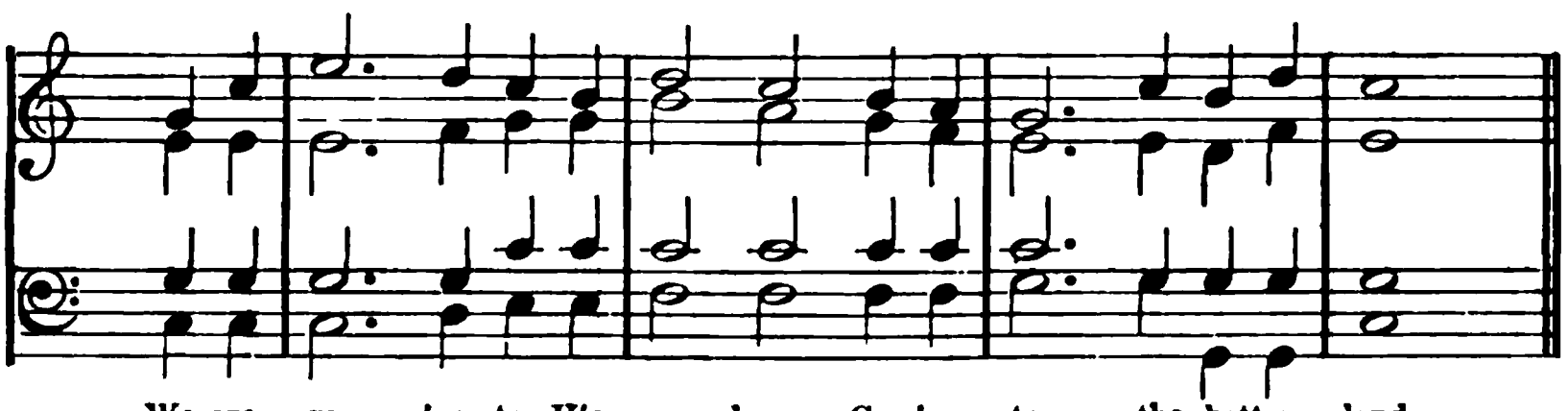
Hymn 439 (83)

WHITHER, PILGRIMS? (87 87 and refrain). *W. B. Bradbury.*



Refrain.





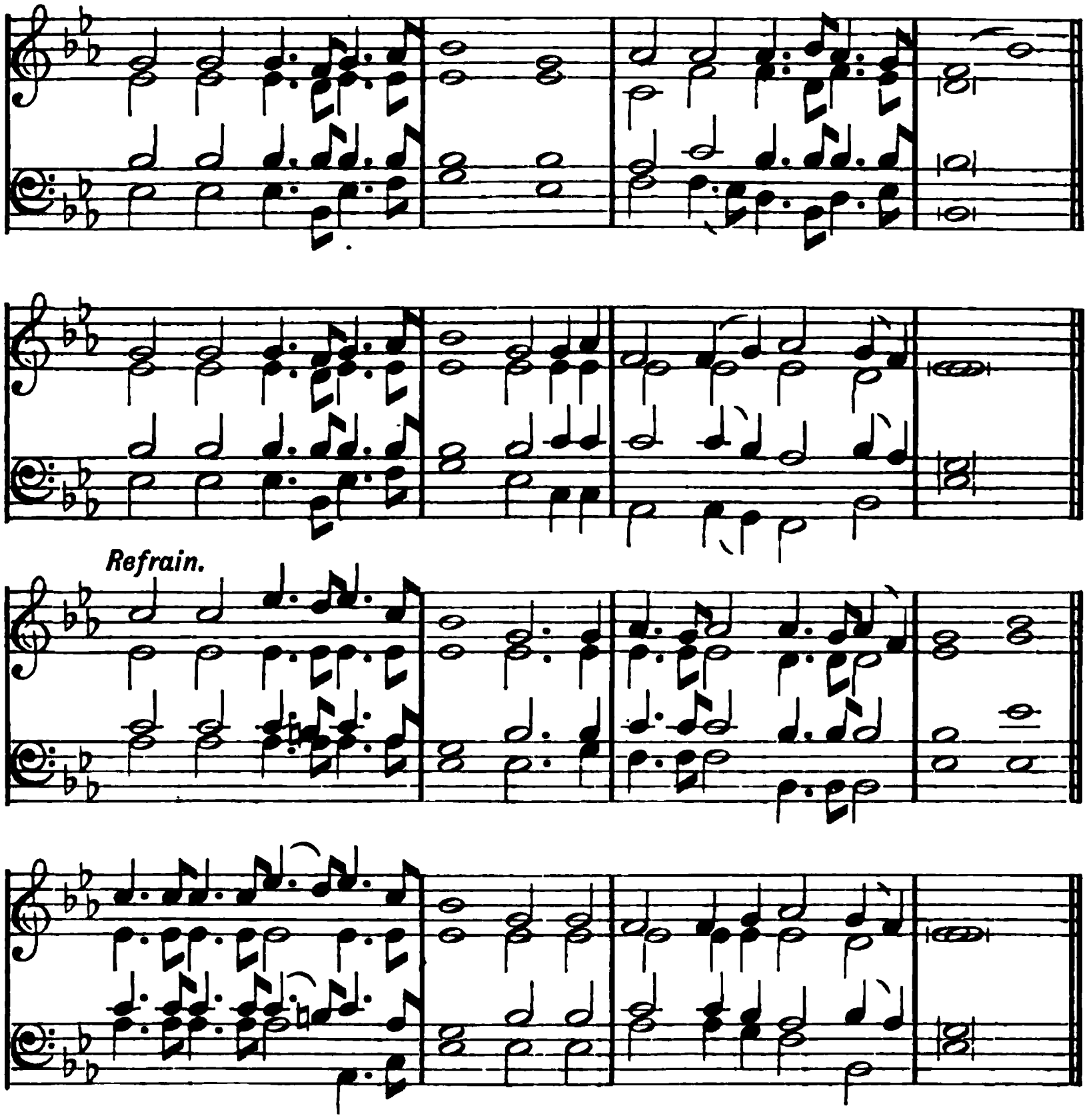
1 WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.
Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

2 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand.
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

3 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright, that better land?
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, O come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

Hymn 440 (84)

Beautiful River (87 87 and refrain). *Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D.*



1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

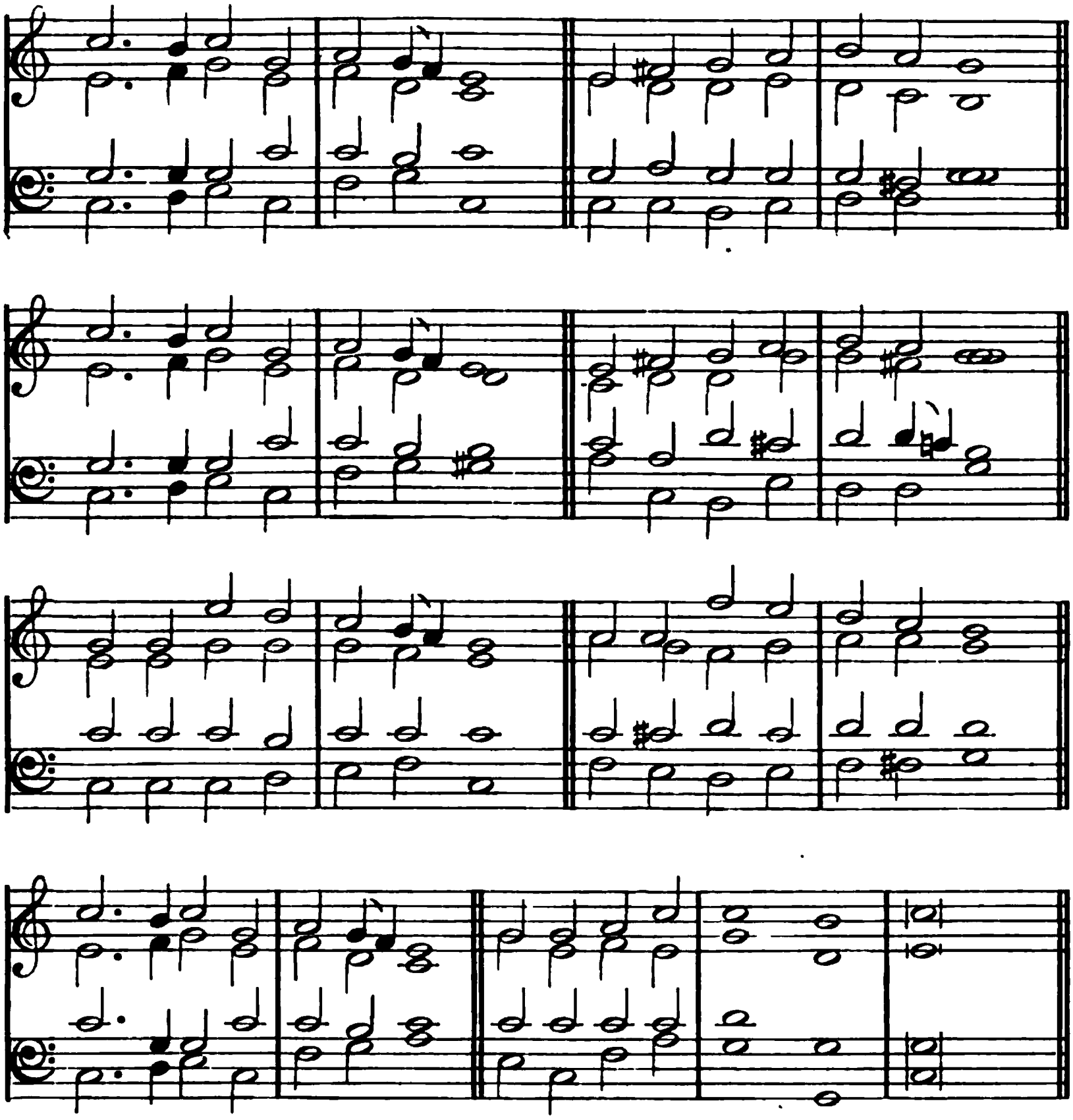
2 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

3 At the shining of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

Hymn 441 (85)

THANKSGIVING (77 77 D.) *W. B. Gilbert, Mus. D.*



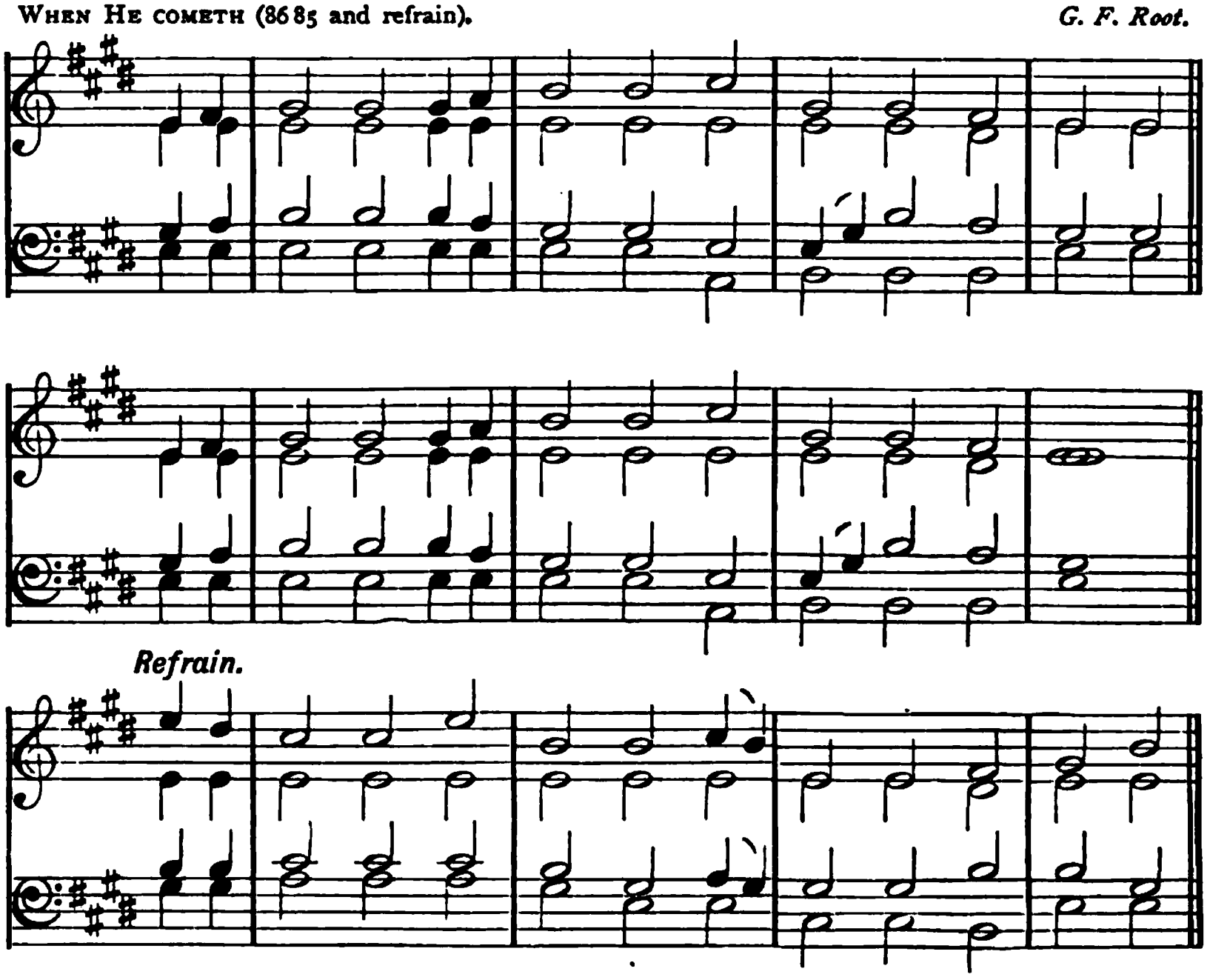
1 LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

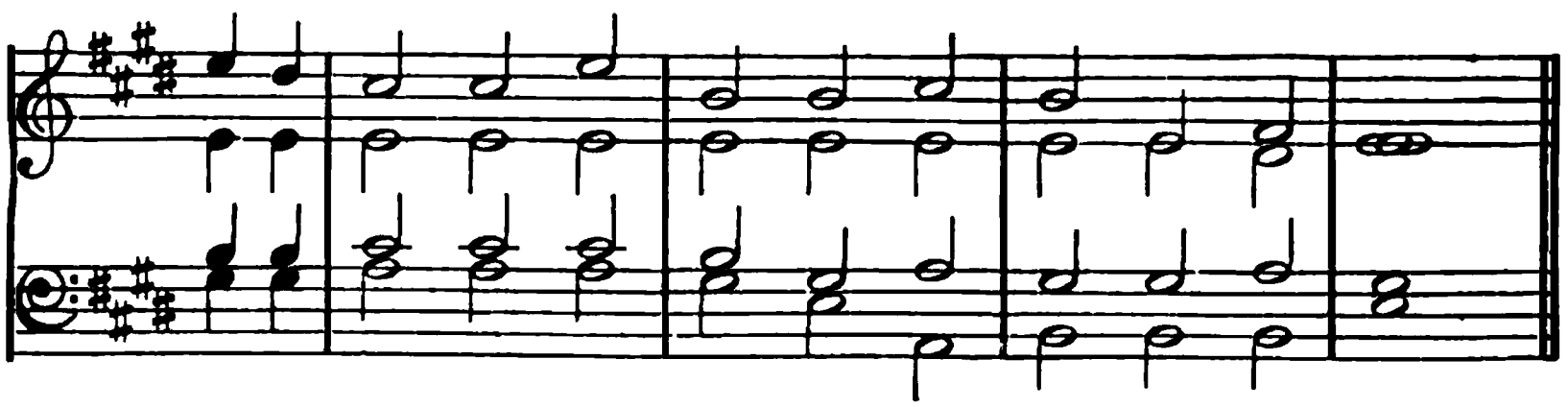
2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We're together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome, Come, awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

Hymn 442 (86)

WHEN HE COMETH (8685 and refrain). *G. F. Root.*





1 WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

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